

THE DREADNAUGHT BOX

by Kyle Patrick Johnson

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FADE IN:

INT. LONDON FLAT - NIGHT

SUPER: "1602, London".

A candle-soot ceiling, small grimy windows, mouse-holed floorboards, thick spiderwebs in the corners.

Yellow candles on a central worktable cast a sick light on ancient manuscripts, pieces of wood, wire, string, cloth: all strewn around in an eccentric whirlwind.

A black cat flits through the flickering circle.

Crouched beside the workbench, WILLIAM GILBERT (60s), a low ring of white hair still clings to his head.

Puffs deep breaths, like he's just run a marathon. Excited.

Holds a slender cylinder of sparkling metal close to his nearsighted eyes, inspects it.

Wraps a tiny copper wire around it with thick dirty thumbs, covers the cylinder in a tube of closely packed wire.

A candle snuffs out. No wax left.

Impatient, Gilbert thrusts a candle into a small metal bowl full of black and white shavings which burst into blue flame.

Blue light competes with the candles, dance on the low ceiling: now blue, now yellow, now joined in green.

With shaking fingers, Gilbert jams the wire and cylinder into a small contraption on the worktable.

He turns a small vertical crank. A small pulley runs forward, spins a cat's-hair-lined glass wheel against the wire cylinder. The faster he cranks, the faster the wheel spins.

A blinding white spark arcs across the wire cylinder, brightens the room to day.

Gilbert cackles, slobbers in delight, a manic look of glee.

GILBERT
Electricus! Electricus!

From outside, the window has a blue glow. Flashes white. Back to blue. White again, a lightning storm cramped within.

Gilbert holds a heavy metal candlestick near the wire.

PHUNK! With a massive spark, the candlestick sticks to the wire, magnetized. Gilbert dances a wide-eyed jig, knocks books over, scatters manuscripts.

GILBERT
Electricus!

A yellow page drifts onto a candle. Bursts into flame.

Gilbert throws his gown across the fire, pats it out, delirious. Hugs a thick manuscript to his chest.

DOWNSTAIRS

Gilbert dances down a staircase to a common room, chairs, a fireplace.

GILBERT
Landlord!

LANDLORD (20s), a hunched yet imposing figure, sleeps in an armchair next to the fire. All in shadow. Landlord opens an eye, the fire glitters red in it. An evil eye.

LANDLORD
Be ye waking me for no purpose?

GILBERT
It hath been done. Electricus.
Methinks I would fain burst were I
to refrain from sharing my
discovery. Arcs-sparks, electricus!

LANDLORD
Eh. A discovery, is it?

GILBERT
The plans are complete, the
manuscript done.

Gilbert squeals in his excitement, fists clenched. Jogs back upstairs, mutters to himself.

LANDLORD
A discovery? Indeed, William
Gilbert? A discovery.

INT. LONDON FLAT - EVENING

Gilbert, bloodshot eyes, feverishly plays with his invention.

The door bursts open. Landlord stands there, a wide stance of control, arms on hips, now wears a black cloak.

Three HOODED FIGURES stand behind him, their cloaks each made of one giant piece of fine thick cloth. Two cloaks are black, the third a purple with gold threads interspersed.

LANDLORD
Allow us a peek.

GILBERT
Oh, the consequences, oh, the possibility.

Hooded Figures fan out into the room, surround Gilbert.

LANDLORD
So ye say. But what good is it?

GILBERT
What good?

LANDLORD
Are ye mad, man? What. Does. It. Do.

GILBERT
The magic of the spheres, new captured in shavings of metal. The power to attract, to collide. Think of it. The power to rip metals from the bosom of the earth. Or, or, an army, arrayed in battle, strips the enemy's swords and shields from their grasp. Electricus...

Landlord's thin lips smile, but his beady eyes remain evil.

LANDLORD
These, my Scot friends, desire to purchase this power from ye.

GILBERT
Purchase? Canst purchase power?

Landlord rolls his eyes.

LANDLORD
(to Hooded Figures)
Do not make it appear as murder nor plague. Bad for business.

Landlord slips out the door. Closes it. Locks it.

Hooded Figures advance upon Gilbert. Silent, menacing.

Gilbert looks up in sudden fear. He throws the invention at them, breaks it in pieces, distracts them.

Gilbert dives backwards, thrusts the thick handwritten manuscript into a wide, short, intricately carved wooden box. Clacks the lid shut.

Throws the box through the window.

GILBERT'S POV - THROUGH SHATTERING WINDOW

The box tumbles towards a muddy street. Lands on the back of a farmer's rumbling wagon full of cabbages.

THROUGH WINDOW FROM OUTSIDE

Gilbert's throat is seized by the purple/gold Hooded Figure. Choking, struggling, he is dragged backwards, fingers reach out. He disappears into the murky black of the room.

The black cat leaps out of the window.

THE WAGON

disappears into the heart of the maze that is London, bears cat and box into the night. Gilbert's death sounds fade out.

EXT. LONDON FLAT - NIGHT

On fire.

Groups of men throw water buckets on neighboring buildings.

Landlord watches from the street, furious.

A Hooded Figure materializes, bends to his ear.

HOODED FIGURE
The price of failure.

LANDLORD
I shall prove my worth.

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE SEQUENCE

INT. GLASSBLOWER'S SHOP - ENGLISH VILLAGE - DAY

SUPER: "85 YEARS LATER"

A square glass on a table, a hole in the middle of the glass.

A spinning saw, powered by a foot pump. The glass is pushed against the saw by the confident fingers of GLASSBLOWER (60s), unblinking, intent.

The square edges of the pane are shaved off, now a large circle, nine inches across.

Glassblower brushes the glass free of debris.

Behind him, bent over a counter, feet off the floor, hovers ANDALUCIA MATHEWES (15), dark curls around a lovely innocent face, serious gray eyes, gingham dress.

ANDALUCIA

And the bigging-glass, too.

GLASSBLOWER

Aye, little miss. Cain't rush art.

Glassblower holds a thin wooden ring, of hard wood, paints the outside of it with a thick paste.

With painstaking care, he inserts the ring into the round hole. Presses it hard against the glass.

GLASSBLOWER

Most o' my customers don't care to watch me at my work, little miss.

Andalucia's eyes hungrily devour Glassblower's every move.

Glassblower holds a smaller circle of glass, two inches across, to the saw. He shaves down the top and bottom of the glass, makes each side convex.

A magnifying glass.

Glassblower whips the glass to his eye, makes a face.

She giggles.

Glassblower inserts the convex glass into wooden ring. Taps it in place with a wooden mallet, snug fit.

GLASSBLOWER

A right worthy gift, little miss.
Do not ye forget my payment.

Andalucia hands over a book of thick paper, crude binding. The title: "De Motu Animalium" by Aristotle.

GLASSBLOWER

Ah, yes. Monday, next, then, so's
ye'll learn me to read it.

Andalucia picks up the glass, puts it into a wooden box.

William Gilbert's box.

EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Hills of tall grass, almost impossibly green, idyll of
pastoral perfection. Giant spreading trees spot the landscape
with the stolid promise of eternal protection.

Andalucia clasps the box against her stomach. She looks up
through the dappled green leaves of a tree, watches a puffy
white cloud sail through the sky.

She blows a kiss to the cloud.

She skips down a dirt lane to a thatched house. A sweating
horse paws the ground near a stable door.

Andalucia squeals with glee, runs forward.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

ROBERT MATHEWES (65) writes at a desk. Dirt samples and
hundreds of rocks line towering shelves behind him.

MARY MATHEWES (50) writes at a desk opposite Robert's, framed
by jars of preserved small animals and plant specimens.

On Mary's desk: a red-hot coal in a bowl, a small flowering
plant thrust into the bowl.

Andalucia bursts in, hugs Mary's head to her chest, nuzzles
her nose into Mary's hair.

ANDALUCIA

Mother, Mr. Clement is here?

MARY

He arrived this very noon, a
waystation on a longer trip, I
gather. He is making ready for
dinner.

Robert makes a pouty face at Andalucia. She skips to him,
hugs him, nuzzles his receding hairline.

ROBERT
Where hast thou been, Lucy?

ANDALUCIA
In town with the glassblower.

Andalucia bites her lip.

ANDALUCIA
Could you full-name me Andalucia
with Mr. Clement? It is genteel and
I am an adult.

ROBERT
(automatic correction)
"Couldst thou".
(realizes)
Why, heavens, no. Thou art our one
and only Lucy.

Andalucia, scrunchy face, disappointed.

The plant on Mary's desk bursts into flame. Mary looks at a
clock, writes down a time.

MARY
The sea-lavender resisted the heat
for twelves minutes, Robert!

ROBERT
Ho-hum, Mary. To resist for
hundreds of years, it takes shale.

MARY
When thy shale smells as sweet...

They laugh.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - HALLWAY - EVENING

WILLIAM CLEMENT (40) descends the stairs, a doughnut hole of
a man: round little head, round little body.

Andalucia waits at the dining room door.

ANDALUCIA
Well met, Mr. Clement.

CLEMENT
My, my. Thou art grown, little
Andalucia.

He gets a smile for that.

ANDALUCIA

Only as much as Father will allow.

CLEMENT

Quite right.

They smile. Some inside joke. They know each other well.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The walls are cluttered with exotic souvenirs from all continents: wooden shields, jade, feather headdresses.

Clement speaks through spoonfuls of soup, not quite rude. Robert, Mary, and Andalucia are finished with dinner.

CLEMENT

To my astonishment, my clocks, my life's work, the solution to the longitude problem, were declared mere imitations of some imposter original. Inquiring at the London posts of trade, I find my own anchor escapement clocks, pride of my soul, my Pygmalion, attributed to some mediocre Scot, and my own efforts to prove my right merely a blot on my escutcheon.

A SERVANT (50s) enters with a small tureen, fills up Clement's empty soup bowl.

ROBERT

A blot on thy what?

CLEMENT

My reputation. Naturally affronted, I advanced upon Scotland to do battle.

Clement dives into his soup. Stops talking.

Robert and Mary exchange a knowing glance.

ROBERT

And this Scot? He said?

CLEMENT

He claims inventor's rights. He challenged me to courts. Amongst vast threats, he called me a bas--
(glances at Andalucia)
Names fit for lesser men.

ANDALUCIA
Challenge him, Mr. Clement!

Girls aren't supposed to talk at table. Clement glances at Robert. Robert nods, allows Clement to answer her.

CLEMENT
I can dear afford sprockets and
cogs. Court fees would ruin me.

ANDALUCIA
But you are in the right.

Clement shrugs. Helpless.

MARY
"Thou", Lucy.

ANDALUCIA
(under her breath)
Andalucia.
(out loud)
Thou art in the right.

MARY
Lucy, bid goodnight to Mr. Clement.
Then to bed.

Obedient though unwilling, Andalucia stands, curtsies.

HALLWAY

Andalucia stomps her feet heavily, then lighter: imitates departing footsteps.

She dives to the door, presses her ear to the keyhole. She hears snippets of conversation.

CLEMENT
...saw the Scot had stolen. The
papers were in mine own hand...

MARY
...group of Scot powermongers here
a month ago. They intend to replace
religion with science... bribery...

ROBERT
...no society for we Dissenters,
nor for scientists...

CLEMENT
...must flee to the Colonies...
good place for a clockmaker...

Servant taps Andalucia's shoulder. Andalucia, guilty, skips upstairs.

ANDALUCIA'S BEDROOM

Andalucia snuggles deep under her covers. Her eyes peek out, wide, wondering.

A quiet conversation, unintelligible, floats up from below.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

Clement stares with sightless eyes at the rock shelves.

Andalucia enters, wears a simple white frock.

Clement turns. A frown etched deep into his soul. Pretends to read the tiny labels attached to each sample.

CLEMENT

My mind is suited to gears, faces,
hours, mechanics. I confess that
all these look like rocks to me.

ANDALUCIA

But they are.

CLEMENT

(forced humor)
Are they, now! Perhaps we should
not tell thy father. 'Twould break
his heart.

ANDALUCIA

(shy)
Perhaps you would enjoy my
inventions, in my precious box.

CLEMENT

Methinks I would. Lead on, girl.

ANDALUCIA'S BEDROOM

Clement squeezes into an armchair designed for smaller rears.

Andalucia opens a dresser drawer. Pulls out Gilbert's box.

She unwraps the first bundle. The glass circle.

ANDALUCIA

Carving down the sides, slightly
thus, and look! A bigging-glass.

ANDALUCIA (CONT'D)

A gift for Mother's birthday next,
a display case for her specimens.

Her face contorts through the glass. Clement belly-laughs.

Andalucia unwraps the second bundle: a metal tube, wider on one side than the other, capped at the wide end with a bulb of cured animal skin. It's an eyedropper.

ANDALUCIA

Upon drawing liquid into the tube,
I can then dispense it precisely,
droplet by droplet.

CLEMENT

Thy talents overwhelm this poor
clockmaker. I thought nothing more
remained to be invented!

Andalucia, pleased, displays a tiny gray stone and a whole dried red pepper plant.

ANDALUCIA

Presents from Father and Mother. A
most powerful lodestone and a fire
plant from the Americas.

Clement smiles broadly, as though he's never seen a finer rock or a prettier dried plant.

ANDALUCIA

Are you to the colonies, Mr. Clement?

Clement loses his good humor in an instant. He shrugs.

NEIGH! A horse outside.

Andalucia rushes to the window.

ANDALUCIA'S POV - THROUGH WINDOW

Four RIDERS, each hooded: three Riders wear black cloaks, the fourth cloak is purple with gold threads.

ANDALUCIA (O.S.)

Happy day. More visitors!

BACK TO SCENE

Clement comes to the window, looks out. Dives to the ground, pulls Andalucia down with him, covers her shout of surprise.

CLEMENT

Shhhh. Shhh. Those are the Scots.

Andalucia's face, no fear. She doesn't understand.

Clement peeks over the sill.

CLEMENT'S POV - THROUGH WINDOW

Robert approaches the Riders. The purple Rider acts like a little Hitler, gestures broadly. Robert bows, submissive.

The Riders spin their horses, gallop off over the hill.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

Robert still bows, forehead in the dirt.

Clement and Andalucia run from the house, help Robert to stand. Robert leans heavily on Clement.

ROBERT

No more. There is no more time.

Andalucia looks between them, back and forth.

CLEMENT

The ship sails forth from Liverpool
two morns hence. The Regal.

Robert nods.

Clement runs to the stable.

ANDALUCIA

What, Father? What is it?

Robert tenderly holds her face.

ROBERT

Divine Providence, as stipulated by
lesser men, hath decreed a journey,
my dear. Go, prepare.

ANDALUCIA

Prepare for a journey?

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Servant and Mary pack the fine china gently into a wicker basket. Robert races through the room, an armful of clothes.

ROBERT

Leave those.

MARY

This china is priceless!

ROBERT

Leave it! We must travel light,
silent, fast.

Mary points at the hundreds of wall souvenirs.

Andalucia comes in, drawn in by the conversation.

ROBERT

I value thy life higher than
trinkets, Mary.

ANDALUCIA

And every all of thy rocks, Father?

Robert looks pained. Shakes his head.

Andalucia now looks properly frightened.

THROUGH WINDOW

Clement, atop his horse, rockets out of the stable. Gallops
away, dust rises behind him.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT

Robert, Mary, and Andalucia climb onto a small wagon, a small
horse. Robert flicks the reins.

A tearful Andalucia waves goodbye to Servant.

Servant goes back inside the house.

The wagon disappears into the dark distance.

Servant, arms full of valuables, scurries off into the night.

Silence.

The lonely little house.

Sounds of galloping hooves... Coming closer...

Nearly a hundred Riders burst into frame. Skid to a halt
outside the house. Jump off their horses, crash through the
front door. Sounds of destruction inside, ripping, breaking.

Flames in the attic.

The Riders come out. Mount their horses. Ride away.

The house is completely overtaken with bright red fire.

EXT. WAGON - NIGHT

A light rain falls.

Robert flicks the reins. Andalucia and Mary in the back.

ANDALUCIA

How I wish the rain would stop.

ROBERT

The elements are at God's pleasure.
They are not at fault, do not rail
at them.

Silent horses flit like ghosts through the countryside.

EXT. LIVERPOOL DOCKS - NIGHT

Robert, Mary, and Andalucia lug bags aimlessly through a swirl of SEAMEN and ROUSTABOUTS. A maze of planks, lanterns, torches, swearing men, ships loom overhead.

CLEMENT (O.S.)

Robert! Robert Mathewes!

They hear the voice, aimless, lost.

CLEMENT (O.S.)

Up, man! Here!

Andalucia looks up, sees Clement lean over the edge of an impossibly small wooden ship, dwarfed in the harbor. Clement points down at the boat's name: "Regal".

EXT. REGAL - DECK - NIGHT

Clement guides the Mathewes between bustling SAILORS.

The CAPTAIN (50s), a bearded Irish man-eater, spies them, stumps across the planking on thick and wide-set legs.

CAPTAIN

Ahoy! Who have we here, lugabouts?

CLEMENT

Captain, sir, I have purchased
passage for myself and three more
of upstanding acquaintance. May I
present Dr. Robert Ma--

Robert interrupts. Sees a small bird in the rigging.

ROBERT
Dr. Robert Finchum, Mrs. Mary
Finchum, and my daughter Lucy.

ANDALUCIA
(under her breath)
Andalucia.

Clement gives a Robert a strange look.

CAPTAIN
Aye. Ye're just in time, lubbers,
this tub cain't hold no more
Finchums. We're stocked full now.

Captain belches out a raucous laugh.

CAPTAIN
(to a sailor)
Ahoy! Ye blasted daft squid-stump!
Where do you think the fresh water
is to be, eh?

Clement pushes the Mathewes down the hatch.

INT. REGAL - BUNKS - NIGHT

Barely room to move. Andalucia and Mary share a tiny hammock,
Clement and Robert lay squashed together. Claustrophobic.

They try to sleep. Impossible. Miserable.

CLEMENT
Finchum?

ROBERT
My name is a hunted name.

CLEMENT
Where dost thou intend to settle?

ROBERT
The Colony of Massachusetts. There
art Puritans there.

MARY
And Massachusetts has educational
opportunity for Andalucia whilst we
construct new science facilities.

CLEMENT

A stroke of luck! A fellow
traveller on this ship owns land in
Massachusetts.

ROBERT

We cannot pay.

CLEMENT

I know.

The hammocks squeak and creak. Constant noise.

ROBERT

Lucy, darling. I know thou dost not
comprehend the purpose behind our
sudden flight. Let me say this:
there are those who make faith
their science, and those who make
science their faith. Be neither,
and dread naught.

Robert holds out a clenched hand, something inside it.
Andalucia has to pry his fingers open, giggling at the game.
A necklace, made of iron, two pendants: a cross and a book.

MARY

Put it on, Lucy.

Andalucia does. She models it self-consciously, clutches it
as she falls to sleep.

EXT. REGAL - DECK - DAY

The ship is out to sea. A cold Atlantic sea, brisk wind.

Andalucia, bundled in every piece of clothing she owns,
huddles in an unused corner, battered with sea spray.

Robert and Mary shelter her. Clement approaches them, brings
in tow WILLIAM STOUGHTON (50), large head, thick limbs,
forward-leaning walk, arrogant, condescending.

CLEMENT

Robert, this is William Stoughton.
Mr. Stoughton, Dr. Finchum.

STOUGHTON

Mr. Clement has purchased two
tracts of my plentiful farmland in
Salem, only one destined for
himself. Thou shalt be a peace-
loving neighbor, I hope.

ROBERT

Quiet is my third love, sir. After
God and family.

(low, to Clement)

Mr. Clement, I cannot thank thee
sufficient.

Clement waves it off. Robert shakes Clement's hand warmly.

ROBERT

(to Stoughton)

Thou art a regular traveler across
the sea, sir?

STOUGHTON

Goodness, no. The sea is the
Devil's nursery. I am to Salem for
finality as magistrate.

ROBERT

Then we are goodly pleased to make
thy acquaintance, sir.

Stoughton turns to leave.

CLEMENT

Dr. Finchum and Mrs. Finchum are
eminent scientists, sir.

Stoughton freezes in his tracks.

STOUGHTON

Scientists, you say? Come with me,
if thou hast any wonder at the
natural world.

INT. REGAL - HOLD - DAY

A giant space, a grated hatch cover lets in air and light. A
magnificent Arabian stallion prances on the rolling floor.
Stoughton approaches it with pride, kisses it.

MARY

(to Robert)

And we sleep in a closet.

STOUGHTON

Is he not magnificent?

ROBERT

As you say, sir. My interests lie
in geology, the earth.

STOUGHTON

Yes, thy interests liest. Horse is
the summit of nature.

Robert nods, non-confrontational.

STOUGHTON

But man rides atop horse, does he
not? Which makes man the master of
nature. Oh, to master nature. Hast
thou thought of it?

ROBERT

My task is but to study nature, not
to o'erpower it.

Stoughton's black eyes bore into Robert, oozing disgust.

STOUGHTON

Man, how small thy mind.

Andalucia is suddenly terrified. Tugs Mary's hand, scuttles
backwards, back up to the deck.

EXT. REGAL - DECK - DAY

Andalucia hugs Mary tight, to disappear inside her.

ANDALUCIA

He frightens me.

MARY

He is God's minister of justice and
our patron now, Lucy. Calm thyself.
We owe him a debt.

The sea spray showers fly. Rough Sailors work around them.

INT. REGAL - BUNKS - NIGHT

Andalucia wakes suddenly, from a sound sleep. Muffled sounds
of angered conversation filter through the wood ship.

She looks to her side. Mary is not there.

Clement sleeps in the other hammock. Robert is missing.

Andalucia dashes to the hatch. Opens it.

A torrent of water pours through, drenches her.

Lightning strikes. Thunder roars. A storm.

Captain appears at the hatch.

CAPTAIN
Ye bloody idiot. It's a damned
hurricane. Get ye down.

Captain kicks the hatch shut, nearly crushes her arm.

The argument on the other side of the wall grows louder.
Andalucia shuffles to the wall, listens. Faint...

ROBERT (O.S.)
...start a new life. We have no
wish to jeopardize ourselves anew.

Mumbled argument. Andalucia presses closer.

MARY (O.S.)
...I obey my husband and my God in
all things. Thy wishes soundeth
evil to mine ears and I will have
none of it...

More mumbles. Sudden silence. Andalucia plasters herself
against the wall, tries to hear.

ROBERT (O.S.)
My God! Thou art with the Scots!
Thou art one of them! Take me if
thou must, but spare my--

THUD! Sound of violence. Crashes. Footsteps. Pounding.

Mary screams.

Andalucia gulps, her eyes wildly search for help.

THUD! Mary is silenced. Footsteps. Pounding.

Andalucia: terror itself. She opens her mouth to scream, not
a sound comes out.

Andalucia dives under Clement's hammock, curls herself into a
tiny ball. Tries to disappear, whimpers.

Sounds fade.

Clement wakes.

CLEMENT
Eh, eh? Robert? Um.

Clement goes back to sleep.

Andalucia is motionless, stony, hands over ears. Her wet clothes drip to the floor like blood.

Suddenly, she bursts out from under the hammock, dashes up to the hatch, pushes it open, jumps through.

EXT. REGAL - DECK - NIGHT

The storm thrashes the tiny boat. Giant waves hover over the sides. Sailors slip, slide, ropes tied around their waists.

Robert and Mary seem to lean limply against the railing. Andalucia calls out, tries to run to them, slips, falls hard.

A wave crashes into the side of the boat, floods over Robert and Mary. The wave recedes.

Robert and Mary are gone. Two Sailors are there instead, just where they had stood.

Strong arms grab Andalucia. A voice shouts in her ear.

STOUGHTON

Why art thou in the wet? Be safe
below, girl! Below!

Stoughton wrestles her to the hatch.

ANDALUCIA

Father! Mother! What hast thou done
with them? Where?

STOUGHTON

This is no place for a girl!

Andalucia looks down at Stoughton's hand. He clutches a piece of fabric: purple with gold threads.

He manhandles her to the hatch, down the steps. Notices her looking at the cloth, opens his hands, lets the wind flutter the fabric away overboard.

STOUGHTON

I must needs tend to my horse! Now,
get thee down, girl.

Stoughton closes the hatch.

INT. REGAL - BUNKS - NIGHT

Andalucia gropes her way to her hammock, tumbles in.

Wet. Shivering. Cold. Shocked.

Clutches her necklace as if to rip her neck in two.

INT. REGAL - BUNKS - DAY

Clement shakes Andalucia awake.

CLEMENT

Andalucia, Andalucia. Thy parents
art nowhere to be found! Dost thou
know of their whereabouts?

Andalucia trembles, weeps, her teeth chatter.

CLEMENT

The Captain proposes they were
washed into the sea during the
night storm, into water so cold
where none can live. We fear the
worst. God help us.

Clement hugs her. Tightly.

ANDALUCIA

(bitter)

God controls the elements. It is he
and his ministers who are to blame.

Andalucia's face draws long, loses color, loses hope.

CLEMENT

Oh, Andalucia.

ANDALUCIA

My name is Lucy.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY - DOWN ANGLE

The boat is a tiny speck in a vast water landscape.

EXT. MASSACHUSETTS WOODLAND - MORNING

A frosty fall morning, overcast. Leaves are splendid
bursts of color. Light fog wafts over a small clearing.

A splendid buck deer struts majestically out of the woods,
vanishes into the mist deep beyond.

Tree trunks are piled high at one edge of the clearing. They are long, straightish, trimmed of twigs. A pile of ashes nearby proclaims a long-quenched fire.

Warm breaths rise in twin puffs. Clement and Andalucia shiver in sleep, under thin blankets, pale, freezing near to death.

Andalucia wakes. Alert, like a rabbit with upright ears.

A hound appears at the edge of the clearing. Hunting.

The sound of horses behind it.

Andalucia shakes Clement awake.

CLEMENT

I dreamt I was in Hell. That Hell was interminable snow, where icicles provided warmth only for the darkest of demons. This land is not warm, but at least it is not Hell.

ANDALUCIA

Are you certain?

Two horses break through the trees, ridden by Stoughton and JOHN GILROY (40), a weasel-faced sniveler.

Astride his magnificent Arabian, Stoughton almost tramples Andalucia and Clement. Clement cries out, startled. The Arabian rears up, calmed quickly by Stoughton.

STOUGHTON

Clement, is this not a fine horse?

CLEMENT

Yea, even viewed from below.

STOUGHTON

I am early ahunt with my clerk, John Gilroy. Thou knowest him?

Clement scrambles to his feet, presents himself like a gentleman.

CLEMENT

Mr. Gilroy.

Gilroy does not even bow his head. He licks his lips, looks at Andalucia.

GILROY

Morning, Miss Lucy.

STOUGHTON

These lands are fraught with game.
Oh, these fruitful lands and home!
Journeying abroad was not suited to
my constitution.

CLEMENT

Indeed, Mr. Stoughton, we--

But Stoughton has already ridden on. Gilroy follows.

CLEMENT

Such an important patron.

Andalucia builds a new fire.

Another horse, a stout Clydesdale, plods out of the woods, a tanned, sinewy farmer astride barebacked: GILES COREY (70s).

CLEMENT

Farmer Corey! Good morning to you.

GILES

Just Giles, Master Clement. I
reckoned thou may need aid to raise
thy domicile.

Giles jumps to the ground, agile as a youth.

GILES

And need breakfast, to boot.

Giles holds up three rabbits.

MONTAGE

Clement and Giles dig holes in the clearing.

Andalucia mixes huge piles of mud-paste.

Giles and Clement push logs towards the center of the clearing, helped by Giles' horse.

Giles hacks at the logs, make them fit together. Clement looks on with raised eyebrows, clearly unskilled at the work.

The walls grow.

Andalucia packs the mud into the chinks, sealing the walls.

Snow falls. Time passes. A one-floor cabin with attic, nearly complete. Andalucia on her bed, bundled in hundreds of rags, holds Gilbert's box to her chest, nuzzles it with her nose.

Spring. The cabin is done. A pile of logs still in the clearing near large piles of mud. Andalucia, hand to chin, deciding what to do with them.

Clement hoes a tiny garden. Rips a pitifully tiny carrot from the ground. Dances in excitement. Andalucia comes running. They each take a bite of the carrot. Smile.

Andalucia lies on her bed, opens the box, caresses her bigging-glass, her eyedropper, her rock, her plant. Underneath are ancient papers. She picks up the papers, sifts through them. Lifts one up: plans for a tall, thin windmill drawn in William Gilbert's flowing hand.

Giles wedge-chops logs into long, thin slats.

Clement plants thin posts into the ground adjacent to one end of the cabin. Andalucia consults the windmill plans, which she has drawn over, converted, adapted.

Giles and Clement lean a thirty-foot rectangular building frame against the cabin, drop it into the ground.

Fall. Leaves tumble. Geese fly overhead.

Snow falls into the unfinished windmill.

Summer.

Snow falls into the windmill, still unfinished. Four 7-foot blades lean up against the cabin.

Summer comes. A black thunderstorm deluge.

END MONTAGE

EXT. WOODS - DAY

TITUBA (70s), weathered slave from warmer climes, stumbles, sings a drunken chanty in some nameless broken language.

She hurtles headlong into a tree, stops, dazed.

She picks up the tune again, staggers a few more steps.

In the distance, little heads peep through the underbrush. ANN PUTNAM (12), gorgeous porcelain doll complexion, ambitious eyes; and two younger BROTHERS.

Tituba urinates.

The children giggle at the forbidden sight.

BROTHER #1
Should we have done it?

ANN
Done what?

BROTHER #1
Put the whiskey in.

ANN
A fool receives a fool's desserts.

Tituba swings her head around like a slow-thinking buffalo.

The children vanish behind the bushes again.

Tituba shakes some leaves, tiny drops of dew fall into her mouth. She rubs her groaning belly.

Tituba sees some mushrooms at the foot of a large tree. The white mushrooms are covered in a fine brown mold.

Tituba stuffs them in her toothless gums. Chews. Belches.

ANN
Tituba is naught but a foolish
animal. 'Tis good for her she is a
slave.

Her Brothers nod, solemn. They'd agree with anything.

Tituba falls on her back, waves her hands back and forth, slow. She's high... Or something...

Tituba foams at the mouth, sudden epileptic seizures. She vomits up the brown mold, convulses.

Ann's Brothers, scared, back away.

Ann sneers at them.

ANN
What is there to be scared? It was
just whiskey.

TITUBA
(painful shriek)
Devil!

ANN
She knows it were us!

Ann and her Brothers race away, fast as they can, terrified.

EXT. STOUGHTON'S FIELDS - CONTINUOUS

Ann and Brothers hightail it from the woods.

A man rises up out of the high corn: WILLIAM PARRIS (30s), bowed head of a servant, flashing eyes of a kindly Irishman.

PARRIS

And where'd ye be off to?

Ann and Brothers breathe hard, collect their wits.

PARRIS

Mr. Stoughton's lands aren't be thy romping ground. Find another field to molest. Go on, now.

The children walk towards a road beyond a magnificent house.

Parris shakes his head, laughing to himself.

Ann twists her head around, shoots him a malevolent glare.

EXT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - MORNING

LUCY FINCHUM (early 20s now) weeds the small garden, pools of water between tall corn stalks. Wipes her brow. Still wears her iron necklace of cross and book.

A black cat, on the windowsill, stretches in the sunshine.

Lucy shuffles closer, teasing. The black cat rubs against the glass window, back arched in pleasant anticipation.

LUCY

Come, come, Mathewes.

Lucy reaches out to tickle the cat's belly.

A tiny spark of static electricity arcs between her finger and the cat's hair. She pulls her hand back, stung.

She tries again, this time tickles the cat without incident.

The sound of a horse approaching.

Giles (80s now), rides a Clydesdale slowly towards the cabin. Dismounts with a grunt. Not as young as he once was.

GILES

Storm in the night, wake at first light, drink in the sight, the world 'gain right.

GILES (CONT'D)

Happy Sunday, Miss Lucy. I'm heading to town to honor the Lord's Day. All aboard.

Clement, yawning, appears at the door, holds a small clock in one hand, its back opened and gears showing.

CLEMENT

Perhaps next Sunday, Giles. Work to do.

GILES

These "next Sundays" are vanishing like the smoke, Clement.

CLEMENT

Science is the grease-pan of the spheres.

Lucy puts on a shawl.

GILES

At least thou, Miss Lucy, thou couldst step inside the Lord's house with me one Sunday.

Giles helps Lucy mount the Clydesdale.

LUCY

When the Lord upends the destruction in my house, I shall consider honoring His.

Giles shakes his head, curious, wisely keeps silent. Giles kicks the Clydesdale, moves off.

EXT. SALEM - MAIN STREET - DAY

Sunshine lends the town an air of importance, contrasted with the barbaric mud-puddled road. Horse poop lies in wait for the unsuspecting foot, blends in with the mud.

One end of the street widens into a large square, dominated by a large, forbidding stone church. Small groups of TOWNSPEOPLE in fine clothes file towards the church.

The Clydesdale plods towards the church between two-story brick and wood houses. Lucy slides off the horse, splashes.

Mud splatters up, lands on an expensive dress: Ann Putnam's.

ANN

Eee! My beautiful frock!

THOMAS PUTNAM (40s), her wealthy father, sly-eyed and sneering, jumps down from a carriage to confront Lucy.

ELIZABETH PUTNAM (40s), her mother, bends over to wipe Ann's dress clean, scolds a bitter tsk-tsk. The Brothers shake their heads, solemn as ever.

THOMAS

Must thou bedevil my daughter, thou sour spinster?

LUCY

'Twas a misfortune of chance,
Mister Putnam. Ann, permit me to
clean your dress.

THOMAS

Thy hands are not fit for the
fineness of the fabric, spinster.

Stoughton (now 60) and Gilroy (now 50) ride up. Stoughton's horse is the white Arabian, considerably older.

STOUGHTON

Then allow my clerk to purchase the
lovely Miss Ann a new frock.
Gilroy, take her size.

Gilroy jumps off his horse, runs his hands over Ann's waist, measures her with his hands, enjoys the action too much.

Thomas gives Ann a nod, almost imperceptible.

Ann responds to Gilroy's touch, leans back into him.

THOMAS

(suddenly subservient)
Oh, Mr. Stoughton, you are too kind.

STOUGHTON

Not at all, not at all. We of Salem
must care for each other.

Stoughton and Thomas and Elizabeth turn accusing gazes at Lucy. Horrified, Lucy lifts her skirt and races away.

GILES

'Tweren't the girl's--

STOUGHTON

(to Thomas)
It is good we met before meeting,
Thomas, for I have business to
discuss. In the matter at hand...

Stoughton wanders, arm in arm with Thomas, to the church.

EXT. SALEM - DOCKS - SAME

Lucy runs to the shoreline. Panting, she stops at the water's edge, regains her breath.

She looks at the many small fishing boats, all in harbor.

She looks at the clearing blue sky, hint of a rainbow.

She looks at the water. The beautiful ripples grow darker before her eyes, swell up into a roiling broth that bubbles like acid on the docks. She shrieks, falls back, eyes closed.

Opens her eyes. All is beautiful again. Her heart pounds.

CORWIN (O.S.)
Is all well, Mistress?

Lucy looks up. JONATHAN CORWIN (30s), bright baby-face in a lawyer's gown, bends over her, upside down to her view.

LUCY
Oh, sir, is it ever? I thank you
for the inquiry.

Corwin, incorrigibly cheerful, sits next to her.

CORWIN
This is no language for a Sunday.
Thou shalt divulge all, for thou
needst a friend.

LUCY
I have friends.

CORWIN
But none to whom thou hast told thy
present misfortune, else thou
wouldst not be here. Tell.

LUCY
There is nothing to--

CORWIN
Tell, tell, tell, tell.

Lucy bursts out laughing. Corwin tips his hat.

CORWIN
Essex County Prosecutor at thy
service.

CORWIN (CONT'D)

I have held the position so long I
have long ago forgot mine own name.

Lucy laughs again.

LUCY

I can not but feel cheered in your
presence, Sir Essex County
Prosecutor.

Corwin lays down next to her, turns his face to hers.

CORWIN

Well, then, Miss Sour Spinster as
called by Mr. Thomas Putnam,--
(spits)
--tell me all.

LUCY

Should you not be in service?

CORWIN

Thou art my service this morn. Ah!
Thy beauty has stimulated my
memory. Jonathan Corwin, at thy
service. Regard me not a stranger.

Lucy smiles, looks at the sky.

Lucy opens her mouth, about to actually, finally, bare her
soul to a stranger...

At the very last second, she bites her tongue.

LUCY

Mr. Corwin. Do you preserve records
of the county?

CORWIN

Surely.

LUCY

Of the comings and goings of ships?

Corwin looks sideways at her.

INT. CORWIN'S OFFICE - FILE ROOM - DAY

Corwin rifles through box after box of papers, files. Lucy
hovers at his shoulder.

CORWIN

Long have we known the need for a systematic method of... oh, here.

Corwin plucks out a piece of paper.

CORWIN

Why is this still here? Our yearly purge overlooked this box.

Lucy snatches the paper, too impatient to listen to Corwin's continued mutterings.

LUCY

The ship "Regal", carrying captain, crew 9, passengers 5, horse 1, goods and textiles, year 1681.

(bites lip)

Would you possess other papers on these peoples?

Corwin squints, now unsure.

CORWIN

What interest couldst this hold for thee? A decade past, one lonely ship? What art thou about?

Lucy leans forward, holds his hands. His breath stops.

LUCY

You are a ray of golden sunshine in a world of thudding gloom. You shall never guess how fortuitous our meeting has been, what hope you have bestowed.

CORWIN

(uncomfortable)

Not for public viewing --

Lucy grasps at the fading opportunity.

LUCY

This paper was for burning? There.

Lucy stuffs the paper into her bosom, down her dress.

LUCY

Consider it vanished.

Lucy leans forward, gives Corwin a grateful, bold kiss on the cheek. Squeezes his hand. Whirls out the door.

Corwin falls back, dazed. Puts a trembling hand to his cheek.

EXT. SALEM - MAIN STREET - DAY

Dozens of horses are tethered outside the church.

Lucy runs past them, down the deserted, muddy street, almost skips in newfound joy.

EXT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - DAY

Lucy sprints through the clearing to the cabin.

INT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Lucy bursts in the front door.

Simple decorations, tasteful, not rustic. Simple windows, wood table, hand-hewn chairs, iron pot-bellied stove in front of open doors to two tiny neighboring bedrooms.

The black cat looks up in startled surprise, doesn't move.

Stairs to the attic on the other side of the cabin. Lucy races up them.

INT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

A workspace under a slanted ceiling, strewn with bits of metal, wood, cloth, tools, gears. A large hole in the wall near the stairs, plugged with cloth.

Clement hunches at a small table near a large window opposite the stairs, peers into a small clock's inner workings.

Lucy bursts up the stairs.

LUCY

William, the greatest fortune!

CLEMENT

(impatient)

This clock demands my focus.

Lucy pulls out the paper from her bosom. Puts it on the table in front of Clement. He glances at it.

CLEMENT

A ship's invoice. Fortune, indeed.

Clement turns back to his clock. Lucy grasps his shoulder.

Clement is clearly unused to physical contact. A brief look of annoyance flashes across his face as he shrugs her away.

CLEMENT

Later.

Lucy, crestfallen, picks up the paper, trudges downstairs.

INT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - LUCY'S ROOM - DAY

Lucy sits on her bed, the box clasped to her chest, forlorn. The cat crouches next to her, as if spying a mouse.

EXT. SALEM - MAIN STREET - DAY

All the Townspeople flood out of the church.

Stoughton and Gilroy mount their horses, trot behind the Putnam family carriage.

EXT. STOUGHTON'S MANSION - DAY

The Putnam carriage approaches the magnificent house, set on acres of green fields and woods. A long, low stable stretches away from the house.

Parris rushes from the stable. Stoughton dismounts.

STOUGHTON

Parris, take the horses to the stable.

Gilroy helps the children down from the carriage, holds Ann's waist longer than strictly necessary. Ann gives him a smile.

Parris leads the horses to the stable.

STOUGHTON

I do believe that Cook hath prepared a fine venison for noon repast. 'Tis a pity thy children do not fancy venison, Thomas.

The children squeal in dismay. Stoughton laughs heartily.

THOMAS

These children of mine will eat all of Salem out of existence if given the chance.

The children run into the house.

PARRIS

Mr. Stoughton, sir! Thy fine
Arabian is fitful!

The horse lies on its side, foams at the mouth, kicks weakly.

Stoughton runs to it, eyes wide with fear and loss.

STOUGHTON

Fetch the horse doctor. Now, man.

Parris sprints to the road.

The horse stops moving, a death rattle in its throat.

Stoughton throws his arms around its neck, weeps freely.
Whispers into its ear.

STOUGHTON

How can I live without thee,
friend? Thou art as a son. How can
I lose a son? Do not leave me.

(beat)

Damn thee.

Ann comes out the front door. Her intelligent eyes sweep
across the scene: Stoughton draped on the horse, Parris
running far away.

ANN

'Twas slain, thy Arabian, by
witchcraft.

Thomas and Elizabeth turn in astonishment. Ann's face becomes
brighter, transfigured, enraptured.

ANN

The preacher spoke on evil only
this morn in service, that the
Devil is at work even on Sunday,
most industriously on Sunday.

ELIZABETH

A witch? In Salem. Ann, darling,
darling, could it be?

STOUGHTON

(grim)

Who, Ann?

Ann turns her eyes on Stoughton, stern eyes, frightful eyes.

ANN

'Tis he.

She points at the fleeing Parris.

ANN

Devillllll!

She shakes in violent spasms, screams, hands over ears.

THOMAS

What hath possessed her?

ANN

His shape, his shape torments, his
shape torments me!

STOUGHTON

(to Gilroy)

Arrest him.

INT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Clement comes down the stairs, slaps his hands together,
satisfied, his work accomplished.

Lucy sits on the floor, the paper held between two flat
hands, as if praying. She offers the paper again to Clement.

Clement takes the paper. Looks at it closer. Sits.

LUCY

I never told thee, William.

Clement senses impending darkness, eyes wary. Lucy swallows,
her throat constricting her words.

LUCY

The night my parents died. I heard
them. They gave accusation of
someone in the next room as a Scot.
Mother gave forth a shriek. Fearful,
I ventured to the deck, only to see
them cast over the side.

CLEMENT

By the waves.

LUCY

By seamen.

CLEMENT

No.

LUCY

Mr. Stoughton was present, he
forced me below. It were the Scots.

CLEMENT

Surely thou wert mistaken, a girl
of mere fifteen, ten long years
intervening. The tricks of memory?

LUCY

No, William.

CLEMENT

Why was I not awakened as thou?

LUCY

You sleep as the very dead. You
always have.

The black cat wanders in the front door, a dead mouse in its
mouth. It crouches in a corner, slowly tears the mouse apart.

CLEMENT

And thou hast always nurtured a
distrust of good Mr. Stoughton. Why
this sudden accusation?

LUCY

Sudden? Sudden? I have harbored
this knowledge--

CLEMENT

Which thou hast never shared? And I
am to believe this... this
monstrous tale a decade removed?
And what purpose doth this paper
serve beyond names of men who are
by scattered amongst ports or now
long lost at sea? Thou art pursuing
ghosts with an invisible net.

LUCY

(whispering)

Believe me, William.

Clement is at a loss. He cannot believe her.

CLEMENT

Thou hast not smiled for years. Is
this the cause? This the thin,
vengeful thought that has lain
waste to thy good nature and
scientific pursuits? Forget this,
for thine own good.

Clement tears the paper into tiny pieces with tortured hands.

LUCY
Believe me. Believe me...

Lucy breaks down in sobs.

CLEMENT
Put thy mind to good use, Lucy,
before it destroys itself.

Clement wrings his hands. The pieces fall like snowflakes.

The cat licks its lips, bats at the floating pieces.

Clement steps over Lucy, opens the door, goes outside.

Lucy crawls forward through her tears, gathers the pieces.
Weeps into the floor, pounds the ground with her small fists.

She turns her head, sees Clement standing in the garden, his
face to the sun.

A shadow falls over Lucy. She turns.

Stoughton in the doorway. Lucy gasps.

STOUGHTON
I have come to learn what thou
knowest.

Lucy is sheet-white. Trembles, cannot stand.

Stoughton, impatient, turns to Clement behind him.

STOUGHTON
Is it dumb?

INT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - LATER

Clement and Lucy sit together on a couch by the stove.
Stoughton stands impassively, holds a mug of tea.

STOUGHTON
A certain indentured man of mine
has of late been accused of
witchery. William Parris, horseman
and housekeep.

CLEMENT
Parris, yes. We would oft see him
exercising the beasts in the field.

STOUGHTON

Beasts?

LUCY

We did not know Parris well, Mr. Stoughton. Only from afar.

STOUGHTON

Do you know anything that might help this case?

LUCY

Into which conclusion?

STOUGHTON

I am as impartial as thou art imprudent. Hold thy tongue, girl.

CLEMENT

What evidence is against the man?

STOUGHTON

I am but obtaining information. If thou canst recall any thing, inform me at once.

Clement nods. Stoughton sweeps out, tea still in hand.

CLEMENT

And what is about that man that thou couldst possibly distrust?

LUCY

Shall I go retrieve our cup?

INT. SALEM - JAIL - DAY

Parris lies on the floor of an earthen-floored cell, his hands and feet shackled.

A JAILER (40s) leans against the iron bars, looks in.

JAILER

So ye're a witch, are ye?

PARRIS

I am no witch.

JAILER

Ain't had a witch round here. England's got her fair share, but ye're recently come from there, ain't ye.

PARRIS

I am no witch.

JAILER

Mr. Stoughton said ye'd say that.
Witches deny, said he. But my mind
ain't fertile ground for ye're
magic. I went to meeting.

PARRIS

I am no witch.

INT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Lucy dangles a small piece of silk over the black cat's face,
teases it. The cat languidly swats at the silk.

Lucy stretches the silk taut just above the cat's face. Blows
down on the silk, watches it flutter.

Lucy lowers her face, presses her lips into the silk.

LUCY

(mimics Stoughton)

I can not divulge, Mathewes. I am
but obtaining information, Mathewes.
Inform me at once, Mathewes.

Lucy notices the silk respond to her voice, wave in time with
her words. Her keen eyes key on the silk's movements.

LUCY

Inform me at once. Inform me at
once. Inform me at once.

Clement comes down the stairs.

CLEMENT

Inform thee of what, pray tell?

Lucy looks up, silk still touching her lips.

LUCY

Inform me at once. Watch the silk.

CLEMENT

Uh, it is a unique color... I want
to offer an apology, Lucy. I
realized that, of late, I have been
absorbed so deep in my clockmaking,
I have neglected thee, my dear. My
mind is all spandrels and plinths,
and the inner workings jammed.

Lucy puts down the silk, forgotten.

CLEMENT

Thy windmill, thy purpose to build
a wind-driven gristmill in the
attic, thy scientific creations, I
have neglected these and allowed
thy mind to languish in the past.

LUCY

You think I--

CLEMENT

Go, Lucy. Fetch thy precious box.

Clement gives her a winning, deprecatory smile. Lucy goes into her bedroom.

Lucy comes back, sits next to Clement. She lovingly opens the box. Pulls out her inventions and William Gilbert's papers.

Clement looks through the papers, one by one. He stops cold.

CLEMENT

"Light of a blue cast which proves
more useful for night work than
yellow tallow candles, with
properties smokeless and long-
lasting. Admixture of crushed coal
and white pigment powders sparked."
Thou didst not write this?

Clement looks closely at the lower corner of the paper. A signature.

CLEMENT

William Grafton? Gettart? No...
William Gilbert! Gilbert!

Clement swings at Lucy, clutches the papers.

CLEMENT

How didst thou come by this? How?

LUCY

Who is William Gilbert?

CLEMENT

The brightest scientific mind of
England in his day. His papers
vanished with his body during the
plague days of Queen Elizabeth.
Where didst thou come upon them?

LUCY

Cook bought them at a fair market on a shopping excursion from a farmer. She gave them to me as a present, thinking the pictures drawn upon them would please me.

Clement has already stopped listening. He digs feverishly through the papers, devours them with his eyes.

CLEMENT

These are the plans for the windmill.

LUCY

For the grist and income. I purposed to finish it when my parents were lain to rest.

Clement holds his breath.

CLEMENT

No, not for grist. It says... Electricus.

INT. GENERAL GOODS STORE - DAY

Lucy steps up to the counter. JEANNIE UPSHAW (50s), sad-faced proprietor, makes others feel brighter by association.

JEANNIE

G'day, Miss Lucy. Don't see thee in town too frequent, do we? The monthly shopping, then?

LUCY

No, Jeannie. I have need of a gallon of whitewash.

JEANNIE

Hast heard of William Parris?

LUCY

I have.

JEANNIE

Think of it. A witch living here in Salem! And right near thy house. Hast thou had nightmares inspired by his witchy breaths?

LUCY

No.

JEANNIE

Women are more like to bow to the Devil's service, we being lustful creatures, are we not? But William Parris has opened his soul to the devil. He never goes to meeting.

LUCY

One gallon, if you please.

JEANNIE

Not a thing besides?

Lucy shakes her head.

Jeannie quietly pushes a package of salt beef across the counter at Lucy, winks. Lucy accepts the gift.

INT. STOUGHTON'S STABLE - DAY

Stoughton looks at an empty stall. Thomas, Ann, and Gilroy form a grief group behind him.

STOUGHTON

That knave took from me the prize of mine soul. Which is a witch's delight, no doubt.

THOMAS

No doubt.

STOUGHTON

I would bury a fort-count of Parrises for one such stallion.
(sudden thought)
There are not more witches?

Thomas shrugs. Ann gets another gleam in her eye.

ANN

Pastor says they huddle in bunches.

STOUGHTON

Does he now?

Thomas looks at Ann, fearful of overstepping. She gives him an assured nod. It's obvious who's in charge here.

ANN

And I saw, just several days hence, a certain woman flailing in the woods, dancing naked and foam upon her mouth.

STOUGHTON

Dancing!

GILROY

Naked!

ANN

Upon seeing it my soul was shook
with fervor, and a shape as of a
devil with hers combined took my
shoulders and shook me as to make
my teeth clang together.

THOMAS

Ann, that is enough.

STOUGHTON

No! Thomas. Let the girl speak. Who
is this woman?

ANN

She is... she is...

Ann's eyes roll back, she flibbers and gibbets and moans.

ANN

Her shape is here... she shakes me,
she shakes me... her name is
secret... I dare not...

STOUGHTON

Gilroy, man, do something!

Gilroy crouches, folds Ann's vibrating body into his lap.

ANN

Her name... is... Tituba.

Ann blows out a giant sigh. And lays still.

Stoughton raises his eyes, sets his jaw.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Lucy lugs her paint bucket and package down the street.

CORWIN (O.S.)

Wouldst thou care for assistance?

Lucy turns, sees Corwin driving a small buggy.

LUCY

Are you never in your office?

CORWIN
Impertinence!

But he's smiling.

EXT. WOODED ROAD - DAY

Lucy is perched on the buggy next to Corwin. She bites her lip, going to be nosy, keeps it delicate.

LUCY
Mr. Stoughton has charge of the
witch case?

CORWIN
Aye. Going to trial, they say. Mr.
Stoughton can do what he will do.
Massachusetts lacks a charter. As
magistrate in a lawless land, he is
the final word.

LUCY
Is Mr. Stoughton... a Scot?

CORWIN
He was born here in Salem, raised
here in Salem. Abroad for schooling
and returned as magistrate. As
English as thou.

LUCY
There are no Scots about, then?

CORWIN
Not unless they art Puritan, too.
Likely not, those Scot heathens.

LUCY
Do many Scot ships harbor at Salem?

CORWIN
If they should, I care not. And why
shouldst a woman care for such
things?

EXT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - DAY

The buggy stops. Corwin hops out, crosses to Lucy's side,
helps her down. Hands her the packages.

LUCY
I thank you for your kindness.

CORWIN

Miss Lucy, I have wondered if thou--

But Lucy has already gone inside.

Disappointed, Corwin picks a wildflower from the gate.
Presses it to his lips.

INT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - LUCY'S ROOM - DAY

Lucy nuzzles the box. The cat lounges on the bed.

LUCY

I cannot, I cannot. He would woo
me, I know it, Mathewes. I cannot.
Not until...

The cat yawns, snaps its jaws together with a click.

INT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Lucy pours the whitewash into a stewpot on the stove. A fire
burns brightly inside the stove. Lucy walks upstairs.

ATTIC

Quiet contentment. Clement sits at his table, studies the
electromagnet plans, whittles wood, pieces wire together,
recreates Gilbert's machine.

Lucy fits together pieces of the windmill's crank.

EXT. WINDMILL - DAY

Clement clings to the side of the windmill, dangles thirty
feet in the air, hammers the blades into place on a tight-
fitting, thick wood dowel.

Lucy stands on the ground, hands clasped to her heart.

Clement gives her a smile. She smiles back.

CLEMENT

Ah! A smile.

INT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Lucy pours out the boiled paint substance, strains it through
cheesecloth. Mashes the lumps left on the cheesecloth into a
large amount of fine grainy mush.

Spreads the mush flat in a pan, places it in the sun to dry.

INT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - ATTIC - NIGHT

Surrounded by candles, Clement has wrapped a cylinder of metal with wire.

Everything he's made replicates Gilbert's except for the cat's-hair-lined wheel: there's no cat's hair on Clement's wheel. And the wheel is made of wood.

Lucy attaches the long wooden dowel from the windmill blades to a large vertical wheel with gears.

CLEMENT

I am ready for a trial.

LUCY

As am I. Thou first, William.

Clement cranks the wheel by hand. Watches for a spark.

Cranks harder, faster. Still no spark. Nothing happens.

Cranks, cranks. Disappointment. Clement hangs his head.

Lucy's turn. She removes a wood chock from the thick dowel, allows it to rotate freely.

EXT. WINDMILL

Against the bright moon, the blades begin to turn with the wind.

ATTIC

The dowel rotates with the blades, turn the gears.

Lucy gives a great big grin.

CLEMENT

If this electricus will only
work... Thy windmill is excellent.

They hug. Clement holds her an instant longer than proper.

CLEMENT

Better?

LUCY

Better.

Lucy suddenly puts her hand to her mouth.

LUCY

My paste!

MAIN ROOM

Lucy puts a finger in the white paste. It's crumble-dry. She crushes a piece of coal into it, mixes into a gray powder.

Carries the saucepan upstairs.

ATTIC

Lucy spoons a tiny amount of the paste into a small metal bowl. Brings a candle near, to light the mixture.

Clement hastily removes all of Gilbert's papers, takes them to safety across the room.

Lucy lights the bowl.

A brilliant flash! Settles down into a subtle blue flame, gives a gentle color to the room, enough light to read by.

Lucy's hand is burned.

Clement soothes her, applies a wet cloth.

CLEMENT

If this is to be a danger, then I shan't allow it in the house.

LUCY

I know of a preventative salve.

Clement, impressed, sees her with new eyes.

CLEMENT

Milady of the Blue Bowl, shall thou deign to dance with thy humble--

LUCY

Methinks I would, poor knave.

They laugh. Twirl in the blue, hand in hand.

EXT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

A rustle in the woods. Ann's head pops out of the bushes. Ann looks up in surprise at Clement's blue attic window.

GILROY (O.S.)

Come down, wench. Would not wish to displease thy father.

ANN

Some true magic is near, Gilroy.

GILROY (O.S.)

What? At the clockmaker's place?
Leave off this witchery nonsense.

ANN

I shall attach me to whom I wish.
And I say there is magic near.

Gilroy's head pops up. His annoyance melts to astonishment.

Their heads disappear.

Rustling in the woods, the sounds of running.

INT. SALEM - JAIL - DAY

Parris lays on his bed. He's lost fifteen pounds.

Tituba wallows in the next cell, her head sways as if in rhythm to an unheard Caribbean dirge.

Jailer's head pokes through Parris' bars.

JAILER

Ain't ye're been wishing for a
kindly visitor? Get on thee feet,
one's come for ye.

Parris is too weak to stand, exhausted, parched.

JAILER

A lazy one, ain't ye? Blast.

Jailer unlocks the door, goes into Parris' cell. Jailer props Parris up against the wall.

Stoughton appears at the cell door.

STOUGHTON

Is it capable of speech, Jailer?

JAILER

He's a crafty dodger, this one.

STOUGHTON

Parris. Surely thou knowest thy
fate hangs in the balance. Tell me
true, far from peering eyes, didst
thou have an accomplice in witchery
other than Tituba here?

PARRIS
I know Tituba not.

STOUGHTON
Is Clement in league with thee?

Parris looks up, mild astonishment.

PARRIS
It's true, then.

STOUGHTON
Aha!

Parris shakes his head slowly, wearied by the world.

PARRIS
Thou hast gone mad.

EXT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - DAY

Giles sits on his horse, face upturned to the attic window, eyes closed. His mouth moves, as though speaking silently.

He lifts both hands, palms towards the house.

He lowers his hands, opens his eyes. With a world-weary sigh, he clucks softly to the horse, rides away down the road.

Corwin bounces in his buggy towards the cabin, passes Giles, tips his hat. Giles glances sideways at him.

INT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - ATTIC - DAY

Lucy watches the windmill-powered gears turn, whittles a giant wood bowl. Large flat stones now attached to the gears.

At the table, Clement works on his electricus machine.

Lucy puts the bowl underneath the stones.

She sprinkles corn kernels onto the stones which grind the kernels into dust. The dust falls into the wooden bowl.

The black cat sticks its nose into the bowl, investigates. Its pink tongue flashes out into the cornmeal.

A knock from below. Lucy wipes her hands off.

MAIN ROOM

Lucy opens the door: Corwin, a moonstruck look.

CORWIN
 Blessings of the morning, Miss
 Lucy.

Awkward pause.

LUCY
 I thank you.

Another awkward pause. So that's why Corwin's still single.

LUCY
 You are not your normal self.

CORWIN
 Is it any wonder? Thou--

Lucy cuts him off at the knees.

LUCY
 What brings you far afield?

CORWIN
 I hoped, perhaps, that thou wouldst
 wish to come to town. With me.
 Events that I dared hope thou
 experience in my humble company.

Clement appears at the top of the stairs, wipes his hands on
 a towel. Looks down with the merest touch of jealousy.

LUCY
 What events are these?

CORWIN
 Thou dost not know?

LUCY
 No.

CORWIN
 Why, William Parris is to hang.

Lucy's jaw drops.

EXT. SALEM - TOWN SQUARE - DAY

The square is packed with Townspeople, a disproportionately
 large number of children present. On a stage in the center of
 the square stands a hastily built wooden gallows.

In the front row, Ann spouts gibberish in a low tone, shakes.

Stoughton, smug in his glory, proclaims from a parchment.

STOUGHTON

Whereas William Parris, man even of mine own household, was severely arraigned on several indictments for the horrible crime of witchcraft by him practised and committed upon fine livestock of mine possession and an anonymous young person--

In the front row of the crowd, Ann smirks.

STOUGHTON

--and pleading Not Guilty to his trial whereupon he was found guilty before God and his Country by a jury summoned to examine him. It is at the peril of our own souls and godly integrity if William Parris is not despatched with haste. He is to be hung by the neck until he be dead, this sufficient warrant being given under my hand and seal at Boston Tuesday last in the fourth year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord and Lady William and Mary King and Queen.

A hush over the crowd.

Jailer tugs Parris, hands bound, through the crowd to the gallows. The Townspeople watch Parris with a quietude, almost apathy.

STOUGHTON

Satan amongst thy churchmembers.
Satan amongst thy chambers. Satan amongst thy children. Behold, Satan in thy midst!

The Townspeople begin to stir. Spits and curses fly through the air, slowly at first, gain momentum.

The square turns into a roiling mob. Jailer yanks Parris up the gallow steps, but hands tug at Parris' clothes and limbs.

Parris is going to be torn limb from limb.

Ann convulses, foams at her mouth, eyes roll into her head.

Corwin and Lucy ride into the outskirts of the square. Lucy stands in the buggy, hand over her mouth, watches the chaos.

Jailer drags Parris onto the stage. Parris bleeds from several wounds on his head and arms.

STOUGHTON

Shall we offer the witch an opportunity to speak?

TOWNSPEOPLE

Never!

Parris opens his mouth, speaks anyway. His words are washed away by the frenzied noise of the people.

His eyes, weary and frustrated, connect with Lucy's eyes. They share a moment of helplessness.

Jailer puts the noose on Parris, heavy knot under his chin.

Salem is a mob.

Parris drops.

Lucy falls back into the buggy, hands over her eyes.

Ann licks her lips, stops shaking, as if a switch turned off.

Stoughton's nostrils flare. His heavy-lidded eyes flick over his churning rabble.

CORWIN

And now for lunch?

Lucy jumps off the buggy, runs away from Salem.

ROOFTOP

Giles is down on one knee, head bowed on a fist.

GILES

(whisper)

Father, forgive them. They know not what they do.

TOWN SQUARE

Stoughton looks up and sees Giles. His mouth tightens.

EXT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - DAY

Lucy runs up the road. She weeps from sightless eyes.

Corwin thunders behind in the buggy, catches up to her.

Corwin jumps from the buggy, grasps her. The horse runs on unchecked into Clement's yard, nibbles corn stalks.

Lucy struggles to get free.

CORWIN

It was God's work. The ministers
have assured it. Beware that thou
dost not blaspheme.

LUCY

An easy answer.

CORWIN

I care for thy soul, that thou
remainst pure. For I wish thou to
join thyself to me--

She gains sudden strength, pushes away from him, horrified.

LUCY

Thou? Thou who knows not justice
from its abuses? Begone.

Lucy slaps him in the face.

Corwin recoils, head twisted from the blow. He turns back to give her a piece of his mind, but: she's gone.

Lucy runs to the cabin, dashes inside, slams the door.

INT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lucy throws herself on the floor, weeps her heart out.

Clement's head appears at the top of the stairs. A look of "uh oh" panic flashes across his face.

He creeps down the stairs.

He puts his hands on her shoulders, pulls her up and back into him. Her head falls back onto his shoulder.

He brushes hair from her face and neck, shushes soothingly.

LUCY

It was terrible.

CLEMENT

Being with that... clerk?

LUCY

The execution. Stoughton was there.

CLEMENT

Of course Mr. Stoughton was there.

LUCY

You mistake me. When my father and mother were murdered--

CLEMENT

Died at sea.

LUCY

--Stoughton was there, over it all. And now, orchestrating death.

CLEMENT

Parris was a witch. Cast not a thought for him.

LUCY

And so thus, slaughtered in a frenzy of conviction?

Clement sighs. He touches Lucy's necklace.

CLEMENT

Thy parents wished a middle path for thee. One which I have done poor to provide thee. I am sorry. Dear Lucy. Dear Lucy.

Clement holds her head in both hands, awkwardly kisses her on the cheeks, hair, forehead. Lucy's eyes fly open in surprise.

LUCY

Clement!

CLEMENT

I have no success as thy father, Lucy. Perhaps we should amend our standing in the house.

LUCY

I have never asked you to be my father, Clement. Nor do I wish any other standing than dear friend.

Clement nods. He's relieved.

Lucy nods. She's relieved that he's relieved.

He's relieved that she's relieved that he's relieved.

CLEMENT

Dinner then?

LUCY
Right away.

SAME - LATER

The black cat licks Lucy's plate clean. Clement takes a last bite of corn-on-the-cob, pats his belly.

A knock on the front door.

GILES (O.S.)
Giles.

CLEMENT
Come in.

Giles enters.

LUCY
Do you wish corn, Giles?

GILES
None, Miss Lucy. A sad day, this.

Giles comes to the table, stretches out his arms, clasps both Clement and Lucy in a giant bear hug.

GILES
Your trials and tribulations have not even yet begun, no matter what you have known nor seen. God Almighty, God Almighty. Show us thy face against Satan.

CLEMENT
(face smashed into Giles)
We do not believe in Satan.

GILES
You will.

Giles lets them go. Lays both hands on Lucy's head, pauses a moment, then lays both hands on Clement's head.

A knock on the door.

Lucy goes to it, opens it.

Stoughton, Ann, and SAMUEL BRABROOK (40s), burly and bar-fight tested.

Brabrook pushes past Lucy, stands near Clement.

STOUGHTON

(rapid recital)

Whereas Complaint hath been made
 unto us by several persons of Salem
 Village that William Clement is
 guilty of Witchcraft in cruelly
 torturing and afflicting several of
 their children and others, thou art
 therefore in their Majesties King
 William and Queen Mary's name to
 forwith Apprehend the body of the
 said William Clement.

(beat)

Deputy Brabrook.

Brabrook grabs Clement's shoulder, vise-like grip.

Clement is completely bewildered. Brabrook ties Clement's
 hands, hoists him to his feet, drags him outside.

LUCY

No, Clement, no! What...

(turns to Giles)

Help!

But Giles has vanished.

Stoughton slams the door.

Lucy is alone. And confused. And scared.

The black cat climbs in her lap. She clutches it close.
 Nuzzles her nose into the soft black fur.

Steely determination creeps into her eyes.

EXT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - NIGHT

The windmill turns, never ceasing.

The front door eases open, silent as the grave. Lucy, dressed
 all in black, creeps out.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Lucy picks her way around dark tree trunks, feels her way
 through the inky night, careful not to make a sound.

EXT. STOUGHTON'S MANSION - NIGHT

The house is silent, not a light showing.

Lucy glides from an unexpected shadow. Peers in every window.

A glint of metal in her hand. A knife.

Lucy drifts towards the...

STABLE

She approaches the door, puts her hand on it to push it open, pushes it ever-so-slightly...

Light floods out from under the well-sealed door.

Lucy drops to the ground, still and silent. She hears voices from inside.

VOICE 1 (O.S.)

...without heirs. It would then revert to the owner previous, which as we all know, is our gracious host.

VOICE 2 (O.S.)

This is a question of land, then?

STOUGHTON'S VOICE (O.S.)

The land is but a means to power, as are the trials.

VOICE 2 (O.S.)

We must know that thou remainest loyal to the cause.

STOUGHTON'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hast ever had reason to doubt it?

Lucy pushes the door open as slowly as possible, to attract no notice. She peeks inside and sees...

Ten or fifteen figures dressed in long flowing robes: SCOTS! All wear black except for one in purple with gold. The Scot in purple stands in front, directs the meeting.

Candles surround the creepy group. Impossible to tell which voice belongs with which robe.

VOICE 2 (O.S.)

I can not gauge thy spiritual fervency against thy strategy.

STOUGHTON'S VOICE (O.S.)

Thou hast nothing to fear.

VOICE 1 (O.S.)
Dost thou believe in the Devil?

ALL VOICES (O.S.)
Yea.

VOICE 1 (O.S.)
Dost believe in his works?

ALL VOICES (O.S.)
Yea.

VOICE 1 (O.S.)
Dost believe in his promises?

ALL VOICES (O.S.)
Yea.

Lucy leans too far forward. The door squeaks.

All the Scots twirl in place, menacing.

Lucy scrambles backwards into the night. She dashes around the stable, leans back against it. Breathes heavily.

VOICE 3 (O.S.)
The dark leaks in.

VOICE 1 (O.S.)
Our father is amongst us.

ALL VOICES (O.S.)
Ahhhhhhh.

Lucy slips inside a lean-to built on the back of the stable.

INT. LEAN-TO

A storage and craft area with a pottery table. A gap in the wooden wall, light floods through from the stable.

Lucy has an idea.

She peels off a black silk from her face, hangs it taut over nails in the wall, covers the opening into the stable.

VOICE 3 (O.S.)
We know our father's power. What if
he truly inhabits these witches?
Would we not then despatch our own?

VOICE 2 (O.S.)
And what of it? We are legion.

Lucy picks up a long-handled broom, plucks off a thin, tough stalk of hay. Jabs it through the tight-stretched silk.

Lucy plunks a large ball of clay on the potting wheel, wets it from a nearby bucket. Spins the wheel with a foot pedal, whips the clay into a large, wide, fat bowl.

STOUGHTON'S VOICE (O.S.)
 These people are deep in religion.
 Our purpose is to pervert it.

VOICE 2 (O.S.)
 Yes, yes. What more clever irony
 than this?

VOICE 1 (O.S.)
 To kill in the name of God.

VOICE 2 (O.S.)
 To kill innocents.

As the group in the stable talk, the silk quivers in tune with their voices. The other end of the hay stalk digs into the top of the short bowl.

Lucy turns the wheel as she makes the clay taller, preserves the hay stalk's jiggle marks in the top portion of the bowl.

VOICE 4 (O.S.)
 Authority has it that no charter of
 Massachusetts will be in place for
 several months.

VOICE 2 (O.S.)
 Which authority?

VOICE 4 (O.S.)
 The nameless one.

STOUGHTON'S VOICE (O.S.)
 Parris is the first, Clement the
 second. With precedent set, there
 is no reason not to continue.

VOICE 1 (O.S.)
 Can any name be submitted?

STOUGHTON'S VOICE (O.S.)
 If cause can be discerned apart
 from this body, I should think so.

VOICE 2 (O.S.)
 I agree. Let us ruin their faith.

STOUGHTON'S VOICE (O.S.)
And with faith abandoned, they will
turn to our sciences.

ALL VOICES (O.S.)
Ahhhhhhhhh.

The hay reaches the bottom of the clay. Lucy dismantles her makeshift devices, slides the corrugated bowl onto a smooth board, glides silently out of the lean-to.

INT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The board and wet clay bowl on the pot-bellied stove.

Lucy throws logs into the fire, hotter and hotter.

INT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - ATTIC - NIGHT

The room is lit with the blue light. Lucy's hand is burnt.

The dry clay bowl revolves on a newly-built contraption above the other windmill gears. Lucy is covered with sawdust.

On the table: a small wood frame, on which is stretched the silk, the hay straw stuck through the silk again.

She brings the straw next to the bowl, places it like a record needle. The silk vibrates...

She hears a faint, lower, slower conversation recorded in the clay: "Authority has it that no charter of Massachusetts..."

She clasps her hands in girlish excitement.

She resets the straw at the top of the clay bowl, replays the conversation: it's even fainter and lower this time. She writes it down, word for word.

Small pieces of clay dust fall from the outside of the bowl as the hay stalk touches it, drift to the floor.

She circles the three dialogues in Stoughton's voice, writes his name next to the circles.

A grim, satisfied smile, piercing eyes: she's the hunter now.

EXT. SALEM - JAIL - DAY

Townpeople go about their business in a subdued manner. No conversations above a whisper. A ghost town.

Lucy walks up to the jail. Townspeople look sideways at her.

Jeannie Upshaw runs from her General Goods Store, catches Lucy by the arm.

JEANNIE

Is it not dreadful? Any one of us
could be next. Witches living
amongst us silent as scorpions.

LUCY

Are scorpions silent?

JEANNIE

Men witches, women witches, so
many. God preserve us!

Lucy looks at her with fear.

LUCY

Many? How many?

JEANNIE

Hast thou not heard?

INT. SALEM - JAIL - DAY

Jailer, licking lustful lips, puts his arm around Lucy's waist as he leads her down a short corridor to the cells.

JAILER

Ye know the toll for visitation of
a prisoner in me jail?

Lucy ignores him. They enter the short cell block. She gasps.

Twenty MEN AND WOMEN crowded into the two cells. Tituba slumps in a far corner. Clement breathes fresh air near a window. And one child, DORCAS GOOD (4).

LUCY

Surely these are not all witches.

Jailer smiles, turns on his heel, leaves.

JAILER

If they is, Judge Stoughton shall
tease it from them. And hang them.

Lucy falls to her knees, caresses Dorcas through the bars.

Clement pushes to the bars, arm around Dorcas' shoulders.

CLEMENT

This is Dorcas Good, Lucy.

Dorcas looks out with dulled, terrorized eyes. Lucy reaches both arms through the bars, hugs the child.

CLEMENT

After being interrogated by our good judge and our deputies, she hath said not a word since.

LUCY

Who could accuse a child? Oh, William, I have heard the most awful plots and dealings. I will speak them at thy trial.

CLEMENT

No. Thou must leave. Go back to England posthaste. No time to lose.

LUCY

You are my only family, William!

CLEMENT

Thou must. Thou shalt not find thy parent's killer, and I am sure to die. These trials seek not the truth. The outrages already forced on the women amongst us bespeak of horrors to come.

Dorcas' mother, SARAH GOOD (30), smeared with dirt, teeth askew and loose, steps forward behind Dorcas, lifts her up into loving arms.

SARAH GOOD

We were examined for witch's teats in a most humiliating manner.

CLEMENT

If thou stayest, thy very life is imperiled. My life's work is over, thine is yet to begin. Leave. Go.

LUCY

William, I care not for a blot on my escutcheon.

She holds her head high. He smiles.

CLEMENT

There is more than thy escutcheon at gallows.

CLEMENT (CONT'D)

If, if, if thou art foolish enough
to stay, thou strong-willed goose,
then finish electricus, a science
powerful enough to guard the house.

LUCY

Why?

CLEMENT

I have believed so little in my
wretched life, but I believe in
this, in the fortuitousness of thy
box, and the secrets clasped
within. With that power, thy need
dread naught. Now, lest thou be
charged of fraternizing with
witches... go!

Lucy, with a last emotional look at Dorcas, leaves.

Jailer lounges against an open door to a dark storeroom.

JAILER

The toll awaits.

At a run, Lucy slams into Jailer, knocks him aside, escapes.

INT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - ATTIC - NIGHT

Blue fire makes Lucy's face a furious masquerade devil.

The black cat watches over her shoulder, its face as
contorted and ugly as her own.

She works at the table, intent, focused on the electromagnet.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Lucy uncoils the wire from the cylinder.

Polishes the gears.

Rewires the cylinder.

Whittles wood.

Replaces the metal handle and shaft with wooden parts.

Turns the handle, tries to make it work. Frustration.

Dusts the pieces.

Pores over Gilbert's instructions.

Angles the metal ends (where the sparks fly) closer together.

Turns the handle again, still nothing happens.

Frustration turns into anger. She slams a fist on the table.

Same things over again, no new ideas.

Mutters to herself, gibberish under her breath.

Turns the handle faster than before. Still nothing.

Anger turns to fury.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

Footsteps on the stairs.

Lucy whips around, feverish and weary eyes, looks for a weapon. In a fighting mood.

She picks up the bowl of blue fire, ready to throw it.

GILES (O.S.)
Miss Lucy? Are you there?

Giles pokes his head around the corner.

LUCY
Clement is in their hands. They
have him. Your friends, your damned
church... it is those hypocrites!

Lucy runs to Giles, pounds him on the chest. Giles holds her close, strong arms, true love floods from him.

GILES
I go to church not to see the men.

The room around Giles grows brighter, safer.

GILES
God. Shouldst thou be, be for me.

Lucy rests in his cocoon, falls asleep in an instant.

MORNING

Lucy wakes. Alone on the floor.

She rubs her eyes in disbelief.

Footsteps on the stairs. She smiles in relief.

LUCY
Clement, what a strange dream--

Giles comes up the stairs.

Reality comes back to Lucy. She droops.

Giles forces a mug of tea into her ungrateful hands.

LUCY
Giles, what if I told you that
these trials were a sham?

GILES

Most things of men are.

Lucy excitedly sets up the clay pot and straw. Plays the faded recording, clay dust falls unnoticed from the straw.

Giles listens carefully, looks up with clever eyes.

Lucy is suddenly unsure... something in Giles' eyes... is he trustworthy after all?

One of her hands, hidden, grasps a knife.

GILES

Science and religion. Thou canst not yet understand.

LUCY

Why not?

GILES

Thou art yet a slave. To one of them.

Now she really is confused.

Giles offers her a potted plant, beautiful flowers.

GILES

I came yesternight to deliver thy long-ordered sea lavender.

Lucy takes the plant. Holds it close, smells it deep.

GILES

Downstairs are twenty more.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Stoughton sits on an elevated chair behind a tall rostrum at the head of the room.

Sarah Good, shackled at hands and feet, bedraggled, stands in front of him.

A ten man JURY sits to the side, in rapt attention.

Corwin looks over paperwork, approaches Stoughton.

CORWIN

If it please the court, may I examine the defendant in thy presence.

STOUGHTON

I think not. Thou hast duly written
thy previous examination, which
hast been read to the Jury.

The Jury Members nod. Corwin shrugs, sits.

STOUGHTON

Is there no one to speak on the
defendant's behalf?

SARAH GOOD

(tearful)
If I may, sir--

STOUGHTON

Then, men of the Jury, are you
prepared to return a verdict?

The Jury huddles.

SARAH GOOD

If I may, sir--

STOUGHTON

Quiet in my court!

Brabrook shakes Sarah Good by the shoulders.

The Jury breaks the huddle. JURY FOREMAN (60s) stands.

JURY FOREMAN

We have, sir. Guilty of witchcraft
and seduction of innocent minds.

Ann, in the front row, wipes away an imaginary tear.

STOUGHTON

Hang her by the neck till dead.

Stoughton bangs a gavel.

Brabrook hustles Sarah Good out of the courtroom.

STOUGHTON

It appears our next case involves
William Clement, clockmaker,
originally of Birmingham, England.

Brabrook drags in a shackled Clement, shoves him forward.

STOUGHTON

William Clement, dost thou serve
the devil?

CLEMENT

My belief is to the clockwork turns
of the spheres. If God is, then he
is the keeper thereof. If the devil
is, then he is but a rusty cog
afoul in its works.

STOUGHTON

(to the jury)
The defendant refuses to respond.
And the witness?

Ann comes forward, stands next to Clement, faces Stoughton.

ANN

(as if from memory)
I do accuse William Clement of vile
witchcraft and infectious evil
spells upon my mind.

CORWIN

What evidence dost thou bring?

ANN

My own witness. He worked at night
under a magic blue light, at which
my eyes rolled back in my head,
like this, and I was taken into a
frenzy and seized with desire.

CORWIN

Desire?

ANN

To be pregnant, my lord.

A stir in the courtroom.

STOUGHTON

Note well, this man made the girl
pregnant through spells of Satan.

CLEMENT

Excu--

STOUGHTON

Silence!

Brabrook punches Clement in the back of the head.

CORWIN

The witness, Ann Putnam, also
possesses spectral evidence.

ANN

William Clement appeared to me in a dream, in the visage of a black cat which tore my hair and gouged my eye.

STOUGHTON

Note well, Clement attacked the witness in a Satanic rage.

CLEMENT

Excuse--

Brabrook kidney-punches Clement before Stoughton interrupts.

CORWIN

No further evidence, my lord.

STOUGHTON

(hurried)

Is there no one to speak on the defendant's behalf. Then, men of--

Lucy rises from the crowd, runs up to Clement. She holds a small bowl and a steel/flint lighter.

Corwin's face hardens.

Ann gives Lucy an evil glare, a low hiss.

LUCY

Gentlemen of the Court, I will speak on Mr. Clement's behalf.

STOUGHTON

(indicates Ann)

And lady.

LUCY

If she were a lady, I would have mentioned it.

Stoughton steels for battle.

LUCY

Mr. Clement is an eminent man of science, who fled beloved England many years ago to avoid harassment and persecution. Little thanks you show him in this trial, for the clocks he has made and repaired for you with meticulous care.

(to Ann)

Would you allow that his knowledge of science surpasses your own?

ANN
Um, I suppose.

LUCY
Were you aware that whitewash
contains an element in its pigment,
which, when combined with powdered
coal, provides a pleasing blue hue?

Ann has no idea what to say.

Stoughton nods furiously at a confused Corwin.

CORWIN
I object?

STOUGHTON
Yes, thou shouldst. Science has no
place in this trial, for it can not
explain God in his majesty nor the
adversary who stalks our ways.

CORWIN
Yes, my lord.

LUCY
But, my lord! When science is
misinterpreted as works of the--

STOUGHTON
Objection sustained.

LUCY
MY LORD!

Lucy, furious, strikes flint over the wooden bowl. The powder
inside bursts immediately into blue flame.

Lucy points to the bowl. Ta-da!

Spectators draw back, a loud gasp.

Chaos.

JURY MEMBER #1
She's a witch!

JURY MEMBER #2
God save us all.

Stoughton bangs his gavel, shouting all the while.

STOUGHTON
Guilty! Guilty! Guilty! Guilty!

Clement leans to Lucy, looks her dead in the eyes.

CLEMENT
 (hisses)
 RUN!

Lucy ducks Brabrook, dodges spectators, races out.

Stoughton makes an "After her!" gesture to Gilroy. Gilroy picks Ann up by the waist, carries her out a back way.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Lucy runs full tilt, crashes blindly through underbrush.

Swings at branches as she runs, as though each branch were a devil she could deface.

EXT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - DAY

Lucy stumbles to the front door, hands-on-knees exhausted.

The front door opens.

Ann stands inside, a smirk.

Gilroy, seated on a horse, moves into Lucy's view, around the corner of the cabin. He holds a pistol in his lap.

ANN
 Come inside, Lucy.

INT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Ann sits, smooths her skirts, lady-like.

Gilroy stands guard over Lucy.

ANN
 Gilroy. Go, fetch me water.

Lucy looks back and forth between them: who's in charge here?

Gilroy goes.

ANN
 There are many things thou longest to know, Lucy. Thou must be aware of the frailties of human mind. My schooling has brought it home to me. There is but little profit in this life by knowledge, which is but the bearer of loss and grief.

LUCY

What do you know of grief, or of knowledge?

ANN

Thou seest me as young, innocent, naive. But I would not be seen as such by thy parents.

Lucy looks up sharply, terrified.

LUCY

What do you know?

ANN

Know? Regarding...?

Gilroy comes back in with the water, gives it to Ann.

GILROY

Mayhaps the attic would suit thee.

Ann takes the water. Does not drink. Stands, prim.

ANN

Mayhaps.

Ann traipses upstairs.

ATTIC

Ann examines the scientific devices roughly, shuffles Gilbert's papers. Nothing is sacred.

Lucy swallows her protests, watches Gilroy's gun.

LUCY

What do you know of my parents?

ANN

How could I know aught? Was I even born when they killed themselves?

Lucy's world spins around her.

LUCY

Killed themselves? Who says this?

ANN

These art witchcraft devices.

LUCY

These are scientific experiments. Who says this about my parents?

Ann smiles like a cherub.

ANN

Oh, we've always known thee, but
must we wait forever for thy use?
Deputy Brabrook should be by to
arrest thee. I hope we will still
have time to make the excitement.

LUCY

Excitement?

GILROY

That follow the trials. Hangings.

Lucy dashes for the stairs, escapes.

Gilroy and Ann do not even attempt to follow her. Ann laughs.

EXT. SALEM - TOWN SQUARE - DAY

A row of gallows dead center in the square. Eight nooses.

A head in each noose: Tituba, then three Prisoners. Sarah and
Dorcas Good. William Clement. Then the black cat.

Tituba sings unsettling notes in a Caribbean tongue before...

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

One by one, down the row, each person falls to their death.

Last is the cat, inhuman bloodcurdling shrieks. The Jailer
smashes it in the head. Eventually it, too, stops wiggling.

Grim-faced crowd of Townspeople. No riots. No celebrations.

Eerie silence.

Lucy peeks out of Jeannie's General Store door. Tears run
down her face. Jeannie, hand on her shoulder.

JEANNIE

Sad. So sad. At least they'll no
longer do the devil's work.

Lucy shrugs Jeannie's hand away. Walks away from the square,
away from Clement's lifeless body.

EXT. GILES' FARMHOUSE - DAY

Lucy knocks on the door. No answer.

She peers in a window. Nothing doing.

She walks around back, to the fields.

One giant tree, thick as a silo and towering as an atom bomb, stands silent guard over the land.

Giles kneels under the tree, his back to Lucy, hunched into a tiny ball. He rocks back and forth, slow, painful.

Lucy touches him on the shoulder.

He looks up. His face is covered in tiny red drops of blood.

Lucy, shocked, wipes his forehead with her dress, reddens it, washes him clean. No visible wounds on his head.

Giles speaks with difficulty, through clenched teeth.

GILES

Blessed be the name of the Lord.

LUCY

God needs to stop this! He was powerless when my parents were murdered, powerless when Dorcas and Sarah and William...

She falls to Giles' side, emotionless, spent.

LUCY

Giles, I do not understand.

GILES

That is because you only think of God as power.

Horses whinny, clip-clop from in front of Giles' farmhouse.

GILES

Get behind the tree, Lucy.

LUCY

But--

GILES

Now, Lucy.

Giles looks at her with deep love, peace exudes from him.

Lucy obeys, but peeks around the tree.

Three horses come around the side of the building...

Riders!

Two in black cloaks, the leader in purple with gold.

Lucy pulls her head back, hyperventilates.

The Riders pull up in front of Giles, who stands to meet them. Giles, completely relaxed, like he's just been strolling in the fields on a lovely afternoon.

One black Rider throws back his cloak. It's Gilroy.

GILROY

Giles Corey, thou knowest what is
in store.

GILES

I took thee in as a babe, John,
when thy parents died of fever.

GILROY

Aye, Giles. And now see how mere
sentiment is repaid, for this world
is built on more than kind, fool.

GILES

Art to charge me with witchery?

The second black Rider lets down a cloak. It's Jeannie.

JEANNIE

It seems apt.

Lucy gasps at Jeannie's voice. Riders sit up, almost aware of her presence. Giles deflects their attention.

GILES

Ha. I refuse to dignify thy
reprehensible lies and proceedings.

JEANNIE

Suit thyself.

GILROY

Thou wilt beg "peine forte et dure"
for thy silence? What purpose dost
thou have for this?

Giles keeps his mouth shut.

The purple Rider points at him. Gilroy and Jeannie truss Giles like a dead chicken, hoist him across Gilroy's horse.

The Riders trample across Giles' perfect fields.

Lucy slips around the other side of the tree, somehow unseen.

Giles, laying across the horse, looks back and makes eye contact with Lucy. His eyes are... smiling.

EXT. JAIL - PUNISHMENT YARD - NIGHT

The three Riders nudge their horses into the open space, throw the tied-up Giles on the ground, face up.

Huge, heavy stones piled against the jail wall. The three Riders heft one stone between them, stagger over to Giles.

They drop the stone on his legs. Bone-crushing sounds.

He does not speak a word, but his face betrays his agony.

The Riders haul over another stone, toss it on Giles' chest.

GILES

Ooof.

Giles' jaw shakes in pain.

EXT. SALEM - MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Lucy, unseen, watches the Riders slowly crush Giles.

EXT. JAIL - PUNISHMENT YARD - CONTINUOUS

The Riders go back and forth, drop stone after stone on Giles, on his arms, on his chest, on his feet, on his groin.

Only his head remains free.

Blood drips down his legs.

The purple Rider signals: "Enough!"

The Riders mount their horses, trot out, quiet.

Lucy slips into the yard, tries to lift the rocks off Giles.

GILES

No. No. They will know thou aided
me. No. This is my lot. Thou still
hast work to do.

LUCY

What is left for me now?

GILES

Whatever Clement asked of thee. God
be with thee. Dread naught.

Lucy caresses Giles' leathery face, kisses his cheeks.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Lucy walks back to the cabin.

Every tree, every shadow seems like a Rider to her feverish
and overwrought imagination.

A terrifying journey.

INT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - ATTIC - NIGHT

Lucy climbs the stairs, breathless, to see...

Emptiness. Totally bare. Everything's gone.

Brabrook's hand clamps over her mouth from behind.

BRABROOK

I arrest thee for witchery.

Her eyes wide, she struggles.

LUCY

No, no, I have work to do!

Brabrook smashes her across the head. She goes limp.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

A full house. Gilroy and Ann in the front row, as usual.
Stoughton in wig and regal robes, a full Jury in the box.

Shackled, Lucy stares Stoughton down, a blinking contest.

Brabrook carries Lucy's wooden box and bowl from a closet,
sets them down on a crowded evidence table next to Corwin.

Corwin pompously shows the bowl of powder to the jury, shoots
a bitter smile at Lucy, as if to say "Just watch me now".

CORWIN

And from the Evidence Room: a bowl
of blue fire?

CORWIN (CONT'D)

A devilish ritual, I am sure. Blue
to ignite passion, fire to suggest
the realms of hell.

Corwin pulls out Lucy's wooden box items one by one.

CORWIN

Papers and papers of incantations
and scribbled nonsense. A glass
tube. To store the humors of those
she disembowels in their sleep. And
this glass circle? A mirror in
which to spy the souls of the
damned millions.

LUCY

It is a bigging glass!

CORWIN

(sarcastic)

I stand corrected.

STOUGHTON

Hast thou a witness?

CORWIN

Indeed, my Lord. Jeannie Upshaw.

Jeannie comes forward, sits near the jury.

CORWIN

Jeannie Upshaw. Thy age?

JEANNIE

I do not rightly know. More than
thirty.

CORWIN

What dost thou swear?

JEANNIE

That I have been afflicted and
tortured by Lucy.

CORWIN

The aforesaid defendant?

JEANNIE

Huh?

CORWIN

How didst she afflict thee?

JEANNIE

She cast a spell upon my youngest daughter, who fell sick.

Corwin gives her a look: "You gotta do better than that."

JEANNIE

And I saw a blue bird fly into her back.

CORWIN

Into her back?

JEANNIE

In to her back.

STOUGHTON

Into her back?

Jeannie nods. Corwin looks worried about his witness.

JEANNIE

And I had an old dog, a right lovable bitch, who, after looked upon by Lucy in the general goods store one afternoon, died. I opened it up, but could not find a natural cause for its death. It must have been witchcraft of some glint.

Corwin spreads his arms to the jury, as though Jeannie's testimony is obvious and irrefutable.

Jeannie walks back to the audience, takes her original seat.

Corwin turns to Lucy, on the attack.

CORWIN

Have you made a contract with the devil?

LUCY

No.

CORWIN

What evil spirit hast thou familiarity with?

LUCY

None.

CORWIN

Why dost thou hurt the children and women of Salem?

LUCY

I do not hurt them. I scorn it.

CORWIN

Who dost thou employ to do it?

LUCY

I employ no body.

CORWIN

What creature dost thou employ?

LUCY

No creature. I am falsely accused.

CORWIN

Why dost thou not tell the truth?
How came Jeannie thus tormented?

LUCY

How should I know?

CORWIN

What dost thou say to the cats whom
suck from thy breasts?

LUCY

What??

CORWIN

They say the Devil whispers in thy
ear.

LUCY

I cannot help what they may say.

Nodding in victorious satisfaction, Corwin turns to the jury.

CORWIN

Lucy Finchum is unmarried and
unemployed. And yet she lives in an
immoral house, with a man who was
much her senior yet not her
husband. A man who has himself been
found guilty of witchcraft and
hanged thus for his sins.

LUCY

I am still virginal. Are all
unmarried women witches?

CORWIN

Only those who turn lust to spells.

Lucy stamps her foot, turns to the women in attendance.

LUCY

Such treatment! I have something--

Brabrook clocks her on the side of the head.

CORWIN

Ah, ah! One more item.

(aside to the jury)

You see her unladylike demeanor?

(aloud again)

Lucy Finchum was privy to all of William Clement's spells, those of the blue fire and cat adaptations.

STOUGHTON

Adaptations?

CORWIN

The shape-becoming thing, my Lord. If our children were not safe from Clement's abuse of supernatural worship, nor can we risk Lucy Finchum.

The crowd applauds. Stoughton claps his gavel.

LUCY

May I bring a witness, my lord?

STOUGHTON

No. If thou art not a witch, thy witnesses can only guess at thy good actions. If thou art a witch, thy witnesses would only introduce more evil into this courtroom.

Lucy points to the evidence table, to a small pottery wheel. On it sits her clay bowl.

LUCY

When taking the air one recent night, I overheard a conversation concerning these trials, which it would do good for all to hear.

Lucy sets up the bowl, stretched silk, and hay straw. All the bewildered spectators and Jury Members lean in, curious.

CORWIN

I object. This trial concerns Lucy Finchum, not words spoken on the street.

LUCY

These words, spoken in power and in private, are of import, my lord.

Stoughton hems and haws. Lucy gives him her most innocent look. He waves his hand, airily humors her, curious.

Lucy pumps the foot pedal, turns the bowl. All present cock their heads, listen intently.

The quiet sound of crackly recorded conversation: "Authority has it that no charter of Massachusetts will be in place for several months." "Which authority?" "The nameless one." "Parris is the first, Clement the second. With precedent set, there is no reason not to continue." "Can any name be submitted?" "If cause can be discerned apart from this body, I should think so." "I agree. Let us ruin their faith."

Stoughton's eyes nearly pop from his head. He shouts over the recording, tries to drown it out.

STOUGHTON

This is outrageous. No more conversations, no parlor tricks! Quiet the woman, she must stop! Damn thee, woman, thou shalt have respect for my courtroom. Stop this at once, at once. Woman! Shut thy mouth, woman! Brabroook!

LUCY

It is over.

Stoughton quiets down.

Lucy lied. The last line heard faintly throughout the room: "And with faith abandoned, they will turn to our sciences."

A stunned hush at Stoughton's ungluing, Lucy's accusation.

LUCY

(to jury)

Have reason. There has not been a trial in civilized England like this for decades.

Corwin gulps, tries to maintain composure.

CORWIN

Men of the jury, you have seen this bewitching! A damned instrument, voices in the foul air!

Brabrook smashes the clay pot to pieces.

CORWIN

You see how she disturbs Salem, how
the devil breathes through her! How
she attempts to subvert the law,
destroy our faith! I have heard
enough. I beg for hasty conviction!

Stoughton stands, points an ominous finger at Lucy.

STOUGHTON

What say you, men of the jury?

JURY FOREMAN

Guilty.

The Jury Members nod in agreement. So do all in attendance.

Stoughton shakes with rage as Brabrook drags Lucy out.

EXT. JAIL - PUNISHMENT YARD - NIGHT

Lucy looks out a barred window at Giles.

A rumble of thunder.

Giles suffers, a vast pile of stones. Ragged breaths.

GILES

Canst thou say a prayer for me?

Lucy shakes her head slowly.

LUCY

Speak something to stop this!

GILES

Please.

Lucy hesitates. Clasps both hands.

LUCY

God. Giles is an innocent man. Save
him.

GILES

No. Pray not that.

LUCY

Keep him at peace.

GILES

For now we see through a glass,
darkly;

GILES (CONT'D)
 but then face to face: now I know
 in part; but then shall I know even
 as also I am known.

INT. JAIL - CONTINUOUS

Lucy, eyes bright. A "Eureka!" moment.

LUCY
 Glass.

EXT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The black cat rubs against the glass.

Lucy's finger touches the cat's hair.

A spark.

INT. JAIL - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

A cough.

Lucy freezes. Turns slowly.

Stoughton stands at the gates. Whispers something.

Lucy can't hear him.

Stoughton whispers something, almost a hiss.

Lucy still can't hear. She comes closer, wary.

Sudden, like a snake strike, Stoughton reaches through the bars, vise-like grip on Lucy's shoulders. She winces in pain.

Stoughton pulls her, kicking, smash against the bars.

STOUGHTON
 Thou art to die. Thou art a witch,
 like unto thy parents. They were
 witches, thou art their evil seed.

LUCY
 What do you know of my parents,
 murderer?

STOUGHTON
 Murderer? I? What foolish nonsense.
 Thou art in no place to joust
 accusation, witch.

LUCY

I, a witch? Clement, a witch?
Giles, a witch? Poor little Dorcas
Good, a witch? How will your God
judge thee.

Stoughton slaps her, hard. Looks around at the other sleeping prisoners, fearful of them waking. Hisses at her ear.

STOUGHTON

I did not kill thy parents. They
destined themselves for that end
long before.

LUCY

(whispers in pain)
What have we done to you?

STOUGHTON

To me? The others are weak, insane,
land-owners, or otherwise useless
and useful. But thou, thou art my
justification.

Stoughton smiles an orgasmic smile, inhales deeply as if the scent of success were in Lucy's hair.

He kisses her lips terribly, crushes her with his evil weight, forces her to submit, the back of her head forced forward by a claw-like hand.

He lets go. She falls to the floor.

He stands straight, stretches. His back cracks.

He leaves.

GILES (O.S.)

(panicked, weak)
Lucy? Lucy?

Lucy drags herself to the window.

INTERCUT LUCY AND GILES

GILES

Remember. At your heart. Faith and
science. Remember.

She tightens her fist around the book and cross pendants. So tight as if to swallow them into her palm.

LUCY

Not you, Giles. Not you.

Giles is silent. And unmoving.

The first few drops of a storm splatter on the ground.

Lucy waits for a response, wild eyes slowly understand.

INT. JAIL - CONTINUOUS

She slams her fist into the flint walls of the prison, over and over, bloodies her hand, doesn't care, pounds at it, smashes the necklace into the wall, hits it again and again, time after time, smash, pound, fist to the wall.

Sparks fly as the iron pendants scrape the rock wall.

Lucy, mindless with blasting rage, hammers away.

Sparks land on Lucy's hay bedding. Burst into flame.

The fire spreads quickly throughout all the cells, the remaining PRISONERS dance away from flames at their feet.

Jailer runs into the cells, awakened by the noise and light. He scurries around in circles, hesitates, runs out.

Lucy's maddened eyes are terrifying, fire-reflecting.

Jailer comes back with a bucket of water, splashes it on Lucy's bed. No effect. Flames eight feet tall, lick the ceilings, start the roof on fire.

Jailer unlocks the cell doors. The prisoners pour out.

EXT. JAIL - NIGHT

A small line of DEPUTIES, led by Brabrook, stand at the entrance of the flaming jail, shovels in hand.

As Prisoners run out of the building, Deputies conk them on the head. Townspeople guard piles of senseless Prisoners.

Lightning flashes.

INT. JAIL - NIGHT

Lucy hides in a hot corner, pours a remnant of water from the bucket over her head, wets her hair.

EXT. JAIL - REAR - NIGHT

Noise and commotion from the front of the jail.

With a shower of sparks, a metal-barred window tumbles from burning wooden sills. Lucy jumps out the window, head first.

She gets up painfully, looks around. Looks back at the jail.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

On fire.

WAGON

Under a tarpaulin cover, Andalucia's innocent eyes watch her home burn in the distance as she is carried away to safety.

Her hands clutch the wooden box.

INT. COURTHOUSE - NIGHT (END FLASHBACK)

Deep dark, stillness.

Lightning outside. Thunder. Rain lashes against the windows.

Now a faint sound of pushing, grunting.

A small window gives way, falls inward. Lands flat on a fortuitously-placed table, does not break. Makes a loud thud.

Rainwater floods through the open window, followed by a shadowy figure. It's Lucy.

She beelines to the Evidence Room, tries the handle. Locked.

She runs to the judge's bench, searches for a tool. Looks at the wooden gavel for a moment, discards it.

A thought!

The window: an iron cross between four small panes of glass.

Shielding her face and muffling the sound, she breaks the panes. She tries to yank the iron out of the wood.

She stands on the wood, bends over, pulls up. Nothing doing.

She fetches the gavel.

She stands on the iron, levers the gavel underneath the softer wood of the frame.

CRACK! Much louder than she'd wanted. But the wood frame is broken. So is the gavel.

She pulls the iron easily out of the wood now.

Carries the iron over to the door, chips at the corner of the door, wood shavings fall to the ground like snowflakes.

LATER

The wet and broken gavel poignant in the moonlight.

Lucy still sits in front of the door, exhausted. She has opened up a tiny hole in the door. This will take all year.

Frustrated, she lifts her iron cross, aims for the door handle, takes a running start...

SMASH! Right through the weak lock.

EVIDENCE ROOM

Lucy uses secondhand moonlight. But she identifies her wooden box, opens it. Everything as she left it.

She closes the box, hugs it, nuzzles her nose to it.

Spread out on a shelf, all the electricus equipment and Clement's clockmaking tools.

She puts everything carefully into a large burlap sack which hangs on the wall. Hoists it over her shoulder like a slender Santa Claus. Out she goes.

EXT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - NIGHT

Giant sack weighing her down, hair dripping in the downpour, Lucy looks through the outer fence.

Deputies loiter around the front door, candles lit within.

Lucy mutters a silent curse. Creeps back into the woods.

EXT. GENERAL GOODS STORE - NIGHT

Lucy tiptoes to the front door through squelchy mud.

A flash of lightning. She counts on her fingers. One, two, three, four, five...

A crash of thunder.

She presses against the front door, looks at the sky, waits.

Another lightning flash.

Her fingers: one, two, three, four, five...

As the thunder rolls, she breaks a pane of glass.

Reaches in, opens the door.

INT. GENERAL GOODS STORE - NIGHT

Lucy dumps the sack on the floor. Rubs her back and arms.

She goes to the tool section. Picks out a small but heavy awl. Puts it on the counter.

Lucy opens the wooden box. Pulls out her precious inventions.

Holds up her bigging glass. Examines it, tenderly lays it on the table.

LUCY

God. Shouldst thou be, be for me.

She touches the sharp point of the awl to the dead center of the inner bigging-glass, swings a hammer high over her head, smacks the awl with all her strength.

The inserted glass pops out, neat, does not shatter. A perfect hole in the center of the larger circle glass, the wooden ring still glued within.

Lucy exhales, relief.

Puts the holed-glass back in the wooden box.

Behind the counter, she starts a small fire in an iron pot, barely visible from outside.

She uses her eyedropper to pick up water from a rain barrel at the front door, puts seven drops in a coffee mug from a shelf, squirts the rest on the floor.

She gets the withered pepper plant from the wooden box, puts it in the mug, crushes it with a small pestle.

She puts the whole mug in the middle of the fire, puts a ceramic plate across the top of the mug, boils the plant.

She searches out a two gallon jug of ultra-pure whiskey. Pops the cork on one, tastes it, spits it out with a foul face.

Lifts the plate, checks the boiling pepper plant. It's practically melted completely into a copper-colored liquid.

Using long-handled tongs, she lifts the mug out of the fire onto the floor. Immediately sucks up a full measure of the red solution into the eyedropper.

She wraps the eyedropper in an white apron for sale, stuffs the bundle into her dress.

Pours the now-cool mug out on the floor. The mug left a circular brand in the wooden floor, it was that hot.

Lucy pours water on the fire, douses it.

EXT. SALEM - TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

The bodies still hang from the scaffolds. Lucy creeps up to it, sets the burlap bag down in the mud.

She climbs onto the scaffolds amid lightning and thunder.

She hugs the body of Clement.

She pulls out a knife.

Turns to the body of the black cat.

The knife glints in the lightning.

EXT. STOUGHTON'S MANSION - STABLE - NIGHT

Lucy keeps to the shadows, bowed low with all her baggage.

Lightning flashes faster and faster, nearly every five seconds, strobe light anger of the heavens.

She goes around to the back of the stable.

INT. STABLE

Another gathering of Scots, mostly clad in black cloaks, one leader in purple with gold. Voices raised over the torrential downpour and thunder outside.

VOICE 2

...word of the Governor's return from England. He is even now in Boston, displeased with the trials.

STOUGHTON'S VOICE

Hast thou not reasoned with him,
offered bribes or a part with us?

VOICE 2

His mind is his own. He sees these
trials as lawlessness, and I fear,
plans to quench them.

Scoffs and laughter.

LEAN-TO

Lucy uncorks the heavy jug of whiskey.

She pours it through the hole in the wall, slowly.

STABLE

As the conversation continues, the whiskey pours unnoticed,
covers the floor. The floor slants slightly towards the front
door, most of the floor coated in a thin film of whiskey.

JEANNIE'S VOICE

He is not a Scot by birth nor ideal.

STOUGHTON'S VOICE

The trials are just now becoming
worth the while, with my ploys of
spectral evidence and denial of
defendant counsel. We have all of
Salem under our thumb, and
Massachusetts awaits. If we can
hold him off until a new election,
I have amassed enough power to be
elected in mine own stead.

VOICE 2

Dampen thy ambition, Stoughton. We
enjoy our company's successes in
whole, not in part.

STOUGHTON'S VOICE

I mention this for the society,
naturally.

JEANNIE'S VOICE

(sniffing)

Has someone been drinking?

STOUGHTON'S VOICE

No Puritans here.

Laughter.

VOICE 2

Our executions tomorrow should take place before his intervention.

GILROY'S VOICE

Lucy Finchum is still missing.

VOICE 2

I trust the Deputies are searching for her.

GILROY'S VOICE

Indeed.

BANG! The door flies open.

A masked WHITE FIGURE, drenched, cloaked, stands at the door, holds a three-legged milking stool.

The Scots whirl in place, hooded faces betray no expression.

VOICE 2

Who art thou?

White Figure tosses the stool towards the center of the room, leaps upon it, never touches the ground.

White Figure, in a slow and menacing gesture, withdraws something from within the flowing cloth, holds it far outstretched with one arm.

GILROY'S VOICE

Shall we seize him?

WHITE FIGURE

Not if thou holdest thy life dear.

VOICE 2

Andalucia Mathewes, I presume.

The White Figure freezes.

Takes down its own hood. It's Lucy, draped with white aprons from the general store.

LUCY

How do you know of me?

Voice 2 comes from the purple and gold Scot. Cocks his head.

VOICE 2

I knew thy parents intimately,
though they never knew of my
identity. For we were in separate
branches of the society.

LUCY

Of the society?

VOICE 2

The Scots, of course.

LUCY

My parents were not Scottish.

Voice 2 chuckles, evil, sane.

VOICE 2

Nor are most of us.

Voice 2 throws off his purple and gold cloak: it's the
Captain of the Regal.

CAPTAIN

(slips back into his
nautical accent)

Do ye remember me? Robert and Mary
Mathewes were bright lights in
science of their day, a geologist,
a naturalist, daring and bold,
willing to travel to the ends of
the earth for scientific progress.

EXT. EGYPT - PYRAMIDS - DAY (BEGIN FLASHBACK)

Dressed all in white, Robert and Mary sit under a white tent,
examine specimens, write notes in manuscripts. Mary draws
illustrations of plants and animals, categorizes them on her
papers into "Deadly" and "Safe."

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

Their discoveries of crystals and
animal venoms, among other wonders,
gave hope that their work would
advance our cause.

INT. SCOTTISH CASTLE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Candles everywhere.

Robert and Mary wear black cloaks, amongst a whole host of
Riders in black cloaks.

Robert and Mary approach the leader, in purple with gold, the wizened old face of Landlord (now 80s).

Mary opens her manuscript, points to the "Deadly" category. Landlord nods, evil intentions written on his face.

Mary and Robert, proud, accept his approval.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

And for many years they wrested
secrets from nature without reward,
handing us the keys to their
kingdom without restraint.

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Mary wakes up, hand on her belly. She shakes Robert awake.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

They were happy in our service.

Robert almost jumps out of bed in joy, ecstatic.

Immediately, his joy turns to fear.

INT. BARN - DAY

Mary gives birth. Robert catches the baby. No doctor.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

And then ye were born to them, in
secret, for children are anathema
to our society.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Mary, careworn, pale, carries a bundle to the altar.

She's approached by a MINISTER (60s).

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

Children, ye see, pervert our minds
from single-minded focus upon our
goals.

Mary sits in a pew with the Minister, pours out her heart.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Minister and Mary talk to Robert, gang up on him, convince.

He reluctantly gives in.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)
They disappeared from our view
without a word, living for many
years in hiding, apparently.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Minister baptizes the baby.

Minister hands Robert and Mary a "Book of Common Prayer" and
a Bible, extracts a look of promise from them.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)
Why would they turn their backs on
us? What would have caused them to
diverge so suddenly from our joined
path? We never knew, but what were
we to do?

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT

Mary and Robert kneel on the floor. Look as though they've
never knelt before, awkward. Mouth a tentative prayer.

EXT. SMALL CREEK - DAY

Mary breastfeeds the baby. Sits in a rowboat with Robert, who
dredges rocks from the bottom of the creek.

They share a tender smile.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)
They might have been divulging our
secrets to unfriendly politicians,
giving their secrets to other
societies before us, betraying our
trust and our interest.

Robert pulls out the Bible. Mary nods. Robert reads aloud.

INT. SCOTTISH CASTLE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Surrounded by candles and black-cloaked Riders, Landlord lies
on his deathbed. Raises a shaky finger at... Captain.

Captain steps forward from the crowd, picks up the purple and
gold cloak, puts it on.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)
We hunted them for fifteen years.

EXT. REGAL - DECK - DAY

Captain steers his ship, at the wheel, steel-faced.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)
We searched abroad, among the five
continents.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - ANDALUCIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Andalucia shows Clement her inventions.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)
Finally, they surfaced under our
very noses in sunny England. They
had not even changed their names.
Perhaps that was their strategy.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

Robert walks outside, fear and Riders reflected in his eyes.

He bows to the ground, never sees the Purple Rider's
identity. It's the Captain, who hisses out vile things
through a wicked mouth, shakes his fist at Robert.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)
We, we Scots, we are nothing if not
tolerant. We invited them to return
in a most cordial fashion,
convening a special quorum to
welcome their return to our ranks.

INT. OUTDOOR CAVE - NIGHT

Full of black-cloaked Riders.

Captain, in purple and gold, paces. Something's wrong.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)
Scots from far and wide flocked to
nowhere Warwickshire to greet them
with open arms. But they did not
appear at meeting.

Captain mounts a horse, violence written on his face. Black
Riders mount their horses behind him.

A small army.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

Riders sweep through the room, malicious destruction to everything they touch.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

Seeking them out, we found they had fled, even to leaving all their possessions behind. We took the trouble to preserve all their personal belongings, should they return to our safe-keeping.

One Rider passes the open door, holds a flaming torch.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT

Captain sits tall, pounds his horse with futile fists, tinted red by reflected flames.

He wheels the horse, rides away.

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - NIGHT (DOWN ANGLE)

Captain gallops, hard, unsleeping, whips his horse. On a parallel road, a wagon trundles towards the coast.

Captain outpaces the wagon, passes it.

EXT. REGAL - DECK - DAY

Captain carries luggage aboard the ship. His purple and gold cloak peeks out from his bags. His face looks sleepless, eyes bloodshot. Throws the bag into his cabin.

Yells instructions to his sailors.

Sees Clement, Robert, Mary, and Andalucia board his ship. His eyes nearly bug from his head.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

Imagine my complete bafflement at my good fortune after disbanding the quorum and returning to my ship Regal after an exhausting night ride.

CAPTAIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

None other than the Mathewes family, masquerading under the surname Finchum, should appear on my ship, requesting passage. How could I refuse?

INT. REGAL - CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DAY

Captain talks intently with Stoughton. Stoughton seems to be refusing, but Captain pressures him.

Captain points to an oil painting of a horse on the wall, makes a throat-slitting gesture. Stoughton relents.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

Good Mr. Stoughton volunteered his services to set them in wealth and good living in the New World. And for these services, how are we repaid? With a dagger to the heart, that is how.

INT. REGAL - CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

Robert and Mary are pinned to chairs by strong Sailors. Captain points a shaking finger in their faces.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

Robert Mathewes spat in my face, though he showed himself a coward subsequently.

Captain slaps Robert hard in the face. Robert tries to bite his finger off, misses, rips a large piece of material from Captain's cloak sleeve instead.

A Sailor breaks Robert's forearm with a crushing blow.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

Mary Mathewes clawed at my eyes, the venomous, stone-hearted wench.

Mary tries to get to Robert's side, to comfort him.

Stoughton picks up the ripped cloth from the floor.

EXT. REGAL - DECK - NIGHT

The storm.

Captain stands at the wheel. Robert and Mary held captive by the Sailors at the edge of the deck.

Stoughton huddles at the door to the Captain's cabin. Wipes his dripping face with the purple cloth.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

Such obstinacy. They showed every sign of recalcitrance, so we were forced to deliver Scot justice unto them, which they knew full well.

Captain gives a signal. The Sailors stab deep into Robert's and Mary's backs, impale their hearts. Both die instantly.

Andalucia bursts onto the deck from the hatch.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

With grateful understanding, they delivered the girl, ye self, unto our care.

Sailors toss the bodies overboard. Stoughton grabs Andalucia.

INT. STOUGHTON'S MANSION - STABLE - NIGHT (END FLASHBACK)

LUCY

(to herself)

So it was not the waves which killed my parents.

CAPTAIN

It is now that I can, with open arms and full heart, welcome ye back home, to ye're parents' initial purpose.

LUCY

Then why am I on trial?

CAPTAIN

'Tis but a test.

LUCY

Test this.

Lucy squeezes the top of the eyedropper. Five drops of red liquid slowly fall to the whiskey-soaked floor.

A frothing, fizzling chemical reaction.

The Scots look at the bubbling floor in surprise.

Lucy squeezes a sixth drop from the eyedropper.

The drop hits the bubbling brine, and, like a chain reaction, causes the entire whiskey floor, in ever increasing circles, to fizz until the whole floor is a frothy, smoking cauldron.

The Scots dance, lift their feet off the floor.

Lucy squeezes out the seventh, final drop.

As the drop hits the reaction, it spontaneously ignites, red and blue flames. The fire licks outward in an instant, flashes across the whole floor.

The Scots are standing in a pool of fire.

Screams. Shrieks. Black cloaks spout tongues of fire.

Lucy leaps off her stool, out the door.

EXT. STABLE

Lucy scrambles in the mud and rain, around the stable.

INT. LEAN-TO

Lucy grabs her giant bag of supplies.

EXT. STABLE

Lucy runs as fast as she is able, across the open fields to the woods.

Scots pour out the front of the stable, shake burning clothing, roll on the ground in agony.

Jeannie pats the last flames from her cloak, looks up, sees Lucy in a lightning flash through the sheets of rain. Points.

JEANNIE

There! There she is!

Captain leads the charge.

A host of cloaked Scots race pell-mell after Lucy.

Lucy looks back. Big mistake. She trips. The bag falls on her, pins her to the mud.

She pushes the bag off.

The Scots come nearer and nearer. She can hear their breath.

Lucy scrambles to her feet. With superhuman strength, she lifts the bag again, dives headlong into the woods.

The Scots sweep into the trees after her, their black cloaks blend with the trunks, disappear into the forest.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Lucy crashes through branches, wild, hunted animal.

Lightning strikes come impossibly fast, hit trees, knock down branches.

Lucy heads straight for Clement's cabin.

The Scots are on her tail, but they just can't see her.

CAPTAIN
(bellows)
Ahoy! Scots! Look alive!

EXT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - NIGHT

The Scot guards lounge against the cabin, shield themselves from the rain as best as possible.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)
Ahoy! Putnam! Coming to you!

The Scot guards, led by a hooded Thomas Putnam, jump to attention, fan out, march to the woods.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Lucy gets close enough to Clement's cabin to realize that she's up against more Scots.

She veers to the side, exhausted, the bag taking its toll.

She careens away, oblique to the cabin, still going.

Captain and the Scots charge blindly ahead, as the Scot guards enter the wood.

The two small armies crash into each other.

The Scots look around, dismayed.

GILROY
She must have slipped by.

THOMAS
Imbecile. Not by us.

CAPTAIN
No. Hist.

All the Scots freeze. They throw back their hoods to listen better. The main knot of Scots consists of Captain, Stoughton, Gilroy, Jeannie, Thomas... and Elizabeth Putnam.

Rumbles of thunder and the hard patter of rain.

Lucy trips over a raised root, the wind knocked out of her.

LUCY
Ooof.

Wrong time. The still and silent Scots hear that tiny sound underneath the storm. As one, they turn together, race towards her, a menacing giant flapping beast of prey.

Lucy hears them, but she's too exhausted to stand. She turns her face to the sky, opens her mouth, drinks the rain.

She grasps her iron necklace, book and cross.

LUCY
God. Shouldst thou be, be for me.

Lightning flash. Lucy sees a giant tree next to her, with a hollowed out center. She scrambles into it, pulls the bag on top of her. Low-lying bushes cover her almost completely.

The Scots rumble through, surround her.

And they stop.

The Scots bend over, clutch their knees, catch their breath.

CAPTAIN
We're flopping about in rough seas.

Captain pulls out his compass.

CAPTAIN
She goeth slow. A clever sweep of these woods should net her.

Lucy pulls her bag close. Her hand slips inside, by accident, and she feels her wooden box.

An idea! She opens the box, pulls out the lodestone. She reaches up slowly, ever so slowly, to the Scot who stands right in front of her, back to her tree. It's Stoughton.

CAPTAIN

We shall make a long line, search north until the woods end, then east, then south, and the like. She will not dare flee outside the safety of the trees, and we will dredge her out.

Lucy puts the tiny lodestone into a pocket fold of Stoughton's cloak. He does not notice.

Captain's points at Stoughton.

CAPTAIN

North.

Captain runs by Stoughton, heads deep into the woods. The Scots spread out into a giant V line.

As their sounds fade away, Lucy scrambles out of the tree, hoists her bag again, and sprints in the opposite direction.

EXT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - NIGHT

Lucy, dripping and completely soaked, staggers to the front door. Cautiously looks around. Sees nothing but rain, hears nothing but thunder.

She hurriedly yanks her sea-lavender plants out of the muddy ground, throws them inside.

INT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The only light is from the lightning outside.

Lucy trudges up the dark stairs. She drags the bag up the stairs, one at a time.

The bag is just too wide, gets stuck in the handrail.

Almost crying with exhaustion and frustration, Lucy yanks at the bag. It won't move. She comes down a few steps, tries to push the bag from below.

She kicks it. It comes free, rolls over her foot, down the steps to the bottom.

Now she does cry, sits on the steps and lets it all out in horrendous sobs. Cathartic moment of complete emptiness.

LUCY

Be for me.

She holds tight to her necklace with her left hand. Grits her teeth, gains a new burst of energy. With her right hand, she digs into the bag, pulls out Clement's electricus machine, carries it up the stairs.

Comes back down, makes numerous trips, carries everything up to the attic one-handed, determination written on her brow.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The Scots still in their flying V formation. Captain's getting a bit tired.

He slows, consults his compass again. Stoughton is next in line. Of course the compass points towards Stoughton.

Captain shakes the compass. Angry.

CAPTAIN

We've turned. North is this way!

Captain heads in the new direction. The rest of the Scots, confused, annoyed, follow suit.

INT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Lucy crushes the sea-lavender plants in a wide bowl. She holds the bowl out the front door, rainwater splashes, makes a thin paste.

She smears the paste on her hands, puts the bowl underneath the stove.

INT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - ATTIC - NIGHT

Lucy lights the blue bowl of light, her hands protected by the salve.

Lucy works feverishly. Puts the electricus machine together, piece by piece.

Opens her wooden box. Swaps out the machine's wooden wheel for her new bigging-glass wheel. The hole in the glass fits nearly perfectly over a wooden dowel to hold it in place.

She digs deep into the burlap bag, pulls out a large clump of inch-long black hair. From the black cat's body.

She daubs a thin line of thick mud paste onto the very center of the outer rim of the glass wheel.

Smashes the black hair onto the wheel, glues it in place, ensures that the hair touches the glass on both sides of the paste line.

She bites her lip and... turns the hand crank.

Immediately, all the electricus gears turn, and unbelievably powerful sparks arc between the metal balls.

Lucy has to shield her eyes.

She holds a metal spoon towards the balls.

THUNK! The spoon is pulled forcefully from her hands, flies to the balls, sticks to one of them.

She screams in delight.

LUCY

Oh, Clement! If only you could be here to behold it! Electricus!

She laughs like a crazy person.

LUCY

It works, Clement, your dream is true. It works, it works.

Lucy dances around the attic.

She looks at the windmill dowel that constantly turns, whips around and around in the storm.

She smiles.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The Scots near the edge of the woods.

CAPTAIN

Is this the northern barrier?

The Scots slow, take a breath. Step forward from the trees.

EXT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The Scots emerge from the woods... right next to the cabin.

Captain looks at the attic window, glowing blue.

White flashes of light from inside the attic do not match the timing of lightning strikes outside.

CAPTAIN
What devilry is this?

STOUGHTON
She is here.

The Scots draw fearsome swords from underneath their cloaks. Swords upraised, they advance on the cabin.

INT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - ATTIC - NIGHT

Lucy hurries. She tries to connect the electricus machine to the windmill's rotational movement.

But two necessary large wooden teathed gears, already carved, prove too heavy for her to move easily. She pushes them, drags them across the attic floor to the center of the room.

She's sweating.

MAIN ROOM

The main door opens slowly. The silhouette of Captain at the door, in the downpour, backlight by lightning.

He puts a wet boot inside the cabin.

ATTIC

Lucy heaves the first and heaviest of the gears onto the end of the windmill dowel.

The gear, fitting into place, spins rapidly. Lucy has no way to stop the windmill from turning.

MAIN ROOM

Captain ushers the Scots into the cabin, shushing them as they come. Drawn swords glitter. Scots spread out into the kitchen, search every nook and cranny.

EXT. WINDMILL

Gilroy climbs up the outside of the structure, braves the heavy blades, looks for a way in.

ATTIC

Lucy sets up a framework for the smaller second gear, whose teeth are to intersect at a right angle with the first gear, and then to contact the electricus machine, providing it with the power to turn the crank.

The framework is made of cleverly designed interfitting pieces of wood, like Lincoln Logs. No glue necessary.

But all this takes time...

MAIN ROOM

Captain creeps up the stairs. Stoughton and Jeannie just behind. Scots strung out in a long line. Thomas and Elizabeth remain a rear-guard at the front door.

EXT. WINDMILL

Gilroy tears the roof off the windmill.

He climbs down the scaffolding inside the structure.

ATTIC

Lucy gets the framework set. She sits on the second gear, takes a break.

MAIN ROOM

Captain is almost at the head of the stairs.

INT. WINDMILL

Gilroy descends to the horizontal dowel, and an opening around it leads into the attic.

ATTIC

Captain and Gilroy make their appearance at the same time.

With a growl and a shout.

Lucy falls off the gear, scared to death. Reflexively, she picks up the gear with superhuman strength. Holds it in front of her like a shield.

Stoughton and Jeannie stand behind the Captain, other Scots flood up the stairs into the tiny attic.

CAPTAIN

Ye have two choices, little traitor. Die tomorrow on the scaffold, or die tonight.

LUCY

Be for me.

CAPTAIN
(what the hell)
Eh?

Lucy thrusts the gear into the framework.

A one-in-a-million chance that the gear teeth will meet up exactly and turn together without crushing each other.

SLOW MOTION

The second gear slides towards the first gear.

The first gear is just moving too fast, and it's just too big.

It doesn't look like it's...

It works.

The second gear fits into the first gear like a glove and turns immediately.

BACK TO SCENE

Lucy yanks her hands away from the gears just in time.

Tada!

The dowel slows, the gears grind almost to a halt. The problem is outside.

Nothing happens.

Captain, a shit-eating grin. Raises his sword, steps forward.

EXT. WINDMILL - NIGHT

The blades turn too slow, buffeted in all directions by swirling winds.

Suddenly, a vast gust of wind howls through the clearing. The blades gain momentum, whip around at incredible speed.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

The dowel turns faster. The gears spin. The glass wheel zips around. Faster and faster and faster.

A lightning flash crosses between the metal balls. Way too strong! An explosion!

Captain's sword is sucked out of his hand, flies to the metal balls, sticks to them. Same with Gilroy's sword.

Stoughton's sword, all the other swords of the Scots, are likewise sucked forward.

Captain stands in front of all the Scots.

All the swords pierce Captain's back, break his heart.

Without time to yell out, Captain dies, still standing. A fountain of blood rushes down his back.

Stoughton stares at the Captain with wide eyes, aghast.

Gilroy touches the Captain, who falls over on his side.

Stoughton and Gilroy look up at Lucy.

Fear. Surprise.

STOUGHTON

Thou art a witch.

Lucy smiles a bitter smile.

A fire starts under the continually exploding electricus machine.

Lucy picks up the bowl of blue light.

LUCY

Aye. With the power of God behind
me and the power of nature before.

Lucy hurls the bowl at Stoughton. Burning coal scatters all over the Scots, who burn for the second time that night.

With screams of terror, they turn and tumble back down the stairs, out into the storm.

JEANNIE (O.S.)

She is a witch. Witch!

EXT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - NIGHT

The Scots, some discarding their burning cloaks, flee in all directions, stop at the border of the woods. They reform their thin ranks, some with swords, some without, some with cloaks, some without, face inwards at the cabin.

The attic is on fire, lit white from within by the constant explosions of the electricus machine.

Stoughton picks up a thick piece of wood, a club. Takes a step towards the cabin. The other Scots follow suit.

Lucy, wearing Captain's torn black cloak, appears at the very top of the windmill.

Silhouetted against the emerging moon, pointy top of her cloak, appearance of the classic conception of a witch.

She points at Stoughton.

LUCY

Begone with all of you! And know
that I shall haunt you till you
disband your murderous group!

The Scots shuffle in place, nervous, look to Stoughton.

STOUGHTON

Thou hast no place to flee, witch!
Bluffery is naught to us.

LUCY

I do not fear you. I dread you not!

Lucy raises her arms, an intimidating, confident figure.

INT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The fire has consumed all the walls.

INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

The ceiling of the closet is on fire, and the flames lick down the walls. Toward the floor.

The stewpot of whitewash paste on the floor.

Next to a huge sack of shaved coal.

EXT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - NIGHT

Lucy waits, her arms upraised.

Nothing happens.

Stoughton, emboldened, leads the Scots nearer to the burning building, ever nearer. Each step bolsters their confidence.

Stoughton motions to Thomas and Elizabeth. The Putnams dash forward, to the front door.

LUCY
I tell you, disband!

STOUGHTON
Or what, friendless witch?

LUCY
I am not friendless.

A blue explosion.

The entire body of the cabin disintegrates in a ball of brilliant blue light, planks of wood hurl in all directions, scream into the woods, rip through the windmill's blades.

Thomas and Elizabeth, framed in the doorway, are vaporized.

Scots are flung hither and yon, like ragdolls. Those who are able sprint into the woods, strip off their cloaks.

Only the sturdy stove remains upright in the rubble and burning half-walls. The wide bowl overturned, a pool of sea-lavender salve on the floor.

The windmill, built sturdy and well, stands alone in the night, Lucy still perched atop. She watches the Scots vanish.

But the windmill is too thin to sustain its own weight, without leaning against the cabin. It teeters, its broken blades flutter.

The windmill falls towards the remnant of the burning cabin. Lucy is flung downwards into the flames.

She leaps off the windmill, silhouetted for a last instant, an iconic figure in flowing black.

She plummets into the flames.

The Scots, emboldened, again approach the cabin.

INT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - NIGHT

Lucy lands on her face in the lavender salve. Motionless.

Her cloak catches on fire.

She stirs. Shoves herself upright.

Notices her back is ablaze, stumbles to the doorway, hurt.

EXT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - NIGHT

The Scots close in.

Lucy bursts out the front door, sways as she runs, her back a massive ball of flame shooting to the sky.

The Scots flee in all directions, terrified.

Lightning strikes come quick and fast, the violent heart of the storm overhead. Trees catch on fire, fall in the woods.

Scots scream as they vanish in the distance.

LUCY

I am not friendless...

Too weak, she sprawls out.

The pouring rain quenches the fire on her cloak.

Smoldering smoke rises from her inert body.

The clearing is naught but ruins.

The countryside is deserted.

Lightning crashes.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. CLEMENT'S CABIN - DAY

The cabin is a heap of ashes. Nothing left.

Black cloaks litter the ground as far as the eye can see.

EXT. SALEM - TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Townspeople take down the bodies.

They dismantle the scaffolds.

Ann stands to one side, ignored by all.

EXT. JAIL - PUNISHMENT YARD - DAY

Giles' body is taken away by Townspeople with respect.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Townspeople mop the wet floors, repair the broken window, fit a new evidence room door.

In the judge's seat sits GOVERNOR PHIPPS (40), a pudgy, self-indulgent aristocrat. Stoughton stands on the floor, in the same place as his previous defendants.

Phipps plays with the broken gavel.

STOUGHTON

Governor Phipps, I am sorry to welcome thee with Salem in such a sorry state.

PHIPPS

A cleansing of fire, eh, Stoughton? Thou hast a bright future ahead, and I would dislike to think thou hast endangered it in any way. Thy witchcraft trials have created some substantial embarrassment of late. Some say atrocities occurred here.

STOUGHTON

No atrocities, sir. Mere unfortunate incidents.

PHIPPS

Naturally, I am inclined to agree, Stoughton. But we must be mindful of the people's perception, eh? I will think of soothing words for their inflamed passions, something like...

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

The square has been completely cleaned. Phipps stands at a makeshift podium, Stoughton by his side. Townspeople are packed, shoulder to shoulder, listen with rapt attention.

PHIPPS

Though valuable service for justice has been modeled here in Salem, it were better that one hundred witches should live, than that one person be put to death for a witch, which is not a Witch.

Townspeople look confused.

PHIPPS

Lieutenant Governor Stoughton is a man of upright character, but some of the passionate children among you have allowed their emotions to better their betters. This late Tragedy, which may have been averted in the avoidance of bearing children, bears my heartiest condemnation.

Ann slinks out of the square, head bowed.

PHIPPS

But do not blame those who, in the devoutness of their heart, assigned blame to others. They are not devious, but mistaken. Show them the path of righteousness.

Phipps puts his hand on his heart, as if to give the personification of righteousness.

The Townspeople look at him with dull eyes.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCROLLING INFO:

"Following complaints regarding his policies, financial affairs, and squabbling nature, Governor William Phipps was recalled to England two years later. He died in London while awaiting trial."

"After Phipps' removal from office, William Stoughton became Governor for five years, serving an additional term until his death. Twenty-five years after he died, a town in Massachusetts was named in his honor."

"Jonathan Corwin was elected to the Massachusetts legislature, and later served on the Superior Court of Massachusetts. His house is the only surviving structure from the Salem Witch Trials."

"Ann Putnam, Jr., was the most prolific accuser in the Salem Witch Trials, fingering over sixty persons. When her parents died shortly after the trials, she raised her nine younger siblings until she died at age 37. She never married."

"No record has subsequently been found of the secret society called The Scots."

FADE IN:

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS - TRACKING SHOT - DUSK

A gorgeous view of snow-covered crags.

The iconic falls, untouched by tourism.

Ice-floe panorama.

DAGOH (30s), fierce Iroquois warpaint, feathers in his hair, hefts a fearsome wooden club. Lopes towards a treeline.

A broad line of IROQUOIS WARRIORS follow him, silent as cats.

Their moccasin feet skim the ice-crusting snow.

Dagoh lifts the club over his head, a guttural scream.

HURON WARRIORS, though in plain sight the whole time, now become visible in the half-light of the woods.

Huron Warriors lift bows, loose flights of arrows.

Iroquois Warriors dodge, dive, weave, unhurt.

The Warriors crash into each other.

A splash of red blood on the snow.

Deeper in the woods, a small stand of Huron teepees.

HURON WOMEN huddle outside, strain their eyes through the failing light, try to see the battle.

One small teepee behind the larger ones.

Inside the small teepee, a blue glow.

A bowl of blue fire.

A necklace hangs from a peg: an iron cross and book.

The Huron Women cheer.

FADE OUT.

THE END