

The Golden Ball

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EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

The center of town is buzzing with people, the streets churned into a muddy slop by the traffic of this small medieval town.

Small vendors of food and goods border the square, all of which are covered with golden banners and decorations.

A piece of parchment nailed to a post reads "Come one, come all, to this year's Golden Ball"

In the center a cluster of angry citizens surround a young woman with her head and hands in stocks, the wood soaked with the juices and splattered with the chunks of rotten food.

The young woman in the stocks, EVELYN (24), stares at the ground as she is peppered with more. Although completely covered in filth, she still resonates with beauty.

A halt is called as the local sheriff, ALDRED (47), saunters over to the stocks. With one elbow planted on the stock he leans over Evelyn, teeth showing decay.

ALDRED

Anything to say, dear?

Evelyn remains silent, slightly displeasing Aldred. He gives her a swift blow to the rib cage. Evelyn GRUNTS in pain.

ALDRED

Ah, so you can still speak,
wonderful! Perhaps some words now?

EVELYN

Never.

ALFRED

Never? Never is a long time to be
stuck in a thing like this. With
just a couple of words you can be
out... hung afterwards, but at
least there will be no more pain.

EVELYN

I will not confess!

ALDRED

(referring to crowd)
They will be here as long as you.

Evelyn struggles to look up, but manages a quick peek at the sneering crowd.

EVELYN

They can all rot in hell, bunch of
fools.

ALDRED

Not very friendly to them I see.
Would it not be nice to be rid of
those faces, these words and muck
they throw at you?

Evelyn goes silent.

ALDRED

Just say the words, be rid of it
all.

Evelyn remains quiet, refusing to any signs of weakness.

A flash of anger appears on Aldred's face as he raises a
fist to strike Evelyn once again.

A man's voice calls out over the crowd.

MAN'S VOICE

Stop!

Aldred looks up, curious, as the crowd gives way to
FORRESTER (28) a handsome enough, smartly dressed man.

Held high above, in his fist, is a small purse, he tosses it
with force at Aldred, who catches it. The purse making
METALLIC TINKS as he does.

FORRESTER

Enough of this!

EVELYN

My love!

Aldred tests the weight of the purse with one hand.

ALDRED

Feels a bit light for a pardon, I'm
afraid I cannot --

EVELYN

I knew you would be here for
me. I --

FORRESTER

It is not for a pardon!

EVELYN
 (devastated)
 What?

Aldred smirks.

ALDRED
 No pardon...then what is this for?

FORRESTER
 To send her to the dungeons.

ALDRED
 You would spare the woman who had
 fornicated with another man this
 humiliation?

EVELYN
 All lies, I have never done that!

FORRESTER
 Yes.

Aldred thinks on this a moment, then slides the purse into
 one of his pockets.

ALDRED
 Fine, it will be done.

EVELYN
 I have always been faithful to you,
 Forrester please, help me!

FORRESTER
 Your in God's hands now.

With that he turns his back and walks off.

Aldred moves over to Evelyn and begins unlocking the stocks.

The crowd grumbles their disapproval.

ALDRED
 (to crowd)
 If she confesses in time, perhaps
 she will make a good addition to
 the decorations.
 (off the crowd confusion)
 We will hang her.

INT. DUNGEONS - EVENING

The steady FOOTSTEPS of Aldred echo throughout the brick tunnels of the cold and damp prison.

The flame of a torch carried in one of his hands gives off a shuddering light revealing a bowl in his other hand with unknown contents and coils of rope wrapped around his shoulder.

He walks past the iron bars to other prison cells, the occupants within look near to death. Some shy away or shield their eyes from the flame.

Finally he stops at one of the cells.

ALDRED

I have to admit Evelyn, I admire
your strength.

He holds the torch closer to the cell door letting the light spill into the small room.

Evelyn is seated perched up against a rough hewn stone wall.

Her hair is bloody, she looks at Aldred revealing a face badly beaten, she stares daggers into him.

ALDRED

A bit grumpy I see, no matter, they
all are after questioning.

(sliding the bowl into the
cell)

I've brought you some food, I'm
afraid the maggots have gotten to
it already.

The second the bowl is in the cell Evelyn swats it away.

EVELYN

Let me out now and I promise I
won't gut you.

ALDRED

My investigation is not through
yet.

EVELYN

You have found nothing, proven
nothing, you...have...nothing!

ALDRED

Not yet, I just need to pry a bit deeper is all.

Evelyn jumps up rushing the door, she let's fly a wad of spit in Aldred's face before giving him a barrage of fists through the bars.

Aldred steps back laughing.

ALDRED

I think our next question time is going to be really exciting.

Evelyn lunges at him again with an outstretched hand, but Aldred simply steps back further. He turns to leave but stops momentarily.

He flicks up the end of the rope, showing Evelyn the business end of a noose.

ALDRED

You like it? Had it made for you.

He walks away cackling.

Evelyn, misery and hopelessness now dominating her face breaks into tears as she grabs the bars and tugs, desperate for them to give.

She inhales deeply and lets out a blood chilling, wailing SCREAM.

From somewhere in the dungeons the soft sound of a woman's voice starts singing.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S)

"Hangman, hangman, hangman / slack your rope awhile. I think I see my father / ridin' many a mile."

Aldred spins to looks at Evelyn

ALDRED

Stop singing!

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S)

"Father, did you bring any silver? / father, did you bring any gold, Or did you come to see me/hangin' from the gallows pole?"

ALDRED

Who's there? Name yourself.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S)

"No, I didn't bring any silver, /
no I didn't bring any gold. I just
come to see you / hangin' from the
gallows pole."

His eyes snap to something down the hall, his body stiffens,
he spins and sprints the opposite way.

The torch, laying in the floor, almost dies as the light it
produces is consumed by a shadow that WHOOSHES past it.

ALDRED

Guards...guards...gu --

His last word gets cut off.

The door to Evelyn's cell unlocks and opens on it's own with
a loud and rusty SQUEAK.

She jumps back a bit, staring at the open doorway, unsure of
what to do.

After a moment she glides over to the door and peeks out
down the hallway...nothing.

She takes off down the hallway, round the corner and nearly
runs into --

Aldred, hanging from the ceiling by the noose he showed her
moments before. His face has been hacked up and eyes gouged
out, he is soaked with blood.

Every finger on both of his hands have been broken and bent
backwards, yet he still tries to claw at the rope.

Evelyn is taken aback a moment, her GASP is heard by Aldred.

ALDRED

(faint)

Help me.

Evenly rushes past him.

EXT. TOWN STREET - NIGHT

Evelyn bursts out of the dungeon entrance way into a quiet and empty town street.

Without a pause she goes full tilt down the street, slipping in the mud as she does.

Soon she arrives at an intersecting street where a sign advertising the Golden Ball makes her slow up, she looks at the sign then down the street.

An orange glow illuminates the sides of buildings only a short distance away, but not a sound can be heard.

Suddenly a voice speaks from the darkness behind her, it's the same voice that was singing in the dungeons.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S)

Evelyn.

She spins around to find nothing but blackness, she staggers back wards before running towards the only source of light --

TOWN SQUARE

Evelyn comes flying around the corner, only to stop dead in her tracks.

The entire town square is carpeted with the corpses of all the attendees at the ball. Pools of crimson pepper the ground, as if some type of hellish rain just fell.

One person is standing however, an elderly woman MRS. HUTCHINS (52), a graying but calm looking woman speaks up without even looking at Evelyn.

MRS. HUTCHINS

It is alright child --

The woman's voice comes from behind her again, this time a beautiful brunette SEBILLE (23) strolls out from the shadows.

SEBILLE

We will not harm you.

She walks right through Evelyn towards a man still squirming on the ground, bloody knife in hand.

With a swift motion she thrusts the knife into the man's eye socket, killing him instantly, then rises back up and gives Evelyn a charming smile.

EVELYN
 (terrified)
 What's going on, who-wha-what --

MRS. HUTCHINS
 These people deserved it child, no
 need to pity them.

SEBILLE
 We are here because of you Evelyn.

EVELYN
 Me?

MRS. HUTCHINS
 Fifty years ago this town accused
 me of witchcraft, I was burned at
 the stake shortly after, but before
 the flames took me I shouted out a
 curse, that on the third wrong done
 to a woman of this town, we shall
 rise and slay all the living.

Mrs. Hutchings walks towards Evelyn, drawing a long knife
 from her sleeve.

MRS. HUTCHINS
 This will only take a moment child.

EVELYN
 What would? You are going to kill
 me?

MRS. HUTCHINS
 You are with the living, for now.

SEBILLE
 I could not bear to see my brother
 hurt you anymore, I got ahead of
 myself.

EVELYN
 Your brother?
 (to Mrs. Hutchins)
 Wait, please just wait.

Evelyn backs away, but Mrs. Hutchins is far too quick, she
 is on Evelyn within seconds.

SEBILLE
 He had me down there for days
 before I died, I wasn't going to
 allow that again.

MRS. HUTCHINS
Hold still child.

Mrs. Hutckins plunges the kife towards Evelyn --

OVER BLACK:

Evelyn GRUNTING and EXHALING a final breath.

MRS. HUTCHINS
Now child, let's kill everyone.

THE END