SALEM

Pilot

"One To Tear My Soul Away"

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EXT. SNOWY FOREST - MORNING

A MAN walks through the forest -- all in black, his face hidden by the upturned collar of his coat. We hear a *little girl's voice* --

BETTY (O.S.)
(singing)
Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on,

EXT. PARRIS HOUSE - SALEM VILLAGE - MORNING

1692. A clear, frigid day. Snow softens the pasture around the PARRIS HOUSE. BETTY PARRIS, 12, tosses corn to a flock of hens. Her delicate face is red with cold, poking out through layers of homespun wool.

February in New England. The coldest winter in a century.

BETTY
(singing to herself)
Bless me as I take my sleep,
In winter's night so long and deep,

Betty spots THE MAN at the edge of the forest. He's far away, just a dark shape.

BETTY (CONT'D)
(singing)
Four corners 'round me make my bed,
Four angels stand about my head,

Betty glances down to her chickens. When she looks back up the **MAN IS SUDDENLY MUCH CLOSER** -- just beyond her fence. His face hidden. He moved *impossibly* fast.

BETTY (CONT'D)
(singing but uneasy)
Two that watch me, One to pray,
And One to tear my soul away…

The MAN lifts his face to Betty, revealing -- he has the **FACE OF A CROW --** OILY BLACK FEATHERS, DEAD EYES, LONG BEAK.

Betty stumbles back, horror-struck as THE CROW-MAN SPREADS HUGE WINGS AND **SCREECHES**. He TAKES OFF, FLYING INTO THE CLEAR WINTER SKY.

CROW-MAN POV -- FROM ABOVE, FLYING, WE SEE BETTY SCREAM and RUN. The chickens keep eating, unaffected by this creature. Strange.

OUR CROW-MAN POV swoops, screeching, then climbs higher. FROM ABOVE, Betty is a small figure running on white snow.

CLIMBING HIGHER -- we can see all of SALEM VILLAGE. Farmhouses and rolling fields. It is beautiful, carved out of the raw New England wilderness.

We circle over “downtown Salem” -- a watchtower, a large wooden meetinghouse, a tavern, a few houses acting as shops.

HIGHER AND HIGHER we fly, seeing the landscape, watching it get smaller. THEN, OUR CROW-MAN POV SHIFTS and we are looking up into the perfect, blue sky.

MAIN TITLES

EXT. THE ATLANTIC COAST - DAY

THE OCEAN rolls with windswept waves. THE NEW ENGLAND COASTLINE passes in the distance. There are no towns, no people, just primeval forest as far as the eye can see.

A SAILING SHIP pounds through the weather. Square rigged, three masts, sturdy if not graceful. She is *THE HOPEWELL,* an English “Fluyt” ship, carrying cargo and hardy passengers across the ocean.

She is 150 feet long, but she looks absolutely tiny in this swelling sea along this vast coast.

A YOUNG MAN stands at the rail....

EXT. THE HOPEWELL - ABAFT DECK - DAY

HENRY PAINE, 24, stands in the icy wind, looking out towards the passing shore. FIRST OFFICER BRIGHAM steps up.

BRIGHAM
Mr. Paine, were I allowed a restful hammock on the passenger deck, I surely would be in it on a day like this.

HENRY
(re: the view)
The New World. You would think calling it that would exaggerate.

BRIGHAM
I’ve seen a thousand miles of it, dense and wild, faintly scratched here and there by hearty Christian souls and their labor.

The ship lurches in the rough sea, and icy spray hits them.

BRIGHAM (CONT'D)
This wind drives me to madness. After we dock in Salem, we'll make for Barbados and my peace of mind: Sunshine, rum, and warm brown women.
(off his look)
Apologies, if I offend.

HENRY
(re: himself)
Will you be hiring any new mates for the journey?

Brigham laughs.

BRIGHAM
What waits for you in this New England, Sir?

HENRY
An uncle I have never met, a village doctor by trade. And a plot of land to farm. If I can learn to farm.

BRIGHAM
God bless. A contented life.

HENRY
Nay, a captive one. Cast from London to a rough square of land that I should scrape until my death. All by my father's command.

BRIGHAM
Such cheerful words, Mr. Paine.
(and then)
What does a highborn son as you have to do to be exiled so?

HENRY
Nothing but embrace life.
(and then)
And perhaps get expelled from university and squander a small to modest fortune.

BRIGHAM
Well, Sir, a second chance awaits. And that soon, as we are but half a day out from port.

HENRY
Then this condemned man should begin to pack his trunk.

BRIGHAM
Best of luck to you, Sir. May the Lord smile upon you from above, and the ladies from below.

Brigham winks, Henry steps away.

INT. THE HOPEWELL - BERTHING DECK - DAY

White hammocks swing in the dim sleeping quarters. OTHER PASSENGERS pack, read by candlelight, pray...

Henry weaves between the hammocks, finds his berth. He opens his trunk -- looks like everything is already packed.

IN THE TRUNK, Henry digs out FOUR SMALL APOTHECARY BOTTLES -- the labels read LAUDANUM -- medical opium. Henry holds the bottles to the light, one by one. Three are empty -- one half full.

HENRY tucks that bottle into his pocket, closes the trunk...

EXT. THE HOPEWELL - AFT DECK - DAY

A tiny deck at the very rear of the ship. Henry climbs down -- he's alone. He opens the Laudanum and takes a few drops.

He lays back on coils of thick rope and looks out onto the SHORE.

As he *TRIPS OUT ON THE LAUDANUM*, he sees...

A SERIES OF DREAMY, OPIUM-FILTERED IMAGES -- wolves on the shore, massive white SAILS snapping in the wind, SAILORS climbing in the web of rigging, the roiling ocean... He closes his eyes to sleep. We CUT TO:

EXT. MEETING HOUSE ROAD - SALEM VILLAGE - MORNING

Villagers, soberly dressed, but friendly -- lots of morning conversation. These aren't the dour Puritans we picture - this is a warm and vibrant community.

They "shop," but it is more of a barter system -- raw wool for winter potatoes, cloth for venison, needles for candles. Salem is more commune than capitalist.

SARAH GOODE, a beggar woman in her 30s with a touch of the crazy, circulates among the people asking for charity.

SARAH G
A bit of bread to spare, bless you. Bless you whether you sneeze or not. Blessings. A taste of meat. A pickled egg...

BETTY runs by her, bumping her. Sarah reaches out and grabs Betty's arm. Betty's eyes are wild with fear.

SARAH G (CONT'D)
Ah. You've seen Him, haven't you? Be not frightened, little one, for it is *he* who is afraid of *you*. For you. Of you. Grim and trim. Sing your hymn.

Betty wrenches her arm away and flees. Sarah G cackles and continues to beg.

Two YOUNG GIRLS emerge from a "shop."

ANN PUTNAM, JR., 15, with dark, striking eyes that miss nothing and a mind that never stops working. She walks with ABIGAIL PARRIS, 14, unremarkable at first glance, and at second glance as well, but for the longing in her ordinary eyes to be thought of as special in some way. Betty, like a pinball, has fled Sarah G to run right into Ann.

ANN
Betty! You've almost pitched me in the muck!

ABIGAIL
Shouldn't you be tending to your chores? Betty?

BETTY
I have to-- It must relent. Please...

Betty can't get a full thought out. She runs away.

ANN
Fare thee well, then.

ABIGAIL
She's been so strange lately.

ANN
Has she begun her courses?

ABIGAIL
I don't believe so. Though she does have an odd smell. A skittish skunk, perhaps?

ANN
No. She's far too rapid and restless. Darting about. She's a rat, frightened by a cat. Your little, smelly rat cousin. Do keep her far from the grain sacks.

This is a game they play.

PORTER (O.S.)
Miss Putnam...

Ann turns to see ISRAEL PORTER calling her over. Porter, a stately 50, oversees a group of men unloading CRATES and BUNDLES from a wagon. He is a successful Salem merchant.

His daughter JANE, 18, helps sort the bundles. Jane is tall, pretty, with a long neck. She has a RED RIBBON in her hair. Ann walks over.

ANN
Good morrow, Mr. Porter, Miss Jane. How can I serve?

PORTER
The shipment has finally arrived from Southampton. With it the farm tools your father ordered.

ANN
Thank God for the safe crossing. They allow us to do God’s work in this wilderness.

PORTER
Still, I imagine no young girl is kept awake in anticipation of hoes and shovels. Jane, surely we have something more pleasurable for our good Ann?

Jane hands her a small bundle.

JANE
Candies from London. To sweeten your day.

ANN
Thank you for your kindness, but I cannot accept such an indulgence. I will share this news with father the moment I see him. Good morning to you.

Ann walks away. Jane mumbles to her father.

JANE
You see? She would not take them from my hand.

PORTER
Be charitable, Jane. She is just a child, doing as her parents teach.

Ann has returned to Abigail. They look to Jane.

ANN
What do you think?

ABIGAIL
A swan?

TITUBA walks up behind the girls. She is the Parris family slave, an Indian woman from the Caribbean. Dark-skinned, round, no-nonsense. She is about to address the girls, but hesitates as she hears their conversation.

ANN
(bitterly)
Far too elegant a bird. I say an ostrich.

ABIGAIL
Good, true. And the esteemed Mister Porter?

ANN
(coldly)
A snake.

ABIGAIL
But from whence doth the hiss come, the mouth or the buttocks?

Tituba grabs Abigail's arm roughly.

TITUBA
(accented)
Abigail!

ABIGAIL
We were only speaking of animals...

TITUBA
(accented)
And now lying? You call another snake as you speak with a forked tongue.

ANN
You are right, Tituba. May Christ in his glory forgive us. We are truly sorry.

Ann bows her head, but Tituba doesn't buy it.

TITUBA
And sorry you'll be when you find the gossip's bridle in your mouth for your unkind words. Back home with both of you.

As Tituba leads them away, Ann leans over to Abigail and whispers.

ANN
Hippo.

Abigail giggles and we CUT TO --

EXT. PARRIS HOUSE - SALEM VILLAGE - DAY

A modest house on the edge of a snowy pasture.

INT. PARRIS HOUSE - PARLOR - DAY

Minister SAMUEL PARRIS, 38, haltingly practices his sermon. THOMAS PUTNAM listens -- 45, commanding, Putnam is a powerful man in the Salem community.

PARRIS
(faltering)
We live in a... a new Jerusalem. But... but even here in this promised land, there is delinquency and reprobation...
(and then)
I'm sorry... There is *surely* delinquency and reprobation amongst us...

PUTNAM
(interrupting)
Reverend Parris, if I may. Your message is quite strong, but the sermon itself needs to inspire that strength.

PARRIS
Yes, of course.
(and then)
Shall I speak louder, Mr. Putnam?

PUTNAM
It's not a matter of volume, Reverend. You must *tower over them*. There is not delinquency amongst us, Salem is in a *war* with the Devil himself. You are recruiting an army to fight legions of demons *right here on earth*.

PARRIS
(writing)
Legions of demons, yes. Much more evocative...

PUTNAM
You are responsible for every mortal soul in this village. You must care for them as your own family.

Parris shuffles his pages. As he does, BETTY bursts in the front door and runs into the parlor. She is pale with fear.

BETTY
(weakly)
Papa...

PARRIS
Betty, we have esteemed company. Be still, child.

PUTNAM
Bless you this morning, Miss Betty.

PARRIS
Are the chickens fed and watered?

Betty hesitates, then RUNS ACROSS THE ROOM and HUGS HER FATHER TIGHTLY. The hug shocks him. He tries to unwrap Betty from his waist, but she is holding on tightly.

PARRIS (CONT'D)
(to Putnam)
Apologies, Sir.
(to Betty)
Let loose of me.

Parris wrests Betty away. She stands, murmuring to herself, worrying her hands compulsively. Parris looks to Putnam, embarrassed.

PARRIS (CONT'D)
She loses herself in... imaginings.

PUTNAM
The burden of an idle mind. You must keep her busy, Mr. Parris. The daughter of the minister serves as an example to all.

Ann, Tituba, and Abigail enter.

ANN
Good morrow, learned men.

PUTNAM
(to Ann)
Ah, daughter.
(and then)
Reverend, it seems the morning has grown short. I must away.
(and then)
Remember, *fire*. I look forward to your potent sermon on Sunday.

ANN
God's blessing to you all.

Putnam leaves with his daughter to put on his coat in the front hall. Parris is embarrassed and frustrated. Abigail looks for his praise.

ABIGAIL
(eagerly)
Uncle, we were able to trade three weeks' eggs for yams *and* turnips...

PARRIS
(ignoring Abigail, to Tituba, re: Betty)
Again she is having a spell. Away with this child, Indian, and keep her *silent*.

TITUBA
Yes, Mister. Come, Betty.
(to Abigail)
You as well, girl. Leave your uncle to his work.

Tituba leads Betty and Abigail from the room. Parris takes a beat, then goes back to his sermon.

PARRIS
There is evil amongst us. For where there is good there is always evil...
(again with feeling)
For where there is good there is *always* evil...

INT. PARRIS HOUSE - HALL - CONTINUOUS

Betty mutters and Tituba comforts her. Through the wall, we can hear the muted voice of PARRIS practicing his sermon.

BETTY
(spilling out)
The birdman came to rip my flesh.
To peck peck peck...

TITUBA
Shhh, darling girl. We will make it go away.
(to Abigail)
Abigail, water the chickens, then start the milking.

ABIGAIL
That is Betty's work.

TITUBA
She is gray, so you will do her work and your own. And without your sour faces.

Tituba leads Betty away. Abigail fumes... RESET TO:

INT. PARRIS HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

A huge hearth dominates the room. Tituba settles into a chair, pulling a shivering Betty to her bosom.

BETTY
(rocking)
The birdman comes, he comes, Lord Jesus protect us...

TITUBA
Shhhh, he's flown far, far away.

Betty can hear the muffled voice of Parris practicing his sermon...

PARRIS (O.S.)
We each and all are to join the army of faithful to fight legions of demons here on earth.

Betty looks to THE WINDOW, across the snowy fields.

THROUGH THE WINDOW, BETTY'S POV:

Thomas and Ann Putnam leave the yard. Ann spots Betty in the window, smiles. Suddenly, a FLOCK OF CROWS flies past Ann. Betty gasps, but Ann doesn't react. The crows SWIRL AROUND Ann, screaming and cawing.

A BLOODY SLICE appears on Ann's cheek -- then another. THE CROWS ARE ATTACKING ANN. Still, <u>Ann doesn't react</u>. The vicious birds slice her skin and clothes.

A crow swoops in -- using his beak to POKE ANN'S OPEN EYE. Betty stifles a scream (and so do we) but Ann doesn't flinch. The crow keeps PECKING. Streams of bloody tears run down Ann's face.

PARRIS (O.S.)
Be not mistaken, good people of Salem. We are in a war against the Devil himself.

Eyeless, bloody Ann waves a friendly goodbye. Off this macabre vision, Betty BURIES HER FACE IN TITUBA.

EXT. PARRIS HOUSE - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

ANN WAVES -- she's FINE -- no blood, no crows. Ann follows her father away.

INT. PARRIS HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Betty trembles against Tituba.

EXT. PARRIS HOUSE/SALEM VILLAGE - MORNING

Ann and Thomas walk from the Parris house. They walk in silence for a beat, and then...

PUTNAM
(tired)
Half a morning, wasted.

ANN
Wasted, in the service of God?

PUTNAM
Not wasted in His service. Wasted with His *servant*.

ANN
You cannot mean our charismatic and wise Reverend Parris.
(off his look)
Despite his lack of both charisma and wisdom.

Putnam enjoys his daughter's sharp attitude.

PUTNAM
Four months and still he cannot write a sermon that could inspire a dog to scratch.

ANN
Not for lack of your guidance...

PUTNAM
He was brought here on my good word. His failure would mark our name for ill.

ANN
Surely God will not allow such injustice. You are always charitable. Our neighbors hold you in the highest esteem.

PUTNAM
Today, yes. But challengers lie in wait.

ANN
No man can help but notice when another man's farm is larger.

Putnam half-smiles -- she's savvy.

ANN (CONT'D)
Mr. Porter was in town. He sends word of your shipments and offers sweets, but makes no mention of your conflict in court, as though his attempts to capitalize on what is ours is merely a trifle.

PUTNAM
That is not your concern, Ann. He will be tortured in Hell for his greed.

ANN
But here on earth he will prosper?

PUTNAM
That is up to God and the legal system right now. May His will prevail in our favor.

Ann takes that in as they walk on.

EXT. MAINE COAST - DAY

High above the beautiful, rugged coast of Maine. We follow the crashing surf until we find A VILLAGE.

TITLES OVER:

CASCO, MAINE

EXT. CASCO, MAINE - DAY

Wooden buildings, a watchtower, all surrounded by a HIGH WALL made of sharpened tree trunks. This is a remote village, much more of a fortress than Salem. A FEW VILLAGERS with LONG GUNS walk the inside of the wall, standing post.

MERCY LEWIS, 17, pulls a heavy sled piled with beer jugs, food baskets, and firewood. She unloads her sled into a modest house...

INT. GEORGE BURROUGHS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - CASCO - DAY

Mercy stacks wood beside the hearth. She warms her hands -- the fire glows on her face. She has a calmness that masks a bright, curious woman with true passions. She hears VOICES. She peers into the STUDY...

INT. - GEORGE BURROUGHS' HOUSE - STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Small but welcoming. A YOUNG NERVOUS COUPLE sits. Casco reverend GEORGE BURROUGHS sits opposite them -- he is handsome, fit -- the kind of minister everyone gets a crush on. Mercy definitely has one...

BURROUGHS
(to the couple)
John, Priscilla. Marriage is surely a blessed state, but that does not mean it is easy.
(and then)
Trials are part of the contract. They can even help you grow closer.

No answer.

BURROUGHS (CONT'D)
I can offer much better guidance if you would actually speak, you realize.

Burroughs is the cool minister.

JOHN
Begging your patience, Reverend Burroughs. It's just that it involves things that are private.

PRISCILLA
Most private.

ON MERCY, listening intently -- this is getting interesting. John and Priscilla are very embarrassed, and Burroughs figures out what is wrong.

BURROUGHS
Ah, private things.
(and then)
Your problems are common. Physical congress is a complicated business.

JOHN
No, Sir...

BURROUGHS
Comfort will come in time, and great pleasures.

MERCY listens, titillated.

PRISCILLA
We know, Mr. Burroughs. About the pleasures. But they come so often.
(and then)
Constantly.

BURROUGHS
Oh.
(and then)
That is fine...

JOHN
No. It can't be right. We do not get up from the bed...

PRISCILLA
We are leaving our work undone. Sometimes we do not eat...

BURROUGHS
I understand. This is new to you. But it is God's gift. When you lie together you are fulfilling his plan.
(and then)
And it is February, you have to stay warm.

This gets a nervous smile. Burroughs spots Mercy, eavesdropping. Their eyes connect, then Mercy ducks out of sight.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. WILLIAM BURROUGHS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Burroughs finds Mercy putting away food. She avoids eye contact. A long beat, and then...

BURROUGHS
Mercy.
(and then)
You know our brothers and sisters come to me for private counsel.

MERCY
Pray forgive me, Sir.

BURROUGHS
That's fine. You are a servant in my house. You will be witness to things like this. I just ask for your respectful silence on what you hear.

MERCY
You can be certain of it, Sir.

BURROUGHS
What you heard... Was it disquieting?

Mercy blushes a bit.

MERCY
No...

BURROUGHS
(doesn't believe her)
Mercy, not all rapture is saved for heaven. God's world has pleasures for us to enjoy.

Mercy has a huge crush on Burroughs.

MERCY
Yes, Sir.
(and then)
I have sweeping.

Burroughs stands aside as Mercy escapes.

INT. BURROUGHS' HOUSE - FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS

Mercy sweeps the floor. She is a sea of hormones. The door opens, and newlywed JOHN enters.

MERCY
Good morrow, Sir. Shall I fetch the minister?

No answer. John stumbles a bit, then COUGHS UP BLOOD AND FALLS. THE BACK OF HIS HEAD IS BLOODY, SMASHED IN.

MERCY (CONT'D)
Oh, Lord...
(calling)
Mr. Burroughs!

Suddenly, a BURNING BUNDLE OF STICKS flies in through the door. Mercy rushes over -- using her broom and skirts to kick the firebomb out the front door.

At the door she looks out...

EXT. CASCO - DAY - CONTINUOUS

WABANAKI WARRIORS attack the village in a screaming swarm. With painted faces and bodies, they wield CLUBS and KNIVES -- killing settlers, dragging away prisoners, setting buildings afire.

It is BRUTAL CHAOS. The villagers fight back with guns, axes, anything they can grab.

MERCY stands in the doorway, uncomprehending. A WABANAKI FIGHTER spots her -- he rushes over, raising a BLOODY CLUB.

FIGHTER
(in Passamaquoddy)
Nil-ote pilocehsuwes kil...

Mercy covers her face just as BAM! -- The fighter is SHOT. Mercy turns to see BURROUGHS just behind her, gun in hand. He grabs her wrist...

BURROUGHS
Run.

Burroughs and Mercy RUN through the village, dodging the carnage. They reach the edge of the forest. Burroughs stops to reload his gun, Mercy runs ahead into the trees. She looks back just as --

A WABANAKI FIGHTER slams his club into BURROUGHS. Burroughs falls. The Fighter heads back into the fray.

Mercy hesitates, then RUNS BACK TO BURROUGHS.

MERCY
Sir, please...

Burroughs moans, barely conscious. Mercy starts DRAGGING HIM INTO THE WOODS. A few steps and then --

WHAM -- a THROWN CLUB hits Mercy. MERCY FALLS INTO THE SNOW, eyes fluttering.

CLOSE ON MERCY as SHE WATCHES HER OWN BLOOD DRIP ONTO THE WHITE SNOW. Her eyes roll back, and the screaming around her fades to a faraway buzz -- as the world goes GRAY --

EXT. THE HOPEWELL - AFT DECK - DAY

HENRY, asleep on the ropes, begins to stir. The boat is full of activity -- officers shouting orders, sailors furling sails. Bleary, Henry sits up and sees...

SALEM TOWN HARBOR -- It's busy with ships loading and unloading cargo. Wooden buildings line the wharf, with more being built -- it is a boomtown.

On the crowded dock, it's easy to tell the Puritan residents from the itinerant sailors. The locals are all white, proper, dressed in sober clothes. The sailors are grizzled, more racially mixed, wearing bolder colors.

HENRY shakes the opium cobwebs from his head...

EXT. SALEM TOWN HARBOR - DAY

THE HOPEWELL sits docked. Sailors scurry to unload the ship.

Henry walks down the gangplank, scans the busy wharf, not even sure what he is looking for.

GRIGGS (O.S.)
(yelling)
Henry Paine!

Henry spots an exuberant bear of a man waving. This is his uncle, DR. WILL GRIGGS.

GRIGGS (CONT'D)
My boy, over here! I'd know that lost look anywhere. Our whole side of the family has it.

HENRY
Uncle William, Sir? So pleased to finally meet you.

Henry offers his hand. Griggs scoffs.

GRIGGS
You don't offer a hand to family, you scoundrel. Come here.

Griggs pulls a surprised Henry into a hug. This gets a few stares from people walking past.

GRIGGS (CONT'D)
God in heaven, it's good to see you. So glad you had a safe passage.

HENRY
I bring regards from our family in London...

GRIGGS
That hell-hole! You're well rid of it. Smoke and stink and blademen in every alley. Just breathe this air. Come on, take it in.

Griggs smacks Henry good-naturedly on the chest. This guy has a big personality. Not what Henry expected, but entertaining.

HENRY
(looking around)
It's busier than I imagined.

GRIGGS
It's a den of sin. An offense to the righteous. Or so say our godly neighbors in Salem Village. Town and country. Ever at odds.
(and then)
So good to have you here, boy. Let's find your bags before some rapscallion sailor makes off with them. My goodness, you look just like my sister if she were tall and hairy and slightly green at the gills...

They walk off to get Henry's belongings.

INT. MEETING HOUSE - SALEM - DAY

Law and Order, 1692 style. The church meeting house is being used as a courthouse. Judge JOHN HATHORNE, (50s, caustic) oversees a land dispute between Thomas Putnam and Israel Porter.

JANE PORTER sits behind her father. Under the guise of sewing, she's intently reading a small book in her lap.

Putnam paces, giving leisurely testimony. It's been going on for awhile.

PUTNAM
Mr. Porter is an honorable man. I do not think he acts out of malice, rather he is simply mistaken.

Ann enters the meeting house and finds a seat beside her brother, ROBERT PUTNAM, 22.

ANN
How goes it for Father?

Robert looks at her gravely -- it's not going well.

PUTNAM
Allow me to once again review the facts of this situation if I may...

Judge Hathorne has had enough.

HATHORNE
No, you may not.
(ouch)
The court is hungry and his feet are cold. Let me lay this out plain. You sold Mr. Porter a few acres some years past, and now you dispute the boundaries of this parcel.

PUTNAM
Yes, but it is not that plain...

HATHORNE
Shhh, Sir.
(and then)
This is made more tangled now that Mr. Porter has improved the land. Are we all agreed that this is the issue?

PORTER
(interrupting)
The good and honorable Mr. Putnam fails to note that this piece of land was swamp. It is valuable now because of the iron works we have built. The first on these shores, to be true. That's the only reason he wants to claim it.

PUTNAM
I only want fairness, Sir...

PORTER
Then let me light my furnaces...

HATHORNE
Gentlemen. It was a yea or nay question. Now, according to the writ of sale, the land belongs to Mr. Porter.

PUTNAM
Those records are incomplete. The honorable Mr. Porter and I had further discussions.

HATHORNE
Mr. Putnam, Mr. Porter's position is supported by the court papers. What witnesses do you have to support yours?

PUTNAM
I offer my word as an elder of this church and a right citizen of this community.

PORTER
We have the deepest respect for the honored word of Mr. Putnam, but the documentation is clear.

HATHORNE
Mr. Porter, allow me to do my job. I am being paid two barrels of cider for my service.
(and then)
Mr. Putnam, unless you can produce a witness to support your recollections, the dispensation here is clear. We will reconvene four days hence to review any such additional evidence.
(and then)
If there are no witnesses, I will settle the case.

Putnam looks deflated. Ann watches her father's pain.

INT. INGERSOLL'S ORDINARY - DAY

Half full of villagers taking a break from their work in the cold weather. There is laughing, convivial conversation - the Puritans like their drink.

Henry and Griggs enter, hang up their coats.

GRIGGS
Ingersoll brews the best beer in the village.

HENRY
I imagine the competition is thin.

GRIGGS
Not so, there are three other taverns within a stone's throw.
(off his look)
Aye, we're full of surprises.

Barmaid BRIDGET BISHOP steps up. She stands out in her bright red petticoats.

GRIGGS (CONT'D)
The unmistakable Goodwife Bishop.

BRIDGET
Dr. Griggs. Hot cider and meat pie? Your everyday?

GRIGGS
Two of each. And the fresh pie this time, I have a guest.

BRIDGET
Sir, roll up that sharp tongue or go away hungry.

Bridget walks away.

GRIGGS
A good hearted woman. Pious too, despite what those red petticoats may advertise. Or so I believe.
(and then)
Ah, and there is Thomas Putnam.

HENRY
My father spoke highly of a Mr. Thomas Putnam. A man of highest influence.

GRIGGS
Influence, yes, as for highest, lately Putnam struggles against Israel Porter and his family for the front pew.

HENRY
Upon what do they struggle?

GRIGGS
What men have always struggled over. Power. Though they are too Godly to speak their grievances plain. In our village, men take one another to court. They love a lawsuit as they love Jesus.

HENRY
There is such acrimony between families even here? But these are men of the same church.

GRIGGS
Read your Bible, son. Jezebel, Absolam, Cain and Abel. Men are bloody beasts, and no amount of prayer can keep that hidden forever. Let us make an introduction.

Griggs and Henry walk to a table where Thomas Putnam sits with his children, Robert and Ann. He's drinking.

GRIGGS
Mr. Putnam, kind sir. I'd like to introduce you to my nephew, Mr. Henry Paine, just arrived from London.

PUTNAM
It is good to meet you, young man.

HENRY
I am your humble servant, sir.

GRIGGS
And his son, Robert. And daughter Ann.

ROBERT
All the way from London, Sir? How do you find our village?

HENRY
From what I can see, rugged and quite beautiful. But very cold.

ANN
We warm in time.

GRIGGS
Well, we have interrupted. We will leave you to your supper, and find some of our own.

ANN
By all means, Sirs, satisfy your appetites.

She shoots a look to Henry. They hold a gaze. There's chemistry here.

PUTNAM
Welcome to Salem, Mr. Paine. I hope you find it the blessed refuge it was intended to be.

HENRY
Thank you, Sir. Your servant...

Henry and Griggs walk away.

Past Henry, Ann spots Jane Porter coming into the tavern. Ann's eyes narrow.

ANN
Father, she comes. His daughter.

Jane finds tavernkeeper NATHANIEL INGERSOLL and delivers some fresh bread. Ann watches them talk. Jane heads out, passing Ann, Putnam, and Robert.

ANN (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
Fare thee well, ostrich.

ROBERT
Be kind, Ann.

ANN
Yes, do be kind as her father is when he tries to take what is ours.

ROBERT
She is not responsible for her father's actions.

PUTNAM
(getting drunker)
No. Her father is responsible for his actions. She may go bury her head in the sand. Right, Ann?

ROBERT
Begging your leave, Father, I have a fence to mend and cows to water.

Robert heads out.

ANN
Father, forgive me, but the judge asked for witnesses to the agreement.

PUTNAM
Ann...

ANN
Perhaps mother...?

PUTNAM
Stop, daughter. Such advice was not sought and not sound. With God's good blessing, leave me to my drink.

Ann looks down, chastened.

EXT. INGERSOLL'S ORDINARY - DAY

Robert comes outside, but he doesn't walk away. Instead, he heads around to the back of the building...

EXT. INGERSOLL'S ORDINARY - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Robert finds JANE, sitting on an empty wine barrel, reading her book. She holds her cape tightly around herself against the cold. She looks up, smiles...

Robert steps over as she stands up to meet him. He grasps her hands.

ROBERT
I left you in the cold.

JANE
Oh, I love cold days. All souls stay inside by the fire, and outside we can be alone.

ROBERT
But your hands are ice.

JANE
Then be a gentleman and warm them.

Jane slides her hands under his coat. He touches her face. These two can barely keep from jumping each other.

JANE (CONT'D)
Hmmm, lovely.

ROBERT
Jane, this is not proper...

JANE
Skin to skin would be warmer still.

Robert cannot resist. He runs his thumb across her lips.

ROBERT
And my father would have me on a boat for England that very day. And yours would chase me down to the wharf with a musket.

JANE
How can you speak of fathers while I speak of skin?

ROBERT
Because fathers keep us apart.

JANE
Not now. We are together now.

ROBERT
Until Mr. Ingersoll comes for more firewood. The hearth was going dim when I left.

JANE
Then hold me. And pray God lets his fire burn just a bit longer.

He pulls her close. In the Orwellian society of Salem, this is all they get -- a few moments alone behind the tavern.

Robert looks up and sees THICK BLACK SMOKE rising from a faraway CHIMNEY. Robert reacts with tired sadness.

JANE (CONT'D)
What is it?

Jane turns, sees the smoke.

ROBERT
The ironworks. Your father waits no more. There will be trouble, no doubt.

Robert pulls away...

EXT./INT. IRON WORKS - SALEM - DAY

The wide doors stand open to the cold winter wind -- but inside A BLAST FURNACE glows RED HOT. Israel Porter watches as several WORKERS, led by MOSES COOPER, 20, stoke the fires and heat the forge. The men are shirtless and slick with sweat.

PORTER
Get 'em hot, boys. We've got work to do.

Thomas Putnam rushes in, drunk and unsteady. Ann waits at the door. Behind Ann stand curious villagers, including Griggs and Henry, who have wandered over from the tavern to watch the drama unfold.

PORTER (CONT'D)
Ah, welcome Sir. Come for a tour of my works?

Putnam heads straight for Porter. Putnam gets right in his face. Moses Cooper steps over, coal shovel in hand.

PORTER (CONT'D)
Moses, step back, boy.

PUTNAM
Shut down these furnaces.

PORTER
Sir, Salem is hungry for iron. She cannot prosper on corn and chickens. She needs nails as well.

PUTNAM
You have no right to light these fires.

PORTER
I have every right. I have proven so in court...

Robert, Henry, Griggs, and several other village MEN arrive,

PUTNAM
That is a *foul lie*. The judge has returned no decision....

PORTER
Sir, his intentions are clear.

PUTNAM
What do you know of his intentions...

PORTER
I will not lose any more time while you make a nuisance of yourself in court. God forgive a desperate man...

Furious, Putnam PUSHES Porter. Porter backpedals, off balance. Moses Cooper steadies Porter. Then Porter SHOVES PUTNAM FURIOUSLY.

Putnam FALLS HARD ON HIS ASS. He sits for a long and humiliating moment. Porter offers a hand up --

PORTER (CONT'D)
Apologies, Sir. The heat breeds ill temper.

Putnam ignores his hand. He gets to his feet and heads out. Ann follows.

Griggs looks at Henry.

HENRY
Push has come to shove.

GRIGGS
Bloody beasts are men. Bloody beasts.

Off the glowing furnaces...

EXT. MAINE WOODS - DAY

OVER WHITE -- OVERLAPPING VOICES speaking an unknown language. CHILDREN LAUGHING. The sounds of a VILLAGE...

FADE IN -- ON MERCY LEWIS, her eyes slowly opening as she surfaces into consciousness. DRIED BLOOD streaks her face. She is lying on the ground, her arms bound behind her back.

A WABANAKI CHILD runs past and WHAM -- HE HITS MERCY WITH A STICK. Mercy groans -- the child runs away laughing. Another child runs over, stick in hand, taking his turn at the game. But before he hits Mercy --

BURROUGHS shoulders the child away.

BURROUGHS
Leave her be!

The GANG OF CHILDREN runs off, laughing. Burroughs has his arms bound behind his back. He makes his way to Mercy.

MERCY
Mr. Burroughs, sir...

She struggles to sit up, swoons a bit.

BURROUGHS
Slowly, child. Lean against me.

Mercy leans against Burroughs and looks around. SHE IS A PRISONER IN A WABANAKI ENCAMPMENT. It's busy -- a few dozen Wabanaki families work amongst FIREPITS and birch bark WIGWAM huts.

Mercy sits with twelve other PRISONERS from the Casco raid, guarded by several WABANAKI MEN, armed with knives and clubs.

Mercy looks at the other prisoners, recognizes them.

MERCY
Goodwife Lucas... and Mr. Wickhaus.

GOODWIFE LUCAS stares at the ground, blind with fear.

LUCAS
(muttering fast)
...Support me by the strength of heaven that as I pursue my heavenly journey by Thy grace...

WICKHAUS catches Mercy's eye, and they exchange a sorrowful glance.

MERCY
What will they do to us?

Burroughs has no answer. Nearby, a group of Wabanaki men TALK HEATEDLY. They point to the prisoners as they argue -- it is some kind of negotiation. An older man, PINEWAS, seems to be in charge.

SUDDENLY, GOODWIFE LUCAS SPRINGS UP AND RUNS FOR THE WOODS. Propelled by sheer terror, she only gets a few yards before TWO GUARDS GRAB HER. She struggles in their grip...

Pinewas steps over, holds up a hand to calm her.

PINEWAS
(gently)
Shhhhhh...

GOODWIFE LUCAS stops struggling. Pinewas takes a knife from the guard -- in one swift motion he SLICES OPEN HER ABDOMEN. SHE GRUNTS AS HER ENTRAILS SPILL OUT.

MERCY looks away from the pure horror.

Pinewas swings the knife again at Goodwife Lucas, CUTTING HER THROAT. Blood pours out in a sheet. Goodwife Lucas jerks as her eyes roll back. She falls to the ground.

Pinewas turns to the remaining prisoners.

PINEWAS (CONT'D)
(accented)
Do not run.

Pinewas turns back to his men and continues the discussion.

MERCY
(to Burroughs)
Dear Lord, dear Lord Jesus, Mrs. Lucas...

BURROUGHS
She is gone to God. Be silent.
Pray for her soul... and your own.

The group of men break up and walk to the prisoners. Each man takes a prisoner by the arm. CHICHE, 25, pulls Mercy to her feet. He looks her up and down.

CHICHE
(in Passamaquoddy)
Naci, sikoluhkes... Naci.

PINEWAS
Go do work. You are his.

Mercy looks back to Burroughs, fear in her eyes. But there's nothing to do. Chiche leads Mercy across the encampment.

Chiche pulls Mercy to a birch bark-covered wigwam. A scowling WABANAKI WIFE stands in the doorway. Chiche pushes Mercy inside. As she vanishes into the darkness...

EXT. SALEM VILLAGE - NIGHT

Beautiful. The snow is blue in the moonlight. Fires glow in every house. We find ANN, pulling a sledge of firewood to the door of her house.

INT. PUTNAM HOUSE - PARLOR - NIGHT

Ann brings wood into the parlor. Her mother, ANN PUTNAM SR., sits around the hearth with a group of SALEM WOMEN, including neighbors MARY SIBLEY and BATHSHUA POPE. They are working wool into thread -- some combing, some carding, others spinning. It is work time, but also social time.

MARY SIBLEY
And do you know what Jane Porter was wearing all day? A red ribbon. 'Tis wanton.

BATHSHUA POPE
(even worse)
She wore it in the meeting house.

Ann listens furtively as she stokes the fire.

ANN SR.
I should have liked to have seen it ripped from her head. Her father probably imported it from London.

MARY SIBLEY
Have you seen the new silks and cottons he's selling in the town?

ANN SR.
And here we labor to make homespun wool. That should be fine enough for all.

BATHSHUA POPE
Not Bridget Bishop, with her red petticoats. Those are far from homespun.

MARY SIBLEY
Imported directly from Babylon.

The women laugh. But not Ann Sr.

ANN SR.
You laugh at that? Red cloth is not the evil. With every shipment, Porter brings in the world and all its temptations. We have built something here, and he and his kind threaten to tear it down.

ANN
(piping up)
We cannot let him win.

MARY SIBLEY
Aye, Ann, well said.

Ann Sr. glowers at her daughter for her impertinence -- she dared to enter the adult conversation.

ANN SR.
Get along, child. There are other fires to tend.

Ouch. Ann leaves. RESET TO:

INT. PUTNAM HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ann enters with wood for the fire. She finds her father sitting close to the hearth, half drunk and half asleep.

PUTNAM
(mumbling drunkenly)
Holy Lord, I have sinned times without number and been guilty of pride and unbelief...

Ann gently takes the mug from his hand and helps him up.

ANN
Here, Father, hold onto me.

She helps him out the door. RESET TO:

INT. PUTNAM HOUSE - PARENTS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ann helps her father into the room. She sits him on the edge of the bed, and starts to take off his clothes.

PUTNAM
Let not the passions of the flesh nor lustings of the mind bring my spirit into subjection, but do Thou rule over me...

She strips him naked, then helps him into a nightshirt. It's pretty creepy.

ANN
Lie back and sleep.

She kisses him on the cheek, then leaves.

EXT. WABANAKI ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

A large fire burns. Young men stand guard over the camp.

INT. CHICHE'S WIGWAM - NIGHT

Mercy curls in the corner on a mat, sleeping. Her wrists are tied. A KICK wakes her up. She looks up to see the scowling Chiche's Wabanaki WIFE standing over her. She motions for Mercy to get up. Sore, dirty, and terrified, Mercy cowers.

The wife leads Mercy over to the fire, and points out a bucket of water and some rags. Mercy doesn't understand.

The wife cuts the bindings on Mercy's wrists. She roughly unbuttons Mercy's clothes, and takes them off.

Naked, Mercy covers herself. The wife takes the dirty clothes and leaves.

Left alone, Mercy drinks water from the bucket. Then starts to clean herself, washing away dried blood and dirt.

CHICHE
(in Passamaquoddy)
Ckuwi...

Mercy covers up again. Chiche crosses to her. He wets his hands and a cloth, and starts to clean her. Mercy can barely breathe.

She is terrified, but this is the first time anyone has touched her naked body.

Chiche is gentle -- he runs his hands from her shoulders, across her breasts, down her thighs. Between her legs where he feels she is aroused. He turns her around, washing her back.

Then, forcefully, he pushes her face-down on a blanket in front of the fire. Mercy looks across the room. In the dim firelight, she can see the wife watching. Their eyes connect as...

Chiche lifts Mercy's hips and enters her roughly from behind. Mercy gasps and cries out.

WE JUMP CUT the fucking until Chiche climaxes. Then, he pulls out, throws a blanket over her, wraps a blanket around himself, and lies down. He quickly falls asleep leaving a shell-shocked Mercy. She softly cries as he begins to snore, and we CUT TO:

EXT. MEETING HOUSE ROAD -- DAY

VILLAGERS in fine clothes head to the Meeting House for Sunday services. Parris walks through, greeting people. Abigail follows. Behind them, Tituba walks with Betty.

Betty's eyes find -- the wall of the meeting house, where severed WOLF HEADS, in various states of decay, hang. The freshest trophy drips scarlet blood into the snow.

BETTY looks nervous. FROM HER POV, SHE SEES A SINGLE CROW LAND NEARBY. Then another. Betty stops as there are suddenly hundreds of crows blackening the snow around her.

TITUBA
Betty? Are you all right?

Betty just stares. Tituba approaches Parris.

TITUBA (CONT'D)
Mr. Parris, Sir, begging your pardon.

PARRIS
I am greeting the flock. Go in and be seated.

TITUBA
Yes, Sir, but I do not think Betty should go.

PARRIS
Is she ill?

TITUBA
She is... not feeling herself.

PARRIS
Enough. She is the minister's daughter. She knows her duty, as do you.

TITUBA
Yes, Sir.

Tituba returns to Betty and leads her towards the Meeting House. Betty looks at the huge flock of crows. Suddenly, THE CROWS ALL TURN TO HER IN UNISON -- a thousand black eyes staring. It is CREEPY AS HELL.

Betty CLINGS to Tituba.

They HEAD INTO THE MEETING HOUSE, as we PRE-LAP:

PARRIS (V.O.)
(PRE-LAP)
We each and all are to join the army of the faithful...

INT. MEETING HOUSE - DAY

It's full -- everyone in town is required to attend. The Putnams and the Porters sit in the front pews -- the most coveted seats.

PARRIS
...the army of God, to fight legions of demons here on earth. This is not a battle of ideas, although ideas are in its substance.

ANN looks towards JANE -- her RED RIBBON is tucked discreetly into her collar, but she is still wearing it.

ON BETTY, listening to her father's sermon. A BABY gurgles. Betty turns to see a WOMAN BREASTFEEDING A CHILD a few seats away. The woman smiles, and Betty smiles back.

PARRIS (CONT'D)
This is a true battle of arms and wills, of morals and choices...

The woman shifts, and the baby blanket slides, revealing the child at her breast.

ON BETTY -- IT ISN'T A BABY, IT IS A CROW SUCKLING AT THE WOMAN'S BREAST. The woman smiles again, and Betty RECOILS with a SCREECH. She RUNS TO ESCAPE, stumbling over the people in her row.

Parris stops mid-sentence as everyone turns to Betty.

TITUBA
Betty?

PURE TERROR grips Betty as she runs into the aisle. She backs away from the woman and the crow.

PARRIS
Betty!

Betty turns to her father. He looks furious.

Betty's eyes roll back and she FALLS TO THE GROUND, CONVULSING.

She JERKS, ARCHES HER BACK, THUMPS AGAINST THE WOODEN FLOOR. It's horrible -- as people rush to help we SMASH TO BLACK...

INT. PARRIS HOUSE - DAY

The house is full of villagers -- it seems like everyone in Salem is there. Hushed conversation. SCREAMS echo from upstairs, along with the sounds of struggling. It's Betty.

Everyone looks up in worried unison. *What is happening to this poor girl?*

INT. PARRIS HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Tituba oversees a group of busy VILLAGE GIRLS who are working to take care of the guests -- cooking, serving cider, cleaning up, keeping the fires stoked.

Ann, Abigail, and Jane are amongst the girls. They all stop and look up when they hear the screaming. Tituba looks pained.

Ann squeezes Abigail's hand.

ANN
(quietly)
Try not to worry, she's under good grace. God protects the weak.

ABIGAIL
I should be with her.

TITUBA
(snapping)
You should be *here.*
(and then)
Mind your work for once. Let the men do as they can for Betty.

ABIGAIL
I am her *family*. You are nothing to her. You are nothing to anyone.

Tituba, frayed, raises her hand to slap Abigail.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
Pray do it, Indian. Hit me.

A long tense beat, and then... Jane steps between them.

JANE
(defusing)
Abigail, could you please help me with the cider? We can't have the men go thirsty.

Abigail stews for a beat, then follows Jane away. Left behind, Ann and Tituba hold a stern stare.

ANN
We all know how very worried you must be.

TITUBA
Save your words, Miss Putnam. I know you too well.

Ann smiles -- it's a great smile -- she somehow loves being in the middle of rancor. Ann heads out of the kitchen.

INT. PARRIS HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

ON BETTY -- HISSING through clenched teeth, eyes rolling back. She ARCHES and THRASHES on the bed.

Parris leans close to her face. Henry tries to help, holding Betty so she doesn't writhe out of bed.

PARRIS
(trying to soothe)
Shhhh...

Griggs mixes powder into a mug of beer.

PARRIS (CONT'D)
What is it, Dr. Griggs?

GRIGGS
A purgative. We need to expel the fetid bile. Hold her still.

Henry and Parris take Betty by the shoulders, trying to tame her thrashing. She turns and SPITS into Henry's face.

BETTY
(screaming)
Killer! Devil!

PARRIS
Betty, child, lie easy...

Betty calms for a moment. Griggs takes his chance and gets her to sip from the mug.

GRIGGS
Very good, Miss Betty. Just a few sips...

Betty suddenly smiles -- whatever is affecting her comes and goes without warning.

BETTY
Bless you kindly, Dr. Griggs, Sir.
I'm very thirsty this morning.

And then Betty VOMITS all over. Griggs grabs a nearby bucket to catch the emesis. Parris might hurl himself.

GRIGGS
Good, good.

HENRY
Good lord.

Betty continues vomiting with deep, painful grunts. Finally, she falls back, limp. Griggs goes back to his medical bag.

BETTY
I feel ill, father...

PARRIS
Shhh. Close your eyes.
(to Griggs)
She is breathing easier.

Parris takes out his handkerchief and offers it to Henry, to wipe the spit from his face.

PARRIS (CONT'D)
Thank you for your help, Mr. Paine.
May God bless you.

HENRY
I am your servant.

Griggs returns with a bottle of Laudanum.

GRIGGS
This laudanum will let her sleep.

Henry follows the laudanum with his eyes as Griggs brings a drop to Betty's mouth.

GRIGGS (CONT'D)
She has had no bouts with epilepsy,
Mr. Parris?

PARRIS
No, none. She has always been
sensitive, but nothing like this
pray God. What afflicts her?

GRIGGS
I do not know.
(and then)
As yet. But I will find the thing,
with God's help.
(MORE)

GRIGGS (CONT'D)
I have resources to consult. Keep her warm, and no food. We must not feed her bile.

As Henry grabs more woolen blankets...

INT. PARRIS HOUSE - PARLOR - DAY

Ann walks through, filling mugs of cider from a jug and listening in on conversations. Parris comes down the stairs. The murmurs in the room fall silent.

PARRIS
God's blessing, kind folks. My daughter sleeps, calm and under the wing of Jesus. For now, may I ask you, pray to God with all your energies for Betty's deliverance from this affliction. I know our words will rise up and end her suffering.

Murmurs of agreement ripple through.

EXT. WABANAKI ENCAMPMENT - DAY

CLOSE ON: A deer's OPEN BELLY --

The deer hangs by its forelegs. Mercy uses a sharp rock to gut the deer, her hands and clothes sticky with blood. It's exhausting work.

Mercy stands up to stretch. Nearby, she spots BURROUGHS and other English prisoners hard at work dragging heavy trees from the woods. A Wabanaki MAN oversees them. He waves for the men to stop. Burroughs collapses, exhausted.

Mercy takes a quick look around, then heads over to Burroughs.

MERCY
(low)
Mr. Burroughs. Thank God you are alive. I had almost lost hope.

Burroughs doesn't even look up.

MERCY (CONT'D)
How are we to escape this?
(and then)
Sir?

Burroughs is catatonic from exhaustion. Mercy finds a jug of water and brings it back to him. He drinks greedily, coughing. Mercy pulls the jug away.

MERCY (CONT'D)
Go easy, Sir.

Burroughs reaches for her hand, but instead of drinking more water, he starts to LICK THE BLOOD FROM HER FINGERS.

Mercy reacts, surprised and repulsed. She pulls her hand back, but Burroughs reaches for it. He's starving.

Mercy takes a beat, then offers both her hands to the minister. He licks eagerly.

MERCY (CONT'D)
God will save us, Sir.

Mercy looks down at this broken man -- he's not going to help her escape. She will have to help herself.

EXT. SALEM WOODS - DAY

Bright sun and bitter cold. Griggs leads Henry through the snowy woods. Henry looks around -- the trees seem to go on forever, making dark, foreboding shadows.

HENRY
Are these woods safe, Sir?

GRIGGS
Oh, no. If you escape the wolves and the bears, and you don't get fever from a raccoon bite, you are bound to get lost and freeze to death.

HENRY
And then why are we here...?

GRIGGS
To consult with a learned colleague.

Griggs stops, points. A DOZEN SCARY-LOOKING WAMPANOAG TRIBESMEN have appeared OUT OF NOWHERE. They are all around Griggs and Henry. In brown, white and black skins, they are almost invisible in the forest.

HENRY
Are they friendly?

GRIGGS
Not really. But they tolerate me.

Griggs waves with a wide smile.

GRIGGS (CONT'D)
Good morrow, Gentlemen, I bear gifts...

EXT. WAMPANOAG ENCAMPMENT - DAY

A small camp, just a few families living in scattered WETU huts. Three giggling WAMPANOAG BOYS run to the entrance of a wetu -- peeking through to see...

INT. WAMPANOAG WETU HUT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Griggs and Henry sit on blankets opposite Wampanoag medicine woman WHAUKSIS, and her male INTERPRETER.

Griggs has laid out his gifts on the blanket.

Whauksis speaks in Wampanoag, and the interpreter translates.

INTERPRETER
How long has she had these fits?

GRIGGS
A few days. The physical contortions are startling.

The Interpreter translates. Whauksis asks another question.

INTERPRETER
Do they leave her tired?

GRIGGS
She is exhausted, and confused. But I can find no evidence of disease nor poisoning. To be honest, Madam, I'm flummoxed.

The Interpreter translates, and Whauksis smiles. She pats Griggs' hand, sympathetically.

Whauksis steps to a wooden chest, opens it -- her "cure" box. She sorts through different bags and jars, considers. She chooses a few, hands them to Griggs.

INTERPRETER
Boil the arrowleaf and crinkleroot. These will calm her.
(Whauksis asks a question)
Does she bite?

Griggs turns to Henry, who holds up his hand. There is a deep wound.

GRIGGS
Yes, she bites.

INTERPRETER
Then also this, angelica and stinking chamomile. Upon waking and at mid-night.

Griggs puts the herbs into his bag. They rise and Griggs bows to Whauksis.

GRIGGS
Thank you. I will send word and tell you how she gets on.

As Griggs and Henry leave, Whauksis calls out.

WHAUKSIS
(heavy accent)
William.

Whauksis turns to her Interpreter, asks a question.

INTERPRETER
Sir, does the child have visions?

HENRY
I am not sure I would name them as such --

GRIGGS
Yes, she does. She has seen things that were not there.

INTERPRETER
This child may not be afflicted.

GRIGGS
I don't understand.

INTERPRETER
She may be *unnukquom*. One who sees. Her visions are sacred. They may be her gift to your people.

Griggs and Henry consider this for a beat, we PRE-LAP BETTY muttering urgently.

BETTY (O.S.)
(pre-lap)
Black... it is black. So...

INT. PARRIS HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Betty sleeps fitfully, jerking and talking agitated nonsense. She sweats under layers of blankets and quilts. Tituba mops Betty's forehead. Betty moans, turns her head away.

TITUBA
Shhh, child. You just rest, Tituba is here.

A KNOCK from downstairs, then the creak of the hinges.

MARY SIBLEY O.S.
Good morrow? Is anyone about?

Tituba heads downstairs.

INT. PARRIS HOUSE - PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

Tituba comes down and finds Mary Sibley. Mary holds a package.

MARY SIBLEY
Ah, blessed day, Tituba. Is the Reverend Parris at home?

TITUBA
No, madam. He's away at the meeting house in prayer.

MARY SIBLEY
Of course. And how does little Betty? Is she improved today?

TITUBA
(reluctantly)
No, Madam. She is no better.

MARY SIBLEY
Poor Betty, little angel of God.
(and then, nosy)
May I see her?

It is kind of a forward request. Tituba reacts, takes a beat.

TITUBA
She sleeps, Madam.

MARY SIBLEY
Ah, well, good then. Blessed sleep. We must let her rest.
(and then)
Forgive my gossip, but Goodwife Wright tells me the doctor finds no cure.

TITUBA
No, not yet. But soon, praise Jesus.

MARY SIBLEY
Yes.
(and then)
Tituba? Are there not different cures... where you come from?

TITUBA
I do not know what you mean.

MARY SIBLEY
Where I come from, in England, there are those we call the "cunning folk." They have cures for all sorts of strange ailments.

TITUBA
Cures of what manner, Madam?

MARY SIBLEY
Not medicines as a doctor would have. They are much older than that.

Tituba gets it.

TITUBA
I know nothing of magic, madam.

MARY SIBLEY
No, of course not. But the child is in such pain. If there are ways we might try...

TITUBA
The Master would never allow it.

MARY SIBLEY
No, no, I suppose not.
(and then)
Well, here is a seed cake I made for the house.
(and then)
I will pray for the girl, with fervent intent. And pray that will be enough.

Mary hands the package to Tituba and leaves. Tituba considers. If prayer doesn't work, what next?

INT. MEETING HOUSE - DAY

A dozen or so villagers spread about. This is not a church service, just a place for quiet prayer on Betty's behalf.

We find Moses Cooper, dressed in rough work clothes, in silent prayer.

ANN comes down the aisle. She sits beside him. Moses reacts -- looking at Ann as she bows her head, prays with vigor.

MOSES
Miss Ann? Are you... well?

ANN
I love Betty as a sister. When the people we truly care about are suffering, it is so painful.

MOSES
I am sure prayer will soothe you.

ANN
It mends me to know that you can still show me charity, even as my father opposes your master in court.

MOSES
There is no reason that fight needs to make us enemies, Miss Ann.

Ann lays her hand on his. This is *very* forward.

ANN
You are a kind soul, Master Cooper. So very kind and good.
(and then)
That goodness makes watching this trial all the more wrenching. Knowing your struggles and suffering are all for naught. It is sinful that you should work so hard and get so little reward...
(and then)
You are so good and strong.

Ann lays a hand on his leg.

ANN (CONT'D)
Master Cooper... Moses. I must make a confession.

MOSES
There is no need...

ANN
Please, Sir, before I lose my courage. When I saw you at the ironworks, as my father was possessed by anger, I was beset with other feelings.
(and then)
To see you without your shirt.
(MORE)

ANN (CONT'D)
Gleaming in that infernal heat. I felt my breath would run out. I felt I could not control my eyes.

Ann slides her hand on his thigh just a bit. Moses shudders.

ANN (CONT'D)
Moses, how do you feel towards me?

MOSES
You are pious... and clever as well.

ANN
Am I pretty?

MOSES
You are... very pleasant, Miss Ann.

ANN
Pleasant.
(and then)
Do you condemn me for my impure imaginings?

MOSES
No, Miss Ann, I am not a judge of you.

ANN
You would answer differently if you could know the breadth and length of my thoughts.

Ann slides her hand higher on his thigh, letting her fingers brush his crotch. Moses looks like he may shake apart.

ANN (CONT'D)
May I tell you, Moses?

MOSES
(ragged)
Please, yes.

ANN
I wish the trial over and fairness served. If my father controlled the works, we would all be happy.

MOSES
How would I be happy? I would no longer have a job.

ANN
But you could have so much more...

Ann abandons her teasing and lays her hand over Moses' stiff penis. She rubs him, boldly.

ANN (CONT'D)
My father plans to pass his land to my brother, but the ironworks would go to me. If we were married, it would go to us, Moses.

MOSES
...married...?

ANN
Yes. No longer just a hired hand, but the master.

MOSES
That does sound... gratifying. But the trial is nearly complete.

Ann rubs faster.

ANN
Yes, very, very close. But not quite there.
(and then)
We could be together, Moses. We could have fortune, family, and all other pleasures together.
(and then)
I have so many ideas...

As Ann continues her handjob, we CUT TO:

INT. MEETING HOUSE - DAY

The meeting house is loud and crowded with chatting villagers. Again, it is being used as a courthouse. Villagers wait for their turn in front of the judge.

Ann sits behind Putnam. She looks over, sees Moses sitting on the other side of the room. Moses avoids Ann's eyes -- *What is he thinking about?*

ISRAEL PORTER stops beside Putnam.

PORTER
Good morrow, Sir. I wish you God's good fortune with the verdict today.

PUTNAM
And I to you, Sir.

PORTER
May we both prosper and keep the devil at bay.

Porter takes a seat on the other side of the room. JUDGE JOHN HATHORNE enters, bangs his cane for quiet.

HATHORNE
Quiet, good people, pray quiet. We have a busy afternoon and the court is regretting his lunch, so we shall move expeditiously. Mr. Putnam, Mr. Porter, rise please.

They both stand up.

HATHORNE (CONT'D)
The court has before it the matter of ownership over land and an ironworks thereon. Does either gentleman wish to add to the evidence before the court?

PORTER
No, sir.

Ann looks over to Moses. He glances back to her, then looks away -- it doesn't look like he's going to speak up.

PUTNAM
Sir, I feel I need to reiterate some basic facts...

MOSES
I have something to say.

Everyone turns to see Moses standing at his seat. Porter and Putnam look equally puzzled. Ann smiles.

HATHORNE
Master Moses Cooper. If you have something to contribute, please, come forward.

Moses walks to the witness box. On Ann's smile, we CUT TO:

EXT. PUTNAM HOUSE - NIGHT

Candlelight plays on the windows, and conversation comes from inside. It's a PARTY. We hear FIDDLE MUSIC and SINGING.

INT. PUTNAM HOUSE - PARLOR - NIGHT

Putnam and his extended family celebrate the court victory. It's pretty raucous -- these are Puritans but they are still people.

Ann watches her father holding court, looking gleeful, then spots her brother Robert, who looks dour. She steps to him.

ANN
Have you ever seen Father so pleased?

Robert shrugs.

ANN (CONT'D)
Why are you sour, brother? Is your Godly heart offended by a little drink and music?

ROBERT
You are young, Ann.

ANN
Robert, I am having a good time. Please don't be yourself.

ROBERT
When you are older, you will learn that one's victory is always another's defeat.

Ann lifts her glass.

ANN
Then may we always be the victor.

Not amused, Robert gets up and heads outside.

EXT. PUTNAM HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Robert steps outside. A beat, then walks to the barn.

INT. BARN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Robert comes in to find Jane waiting in the cold.

ROBERT
I did not think you would come.

JANE
And miss your celebration?

ROBERT
I cannot celebrate when I know it brings your father pain.

JANE
I have learned something today. Do you want to know what it is?

Jane leads forward and kisses him. It's slow and hot and she can barely pull herself away from him.

JANE (CONT'D)
I value your happiness above my father's. Or even my own.

He kisses her. They start to grope each other. Robert pulls away.

ROBERT
I cannot do this to you. This is not the way.

JANE
This is the only way. Our families will never let us join in matrimony. But we must be joined.

That's it. They start tearing at each other's clothes, each other's mouths, each other's bodies. They are possessed by passion that's been denied for so long and they devour one another for this may be their last meal. And soon he's inside her and they are one and it's pain and pleasure and desperation and intensity and raw fucking against the barn wall.

Across the barn we find Ann watching from the doorway. Everything about this is forbidden and hot and she loves it.

Ann slips out the door.

EXT. PUTNAM HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Ann crosses the snowy pasture and heads for the house. A voice from the darkness --

MOSES (O.S.)
Miss Ann?

Ann turns. She is still flushed and turned on from what she witnessed in the barn.

ANN
Kiss me.

Moses comes forward awkwardly and gives her a chaste kiss. Ann tries to turn it into something passionate. He pulls back.

MOSES
Miss Ann, Mr. Porter has fired us all. I have no work and nowhere to stay. We must speak with your father and let him know our intentions.

Ann rubs up against him.

ANN
I can already feel your intentions.

Moses pushes her away.

MOSES
Ann, we will have time to explore all of... this... when we are married.

ANN
Married.
(and then)
Moses, I believe I let my passions get the better of me yesterday. I am young, and do not yet know my own mind.

MOSES
You are worried about your father's opinion of this match. I will speak with him man to man. Put your fears to rest.

ANN
You are misunderstanding. It is this match I fear, not the denial of it. I do not believe we are right for one another.

Wait, what???

MOSES
Are you refusing me?

ANN
I do not believe this would be a good match for either of us.

Moses is a little slow, but he realizes he has been used.

MOSES
Especially now that your family has prevailed in court.

ANN
I do sincerely enjoy the sight of you with your shirt off, Moses, but I'm hoping to become a more substantive person who will, one day, love a man for what is beautiful within his heart...

MOSES
A curse on you, Ann Putnam.

He stalks away. Off Ann -- she looks hurt for about one second, then smug. She heads back inside.

INT. PARRIS HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

Night in the Parris house. Abigail carries a cup of tea to Betty's room. She knocks.

ABIGAIL
Betty?

INT. PARRIS HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

It is dark. Abigail comes in, her candle casting a dim circle of light. She walks to the bed.

ABIGAIL
Do you sleep? Dr. Griggs sent over some tea that will make you feel better. It brews now.

Abigail stops beside the bed. In the candlelight she can see -- THE BED IS EMPTY. BETTY IS GONE.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Betty?

Abigail turns, holding up the candle to scan the dark room. The light reveals BETTY, crouched in the corner -- her hair tangled, her eyes WIDE with MADNESS.

Betty SCREECHES LIKE AN ANIMAL and LEAPS ACROSS THE ROOM -- SHE ATTACKS ABIGAIL.

ABIGAIL SCREAMS as Betty lands on her. Betty SNAPS HER TEETH, trying to bite Abigail like some wild dog. Abigail fights back out of instinct, pushing her sister away.

But Betty is vicious, relentless. Betty scratches Abigail HARD on the cheek. Abigail kicks her in the stomach and -- Betty stumbles back.

Betty retreats, cowering. Abigail rushes to the door, then stops and looks back. Betty is curled in the corner, rocking and crying.

Abigail carefully walks to Betty, then sits beside her. Betty crumples into her shoulder, sobbing.

BETTY
Abby I'm sorry I'm sorry...

Abigail dabs at Betty's tears with a cloth.

ABIGAIL
Shhhh... I'll be fine. You didn't mean to do it.

Abigail now wipes at her own cheek with the cloth. Her blood and Betty's tears. Tituba enters and takes in the scene. She needs to do something.

EXT. PARRIS HOUSE - NIGHT

PIGS grunt as Parris mucks out their pen. STEAM RISES from the pen floor, warm with fresh pig crap. A KNOCK on the wall of the pig barn, and Parris looks up to see BRIDGET BISHOP. She wears her bright red petticoats and carries a basket.

BRIDGET BISHOP
Good evening, Mr. Parris, Sir.

PARRIS
Goodwife Bishop.

Parris looks down -- he's filthy. He wipes his hands on his pants.

PARRIS (CONT'D)
Pray excuse my condition.

BRIDGET BISHOP
(teasing)
Sir, if I be offended by muck, then I have chosen quite the wrong place to settle.
(and then)
I do not mean to trespass, but I came to wish well to your girl.

PARRIS
That is kind, Mrs. Bishop.

BRIDGET BISHOP
How does she fare, Sir?

Parris shifts a little, then lies.

PARRIS
Quite improved, thank you. Quite improved.

BRIDGET BISHOP
Truly, Sir?
(off his look)
That is good news indeed.

PARRIS
With God's blessing our house is returning to its rhythm. Chores cannot be neglected.

BRIDGET BISHOP
Yes.
(boldly)
I imagine your teachers in Minister school told you that shoveling pig shit is good for the soul.

Parris smiles -- he actually likes her honesty.

BRIDGET
Well, I will leave you to it. This is for you.

She holds out her basket.

PARRIS
I will give it to Betty as soon as she wakes.

BRIDGET
No, Sir. I guessed that you had a larder filled with tonics and cake. This is for you. Good Boston Rum.

She plucks out a bottle and hands it to him. He is genuinely moved.

PARRIS
Thank you...

BRIDGET
It may not be what a minister reaches for, but I'm sure it is what a father needs.

A beat. Suddenly, Parris starts to tear up. He looks away, ashamed.

PARRIS
Goody Bishop, my apologies...

BRIDGET
Not needed, Sir. It is only you and me and the pigs to witness.

Parris can't contain his pain.

PARRIS
I cannot care for my own child, much less the souls of Salem.
(MORE)

PARRIS (CONT'D)
I am a failure before God and my congregation.

BRIDGET
I cannot speak for my neighbors. God knows they think little of my piety at times. But in my eyes you are bearing up admirably under tremendous weight.
(and then)
You have strength, Sir. And strength will get you through.

Parris looks at Bridget -- grateful for her bold and plain advice. Off his nod, we CUT TO:

INT. PUTNAM HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Post-party, Ann is cleaning up. Her father enters from outside, wipes snow off his boots. He's sent his last guest off. He warms his hands by the fire.

PUTNAM
It is late, Ann.

ANN
Chores abide by no clock.
(and then)
I am soon finished, Sir.

Putnam smiles down at his daughter.

PUTNAM
We are blessed. This house would not run without you.

This gets a genuine smile from Ann. Putnam heads out.

INT. PUTNAM HOUSE - PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

Putnam enters, finds ANN SR. sewing by the fire.

PUTNAM
Wife, you are still about. I would have thought you long in bed after such merriment.

ANN SR.
I too have chores. Made even more difficult by my infirmity.
(and then)
I can only strive to be such a blessing as Ann.

PUTNAM
There is sin in praising our daughter for industry?

ANN SR.
You praise her too much. Only the humble are truly right with God.

Putnam doesn't want a fight -- he just agrees.

PUTNAM
I will pray for my own improvement.

Putnam leaves. Ann Sr. sits sewing for a beat, then sees ANN watching from the door.

ANN SR.
Is the house in order, daughter?

ANN
Yes, Mama.

ANN SR.
Come forward to me.

Ann walks over to her mother. Ann Sr. picks up her cane and HITS ANN HARD on the side of her upper thigh. It's vicious -- Ann stumbles back. Ann Sr. slowly struggles to her feet. Her legs are withered and weak.

ANN SR. (CONT'D)
Bringing you into this world left me broken. If I have failings as a wife, you are the cause.

ANN
Yes, Mama.

ANN SR.
Get on your knees, and pray God makes you worthy in some way.

Ann Sr. hobbles out. Ann straightens her back. She will not cry. Instead, she hitches up her skirts to look at the welt rising on her upper thigh. She follows it down with her fingers, caressing it, fascinated...

EXT. WABANAKI ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

A few women and children sit around the fire, smoking and singing. Amongst them we see Chiche's wife.

INT. CHICHE'S WIGWAM - NIGHT

Mercy peers out through a seam in the birch bark wall. Chiche's wife is busy. Mercy takes off her clothes.

Naked, she crosses the wigwam and finds Chiche sleeping. She pulls back the fur blanket covering him, and lays on top of him. He opens his eyes, surprised but pleased.

Mercy takes Chiche's hand and puts it on her breast. Two naked bodies in the firelight...

INT. PARRIS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

In the firelight, Mary Sibley mixes ingredients in a bowl, as Tituba comes in carrying a chamber pot.

MARY SIBLEY
Water from the girl?
(off her nod)
Is it fresh?

TITUBA
Yes, still warm.

MARY SIBLEY
Good. Now pour it into the rye flour, both in equal measure.

Tituba pours the urine into the bowl -- yuck.

MARY SIBLEY (CONT'D)
Mix it well, and then into the pan.

Tituba mixes the mess and turns it out into a metal pan. Mary Sibley puts the pan into a brick alcove in the hearth.

TITUBA
Where did you learn about this?

MARY SIBLEY
My aunt knew the old ways. This will tell us if the girls have a sickness, or the Devil's hand is upon them.

Off the flames, we CUT TO:

INT. CHICHE'S WIGWAM - NIGHT

Mercy is slick with sweat, astride Chiche. She fucks him aggressively.

He comes hard and falls back. Mercy tries to keep it going, but Chiche is spent. He mutters sweetly in Wabanaki the equivalent of "time to cool your jets, babe. I'm done, so we're done."

She abandons her effort. They lie side by side, both breathing heavily.

INT. PARRIS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mary Sibley and Tituba stare at the steaming pan, now out of the oven. After a beat, Mary turns the pan over and the "cake" falls out onto the table.

MARY SIBLEY
Now, the dog.

Tituba whistles and a dog comes happily into the room.

TITUBA
Will it hurt him?

MARY SIBLEY
Not probably.

Tituba offers the cake to the dog.

TITUBA
I'm sorry, Hunter.

The dog eats up the cake immediately. A long beat as they watch the dog for any kind of reaction. He simply lays down.

MARY SIBLEY
Is he always this still?

TITUBA
He is a dog. He likes to lie in front of the fire.

They watch for another moment. Nothing.

INT. CHICHE'S WIGWAM - NIGHT

The fire has burned down. Close on Chiche -- sleeping deeply. Mercy slides away from him. She pulls on some of Chiche's wife's fur-covered winter clothes and shoes. She moves to the back of the wigwam.

With a rock, she quietly pounds a hole in the bark wall. When it's big enough she drops the rock and starts to crawl through, then stops. Mercy looks back at Chiche sleeping.

INT. PARRIS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mary Sibley and Tituba watch the placid dog. And then a voice from the doorway.

BETTY
Tituba, I need to make water and the pot is gone.

TITUBA
I'm sorry, Betty. It's right here.

MARY SIBLEY
How are you feeling?

BETTY
I'm sorry to intrude.

TITUBA
On what? Two ladies watching a dog fall asleep?

Betty looks past Tituba. From BETTY'S POV, we see the dog.

The dog looks at her and through her POV, he snarls aggressively. Then he transforms into a HORRIBLE CROW-DOG. Black wings sprout from his back and his snout stretches into a beak. Instead of a bark, a SCREECH comes out of his mouth.

BETTY SCREAMS. Tituba and Mary look at the dog. He looks perfectly normal to them.

MARY SIBLEY
What do you see, girl, what do you see?
(and then)
This is sometimes how it happens. Only the afflicted can see the demon's true form. The Devil is at work here.

Betty cowers. Tituba runs to her and tries to comfort her. Just then, Reverend Parris enters.

PARRIS
Betty, what is the matter?

Mary and Tituba exchange a glance.

TITUBA
We were trying to help the girls. Mrs. Sibley had a recipe -- from the old times.

Parris immediately knows what this means. He is FURIOUS.

PARRIS
Get thee home, Goodwife.

MARY SIBLEY
By your leave, Sir.

Mary gets out of there as quickly as she can.

PARRIS
Betty, to your bed.

Betty, still shaking, goes upstairs. Parris and Tituba are alone.

TITUBA
My humblest sorry, Sir. I was trying to do good.

Parris grabs a cane from beside the fireplace.

PARRIS
Good? You brought white magic into this Godly house? Pray for God's forgiveness because you won't have mine.

Parris brings down the cane hard across her back, and keeps swinging.

INT. CHICHE'S WIGWAM - NIGHT

Chiche sleeps peacefully. Mercy stands over him, looking down for a long moment. Finally she bends down and lifts a heavy stone from near the fire.

She lifts the rock above her head with both hands, and then brings it down HARD, SMASHING CHICHE'S HEAD. Blood sprays across Mercy's face.

INT. PARRIS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Parris continues to beat Tituba.

INT. CHICHE'S WIGWAM - NIGHT

Mercy throws down the bloody rock and looks down at Chiche's smashed skull. Mercy uses the back of her hand to wipe his blood from her eye.

Mercy crosses the wigwam and crawls out the hole.

EXT. WABANAKI ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

The women and children sing around the fire. No one notices as Mercy slips into the woods.

Mercy runs silently into the woods. As fast as she can. Running for her life...

EXT. SALEM VILLAGE - NIGHT

A villager runs fast through the darkness, his lantern swinging. He rings a bell. People begin to exit their houses, pulling coats and boots over nightclothes.

VILLAGER
Come quickly! The iron works!

EXT. IRON WORKS - NIGHT

Villagers approach from every direction.

ON ANN as she crosses the snowy pasture. Orange light reflects off the snow, and her face.

The iron works is ON FIRE. FLAMES SHOOT INTO THE NIGHT SKY. Villagers shovel snow onto the blaze, but it is futile. The building is being consumed.

Villagers back up now so when the structure collapses, they will be safe. There is no saving it. PUTNAM keeps trying to throw snow and snuff flames. He is pulled back against his will by fellow citizens. It's too late.

Ann stands now, watching the fire, and her father's desperate flailing. Snowflakes cling to her eyelashes -- she's freezing but she doesn't even notice.

Henry steps up to her.

HENRY
Miss Putnam, there is nothing to be done. You should return home.

Ann doesn't answer. Henry takes off his cloak and puts it around her shoulders.

HENRY (CONT'D)
This is a terrible loss. But we should be thankful no one was hurt.

Ann processes this -- *no one was hurt?*

ANN
Mr. Paine, does God punish the good and reward the wicked?

HENRY
We cannot see God's plan. It is a mystery to us.
(and then)
At least that's what the minister would say.

ANN
What would you say?

HENRY
I think maybe God is leaving it to us to set things right.

ANN
I thank you for your kindness, Sir.

Ann hands Henry back his cloak and walks away as we PRE-LAP...

MARY SIBLEY (O.S.)
(PRE-LAP)
...By employing the Devil's magic, I broke my covenant with God and my community, and have put in danger my immortal soul...

INT. MEETING HOUSE - DAY

Sunday services, a full house as always. Mary Sibley stands before the congregation reading her confession. They really know how to make this as humiliating as possible.

MARY SIBLEY
...and I, Mary Sibley, do additionally confess that I came to the Reverend Parris's house, already, within my soul, disposed to commit these sinful acts.

Parris speaks to her from the high pulpit. He's going to make this even harder on her.

PARRIS
Mary Sibley. You did these things knowingly and with a right mind?

MARY SIBLEY
Yes, sir, I did.

PARRIS
And you knew you were doing evil?

MARY SIBLEY
Yes, sir.

PARRIS
And Goodwife Sibley, do you repent of these sinful acts?

MARY SIBLEY
I do most humbly repent, Sir.

PARRIS
And do you beg the forgiveness of this church, even if they find you undeserving?

MARY SIBLEY
Yes, I do.

PARRIS
You will stand fast, Mrs. Sibley.

Mary stands in front of the congregation as Parris continues. Parris has finally found his powerful voice.

PARRIS (CONT'D)
My dear daughter lays at home, afflicted. And Mary Sibley has not just endangered them, she has endangered all of us.

We find ANN in the congregation -- her mind working as she sees Mary's public humiliation.

PARRIS (CONT'D)
By performing her ritual, she has used the Devil's own means to reveal the Devil's presence. The Devil has been raised among us.
(and then)
But look not upon this woman for blame, but upon yourselves. We have been far too weak and let the Devil grow far too strong. There is evil in Salem and it must be rooted out and destroyed.
To this work, I command your full faith and allegiance to me, for I speak in the name of *God almighty*.

Beside his stern wife, PUTNAM, mouths along with the particularly eloquent parts of the sermon - Did his hand write it?

PARRIS (CONT'D)
Let us pray... *O ever watchful Shepherd, tend me this day...*

Everyone joins in the prayer... We find ABIGAIL and her scratched face. We find BRIDGET deep in prayer and JANE and ROBERT avoiding one another's glances. We find GRIGGS next to HENRY who may or may not be high as a kite. Henry is looking over at ANN.

CONGREGATION
...lest I wander into unwholesome pleasure, and drink its poisonous streams...

ANN is praying particularly hard, her eyes closed tightly. Reaching for God's help...?

ANN
...Direct my feet that I be not entangled in Satan's secret snares.
(MORE)

ANN (CONT'D)
Defend me from my adversaries, even if they are amongst us, even if they be brothers within the citadel.

The prayer continues OVER --

EXT. WOODS - DAY

MERCY walks through the woods -- half-starved, half-frozen, dressed in rags, dried blood smeared down a thigh. She emerges at THE EDGE OF A PASTURE. There is a small farmhouse in the distance, but NO PEOPLE. It's quiet.

ANN (V.O.)
Come with almighty power and let me cast out my enemy, pierce him to death, and let him die in a Hell of fire, pain and blood.

Mercy walks a few steps, then COLLAPSES IN THE SNOW. Just up ahead, we can see the COLD REMAINS OF THE IRON WORKS.

MERCY IS IN SALEM.

INT. MEETING HOUSE - DAY

ON ANN and the congregation, praying...

ANN
For this, gracious God, I will be thine, faithful and obedient, for now and ever.

The prayer ends. Everyone looks up. A crow caws and flies past the window.

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF PILOT *