

TITUBA'S DAUGHTERS

by

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OPENING CREDITS scroll where appropriate to dialogue. The year is 1699. Passengers are disembarking a sailing ship, recently arrived from England. A variety of passengers descend a gangplank carrying their luggage. Some are clerics, others pilgrims fleeing England. There are young, brawny lads seeking employment as manual laborers. A husband and wife with three children who are misbehaving, descend the gangplank. A young woman, ABIGAIL WILLIAMS, currently using the pseudonym, WHITMAN, struggles on the gangplank with her baggage. On reaching the street, a young sailor offers to help her. She curtly rebuffs him and looks about, appraising the scene. She wears a gray dress that is functional and conservative. She is out of breath from tugging her baggage. An official ushers her into a line of fellow passengers who are waiting their turns to be questioned by the Customs and Immigration officials. A well-dressed man, NATHAN QUIMBY ESQUIRE, stands just in front of her in line. He is dressed in a fashionable style, somewhat foppish looking. He is 47 years old and is bewildered by all the activity about him. He also has struggled with two suitcases while disembarking the ship. He notices ABIGAIL WILLIAMS standing beside him in line and tips his hat to her, initiating conversation, as they await their turns passing through customs. He speaks in a pleasant voice, but with an exaggerated manner of a cultured aristocrat.

NATHAN QUIMBY ESQ.

Madame, I noticed that you and I share the same heavy burdens. I would have offered to help you, but, as you no doubt observed, I could barely manage my own bags. Are you waiting for your trunks?

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Trunks, sir?

(shaking her head  
and smiling)

The contents of these two bags are the sum total of all my worldly goods.

(She laughs.)

I travel light,

(she points skyward)

like those seagulls. No heavy trunks to weigh me down. I am a ship without an anchor.

She takes a closer look at her fellow traveler.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

And you sir? Surely you have some trunks filled with finery, suits, French wines, and scholarly books.

He, in turn, laughs.

NATHAN QUIMBY ESQ.

I do have one small trunk. Within it are some breeches--they are too tight--stockings, two dress shirts and a warm overcoat. My library consists of, the Holy Bible, several law books, and a volume from our esteemed English poet, John Milton. He is tucked fast with my socks and garters. Poor John, there is hardly any room for his metaphors.

(beat)

May I introduce myself? I am Nathan Quimby from Yorkshire.

They move toward the entrance of the customs house. The view through the doorway reveals a table with some officials processing the new arrivals. Nathan and Abigail are close to their turn.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Mr. Milton's long verses can take up a lot of space in a small trunk. I see the name tag on your bag reads Nathan Quimby, *Esquire*. Fancy that. I don't recall ever meeting a real *Ess-quire*. Shall I call you Sir Nathan? I'm simply Abigail Whitman from a family of farmers. I lived for a month in Lancashire, a lovely town. You may call me *Lady Abigail of Lancashire* if you like.

They move closer to the customs table.

NATHAN QUIMBY ESQ.

So I shall. Lady Abigail of Lancashire, it is. I'm delighted to meet such a spirited and charming young woman. I confess, I am not really a *Squire*.

He abandons his aristocratic voice, and now speaks with the voice of a conventional Englishman.

NATHAN QUIMBY ESQ. (CONT'D)

I have two tedious cousins who are *titled* and they insist I must carry the *Esquire* as part of the family obsession with feeling themselves somehow superior. *Esquire* is a joke. My friends call me Sir Natty.

(She smiles at the name.)

Look, it is almost my turn to be interviewed. When we are finished this business, let us have tea together, that is if we can find a cafe among all the fish nets and anchors.

A Customs Assistant indicates that NATHAN should go to the table to be interviewed. ABIGAIL WILLIAMS stands in the doorway of the building. She watches as Nathan steps to the table. She can't quite hear what they are saying. She sees him present some papers, and the official at the desk stamps them. It takes only a minute. Nathan looks over at her and gestures that he will wait outside for her. ABIGAIL WILLIAMS steps to the table for her interview. [NOTE: ABIGAIL WILLIAMS will be abbreviated to Abby in the ACTION/DESCRIPTION LINES from this point on.]

2 INT. CUSTOMS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

INTERVIEWER

Madame, your papers please.

The INTERVIEWER, a stuffy bureaucrat, humorless and businesslike, looks at Abby with irritation. She searches methodically through her bag to find the documents.

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)

Why are you not prepared? Please, we have others waiting.

She produces the documents, and smiling, slowly places them on the table. The official looks them over carefully.

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)

Miss Abigail Whitman, is this your first trip to the colonies?

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

No, I lived here several years past.

INTERVIEWER

And why did you leave?

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

I had personal reasons. I don't see why that matters.

INTERVIEWER

Don't get huffy with me, Miss. It *matters* because I asked the question.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

I mean no disrespect, sir. I left because my great aunt in England was ailing and I wished to be with her.

INTERVIEWER

Great Aunt? Really? Why should I believe you?

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

I beg your pardon. Why should you not believe me?

INTERVIEWER

And where did this aunt of yours reside?

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

In Lancashire...Please sir, I've come a long way and am quite worn out. I don't understand why you are hostile to me.

INTERVIEWER

It is my job is to keep undesirables from entering the colonies. With a stroke of my pen, I could put you back on a boat to England. You are a young woman traveling alone and I find that quite unusual.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Alone? I do not travel alone, sir.

Abby looks to the doorway where Nathan Quimby waits for her. He sees her glance and sensing her distress smiles and waves to her.

INTERVIEWER

Do you know that man? He seems to know you.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Yes, he is my cousin, Nathan Quimby.

The INTERVIEWER motions Nathan to come to his desk. As he gets near, Abby gives him a 'go along with me' glance.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Cousin Nathan, this gentleman has concerns about my character.

INTERVIEWER

Sir, do you know this person?

NATHAN QUIMBY ESQ.

(Nathan smiles at Abby)

But of course, she is my *cousin*, Lady Abigail Whitman. She visited our family in Lancashire. We traveled on the boat together. What a rough crossing it was, I must say.

The interviewer's tone becomes milder.

INTERVIEWER

I see. Yes, it can get pretty rough this time of year.

(to Abby)

What is your destination, Miss Whitman?

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

I have an uncle, in Salem. He is the vicar of a small church. I am to live with him.

INTERVIEWER

Ah, a man of God. Very good.

(He stamps her entry papers)

Madame, thank you for your cooperation. Good luck to you. We are done here.

FADE TO:

3 EXT. CUSTOMS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Nathan and Abigail make their way to a sidewalk. A PORTER arrives and Nathan hands him a claims ticket for his trunk. The porter nods and leaves.

NATHAN QUIMBY ESQ.

I was beginning to worry that he would detain you. I suppose my *Esquire* status moved me through quickly. Are you all right? Shall we find a tea shop?

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Thank you, Sir Natty, you were so kind to rescue me. I am tired and must find my lodgings. That was an unpleasant business. I feared he would send me back to England. But thanks to you, I survived the inquisition and avoided the gallows. Will you be staying here in Boston?

NATHAN QUIMBY, ESQ.

No, sad to say I am traveling north. I am booked on the afternoon coach for Salem, then on to Beverly--an odd name for a small city. I doubt you have even heard of it.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Beverly? Yes I know of the place. I ...

(She hesitates, not wanting to reveal any Salem connection.)

had a friend who lived there some years ago. What will you do in Beverly?

NATHAN QUIMBY, ESQ.

I have been given the position of City Solicitor.

(MORE)

NATHAN QUIMBY, ESQ. (CONT'D)

It comes with a measure of prestige and a small house, but alas, the wages are also small. I had some cards make up. I'll give you one.

He fishes through his pockets to find his wallet and presents her with his card. She looks at the card. It has a family crest embossed with gold ink. Inscribed beneath the crest reads: *Nathan Quimby, ESQ. Solicitor General, City of Beverly, Massachusetts. Royal Colony of England.* She raise her eyebrows and looks at Nathan.

NATHAN QUIMBY, ESQ. (CONT'D)

Yes, it's a bit much, don't you agree? But it provides me a small compensation for my low earnings. Oh look, the porter brings my trunk.

The PORTER arrives with a cart bearing Nathan's small trunk.

PORTER

You need to go, sir. The coach will not wait.

NATHAN QUIMBY, ESQ.

(to Abigail)

Then I am off to Beverly. Have you an address here in Boston? I know we have just met, but regardless, I would enjoy writing you a note now and then. Will you *really* be staying with your uncle in Salem?

The porter wheels the trunk away.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

For now, I will find temporary lodgings here. I did have an uncle in Salem, but, as you have guessed, I will not be living with him. I plan to stay in Boston. I will send you my permanent address when I finally settle in. Nathan, I do look forward to your notes. You are my first new friend. Good luck with your solicitor position. I remember a Milton quote: *Better to reign in Hell, than to serve in Heaven.* Good fortune, Sir Natty.

NATHAN QUIMBY, ESQ.

Your quote quite fits my circumstances. You are certain to make many friends. I hope we shall meet again some day. I bid you a fond adieu, Lady Abigail.

He walks part way across the street and shouts to her.

NATHAN QUIMBY, ESQ. (CONT'D)  
 Abby, has your *paradise* been lost?

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS  
 (laughing, she yells  
 back)  
 Paradise? It is hardly a place  
 for the likes of me. You can't  
 lose what you've never had.

NATHAN QUIMBY, ESQ.  
 If you ever need legal advice,  
 remember Natty.

They wave good-byes. He crosses the street; she struggles away with her two bags. A SAILOR and his woman companion, A PROSTITUTE are passing by. Abby motions to them. The woman's dress and make-up suggests her profession. Abby gets their attention.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS  
 I beg your pardon. Are there any  
 lodgings near by?

PROSTITUTE  
 Lodgings?  
 (she looks at her  
 companion with a  
 smile)  
 ...For a cheap room, dearie, try  
 the Traveler's Rest. It's just  
 down the street on the right. Ask  
 for Dotty at the front desk. She'll  
 fix you up.

The sailor and woman exchange knowing glances, laugh and walk on. Abby continues on, lugging her baggage down the street.

4 EXT. TRAVELER'S REST - CONTINUOUS

A two-story clapboard building stands on the harbor side of the street. It has a large covered porch with a few men and women sitting at tables drinking wine and brandy. Abby climbs the steps onto the porch and passes a table where an ostentatiously dressed older man is seated. He tips his plumed hat to her as she passes through. He is ELIAS VEER, owner of a nearby mercantile store. Abby nods to him and enters the hotel. The interior lobby is over-decorated with a gaudy chandelier, ornate wallpaper, two large sofas, several chairs, and some tables with guests playing cards. Two women are seated on one sofa; they examine Abby as she passes by. A large stairway leads to the upper rooms. A woman, DOTTY, sits on a stool behind a check-in counter. Abby approaches her.

DOTTY  
 What can I help you with, missy?



ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

I need a room for a few days. It need not to be fancy.

DOTTY

Not fancy? That's no problem here. You look pretty be-draggled. Anything else you're needing?

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

That is all, just a room, unless you know where I might find employment.

DOTTY

Well, as a matter of fact, I am looking for a new girl, someone like you, to work here in the hotel.  
(she cocks her head)  
Do you work with men?

Abby does not quite understand the reference. She looks around, wondering if the hotel is also a brothel.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

I have worked with many different people. What sort of work do you mean?

A scream is heard from the stairway. A woman, SILKY, runs down the stairway, pursued by a drunken, grizzly sailor, BILLY BOY, who is wielding a knife. He is a brothel regular. His hair is red and he has a visible scar that runs along his face from his eye to his chin. He is missing a front tooth. SILKY's dress is torn and she holds the bodice to her chest to conceal her breasts. Those seated at the tables laugh. SILKY runs behind the check-in counter, passing behind DOTTY for protection. The sailor sees DOTTY and stops.

DOTTY

Billy Boy, do I need to call James and Scotty? You know the rules of the house. This is the second time for you. I'm Sorry laddie, you are out for good this time.

SILKY

That bloody bastard was going to kill me. Dotty, I swear I'll quit.

She exists to a back door. BILLY BOY looks contrite as he faces DOTTY.

BILLY BOY

She was being mean to me, the nasty little tart. I promised I would pay at the end of the week. I've always paid before.

(MORE)

BILLY BOY (CONT'D)  
 (He waves the knife  
 about casually as  
 he speaks.)

DOTTY  
 Put the blade away, Billy. You'll  
 cut yourself. Get your things and  
 be gone from here. RIGHT NOW!

BILLY BOY  
 But Dotty, I promise you, it  
 won't...

Dotty waves him silent and she turns toward the back room.

DOTTY  
 Scotty! James! We have a lad  
 here who can't find the door.

On hearing this BILLY quickly exits the lobby. Abby watches  
 as the drama plays out.

DOTTY (CONT'D)  
 (to the back room)  
 Never mind! He's found it.  
 (to Abby)  
 Our customers are not all like  
 Billy. Some are fine gentlemen.  
 We keep our girls safe. A girl  
 like you will make good money.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS  
 I'll think it over. For now, just  
 a room will do.

From the Porch, ELIAS VEER enters the lobby.

DOTTY  
 Elias, You must need another glass  
 of port. Your man, Mr. Todd is  
 still upstairs. He gets his money's  
 worth.  
 (She looks over at  
 Abby, then back at  
 Veer)  
 Are you still looking for a house  
 keeper? This young lady needs  
 work and lodgings.

Elias Veer examines Abby carefully.

ELIAS VEER  
 Yes, I am still interviewing  
 candidates for the position.  
 (to Abby)  
 If the lady is interested, we can  
 talk about it over a glass of wine.  
 (MORE)

ELIAS VEER (CONT'D)

(to Dotty)

Dotty, dear, have Sarah bring us  
two wines and a plate of fruit  
and cheese...and a cigar.

He smiles at Dotty, who nods knowingly. ELIAS VEER and Abby exit to the porch.

DISSOLVE TO:

5 EXT. BOSTON WORKHOUSE/PRISON COURTYARD - MORNING

The March sky is cold and gray. A flock of dark birds fly above, casting a shadow across the the sky. Below the sky and birds, is the Boston Women's Workhouse--a prison. It is a bleak, fortress-like building with dirty walls of dark stone. The windows have bars and guards are posted at the main entrance. A clergyman, REVEREND SAMUEL PARRIS, is speaking to the outer guards and shows them a document to gain entry. He is dressed as a vicar and appears nervous and impatient. He is with a young girl, VIOLET, age 13, a Barbados native; she is shy, somber and quiet. VIOLET is the daughter of Parris's former housekeeper, TITUBA, who is presently a prisoner in the Woman's Work House. She is soon to be released into PARRIS' custody. Parris is a somber man, having lost his wife during the birth of his daughter, Betty, who, herself, died a few years later. VIOLET has become a *surrogate daughter* to Parris. REVEREND PARRIS and VIOLET enter into the compound. A few horse-drawn carriages pass by in front. Uniformed officials chat with the guards. An aerial view reveals a large interior courtyard with small groups of women inmates huddled in conversation. REVEREND PARRIS and VIOLET are escorted into an administrative building, set off from the prison barracks by more ornate architectural details and lack of bars on windows. The exterior courtyard reveals inmates clad in drab gray sackcloth uniforms. The inmates reflect varying ethnicities, some white, some African and some natives of the Caribbean. In one such group, TITUBA, a diminutive, medium dark-skinned, West Indian woman, listens intently as EMELINE, one of the other prisoners, tells the group about her past and the circumstances of her imprisonment. TITUBA is thin, but not frail. She is in her late 30s, her face careworn, yet radiates a benevolent nature and innate intelligence. EMELINE is a portly, big-boned woman with a red pock-marked face. She is very animated, gesturing wildly as she finishes her story. Some of the other listeners are half smiling, having heard her tale before.

EMELINE

... and I was put in here for two  
bloody years for taking what was  
mine--three English Shillings--  
flat, round silver coins-- from my  
employer, a German. His name was  
Fahrman. He made us call him  
*Herr Fahrman*, the fat old fool.  
Behind his back we called him *Hairy  
Fart Man*.

(MORE)

EMELINE

(CONT'D)

(laughter)

He owed us all past wages. But he was a real piker. It's the truth! The three shillings were mine to take. He had not paid me a farthing for months. I was not his slave and on my mother's grave, I am no thief. When he noticed the missing coins, he accused me. I don't lie to no one. I told him straight to his fat face "you're damn right I took the shillings and you still owe me two more".

The others laugh, TITUBA does not. She looks seriously at EMELINE. The others urge her to continue.

EMELINE

(CONT'D)

(shouting)

And what you think happened? He had ME arrested.

(more laughter)

But I'll tell you true, he was the REAL criminal; stealing from ME and the others he was! In the courtroom I told the judge my story over and over, but who will believe a poor, dark-skinned, servant woman? That judge, with his foolish white wig, he was a real blaggard! When I get out, I'll pay him back and Fart-Man too. I'll settle that score good.

The others murmur their approval. A second inmate, ABITHA, picks up on the conversation. ABITHA is the youngest of the group. She naively agrees with Emeline's appetite for revenge.

ABITHA

Emeline, what you going to do? How you going to kill them? You get you one of them soldier muskets or a big knife to visit Fart Man when he sleeps. That Judge needs a whack on his head. Take his gavel-hammer from the courtroom and give him a good crack on his head, maybe then he feel the power of true justice.

EMELINE

That gavel-hammer is too small. I get me a big club, then Whack!

ABITHA

Don't forget. Take his wig off first.

The group laughs and murmurs comments in agreement. Tituba smiles and shakes her head in disapproval.

TITUBA

Emeline, you will be released from here soon. Use the days before you to plan for a better life. The past has gone and you are not going to change it. Angry Lady, you must throw away your hatred. It only will bring you more trouble.

EMELINE

It would not trouble me to kiss the head of that judge with a sharp ax. Then I will sing a happy song and will dance on his grave.

The others laugh and look to Tituba for her rebuttal.

TITUBA

Consider this: Your song will not be heard if you are dancing at the end of a rope. That will not set things right.

The others fall silent. No one is laughing or smiling.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

I've seen plenty such things and nobody laughs at such a sight as that. Forget about that judge and go back to living your life. We can't fight against courts and judges. They are like gods; they have the power and we have none. If you can find peace and smiles, dance and sing your songs, let that be your revenge on him.

EMELINE

Maybe so, you are right. But I do have a good memory. I been bad punished for no good reasons and the score needs some settling and it's me will make it happen.

The group murmurs there support. Tituba shows particular empathy.

TITUBA

Emmy, we been together in this workhouse a long while and I know you to be a good lady. You are right to remember this bad judge but you must also be careful. I understand you feel he should suffer, because he made you suffer. I can tell you I have had more than my share of such bad times in my life.

ANGLE ON what Tituba envisions in her memory. A misty colorless view of the Salem gallows with three figures hanged overlays the group of inmates. It dissolves when Tituba completes the phrase "...world delivers up its own justice".

TITUBA (CONT'D)

Believe what I tell you, I have seen with my own tired eyes the terrible punishments that judges and courts call *Justice*. The Courts and Judges are only people with power to get their own selfish ends. That is truly evil. But in the end, my dear lady, the world delivers up its own justice.

(she smiles at the others)

And yes, when that time is right, that is when we can take actions to help fate deliver justice.

The group is very attentive. Tituba's oratory skills are evident.

EMELINE

Tituba, I think you see right into my head. I listen to you and I know you give me good advice...but I still like the "take actions" part the best.

TITUBA

I've had time to think hard about these things. The justice given to us by judges in the courts is a foolish joke, a bad dream. Wake from this dream, good lady, and make a happy life. Revenge is a waste of time. But pay no mind to Tituba. You will find your own way.

ABITHA

Tituba, our Barbados Lady! You always being our preacher! We always listen to you, our wise lady.

(laughter)

You been here a year now, but you never tell us your story. How do you know about judges and courts? You got some story to tell? Who did you murder?

There is a momentary hush and then the others encourage Tituba to tell her story. Tituba makes them wait, enjoying being at the center of attention.

TITUBA

Murder? I murder no one--yet.

(MORE)

TITUBA (CONT'D)

But I will tell you true, others  
died because of me.

The women mutter in astonishment and disbelief.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

I do not like to tell my story  
because it is a story of misery  
and makes me so sorrowful to think  
back on it.

The group is attentive now and implore her to continue.

EMELINE

Maybe she is afraid to tell her  
story. How do people die because  
of Tituba? Did you poison them?

ABITHA

She is no killer. We all know  
this. Tell us the truth. How do  
you make people die? Share your  
sorrow with your prison sisters.

TITUBA

The story is long. Some of you  
know that I came here from Salem  
town where, eight years ago,  
terrible things happened. But my  
story begins far off in my beautiful  
island home, Barbados.

A loud bell rings out and the guards shout that the  
recreation time has ended. The small groups file back into  
the buildings. Tituba's group is disappointed. They slowly  
return inside. The guards usher the groups of inmates toward  
the main prison building. They motion to Tituba's group.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

So It seems you must wait to hear  
my sad story. It will keep 'til  
tomorrow.

The guards prod them into the gray stone buildings.

FADE TO:

6 INT. OFFICE OF WOMEN'S WORKHOUSE - MORNING SAME DAY

REV. SAMUEL PARRIS wears a clergyman's coat and collar. He  
stands facing the desk of WARDEN HANS KIKKERT. REV. PARRIS  
is the vicar of a small, affluent, Boston church. VIOLET,  
stands beside him. She fidgets with her dress which looks  
uncomfortably tight. WARDEN KIKKERT looks disinterested;  
he is over-weight, and has a plump red face. Seated to one  
side of his desk is his friend, JUDGE JOHN HAWTHORNE, a  
smug, elderly, pompous and elegantly attired man. He is  
retired from the bench, after a lucrative and corrupt career.

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS

I think all the papers are in order. Has Tituba, my servant woman, been told of her release?

WARDEN KIKKERT

No, sir, she has not. If inmates know they are leaving in advance, it causes problems. She will be told soon...Tituba? A West Indies woman, from Barbados, as I recall. Reverend, keep in mind, she must live in your home and you will be held responsible for her behavior. She is being paroled to your custody. If she runs away, there will be serious consequences. Understood?

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS

Oh yes, I understand, sir.

WARDEN KIKKERT

Normally we require a large bond, but with the recommendation of Judge Hawthorne, I have waved this requirement.

JUDGE HAWTHORNE

There will be no problem with this dark woman, Hans. She has seen the stern nature of my rulings in Salem. She knows the harsh consequences of disobeying the rules of her parole. Reverend, you well remember my meting out of justice in Salem.

(They exchange glances.)

I'm sure Tituba will be very grateful for her freedom and to resume her position in your household...

(He smiles at Violet, who recedes behind Reverend Parris.)

and to be reunited with her sweet daughter.

WARDEN KIKKERT

Well, so be it. I will process her release with the consent of the prison council. They meet with me in two days. She is to be released three days from today. Reverend, come gather her at eight o'clock Thursday morning. Do not be late. Our business is concluded. Good day sir.

(to Hawthorne)

John, let us plan a dinner together soon.



Parris and Violet leave, hand-in-hand, the little girl beaming in anticipation of her mother's impending release.

FADE TO:

7 EXT. BOSTON WORKHOUSE/PRISON COURTYARD - NEXT DAY

It is a bright, sunny day. The same group of women gather together in the courtyard. Tituba is missing. An older woman, INMATE 2, speaks to the group.

INMATE 2

So, where is our story-teller? Is she sick? Abitha, you are nearest to her in the ward. Do you know anything?

ABITHA

She was taken away by one of the guards. I asked him why, but he told me to mind my business.

INMATE 2

Maybe she could have big troubles. What could she have done?

EMELINE

I was nearby. I heard the guards talking. They took her to the warden. We may never see her again.

The group murmurs their concern. From outside the circle of inmates. Tituba arrives on the scene, having overheard the last comment. She smiles.

TITUBA

Take a look! Who do you see? Tituba lives on. All is well.

ABITHA

Where were you? What did the warden want? You are too old and thin to please him.

(The others laugh)

Did he ask you to become a prison guard?

TITUBA

No, but good Fortune smiles on me. He said I am to leave here. I will work for my former employer, Reverend Samuel Parris and be with my daughter, Violet.

The group hugs and congratulates Tituba.

INMATE 2

How did you make this happen? Barbados magic?

(MORE)

INMATE 2 (CONT'D)

Reverend Parris, I've heard his name. He is a local preacher. Why does he want you?

TITUBA

I worked for him before, in Salem, as his cook and housekeeper. He is a sad man. He lost his wife when she gave birth to their daughter, Betty. She died later on from the pox. He had much reason for sorrow. I am to be paroled into his custody and he will be my master once again...I don't mind that. He was at times a cold and demanding man, but was never cruel or unkind. Ever since I first came to the workhouse, he has cared for my Violet. On Visitor's Days, he brings her here and we visit together. If he did not bring her, she would never know her mother.

EMELINE

He must not be a bad man to do that for you.

TITUBA

No, Samuel Parris is not a bad man.

EMELINE

So you are leaving your sisters to rot here in the workhouse, you naughty lady? Well good for you. We will miss having our *preacher* to guide us.

The group all agrees and expresses their sorrow at the news of her departure.

EMELINE (CONT'D)

But when are you going from us?

TITUBA

They would not tell me. I think it will be soon.

The group reacts with "oh no's, etc

TITUBA (CONT'D)

But I am here with you now, so it is no time for tears.

INMATE 2

Yes, our wise lady, we will allow you to leave us, but first you must honor us with the story as you promised.

The group is eager to hear the story and implores her to tell it. Tituba takes her time, enjoying the captive audience.

TITUBA

It is not a happy story to tell.  
If you like, I could tell you a  
different, more happy story?

(the group protests,  
"no")

Alright, you shall hear it.

She fingers the small gemstone amulet which always hangs around her neck.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

I will tell you of my life in the  
beautiful island of Barbados. It  
is where I was born and lived.  
You must listen carefully and try  
to imagine the events as I will  
tell them to you.

The group becomes attentive. Tituba's narration continues as V.O. after her introductory speech. Visuals include: view of a Barbados beach with palms and natives, English colonists and natives bustle about their business doing various activities, loading boats, fishing, tending to children playing. Visuals are to sync with the narration content.

FADE TO:

8 MONTAGE OF SHOTS: EXT. BARBADOS BEACH-LONG AGO

TITUBA (V.O.)

I lived a happy life on the sunset  
coast in the quiet village of Nalaia  
Town, a place with a deep, wide  
bay, warm winds, with sweet fruit  
and song, a place far, far away  
from Boston and Salem. I was a  
young woman with a handsome husband,  
Kaluan, and twin daughters, Saiba  
and Violet. In the early days,  
the English were friendly and lived  
in our village as our neighbors.  
But that ended the the day the  
first slave ships came to our harbor  
and village. Before that, many  
English ships arrived and departed  
from our small harbor. They carried  
away spices, sugar cane, molasses  
and brought men from Africa who  
would be forced to work on the  
farms. I lived with my husband  
and daughters and our life was  
good.

(MORE)

TITUBA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I was the teacher of our village school and I worked for an English Trade Agent, Garreth Wellington, as his house keeper. I was a well-respected member of our village. Life was simple. My husband fished with the other men; He was a great singer and the other fishermen loved to hear his songs.

Montage continues: In the harbor new ships arrive and drop anchor. Muskets are being distributed to sailors. The Captain and his officers shout back and forth on deck.

TITUBA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Our happy times ended when the slave ships arrived. We did not expect them to take away our island men. The English colonies on the big land to the north needed laborers. We did not know their purpose until it was too late. The day of death and fire was near. On that terrible day, my own dear husband was taken away--a great sorrow for me and for the many other women who lost their husbands.

BACK TO SCENE: WOMEN'S WORKHOUSE--CONTINUOUS

The group of women discuss the story. Tituba hushes them and continues.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

I continued to work for Mr. Wellington. He was a gentle man and liked my two girls. In late afternoon when my chores were done, he would sit with me and the girls and tell us about London and France and the English colonies. He taught us to read and write English. He was a very good teacher. We all learned much from him.

(beat)

I was well-liked in the English community and well respected by the Taino and Arawak Villagers; I was the only woman permitted to attend the Village Counsel meetings. At these meetings I would report any news I had learned from my contact with the English merchants who visited the export office. I learned many things from their conversations.

FADE TO:

## 9 EXT. BARBADOS VILLAGE PLAZA - DAY

The narration continues as a voice over. The village square is bordered with European-style clapboard buildings, interspersed with mud and stone huts. A sign on one of the better buildings reads "*Agent of Export in the service of His Royal Majesty king James II of England.*" GARRETH WELLINGTON exits the building and meets with two well-dressed merchants who arrive with a wagon containing small barrels and shipping crates. They present him with some business papers and he re-enters the building.

TITUBA (V.O.)

Mr. Wellington kept busy with his work as the island Trade Agent. He kept all the shipping records for sending sugar cane and molasses to Boston and Virginia. He knew many ship captains and English Officers. My two twin daughters, Saiba and Violet, came with me when I worked in his office and home. He was kind to us and gave us English foods to taste, and even gave me a small sum for my work. From him, Saiba and Violet learned to speak correct English and as much as six-year-olds can of the vast world beyond Barbados.

ANGLE ON: WELLINGTON entertaining Saiba and Violet with his stories and teaching.

TITUBA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

My husband was gone, but my life was full. I liked teaching the village children. Together, we talked about our Arawak and Taino history, and about our gods and our island customs. Each day was an adventure.

## 10 FLASHBACK: NATIVE VILLAGE SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

In the native village school, a group of pre-teen native children, sit in a semicircle on the ground. In the center of the semicircle is an ornate carved wooden stool. The children are loud and unruly, poking each other playfully. Tituba arrives and stands in the center of the children. She scans the children and holds up one hand. They immediately settle down and listen attentively, except for two girls in the front circle who continue to fidget and whisper. They are Tituba's twin daughters, SAIBA and VIOLET. Tituba stares at them disapprovingly and they stop. Tituba resumes her teaching about the Taino culture and religion. Next to Saiba and Violet are a shy TAINO BOY, a precocious young girl, BALEEKA, and a outgoing boy, ATAMEY. Tituba sits down on the center stool.

TITUBA (V.O.)

Hello my sweet children. Are you ready to listen and learn...if my two chatting girls will permit us? Violet, Saiba, please!

(beat)

Now who can tell us what we spoke of yesterday?

Several students stand up, waving their hands. Tituba chooses a small boy, PATULE, in the back circle.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

Alright Patule, handsome young man, what did we discuss?

The others sit down.

TAINO BOY

(He is shy)

Wise Mother, we spoke of the Taino gods, the Zemi and their great powers and how all things come from their power. You asked us "Are all good things and all bad things decided by the Zemi?"

(He and the others sit back down.)

TITUBA

(SHE Points to BALEEKA, a chubby girl sitting next to Violet)

You there, Baleeka...please tell us: What is your favorite fruit?

BALEEKA

My favorite is Tamarind with sweet syrup.

TITUBA

And why is it your favorite? Wait! I ask all of the group to think about this. Why does she chose it?

There is some snickering and laughter. Tituba raise her hand again for silence.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

Foolish children! You laugh at a very serious question. She smiles at them. Who will answer?

The girl ponders this question as do the other students. Tituba points to the boy who spoke first. He stands.

TAINO BOY

(Stammering)

It...it is because the Zemi gods MAKE her choose it.

TITUBA

(to Baleeka)

Baleeka, Do the Zemi gods make you  
choose Tamarind?

Baleeka looks around at the others, as if asking their help  
in answering. There is a hushed silence.

BALEEKA

No. No one tells me to choose  
Tamarind. I choose it because it  
tastes so good.

There is laughter. Tituba laughs with the students.

TITUBA

What do you think, my children?  
The great spirits, the Zemi, they  
have so many important problems in  
the world to fix. Maybe they have  
no time to choose our favorite  
fruits for us.

(beat)

Atamey, you have a question?

An older student stands to be recognized.

ATAMEY

Wise Mother, we spoke last time  
about the many Taino Zemi gods. At  
the English church they spoke of  
only one all-powerful god. Is it  
true that there is only one god?

The question engages the others and they look eagerly to  
Tituba for an explanation.

TITUBA

(She laughs.)

Your wise mother does not know the  
answer, but this is what I believe.  
The Taino and Arawak gods exist as  
spirits within all our people. As  
you know, each god has its special  
purpose. It is the same for the  
English Christians. They have a  
king-god as we have Yucahu, our  
king-god. The English have lesser  
gods as we do, Jesus, the son of  
the King-god, his mother, the kind  
and gentle Mary, the giver of laws  
Moses, and many others. Just like  
the Taino, the English Gods are  
many and together they form one  
great spirit. That spirit lives  
inside all people. It is something  
we should think about.

The students engage in quiet conversation. A MESSENGER, an  
adult villager, arrives in an animated state and beckons  
Tituba aside. He gives her an inaudible message.

Tituba's face reflects the gravity of the message. She returns to the students and regains their attention.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

My gentle children. I must leave you early today. I give you some work to do. I want you to think about the one God and the many Gods. Are they different or the same? Next meeting we will share our ideas. Go now--play, be good and be happy!

The children disburse. Tituba listens to the messenger.

MESSENGER

The slave ships have come to our harbor. The Elders ask you to listen in the English Trade House to learn what they plan. Some English men from the ships were seen visiting with the Trade Agent, Wellington. They were overheard talking in the street. It is said the sailors will come tomorrow. They will take away more villagers to the English colonies, many more than before.

Tituba considers this news gravely, and quickly replies.

TITUBA

Find others to help you. Go quietly about the village and the North Beach. Inform the villagers. We must show no signs that we know of the English plan. The women and children must prepare to leave before the first sun. The Council must meet tonight. I will alert the Elders. We will make plans for our escape. Later today, I will work at Mr. Wellington's house and will learn what I can.

The Messenger exits, Tituba hurries off to the Trade Office.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. WELLINGTON'S HOUSE - EVENING

The interior is austere, with a few religious pictures, the Virgin Mary, Jesus, etc. GARRETH WELLINGTON lives alone and the trade office comprises the lower level of his home. He sits at a table with the two British naval officers. They are finishing their tea and a light meal, and preparing to leave. Tituba attends to them. The two officers leave. GARRETH WELLINGTON sits at a table, moves the tea aside and pours himself a glass of wine. He pushes aside a stack of paper work. Tituba folds linens at the far end of the room.



Saiba sits in a corner practicing her alphabet writing with her sister Violet. WELLINGTON's assistant, ANDRÉ, enters the room. He is a large man, with shallow eyes, and has a slightly crooked smile. He is WELLINGTON's secretary, carriage driver, and bill collector. He often squints his eyes and furrows his brow as he speaks.

ANDRÉ

I paid a call to everyone on the list. They are all paid up. Some needed a bit of encouragement.

(He cocks his head  
and with a sinister  
smile, holding out  
a cloth canvas bag)

GARRETH WELLINGTON

All paid? Even Townsend? He owed the company 52 pounds.

ANDRÉ

Townsend? I helped him find the money.

(He raises a clenched  
fist.)

GARRETH WELLINGTON

Please, you know I do not approve of such methods. Put the money on the table and take these documents to the Harbormaster before all the trouble starts tomorrow. What more have you heard about it?

ANDRÉ

This time they will take men and also women and children. It will begin in the morning. They will arrive on the north beach with long boats carrying many sailors and soldiers with muskets. It should be a quite entertaining. These islander men are weak and will offer little resistance.

GARRETH WELLINGTON

I should like to see you fight with a fishing spear against a soldier with a musket, André.

André squints his eyes and moves a wood toothpick from one side of his mouth to the other. He smiles, places the bag on the table and slinks out.

GARRETH WELLINGTON (CONT'D)

Tituba, please stop what you are doing and come over here.

He looks up at Tituba somberly. Tituba stands before him, holding some linens.

TITUBA

I am sorry. All laundry is not yet done. I will finish it soon.

GARRETH WELLINGTON

You do a fine job, Tituba. Sit with me. We must talk. There is little time. Speak softly so that the children do not hear us.

(He pauses and looks at her and then at the children.)

I know you are the ears of your community. You already know that early tomorrow the soldiers will come. I ask you to share with me what else you know of it. There are important decisions to be made.

Tituba's expression reflects the gravity of his statement. She warms at the prospect of becoming more intimate with him.

TITUBA

Yes, I've heard this from others on the street. I hear they will come at first sun, soldiers and sailors and they will take many away on the ships. It is said this time they will take women and children.

GARRETH WELLINGTON

Yes, Commodore Klaggert, who commands the English ships, spoke of this plan. One ship is bound for the Virginia Colony, two will go to Boston and one, *the Dainty*, to Salem. Now listen carefully. I have made some arrangements for you and your children. The captain of the Salem bound ship is my close friend. He has agreed to take you and your daughters to Salem as *passengers*. You will be spared being taken away as slaves.

TITUBA

But Sir, Barbados is my home. We do not want to leave our home. The villagers depend on me. My daughters will cry if we leave. We have many friends. I must remain here, sir. This Salem place cannot be good for Tituba and her daughters.

The two girls have overheard the conversation. They come over to the table.

SAIBA/SYBIL

Mother, I will never leave here.  
NEVER!

TITUBA

(emphatically)

You girls will be quiet when I talk with Mr. Wellington. Violet, go back to your writing; Saiba, fold the sheets.

GARRETH WELLINGTON

You and your daughters cannot escape capture. Your only hope is to be granted a safe passage by my captain friend. Tomorrow this village may be burned to the ground. Many will die. If the soldiers take you, you will lose your daughters and become a slave.

TITUBA

We can hide in the high hills until they leave. We can go to the other villages. What life would I have in a strange colonial town?

GARRETH WELLINGTON

Listen to me. I speak to you as a friend. The British will be coming to the village to take many of your people back in chains. Very few will escape. You will be found and Saiba and Violet will be taken from you. Do you want that for Violet and Saiba? Tituba, I am trying to help you.

TITUBA

Salem? The Massachusetts Colony? How will we get by? We have a better chance hiding here.

GARRETH WELLINGTON

I have written to my cousin, Samuel Parris. He is a widower and is vicar of a small church in Salem. He needs a housekeeper and assistant. I asked him to employ you. He has a large house and will provide rooms for you and your daughters. I received his letter just days ago and he has agreed to this plan. Even if no soldiers were coming, this is a great opportunity for you and your children. Let's waste no time. Take your children home and gather a few belongings. I will send André to fetch you one hour before sunrise.

Tituba pauses, frozen in the moment. She takes the small amulet that hangs on a leather thong around her neck and holds it tight in her hand. She looks at her daughters, then at Garreth Wellington. He gives her time to answer. She nods her head.

TITUBA

(As if whispering  
to herself)

You are a good man, sir. I accept  
your plan. We will be ready.

Wellington glances at Tituba and smiles his approval. He walks to Tituba and puts his hand on her shoulder.

GARRETH WELLINGTON

If I had any magic powers, I'd  
make the ships and soldiers  
disappear. Give my regards to my  
cousin, Samuel. I'll miss the  
girls. Good luck to you, Tituba.

FADE TO:

12 BACK TO SCENE INT. BOSTON WORKHOUSE/PRISON COURTYARD

TITUBA

I feared moving to the colonies.  
Many others felt the same way.  
There were stories of Boston and  
the northern colonies--stories of  
cold white rains that covered the  
fields--stories of blowing winds  
that turned water to white ice.  
But Mr. Wellington's words stayed  
with me: "This is a great  
opportunity for you and your  
children." I believed this was  
true. That night the villagers  
waited nervously for the Elders to  
make plans. I had an escape plan  
to offer them.

13 MONTAGE: EXT. BARBADOS VILLAGE - EVENING

V.O. with MONTAGE AS FOLLOWS: A primitive coastal village in Barbados viewed from above. It is dark and there are fires burning, native children run about, women carry bundles to and from their huts in preparation for an evacuation. A few men sit in circles, engaged in serious conversation. Some women chat and tend to food being cooked on the open fires. The scene is calm on the surface, but there is an sense of fear hovering over it. Tituba sits near the fire with her twin daughters, who laugh and run off. The faces of the men are illuminated by the flickering fire.

TITUBA (V.O.)

A few had left the village.

(MORE)

TITUBA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Others awaited news from the Counsel. We sat with the others at the fire trying to hide our fears from the children. Saiba and Violet played and even joked about moving away to a new Salem home far away. I was summoned to the counsel hut.

14 FLASH BACK: INT. VILLAGE MEETING HOUSE-SAME EVENING

Elders sit in a semi-circle in a palm-covered meeting house to discuss a possible escape plan. The ARAWAK LEADER of the Elders is dressed in a ceremonial robe, signifying a position of authority. He speaks to the group. Tituba joins the meeting, taking her designated seat in the semi-circle.

ARAWAK LEADER

Four English ships have now anchored in the North Bay. They are resting off our shore until tomorrow. Like the times before, they will send men to capture villagers and take them away on their ships. Tituba, wise woman, what news have your keen ears heard? When will they come?

TITUBA

This morning, The Trade Agent, Garreth Wellington spoke with officers from the ships. They plan to arrive at first sun on the north beach with guns and many soldiers and sailors. It will not be the same as the time before. They hope to take many captives, but this time they will take not only men, but women and children. We must quickly make our plans of escape.

The group of men murmur to each other in concern. One of them, an AFRICAN, rises to speak.

AFRICAN

What is there to prepare? They have weapons of sudden death. We are just fisherman. We cannot fight and hope to win. The whole village should hide in the mountains until they leave.

The others seem to agree. Another man rises to be heard.

MAN TWO

They may not come until the sun is high. We could go to our sister village to the north and ask them for warriors to help fight.

The group gestures their approval. Tituba stands and gestures to the Arawak leader. He signals for silence.

ARAWAK LEADER

Tituba will speak.

TITUBA

They will come at first sun. There is very little time to prepare. Here is what we must do: Before sunrise, the elder men, young children and women must climb the two mountain paths to the high caves. I don't think they will follow that far. Some will escape the soldiers. The strongest men must remain and do all they can to delay the sailors.

AFRICAN

Strong men? We do have many. But how are we to know where to fight? On the beaches? In the streets of the town? We have no weapons.

The group begins to argue amongst themselves.

TITUBA

Listen to me! I have a plan.

The group becomes silent and attentive.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

We cannot stop them in a single battle. We would lose. We must surprise them. That is our weapon. They must be made to fight on our terms. We will use the resources we have.

AFRICAN

What resources? Shall we pelt them with fish heads and crab shells?

Tituba raised her voice in anger.

TITUBA

You speak like a frightened lamb! We must change from fishermen into warriors! Show your courage! We know our jungle paths and can move, unseen, quietly, and swiftly. Our best and strongest men should form small defender groups, no more than ten to each group. These men will hide in key places along our escape paths where the thick foliage will conceal them.

(MORE)

## TITUBA (CONT'D)

The soldiers and sailors will have little room to fight back on the narrow paths. There are two main paths of escape leading up to the mountain caves. Our warrior groups will hide until the soldiers are passing by. That is the time to strike them. If we, the warrior-fishermen take the offensive, our enemy will be caught off guard.

## MAN TWO

But some will be killed. Why do we listen to a woman's words? She is no warrior. I say we all stay and fight on the beach and in the streets.

## MAN THREE

Foolish man, fight with our fish nets, and small spears? They will have guns and cannons. We are few, they are many. In the open, we would be slaughtered.

## ARAWAK LEADER

We must listen to Tituba. She has Taino wisdom and Arawak courage. She understands the mind of the English. Yes, some will die, but more will be saved. Tituba's plan is good.

The group expresses agreement with the plan.

## ARAWAK LEADER (CONT'D)

We must all take on the spirit of warriors. Go now to the paths and choose the best hiding places to strike from. Fight with all our tools, nets, knives, fishing spears, axes, and clubs. Tituba, take some others and go from home to home and alert all our people. They must begin leaving now. There is little time left.

The group is focused, and sub-groups are formed, faces reflect the gravity of the situation. The groups disperse throughout the village.

DISSOLVE TO:

15 EXT. NORTH BAY - BEFORE DAWN

The dawn is just breaking. In the morning mist three British square-riggers lower their longboats. Soldiers are in the bow and stern; the sailors are rowing. The sailors see this landing as a rowing competition.

Several other such boats are almost to the beach. The soldiers wear regular English uniforms and some are armed with muskets, pikes and broadswords. The sailors wear white linen shirts, dark pants, and blue scarves around their necks. They joke amongst themselves and show no fear.

FADE TO:

16 INT. LONGBOAT - CONTINUOUS

A HELMSMAN calls out a rowing cadence.

HELMSMAN

Pull...pull...pull for the bloody King. Pull...pull...you lazy dogs, pull. Look there. Johnny's boat is gaining on us. Pull, ya scurvy dogs!

Other longboats are catching them.

HELMSMAN (CONT'D)

We can't let them best us. Pull, you salty bastards. Them who gets there first will have the fairest young beauties. The laggards will get just the old crones.

DISSOLVE TO:

17 INT. TITUBA'S HOME. - VERY EARLY MORNING

It is pre-dawn and still dark. Tituba has packed up bundles of belongings. The twin daughters, SAIBA and VIOLET look tired and sleepy. They examine their bundles.

SAIBA/SYBIL

Mother, where is my blue dress and my writing tablet?

TITUBA

We cannot take everything. There is no time to argue. You will please obey your mother. Take only what fits into your bags. Do not test my patience. No more words. Hurry!

The view from Tituba's doorway reveals other villagers evacuating silently with children and bundles of belongings.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

Children, we must leave any moment now. André will bring us to our ship. He is late. The fighting is getting closer. Stay close to him when we leave. We must not separate.

(MORE)



TITUBA (CONT'D)

If we must run away with the others,  
move quickly. This is important:  
If the soldiers catch up to us,  
run away as fast as you can. Do  
not look back.

She turns to her daughters so the three are face-to-face.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

Do you both understand what I tell  
you?

SAIBA

I think we should hide by the lagoon  
and come back when the soldiers  
leave. I know a secret place.

TITUBA

No, believe me, they will find us.  
We must go with André. No more  
talk! Go outside and wait for me!

The girls exit with their bundles. Tituba goes back into their hut. She takes a stone mortar and shreds plant leaves into it. She takes a bottle of liquid and pours some into the cup. She grinds up the leaves and liquid with a stone pestle, and as she does this, she chants in an ancient Tiano language. She holds her amulet over the stone mortar. Saiba runs back inside the hut and bumps the table. The stone mortar turns partially onto its side, spilling out half the liquid before Tituba can right it. Tituba says nothing, but looks fiercely at Saiba who shrinks from her mothers fierce gaze. Tituba finishes her chant.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

Naira nu-a-it-nu [Subtitled: Gods,  
Protect us from misfortune]. Naira  
nu-ti-a-le-te-nu [Subtitled: Keep  
my children safe from harm].

They exit the hut, merging into the line of natives escaping from the village. They hear the sounds of yelling and fighting from the direction of the beach and they need to decide: Run with the others, or wait for André.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

Children, we cannot wait any more.  
André is too late. We must leave  
with the others.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. BEACH CONTINUOUS

The scene is one of pandemonium. Some villagers have stayed behind. The abductors wrestle young men and women to the ground. A sailor drags a young woman back into a hut. Some villagers flee from the beach, shouting warnings to others. Blasts from muskets fill the air.

The villagers and their attackers chaotically surge in random directions.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. BARBADOS VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

At the perimeter of the village, a small group of village men, armed with stone axes and fishing spears, fight fiercely, but fall back. Some fall, others are subdued and taken prisoner. The melee continues as huts are burned, screaming women are pulled from huts holding infants. On the beach, guarded by armed soldiers, a cordon of rope, marks off a makeshift holding area where the captive villagers are chained, awaiting transport to the ships. On the designated paths, the village defenders crouch, hidden in the dense foliage that borders the paths.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH - CONTINUOUS

Escaping villagers crowd up a narrow mountain path with thick jungle on each side. They are mostly very old men, women and children. Their pursuers have almost caught up with them. Tituba struggles up the path with her two daughters. The soldiers see them ahead. A group of defenders spring from their hiding places and successfully engage the soldiers, who, overwhelmed, fall back in defeat. More abductors arrive and the defenders recede back into the jungle. Tituba's group has gained a few yards, but they are caught by the new group of soldiers. VIOLET and SAIBA are too quick for their pursuers. They run ahead up the path out of sight. Tituba shouts after them.

TITUBA

Run quickly my children, Run away!  
Hide yourselves!

Tituba's speech is cut short as a sailor strikes her across the face, knocking her to the ground. She is being held fast. The chase is halted as the sailors catch their breath. A SOLDIER WITH A SCAR stands over Tituba and a few other captives. Tituba starts to speak but is cut off.

SOLDIER WITH SCAR

You shut your mouth savage or we  
will kill all of you right now.

From up the path, a small girl returns, walking timidly toward the fallen Tituba. It is Violet. She runs and hugs her fallen mother.

VIOLET

Mama, I could not leave you.

The SOLDIER WITH SCAR begins dragging Tituba back down the path. Violet tries to free her mother from the soldier's grasp. A soldier grabs Violet by her hair.

Violet screams and struggles to free herself.

SOLDIER WITH SCAR  
I'll teach this little cur some  
manners.

He is about to strike her when Garreth Wellington's Assistant, ANDRÉ, arrives on the scene. His hand rests on a pistol in his belt.

ANDRÉ  
(shouting)  
STOP! Do not harm the girl or the  
woman. They are to come with me.  
I have a Transit Order from Garreth  
Wellington, the Village Trade Agent.

André shows them the document. Tituba is still dazed by the blow she received and recognizes André.

ANDRÉ (CONT'D)  
Tituba, if I leave you with them,  
you will become a slave. You have  
only one choice. Come with me.

The abductors puzzle over the document. One, who is literate, reads it over and they turn Tituba and Violet over to André. The soldiers begin to continue up the path at a more leisurely pace, reluctant to expend any further efforts chasing the villagers. Andre leaves with Tituba and Violet for the harbor.

SOLDIER WITH SCAR  
This is bloody foolish. It's too  
bloody hot for chasing children up  
a mountainside. I'm tired and  
need a pint...or two.

END FLASHBACK-RETURN TO SCENE

DISSOLVE TO:

21 EXT. BOSTON WORKHOUSE/PRISON COURTYARD - DAY

Tituba completes her narrative to the group of women in the courtyard.

TITUBA  
Violet and I were put on the ship  
for Salem. André was right, there  
was no other choice. Saiba's fate  
was now on the wind. From the deck  
we watched our beautiful island  
home disappear into the misty  
horizon. We both cried many tears  
as we sailed away from our Barbados  
home and away from our dear Saiba.

EMELINE

How terrible for you. I can't  
imagine your pain...losing your  
young daughter. So sorry.

The others voice their sympathy.

ABITHA

But what about Salem? The devils  
and witches? You tell us only  
half your story. What terrible  
crime put you in this place?

The others urge her to continue

TITUBA

I am here because I was a witch  
and conjured magic spells.

She looks to see if she has shocked her listeners.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

I will be truthful, I only *pretended*  
to to be a witch; I am only a *half*  
*a witch*.

(laughter)

In Salem, Violet and I found Garreth  
Wellington's cousin, Reverend Samuel  
Parris. He was not very welcoming,  
but took us into his home. I would  
get to know him better as time  
passed. After a few months, we had  
settled in. It was then that all  
the troubles started. I had become  
friends with Samuel Parris's teenage  
niece, Abigail Williams. It was  
she who encouraged me to entertain  
the other girls with some of my  
Barbados magic powers.

EMELINE

Witching is no joke, lady. Did  
you really cast magic spells?

PRISONER 3

Could you speak with the dead?

TITUBA

(she laughs)

What foolish questions. If I could  
cast spells, would I be here in  
this prison? I will tell you what  
happened there, but only this one  
time will I speak of it. When you  
hear the terrible story, you will  
understand why I push it from my  
thoughts.

Bells ring from a guard tower on the adjacent wall indicating  
the inmates recreation time is over. A uniformed guard,  
PRISON GUARD JACK approaches Tituba's group.

His uniform is faded and worn, and he is aged and walks with a limp. The group knows him.

PRISON GUARD JACK

Greetings to you, my dear Tituba and good ladies. Time to return to your fine boudoirs.

(he laughs)

Get your arses moving!

He mock threatens them with the butt of his musket. They all start laughing, except for Emeline and Abitha, who pause to make faces at him in friendly jest.

EMELINE

Jack, you are an randy old goat. God will judge you *kindly*, we all hope.

He raises the back of his hand as if to strike at her, but she smiles at him, and give him a poke with her finger.

TITUBA

Jack, this is not a good place for a decent man like you. You deserve better. Emeline, Abitha, don't be teasing him. Come along now.

They all exit.

22 EXT. BOSTON WORKHOUSE/PRISON COURTYARD BOSTON NEXT MORNING

The group of inmates are reassembled to hear the rest of Tituba's story. Tituba waits silently for the others to prompt her to begin.

EMELINE

You were telling us about your Barbados magic or was it *pretend* magic. Why did they think you were a conjurer? What happened in Salem?

TITUBA

I tell you true, in Barbados we have our religious and magic stories, but most the islanders know they are just stories. We have our Taino and Arawak gods and make prayers for the crops and our sick. I never knew about Voodoo or casting of any African spells. I came from Taino people--the island people. I did not know any of the old legends from Europe--about witches, elves, vampires, dragons, one-eyed giants. We Taino have our own magic ways.

(MORE)

TITUBA (CONT'D)

(Angle on the amulet  
around her neck)

After a time living in Salem, I became friends with some of the older girls. Abigail Williams was their leader. They wanted me to have magic powers, *Make my boy friend love me*, they begged me. I wanted to please them, so I pretended I did.

She looks seriously at the group of listeners and shakes her head slowly back and forth.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

I tell you true, it was the worst decision I ever made. I never thought it would cause such harm.

(Tituba looks for  
their reaction)

Sometimes the girls and I would sneak out to the woods late at night. One night Reverend Parris was away visiting in another village so Abigail and I decided it was a good time for a magic midnight meeting in the forest.

23 FLASH BACK - EXT. DARK FOREST - NIGHT

[Key action to Tituba's speech that follows] Tituba is with a group of teenage Salem teen girls. They all circle around a bonfire, watching Tituba. She chants in her Tiano language and stands near the fire, throwing various "magic" items into the fire. The girls chant nonsense words, initiated by Tituba. They all laugh. The sound of approaching hoofbeats interrupts the meeting. A rider, cloaked in a dark coat, rides into their fire-lit circle. It is Reverend Parris returning early from his trip. He is, at first, blinded by the bonfire. The girls, fearing the rider to be an apparition, scream and run wildly off in all directions into the dark. Parris's horse is startled and rears up, nearly throwing him off. By the time Parris's eyes adjust, most of the girls are out of sight.

TITUBA (V.O.)

We all met in woods that night and lit a big bonfire. I made up some magic words to chant and to cast spells. By the fire light, I pretended to cast spells for them. Surely, they all knew it was only play magic. The fire made wild shadows against the trees and the owl's *whooo... whooo...* struck fear in us all. I wondered if our pretend magic might make real devils come bursting out of the fire.

(MORE)

TITUBA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We were all laughing, singing and carrying on, when suddenly REVEREND PARRIS rode his horse out of the dark, right into our gathering. All the girls were screaming and running to hide; I ran too.

REV. PARRIS

(Shouting)

What is all this? Who are you people? Mary Warren, is that you? And Mercy Lewis? Stop where you are. Come back, all of you!

TITUBA (V.O.)

We knew he'd recognized some of the faces. When Betty and Abigail and I returned to the house, he was waiting for us and was shaking with anger. From our simple mischief, a most terrible time of death and sorrow was to come.

FADE TO:

24 INT. PARRIS' SALEM HOUSE - NEXT DAY

The home is austere furnished with only a few religious pictures on the walls. Reverend Parris is gesturing frantically at Tituba and Abby. Betty, feverishly ill, lies on a couch with eyes nearly closed.

TITUBA (V.O.)

Betty was taken to bed sick the next day. She would not speak a word to anyone and seemed to be half asleep. Reverend Parris blamed me and Abigail for Betty's illness. He threatened us with a whipping. He shouted that the devil's curse was at play. The next day he told many villagers about the magic conjuring he had witnessed. It was foolish of him to tell them. The Salem people were eager to believe such nonsense. Fear and panic spread throughout the village.

CUT TO:

25 FLASH BACK: EXT. SALEM COURTYARD - NEXT DAY

The Salem villagers congregate in front of Parris's church. They demand that he take action to end the witchcraft, spell-casting and associated manifestations. They call out for *Tituba-the-Witch*. Reverend Parris Tries to calm them down, realizing that he is in big political trouble.

## VILAGER I

My daughter Mercy, is a good, godly girl. She would never sneak out in the night, unless some evil possessed her. Tituba has cast a spell on her.

## VILAGER II

Only conjuring could make my child attend such a dark business. Your niece, Abigail, she is friends with the witch. She knows the truth. Make her tell!

## CROWD

(shouting)

Make her tell! Make her tell!  
Etc.

## VILLAGER III

The foreign heathen woman, your servant, Tituba--she is to blame. You brought her here from Barbados with all her evil magic. She is the witch and she must burn.

## CROWD

Burn the witch! Burn the witch!...

The villagers shout out their fury about Abigail, Tituba, and the Devil's work, etc. Parris manages to get their attention.

## REV. PARRIS

I have sent a messenger to Beverly Town and asked Reverend Michael Hale to come to Salem, He will help us find a remedy for our troubles. Many of you know he has had some knowledge of conjuring and spells. He has studied books about witchery. We must not panic. I beg you to return to your homes and pray, while we await Reverend Michael Hale.

The crowd reluctantly disburses.

DISSOLVE TO:

26 FLASH BACK: INT. PARRIS'S HOME SALEM - AFTERNOON

MONTAGE: A series of shots reflect Tituba's monologue. In Parris's home, Tituba, dressed in a servant's garb, is cleaning. Parris is yelling at her and making gestures indicating his dissatisfaction with her work. His sick daughter, Betty, lies in half-sleep, muttering in delirium. Tituba and Abby, working together, ignore Parris.



TITUBA (V.O.)

The Reverend Parris was my new master and he was not mild, like his cousin in Barbados. He was seldom cordial with me when we first arrived in Salem. I could tell he was a troubled man, always scolding me for no good reasons. He was cold, like Salem; but he was gentle and loving to his little daughter Betty, who was so ill. Abby and I learned how to get past his dark moods.

Abby bathes Betty's face with a damp cloth. Betty lies in bed, while Tituba and Abby look after her. She appears to be in a trance.

TITUBA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Betty was strangely sick with fever and the Reverend was saying maybe it was from a black magic spell. I think she was just very sick and it hurt her to speak. Her illness was the beginning of the troubles in Salem. Soon Everyone started talking devils and witchcraft and pointing fingers at each other. Judges arrived from Boston, Judge Hawthorne and Judge Danforth. They brought pain and despair to Salem and and plenty of hanging rope.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. SALEM COURTYARD - DAY

Gallows are being constructed, Judge Hawthorne and Judge Danforth stand by, watching the construction. Many villagers have also come to watch. As witnesses prepare to participate in the trials, to the side, a group of teenage girls huddle together fearfully. Abigail stands out amongst them.

TITUBA (V.O.)

It was an evil time--a time of lies, beatings and crying. A time for hanging and all the time my girls making up wild, crazy stories.

ANGLE ON FACES CU FACES TEEN GIRLS

TITUBA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I know they were trying to save themselves, but they pointed to me as the one who caused it.

(MORE)

TITUBA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The judges ask me over and over if I am a witch, and over and over, I tell them "No!".

CUT TO:

28 INT. LARGE ROOM FOR TRIAL - DAY

DANFORTH and HAWTHORNE preside at a formal inquisition. They angrily grill Tituba. From the gallery of onlookers, REVEREND SAMUEL PARRIS and REVEREND MICHAEL HALE watch as Tituba is tied to a post and flogged with a whip each time she refuses to confess.

JUDGE DANFORTH

Tituba, Have you seen the Devil?

TITUBA

What Devil is that? I know no devils, sir.

(She gets a lash)

JUDGE HAWTHORNE

You are a witch. You used your magic to conjure spells. You will confess if you are to be spared. Give us the names of those who you bewitched or you will be whipped until you die.

TITUBA V.O.

"No, No! sir. It was just a game I played with my girls. Not real witchcraft. No spells.

(Danforth nods;  
they continue  
beating her)

They kept beating me with a whip and I believed I would die from pain. What could I do? The whip lashed my back and I screamed "stop!" Finally I can stand no more. I tell them 'yes, I am witch, but I never do any harm to anyone'. They stopped the whipping and the judges smiled at their victory. They told me some names, people I never even knew. "Did you cast a spell for them?" Each name they asked I said 'yes'. "What kind of spell did you cast?" I told them that I only made good spells--to make gardens grow, make the wells give more water, bring rain for farms. What craziness! By the end of the questions I knew that these judges, Hawthorne and Danforth, did not believe in

(MORE)

TITUBA V.O. (CONT'D)  
 witches, spells or magic. They  
 wanted only to show their cruel  
 power.

(Tituba stops and  
 looks at each face.)

The part that breaks my heart was  
 that it was my sweetest girl--my  
 dear Abigail...

(Angle on face or  
 Abigail in gallery)

TITUBA (V.O.)

...she gave them my name as a witch.  
 I loved her like my own daughters.  
 Why did she give my name? I could  
 not believe it. That hurt me far  
 more than the whip...I must take a  
 breath.

(The memory causes  
 her to stop)

Then others were accused, and to  
 stay alive, they confessed and  
 they accuse others. I almost laugh  
 out loud at all their foolishness.  
 It reminded me of our festivals in  
 Barbados where we wear devil masks  
 and make music and dance. In my  
 heart I scorned these ignorant  
 Salem people with their  
 superstitions. It was horrible!  
 Good people hanging dead on ropes  
 for no good reason. Horrible!

Visual of Salem folk being taken from homes in chains and  
 dragged away while families and neighbors watch in horror.

29 INT. JUDGE DANTORTH'S COURTROOM - LATE MORNING

The room is small and more than fifty people are crammed  
 into the room, some standing in the back. It has rows of  
 benches facing a raised Judges bench, a witness stand and a  
 table with chairs for the bailiffs and officers of the court.  
 The accused are seated in the front rows with bailiffs at  
 both ends. Two judges, JUDGE THOMAS DANFORTH and JUDGE  
 JOHN HAWTHORNE sit at the Judges' bench. A Man in his 50s  
 is seated in the witness stand. He is Giles Corey, local  
 farmer, who is being forced to testify against his wife.  
 She is seated on the accused bench.

JUDGE DANFORTH

Giles Corey, you refuse to cooperate  
 with the court? Mr. Corey, you  
 will give honest testimony or I  
 shall pursue a more vigorous manner  
 of questioning. I assure you, you  
 WILL cooperate.

GILES COREY

Be as vigorous as you like, I'll not testify against a woman who is innocent of all your ridiculous charges.

JUDGE DANFORTH

As you wish. It will be amusing for all to see.  
(He smiles)

Judge Hawthorne beckons to the bailiffs who approach the bench. He whispers instructions to them and they drag Giles Corey out of the courtroom. The court clerk calls for all to stand and the session ends.

TITUBA V.O.

The Judges acted like they were Gods--evil Gods! They cared nothing for the truth and even less for justice. Danforth asked many questions, but listened only to the answers he wanted to hear. He enjoyed other's pain. When he questioned Giles Corey it was the cruelest moment of the trials.

30 EXT. SALEM COURTYARD NEXT TO COURTHOUSE - AFTERNOON

It is a bright sunny day. In the courtyard a temporary judge's bench has been erected and seating similar to the courtroom has been arranged. GILES COREY is tied supine on an outdoor table top; a pile of large rocks lies nearby. A hooded attendant has placed several large rocks on Gile's chest, in an attempt to coerce him to testify that his wife is a witch. JUDGE DANFORTH is carrying on the inquisition. A younger and lower-ranking judge, JUDGE MATTHEW SEWELL, stands aside the Judges bench. DANFORTH AND SEWELL wear wigs and black judges'S robes. JUDGE HAWTHORNE is not present. A younger cleric, REVEREND MICHAEL HALE stands aside with a group of villagers. Giles's younger brother Edwin stands near him. REV. MICHAEL HALE disapproves of the entire proceedings, but his protests will be of no avail.

JUDGE DANFORTH

Giles Corey, will you admit to the court that your wife reads books forbidden by our church?

GILES COREY

(His voice is labored by the weight of the stones)

She reads cookbooks...and books about flowers and gardens--hardly forbidden subjects. It was her her interest. No magic, no devils, no witchcraft. My good sir, these books hurt no person.

JUDGE DANFORTH

The court will make that judgment.  
 (to attendant)  
 More weight.

Danforth nods to his assistant who places another large stone on Giles' chest

JUDGE DANFORTH (CONT'D)

(To Giles)

It has been said she spoke with goats. Is this true? I warn you, do not lie to me, Mister Corey.

The onlookers murmur, some snicker. REVEREND MICHAEL HALE whispers something to JUDGE MATTHEW SEWELL. In the same group is Giles' younger brother, EDWIN COREY who looks on helplessly.

JUDGE DANFORTH (CONT'D)

Was she casting spells? Was the goat speaking to her?

GILES COREY

(managing a weak smile)

Are you daft, sir? Goats cannot speak. They make sounds--baaah! Baaah! Martha speaks with all our animals, just in jest. It is her habit. Would you ask our cat to give testimony here?

JUDGE DANFORTH

(Eyebrows raised in surprise)

Mark well what he says! He mocks our court! The cat speaks to her. It is a sign of witchery! Place more weight.

(The assistant places another stone on Giles. Danforth continues his questioning.)

Your wife is certainly a witch sir. Admit it now and you will save yourself.

EDWIN CORY

(to Rev. Michael Hale)

For god's sake Reverend, can you reason with my brother? Giles please, listen to Reverend Hale.

Hale stands and approaches the outdoor table where Danforth and Hawthorne are seated.

REV. MICHAEL HALE  
 (To Danforth)  
 Your Honor, may I speak with him?

JUDGE DANFORTH  
 Of course--in the name of fairness.

Hale bends close to Giles Corey and speaks in a quiet voice, hoping the judges will not hear.

REV. MICHAEL HALE  
 Giles, you must not be stubborn. I know your good wife is no witch, but you must give the court the answers they want. Tell Judge Danforth what he wishes to hear and save yourself. The rope awaits your poor wife regardless of what you say.

(He speaks to  
 Danforth,  
 emphatically)  
 Your Honor, there is no magic or witchcraft in Salem. To persecute these people is a tragic miscarriage of justice. I protest! This is madness!

DANFORTH  
 (to Rev. Hale)  
 You come here to Salem to interfere with my proceedings. You have no authority in this court. Stand to the side and be silent while we continue our work, magic or not.  
 (to Giles Corey)  
 Well now, Goodman Corey, admit your wife consorts with the Devil and casts spells. We simply seek the truth.

They all look at GILES COREY. Giles forces a slight smile.

GILES COREY  
 Admit...the truth?...You want the truth? You shall have it. I admit that you, your honor, are a damned blaggard and a complete fool, or the Devil himself.

The crowd laughs; Danforth does not.

JUDGE DANFORTH  
 More weight!

The hooded assistant places another stone on Giles' chest. Giles grimaces from the pain. EDWIN COREY stands up and shakes his fist at Danforth.

EDWIN CORY

You, Danforth, stop this now. My brother and his wife are innocent. Have you no heart? Are you a monster? God will judge you!

JUDGE DANFORTH

Bailiffs, remove this brash fellow from this trial. He is insulting an officer of his majesty's High Court. Release him when our business here is complete. But wait, first he shall see his brother's confession.

EDWIN CORY looks on with the bailiffs who hold him fast.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

(to Danforth)

I protest sir! Truth and justice are not served by this travesty. I will report this to the governor.

Danforth looks at Hale and smiles.

JUDGE DANFORTH

Report me? Do so, if it so pleases you. The Governor is my cousin. Now be silent Reverend or I shall have you put in the stocks for impeding the course of justice.

(He looks at Edwin,  
then to Giles)

So you call me a fool? You, sir, are the fool. I give you now your final chance. Speak out. Have you nothing more to say? Speak man!

(To JUDGE SEWELL)

Sewell, what would you advise?

The younger judge comes forward. Danforth is testing Sewell's participation in the cold-blooded inquisition.

JUDGE MATTHEW SEWELL

Sir, I would not venture to tell you your business. In honesty, I find these proceedings ghastly to behold. I have no advice to give. In my view, you may have mis-assessed the evidence.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

(Shouting)

Judge Sewell, Can this not be stopped? This man is being murdered. Surely this court is motivated by cruelty alone. You must intercede.

JUDGE DANFORTH

For the last time, Vicker, hold your tongue. One more word, and I will have you removed and charged with obstructing Justice. Judge Sewell, I trust you know your place. I am presiding here and my methods will not be questioned. Now sit down and say no more.

(beat)

Now, Giles Corey have you anything more to say?... I give you one last chance.

(the gallery looks on in silence)

GILES COREY

(He struggles to smile and manages but two words)

More... weight.

The crowd is amazed by Gile's stubborn courage. It is obvious that Giles can bare no more. Giles has breathed his final breath. Danforth's face has an evil smile. Hawthorne's assistant looks over at Hawthorne who nods his approval and holds up three fingers. A lethal rock is placed on Giles Corey's chest and then two more. Edwin Corey stands. His expression is one of abject fury.

EDWIN COREY

I curse you, you and this court.

Still held by the bailiffs, EDWIN COREY's eyes blaze with hatred. He is taken from the scene.

FADE OUT:

31 RETURN TO SCENE. INT. BOSTON WORKHOUSE PRISON - CONTINUOUS

TITUBA

Never a more cruel act have I seen than Giles Corey's murder by the Judges. Hawthorne and Danforth, they are names to mark down.

EMELINE

You blame yourself for all the misery? It is them judges caused all the suffering.

The others chime in their agreement.

TITUBA

Maybe so, but I did my part and I will always live with my guilt.

ABITHA

So what happened after.

(MORE)



ABITHA (CONT'D)

Where did the girls go? What about Reverend Parris and your daughter Violet? And young Abigail? What happened to her? She nearly got you hanged. You must hate her for that.

TITUBA

Hate only breeds more hate. Abigail Williams did nothing worse than I did. After the trials, Abigail left Salem. The judges let me stay with Reverend Parris. Not long after, his daughter, Betty died from the fever. Her death was hard on Samuel. We stayed in Salem for a time after the trials. Samuel tried so hard to save his church. But he had no heart for it; his followers became fewer and he often gave his sermon to a smaller and smaller congregation. He finally gave up the Vicarage.

ABITHA

You were not with him for that long a time. You were just his housekeeper, yet you call him by his given name, *Samuel*. Why?

TITUBA

I will tell you. One day, about a month after his daughter, Betty, had passed on, I heard a sound coming from Betty's empty room. I found the reverend sitting on her little bed. He was weeping. I felt so sad for him and I put my arm on his shoulder. "Tituba, you are my only friend," he said. He had lost his child; I had lost my Saiba. His sorrow was mine also. From that moment on, I called him *Samuel*. He did not object. Our friendship has grown ever since.

EMELINE

How did he manage, when he closed his church?

TITUBA

He was given thirty days to leave his home. He had sold off many of his properties and his wealth was nearly gone, but fate paid him a good turn. He was offered a Vicar's position in a small church here in Boston. He accepted it immediately.

(MORE)

## TITUBA (CONT'D)

We moved here to Boston and he looked forward to starting a new life, but fate did not favor me. Thomas Danforth was now a judge in Boston's High Court, and he did not take kindly on seeing me free on the Boston streets. He arranged a court hearing and argued that I had not been punished enough for lying to the court in Salem. Parris pleaded that I should stay with him as his housekeeper. The court ruled against me and Danforth had his way. I am now almost a year in this Boston Workhouse. For what?...Pretend magic, that was my crime. What a joke. The Christian bible stories are filled with magic visions, water to wine, ghosts, conjuring and magic miracles. No one gets punished for telling those stories.

## ABITHA

What about your daughter, Violet? How old is she now? She visits you here sometimes.

## TITUBA

She will be fourteen soon. Samuel looks after my Violet. You know he brings her to me here on visiting days. He has never missed a day in the whole time I've been here.

## EMELINE

And your friend, Abigail Williams, where is she now?

## TITUBA

I never saw her after the trial. At the time, Samuel told me she had taken some money from him. It is probably true. Abigail disappeared from Salem. Some say maybe she went to England. I pray she is safe.

## ABITHA

To England? How is that possible? She must have...

Abitha is interrupted by the arrival of Prison Guard Jack.

## PRISON GUARD JACK

Tituba, bid your friends a farewell. It is time for you to leave us. I will escort you to the warden.

Tituba shows little surprise, knowing in advance she was leaving that day.

TITUBA

Today, I am being released in custody of Reverend Parris. I do not like long goodbyes so I did not tell you. I hope you will all be free soon.

They all realize she is leaving them and crowd around her to say good-byes, including Prison Guard Jack. Emeline is emotional and hugs Tituba. As Tituba leaves with Guard Jack, Emeline yells after her.

EMELINE

My dear teacher, I will always remember you and your words.

[END PART I]

FADE OUT:

32 EXT. COREY'S SCHOOL FOR ORPHANS-SAME MORNING

The school is a large, run-down, two-story, clapboard building with a large fenced courtyard. It is in a poor area of Boston. There are young girls, ages 7 to 15, playing games and shouting in the fenced courtyard. A young man drives a horse-drawn wagon up to the main entrance. He jumps down from the wagon, picks up some split wood from a pile on the porch, and enters the school. He is JOHN COREY, nephew of GILES COREY who was killed (rocks-on-chest) seven years earlier in Salem, by Judges Danforth and Hawthorne. JOHN COREY helps his father, EDWIN COREY, (Giles younger brother) run the school. He passes through the foyer and through a door with a sign above it "OFFICE".

33 INT. OFFICE COREY'S SCHOOL - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

The Office is plain but cozy, some framed documents on one wall, a large desk with two windows behind it looking out onto the courtyard and a wood-burning stove against the opposite wall. EDWIN COREY is adding some wood to the fire, as his son, JOHN COREY, enters the office. John sees an older woman sitting on a chair in front of his uncle's desk. She is MADAME (Mme) BELANGER, who is being interviewed for the position of school House Mother/English Teacher.

JOHN COREY

(Exuberant)

Father, I've hitched the wagon and am ready to be off. I brought you more fire wood. Sorry to interrupt you.

(to the older woman)

Hello to you, ma'am.

He drops the load of wood to the floor with a loud thump.

EDWIN CORY

Don't break the floorboards, m'lad. We already have a long list of things needing mending. Since you're here, you may as well stay.

(beat)

This is Mme Belanger. She would like to become part of our staff.

(to Mme Belanger)

Madame, this is my son, John. I could not manage this school without his help. Let us continue.

(to Mme Belanger)

You were saying you taught English at a Paris orphanage. What were your duties there?

She is very abrupt in her response. Her demeanor is aggressive and conceited. She has a heavy French accent.

MME BELANGER

Well, to start with, I have to say the director of the orphanage was not *compétent*. I might have run the whole orphanage myself. The Director was useless...how do you say it...un *imbécile complet*, a total foolish. Before I work there, the previous teacher had been too *permissif*. He let the students get away with everything. The children were totally without *discipliné*.

John and Edwin glance at each other.

EDWIN CORY

Did you try to correct this problem?

She replies gleefully.

MME BELANGER

Ah, Monsieur, it was a difficult task. I will tell you my method. First, I observed to see who were the bad boys, the ringing-leaders, the ones who start up all the troubles. Then I bring all the children together and I call the names of these trouble-makers to come forward. Each one receives a punishment. They become examples to the others.

JOHN CORY

A punishment? What manner of punishment did you employ?

MME BELANGER

Well of course I tell them all how evil are these *enfants terribles*,  
(MORE)

MME BELANGER (CONT'D)  
 that they are wicked and God will  
 punish them. Then each one of  
 them is given ten smacks on the  
 hand with my wooden stick. I had  
 a workman construct it out of birch.  
 I call it my *behavior stick*.  
 Believe me, if they see the stick  
 in my hand they run and hide.

JOHN CORY  
 (He interjects,  
 somewhat agitated)  
 That is a very cruel...

His father cuts him off curtly.

EDWIN CORY  
 Hold off, John. No need for a  
 debate.

John nods.

EDWIN CORY (CONT'D)  
 Well, Madame, some of our children  
 are high spirited and can be  
 difficult. But with modest effort,  
 they can be reasoned with. Many  
 of them have suffered hardships  
 and tragedy in their past and we  
 try to be gentle.  
 (beat)  
 You say you have taught English,  
 but I could not help but notice  
 that some English words cause you  
 difficulty.

MME BELANGER  
 (Indignant)  
 Sir, I study English. I have a  
 certificate from a very good *ecole*,  
*Le Collège de Langue Française in*  
*Lyon*. Here, I will show it if you  
 don't believe me.

She starts to reach into her bag but is interrupted by loud  
 yelling outside on the playground. Two girls are shouting  
 and pushing each other. Edwin and John look out the window.  
 Edwin shakes his head with a strained smile.

JOHN CORY  
 Sybil is at it again.

EDWIN CORY  
 Bring them both inside. Be quick  
 about it, John.

John exists. Edwin and Mme Belanger look out his window as  
 John separates the two girls.

EDWIN CORY (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, on occasion our well-behaved students act inappropriately. This is a chance for you to see OUR methods of dealing with *les enfants terribles* as you call them.

John enters with the two girls. One, Juliet, a heavy-set child, looks furiously at the other girl, SYBIL (aka SAIBA). SYBIL, age 13, has a medium-dark Caribbean complexion with black hair and brown eyes. She is thin but wiry. She smiles knowingly at Edwin and John as she enters, indicating that this is not the first time she has been called into the office. She looks at Mme Belanger with curiosity.

EDWIN CORY (CONT'D)

John, will you speak to them this time? It's your turn.

JOHN CORY

To be sure, father.

(to Juliet)

Juliet, tell me, what was the reason you were fighting with Sybil? Was it a very good reason?

Juliet's anger has subsided. She lowers her head and shakes her head, 'no'. John looks at SYBIL for her reaction. She looks on defiantly.

JOHN CORY (CONT'D)

So, Sybil, do you agree with Juliet? Was there a good reason for the pushing and shoving?

Sybil takes her time to consider.

SAIBA/SYBIL

You must be the judge, John. I was telling Juliet and her friend about my Taino religion...its stories and and its magic. Juliet laughed at me. She said savages have no real religion. She showed me no respect.

JOHN CORY

Is this true, Juliet?

JULIET

Yes, I did laugh. I am a Christian, the only true religion of God.

Sybil is ready to grab at Juliet and renew their fight, right there in the office.

SAIBA/SYBIL

There, you see, you see! She is being disrespectful.

JOHN CORY

Stop! Both of you. Juliet, there are many religions in the world. Can you name just three?

(she is silent)

You have much to learn. In a kind world we do not scorn others who do not share our beliefs. It is hurtful. Do you understand? What you did hurt Sybil. Do you see that?

JULIET

(She is contrite)

I understand. I did not know. I will be more respectful.

(to Sybil/Saiba)

Sybil, I am sorry.

EDWIN CORY

Sybil, what is our rule about fighting? You know it well by now.

SAIBA/SYBIL

The rule is that we are not allowed to fight. Students can be sent away for fighting.

(beat)

But, Mr. Corey, sometimes we act from anger inside us...when we feel we are wronged. I will try hard not to fight anymore. Juliet, I am sorry we got so angry.

EDWIN CORY

Very well. I tell you both: do not come before me again for fighting. You will lose your playground privileges if I see you fight ever again. Do you both understand?

(they nod)

Have I being fair to you?

(they nod, yes)

He reaches into his desk drawer and gives Juliet a chocolate candy.

EDWIN CORY (CONT'D)

Now off with you. Sybil, stay a moment.

They exit.

EDWIN CORY (CONT'D)

(to Mme. Belanger)

So Madame, you see our methods. What do you think? Are they effective?

Mme Belanger frowns and stands up from her chair. John and Edwin remain seated. She delivers a speech to them.

MME BELANGER

I believe adults must stand taller than children. These *students*, as you call them, think they can do what they please. The first girl, Juliet, she was right to laugh at the ignorance of the dark-skinned girl and her heathen beliefs. Juliet should get the chocolate, but this girl, *la négresse*...she deserves...

John stands up and interrupts her.

JOHN CORY

Wait! Let me guess, She gets the behavior stick.

(to Sybil)

Sybil, would smacks with a ruler on your hand change what you believe is right or wrong?

MME BELANGER

(interrupting before Sybil can speak)

What does it matter what a silly child believes? Fear of real punishment...of pain, it works *très bien* to make that one obedient.

SAIBA/SYBIL

(laughing and speaking in French)

*Vieille vache!*

(She stares right into the eyes of Mme Belanger)

Such punishment makes for only hatred. My mother taught me that.

Mme Belanger is livid. She senses a conspiracy between John, Edwin and Sybil.

MME BELANGER

You allow such impudence? It is outrageous. I would never work in such a place. It is beneath my rank. You could not afford to pay what I ask anyway!

MME. Belanger storms out of the office. John follows her out into the foyer. She nearly knocks over the school cook, AMELIA, who is bringing a pot of fresh tea and small pastries to the office. MME. Belanger is still raving as she leaves the building.



MME. BELANGER

(to Amelia)

Out of my way, idiot. Outrageous, and look at your ugly school, a shabby structure in such need of repair, *vieille vache* indeed, That girl is fortunate I did not have my behavior stick.

Mme. Belanger exits. John returns to the office with Amelia. Edwin and Sybil are seated and silent. John begins to smile, then Edwin. They look at Sybil who smiles and finally they all laugh.

CHEF AMELIA

Who was that awful person?

JOHN CORY

She is someone we don't want to hire as our new teacher and housemother.

EDWIN CORY

(He looks at Sybil)

And what are you smiling at young lady?

(Sybil pretend-frowns and then smiles again)

Off with you and take this with you.

(He gives her a pastry)

And no more fighting!

SAIBA/SYBIL

(In a sing-song voice)

No more fighting, no more fighting...

Saiba/Sybil skips merrily out.

CHEF AMELIA

Edwin, you do spoil these girls.

EDWIN CORY

Yes, I do.

(Amelia exits)

John, that was quite enlightening. I think too many others may share Mme. Belanger opinions. Surely we can find someone to work with us who is of a gentler mettle.

JOHN CORY

If I find the right person, I'll tie her up and bring her straight here.

(MORE)

JOHN CORY (CONT'D)

I've hitched the horse to the wagon and it's getting late. The Public Market will be my first stop for groceries--I have the list. Did you mention something about Veer's Mercantile Supply?

EDWIN CORY

Yes, Elias Veer has some used blankets and wool fabrics to donate to us. You need to stop by and pick them up. You know where his shop is?

JOHN CORY

I do. I've heard that Mr. Veer is an odd fellow and that he's not well liked about the town.

EDWIN CORY

No, he is not. There are rumors that his business is on the shady side. Who knows? I've met him once or twice. He's humorless man. I recall one incident. I was walking on Falmouth Street near his store when I saw his carriage passing by. One of the wheels had become loose and a few local lads came to the rescue and repaired it. Not a word of thanks, nor even a farthing, did he offer them in recompense. So much for his generosity. James, the locksmith across from Veer's store, told me Veer had recently taken in a new housekeeper, quite pretty, he said. It is bantered about that her duties extend beyond just tidying up his apartment. Idle gossip? All that is not our concern. Stop by his store and pick up the free blankets and woolens he has offered us.

JOHN CORY

Very well, I'll see for myself the manner of a man and give my greetings to his pretty his housekeeper, should I see her. By the way, what was it Sybil said in French that so angered the Madame Behavior Stick? Something like *vay wetch*?

EDWIN CORY

*Vieille vache*? It translates to *Old Cow*. I wonder where Sybil learned that? Is French the spoken language in Barbados?

JOHN CORY

No, they speak English. Smart girl that Sybil. Full of surprises.

EDWIN CORY

Oh, while you're about it, stop at Hales's church and thank Michael for his church's contribution to our school. Inquire if perhaps he has another small contribution for us? I will see you later. Bonne journée.

John is laughing as he exits.

JOHN CORY

Au revoir!

34 EXT. REV. PARRIS' HOUSE - MORNING

A carriage pulls up to a small but fashionable cottage. Other similar houses border this street. VIOLET, Tituba's daughter, runs from the carriage to the steps of the house. Tituba and Rev. Samuel Parris emerge from the coach.

VIOLET

Mother, look. This is where we will live. It is a fine house. It is Uncle Parris's and we shall all live there.

Tituba and Parris climb the steps. She looks at the house, and turns to Parris.

TITUBA

Samuel, I have no words to say that can show my thanks. I am in your debt.

REV. PARRIS

Now, now, I deserve little thanks. You suffered too long in that workhouse. Welcome home. You'll find I neglected many things in your absence--things that will require your attention, like our garden. Also, my cook will be leaving soon. I give you your kitchen back. She was not bad but I have missed your cooking. But please...

(He smiles)

no very hot spicy Barbados food.

They both laugh.

TITUBA

No spicy food. I promise.

They enter Parris's house

## 35 INT. PARRIS'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The front door opens to a foyer. There is a religious painting on one wall, some old but respectable furniture, a coat rack, and a side table with an oil lamp. There are candles on the bookshelf. Violet, Parris and Tituba leave the foyer and enter a parlor. It is typical to the period, with a fireplace, breakfront cabinet, and a library table. A desk is full of papers and books and dirty tea cups. Tituba looks critically at the state of disorder.

TITUBA

Samuel, I can hardly remember this house. You do need a housekeeper.

REV. PARRIS

Tituba, shall we have a fire? The coals are still hot. There is kindling in the box by the hearth. I will bring in some logs. Violet has moved to the small bedroom in the attic. The large room with the window looking out on the garden is yours. You take some time to relax. There is port wine in the cupboard. Now, I must work on my sermon. Violet, show your mother the garden, the kitchen and her new room.

CUT TO:

## 36 PARRIS' GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

The garden is at the rear of the house. On one side is a vegetable garden, now fallow for the winter. On the other side is a path that circles around an apple tree. Near the tree is a garden bench. On the borders of the path are flower beds just starting to sprout. Tituba and Violet walk the path and sit down on the bench.

VIOLET

Mother, this is my favorite place. I sit here on warm days. Sometimes Uncle Parris brings seeds and we feed the birds.

TITUBA

The Samuel Parris in Salem was once a stern man. He is much nicer now. Do you like living with him? Does he spend time with you? Do you have long talks together?

VIOLET

Sometimes we talk. He takes me for walks to the docks and we look at the ships. I like the names.

(MORE)

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Last week we saw Sir Walter Raleigh's ship the *Mary Sparkes*, and there was a war ship with many canons called *Henry-the-Eighth*. And a black ship called *The Dainty*. I said that it didn't look at all *dainty*. Uncle Parris laughed. If I'm very good and help him with the housework he buys me sweets.

TITUBA

Why do you call him Uncle Parris and not *Reverend*?

VIOLET

Mother, he told me to call him *Uncle* because he does not want to be a *reverend* all the time. Some nights before my bed time, he talks to me by the fire. He is different then. He tells me how he misses his little girl, Betty. One night I had a bad dream and was crying. He heard me and came to my bedside and comforted me. The next day I tried to thank him, but he said he did not wish to hear of it again.

TITUBA

A bad dream? Do you remember it? Some dreams can have meanings. You were too young to remember your Taino teaching in Barbados.

VIOLET

(excited)

Mother, I do remember. In my dream, I was in our home in Barbados. I was with Saiba. We ran to the beach with the three tall palms. We played in the water and our dresses were soaked. Saiba looked at the sun and said we were late for school. We ran laughing from the beach in our wet clothes.

TITUBA

How was that such a bad dream? You and your sister laughing?

VIOLET

Because I woke up in the night, alone, and I knew it was just a dream. It made me cry. Mother, does my dream mean we will find Saiba?

## TITUBA

My sweet girl, sometimes a dream  
is just a dream. The future is  
the maker of our fortunes. We can  
only make our wishes and hope the  
future is listening. There is  
always *hope*.

She hugs her daughter.

FADE OUT

## 37 INT. HALE'S CHURCH - MORNING

Rev. Michael Hale's church is humble, with little ornamentation, a few paintings, and no statuary. One stained-glass window frames the alter. A sign on the pulpit reads "Church of the Faithful" A morning service is just starting and the congregation files in. MICHAEL HALE greets his parish members. His assistant, ALBERT, an Algonquin native, passes out hand-written, one-page programs. He is dressed in colonial, church-appropriate clothes. Reverend Hale is in his mid-thirties. He was present during the Salem trials, having been called there by Reverend Samuel Parris, who believed young Reverend Hale had more experience than he, in dealing with occult, magic and pagan practices. Now, in Boston, he is regarded as a moderate, free-thinker, leaning towards colonial independence. The church is filling up and Rev. Hale and ALBERT move to a side alcove.

## REV. MICHAEL HALE

Albert, did you purchase the red  
candles? I hope you had enough  
money.

## ALBERT

Yes, John, and they were not cheap,  
but I invoked, yes, I invoked the  
name of our Lord Jesus and the  
clerk, a nice young man, a very  
charming fellow, with a white muslin  
shirt, he lowered the price. Yes  
he did. I am a good buyer. The  
owner of the store, the owner was  
out. I've never met the owner but  
his bookkeeper...

Albert is prone to excessive elaboration and often rambles on. Hale interrupts him.

## REV. MICHAEL HALE

That's fine, Albert. I have another  
question for you. Have you noticed  
the woman who sits in the rear  
pew? She wears a thick black veil  
and leaves quickly at the end of  
the service. I've tried to greet  
her as she enters, but she arrives  
late after I have begun my sermon.

(MORE)

REV. MICHAEL HALE (CONT'D)

She always makes a donation when you pass the basket.

ALBERT

How could I not notice her? When I am just closing the doors, she arrives at the exact moment, just before you begin the sermon. She always wears the black veil, even while walking in the street. Perhaps her face is scared or she is in perpetual mourning. How sad for her. Oh yes, I have certainly noticed her...I certainly have. And I must tell you, Michael, she is most generous--giving alms to our church, most generous, quite, quite. A mystery woman. Do you think she is hiding from some crime or grave sin?

REV. MICHAEL HALE

I doubt that, but I share your curiosity, Albert. I sense her mysterious manner is perhaps a plea to be noticed. She is a troubled person and I would know the person who hides behind the veil.

ANGLE ON ABBY WALKING TOWARD CHURCH WITH BLACK VEIL.

REV. MICHAEL HALE (CONT'D)

Place yourself outside our church before I complete my sermon. When she leaves, follow her at a distance to her home. Learn what you can about this mystery woman.

The church bells sound the final call to worship. Hale moves to the pulpit to begin his sermon. He comments to Albert.

REV. MICHAEL HALE (CONT'D)

We never quite fill our church. Could it be that sin and repentance no longer interest the good people of Boston?

He takes to the pulpit and the congregation becomes silent. Hale begins his sermon. His style is that of an angry lawyer pleading a case in court. It reflects the nature of his character.

REV. MICHAEL HALE (CONT'D)

My dear friends, today we will once again look into the nature of *good* and *evil*. The *good*, we take for granted; the *evil* provides us a choice.

(MORE)

REV. MICHAEL HALE (CONT'D)

We can look at it straight in the face and act, or we can avert our eyes and turn away. Has God created *good and evil* so we must choose between them? Are we being tested?...We are offered many paths. It is not always easy to choose the right one. In the Bible we find many examples...In Isaiah we read "Woe to those who call evil *good*, and good *evil*; who would substitute darkness for light and light for darkness". In the biblical times there existed powerful voices seeking to deceive the people. Seventeen centuries have passed. Much has changed. But the choice between good and evil remains. Let us examine...

The face of Rev. Michael Hale is resolute as he speaks the words. The faces of the congregation show they are fully engaged.

FADE TO:

38 EXT. BEHIND HALE'S CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The sermon is over and a group of fourteen men are assembled in the yard behind the church. All are dressed in church-appropriate clothes. Through the open rear door, looking in at the pulpit, Hale and Albert are visible to a few of the group outside. Albert emerges from the door and joins the group of men. They are cautious of his presence. They are members of *The Black Wasps*, a covert colonial militia, who favor the expulsion of British regular soldiers from the colonies. WASP JEROMY and WASP GEORGE are the two main spokesmen for the group.

WASP JEROMY

Good and Evil? Reverend Mike gave us a jolly stern sermon, a good one. We see the *evil* every day in those red uniforms. Do ya think our good Reverend Mike knows what we are about? We meet at night here in his churchyard. He must suspect we are up to more than evening prayers and singing hymns.

WASP GEORGE

I know the man well. We've been mates for more than a year. I can tell you, he knows our mission. But he does not want to be directly involved in our plans. But listen to his sermons. His power to help the cause comes from the pulpit. Now, what is on our agenda tonight?



The other men murmur and shake their heads.

WASP JEROMY

You all know the name *Arnold Basset*? He is a publisher of the *Colonial Herald*. His pamphlets and news letters support colonial independence. His writing helps enlist others to our cause. His new pamphlet, *Justice for All*, encourages support for Henry Johnson for Chief Justice of Boston's High Court; it also makes a strong case *against* Judge Danforth. We all know where we stand on Danforth.

(The wasp members  
voice their distain  
for Danforth)

There is one problem; the newsletter does not reach enough outlying colonial homes. Those who try to openly distribute it are being arrested by the Crown bullies. Basset needs our help to distribute it to Boston's outlying communities and nearby villages. The choice of who is appointed to the Chief Justice will be made by members of the Boston Council. Each community will be sending a representative with a recommendation for Chief Justice to the Council. The pamphlets will have a strong influence on who will be choosen. Our part is to distribute the pamphlets quietly, in the dark of night, without drawing the attention of the Tories and Royal police.

The group agrees and talks amongst themselves for a moment.

WASP GEORGE

I volunteer for the midnight delivery service. Are there any others who would discretely deliver his news letters and pamphlets?

WASP 3

I volunteer. My wife will be furious.

(laughter)

WASP 4

Count me in. I always wanted to be a midnight postman.

Three others raise their hands and volunteer

WASP JEROMY

I will contact Basset and make the necessary arrangements for pick up. It must be done with caution. We don't want to get nicked by Brit soldiers or Tory coppers.

WASP 2

Can we enlist the help of Reverend Hale? Or at least inform him of our plans. If he favors independence for the colonies, he will join us. We can assure him that we will avoid violence. He would be an excellent leader for our cause.

WASP GEORGE

There is more to it than that. I've spoken to Michael in this regard. It is true that he is in favor of cutting ties with England. You can tell that from his sermons. But he does not want to attract the attention of any Royalist Officials.

WASP JEROMY

Our two Tory Judges, Hawthorne and Danforth know him well and they distrust him. They could take serious measures against him.

WASP GEORGE

We will call on our good reverend Mike if and when the need be. I will tell him of our current plan. For now, let's adjourn to the Lamb's Haven for some ale. The other lads will be there.

DISSOLVE TO:

39 EXT. VEER MERCANTILE - AFTERNOON

Veer's Mercantile store is on a commercial street with various specialty shops. It is a gray stone building with a large front window in which various sundries are displayed. The sign over his window reads "ELIAS VEER QUALITY SUNDRIES Ring Bell for Entry". A few shoppers walk about the street and it is not crowded. John Corey arrives in a horse-drawn wagon. He stops in front of Veer's store and looks around for a place to leave the wagon, then drives the wagon into a small alley adjacent to Veer's store. He dismounts the wagon, checks the horse's bridle, and walks back toward the front entrance to Veer's store.

40 INT. VEER MERCANTILE - CONTINUOUS

Inside merchandise is displayed on racks, tables and shelves. The U-shaped counter sets off a non-public office area. In the rear of the store, MR. TODD, Veer's assistant and henchman is barely visible. He is a big man with a flat featureless face showing no glimmer of personality. MR. TODD walks with a noticeable limp. There are two desks, one smaller belongs to young JASON HARWOOD, Veer's bookkeeper/clerk, the other larger and more ornate, belongs to ELIAS VEER. JASON HARWOOD sits at his desk looking over several ledgers and invoices. ELIAS VEER stands over him with an angry expression. Veer is in his sixties, a stern, bitter man, whose main goal is acquiring wealth by any means. He berates JASON HARWOOD in a cold Scrooge-like manner.

ELIAS VEER

Harwood, I told you I needed the profit and loss figures entered into the Belgium ledger today. I gave you all the Belgium sales, excise taxes, shipping fees and invoices. Why is the completed ledger not on my desk?

JASON HARWOOD

Because sir, it remains unfinished on my desk. You told me earlier to first recopy last week's ledger entries with your corrections. It has not been an easy task.

Harwood is not intimidated by Veer and politely but firmly stands his ground. He is being asked to "doctor" the books.

JASON HARWOOD (CONT'D)

Many past entries have been altered and scratched out. I can not make the entries you provided if I don't have the last week's sales and tax receipts. If there were an audit I would be...

ELIAS VEER

(interrupting)

Yes, yes. You are a prisoner of the rules, Harwood. There will be no audit. I promise you that. I don't pay you for lectures on accounting. Leave that ledger book. I'll rewrite the ledger entries myself. These Belgium accounts are very important to me. Mind you, if you continue to find fault with my methods, I'll find a more cooperative bookkeeper.

They are interrupted by the sound of a doorbell ringing. John Corey waits outside the door of the shop.

JASON HARWOOD begins to stand up, but Veer motions to Harwood to keep working. MR. TODD has been in the back of the store and comes forward to open the door. ELIAS VEER wanders back to his desk. MR. TODD opens the door and scrutinizes John Corey. He dislikes the youth at first sight.

MR. TODD

State your business, boy. We will soon close for the day.

JOHN CORY

My business, sir, is with Mr. Veer. Clearly, you are not he. Will you please notify your employer, Elias Veer, that Edwin Corey's son, John has arrived.

MR. TODD

I will do so, but only after you tell me the nature of your business.

It has become a minor stand-off. Todd is the bigger man.

JOHN CORY

Since you block the doorway, I will not trespass. I see no need for your rude manner. I shall inform my uncle that I was denied entrance by...do you have a name?

MR. TODD

My name to you is 'Sir'.

John turns to leave. Todd did not expect this and stops him. Veer approaches from within the store.

ELIAS VEER

Who is it?

MR. TODD

(to John Corey in a hushed voice)

No, wait a moment. My day has been filled with problems and I don't wish any offense to you.

Veer arrives, having perceived the conflict.

ELIAS VEER

Mr. Todd, is there some kind of problem?

(to Corey)

And what can I do for you young man? Come into the store. I hope you bare no ill-feelings toward my man, Todd. He is not always diplomatic.

John looks over at Mr. Todd who is listening.

JOHN CORY

Ill feelings? No, not at all.  
I'm sure he's a fine fellow when  
you get to know him. I am here to  
pick up the woolens you offered my  
father, Edwin, for our school.  
It's very kind of you to give them  
to us, sir. I left our wagon in  
the alleyway.

Mr. Todd skulks off to the back of the store and out a rear doorway.

ELIAS VEER

Oh yes, we all must help. You're  
John, Edwin's son. And I do have  
some blankets and woolen fabrics  
for you. They are not new. I'll  
have them brought to the storefront.  
Jason, go to the rear store room  
and fetch the two boxes of those  
blankets and extra woolens.

Jason rises from his desk and approaches them.

JASON HARWOOD

Sir, I'm afraid I placed them in  
the alley for the rag monger.

ELIAS VEER

Why would you do such a thing,  
Harwood?

JASON HARWOOD

Because you told me to do so, sir.

ELIAS VEER

You constantly fail to understand  
my simple orders.

(to John)

He is a bit slow-witted. We must  
forgive him.

(to Jason Harwood)

Listen carefully to my instructions.  
I want those boxes brought to the  
front of the store. Get Mr. Todd,  
where ever he is, to help you load  
them into the wagon. Do you think  
you can manage all that?

Jason Harwood says nothing, but looks at John who is two years older. The glance reflects an *understanding* between the two younger men. Jason goes off to find Mr. Todd.

JOHN CORY

I will bring the wagon around to  
the front. Thank you again Mr.  
Veer for your kind gifts.

A young woman appears from the door at the rear of the store. She stays back while Veer and John Corey complete their

conversation. She is ABIGAIL WILLIAMS (using pseudonym Whitman). John notices her as he is leaving.

VEER

I try to help when I can. Give my best regards to you father and a good day to you.

As John Corey leaves he glances at Abby, then looks at Jason Harwood who sits at his desk. They both smile. As John exits, Veer moves to Harwood's desk. Abby follows close by.

VEER (CONT'D)

Harwood, you will have my profit reports completed by this evening.

Harwood looks up at them with a pained expression.

JASON HARWOOD

Very well. I will stay late, until they are completed.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Elias, Jason has worked so hard all day. Surely your reports can wait until tomorrow.

VEER

Abigail, Please do not interfere in my affairs. I do not employ you to manage my business.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

I know you will have your way regardless, Elias. I've tea prepared and those sweet biscuits you like. Go up now. I will see the shop is closed tight.

Veer puts his hands around her waste and pulls her close. She pushes away and scolds him mildly.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Please, Elias, behave yourself. We are in a public place. I'll be up to join you soon.

She strokes his head and walks off to lock the shop entry door.

VEER

(to Harwood)

Jason, you may leave, but I want the reports by noon tomorrow...and before you go, be certain to lock the Belgium Ledger in the rear Closet.

JASON HARWOOD

I will do so. Good day, sir, and thank you.

VEER

One more thing...empty the waste basket by my desk...also change my blotter. I spilled ink on it.

Veer goes up the stairs at the back of the office area and exits. Abby approaches Harwood's desk

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

He is quite a handful, our lord and master. Not an easy man to please. I would not have you miss your dinner, working on reports he may not need for days.

JASON HARWOOD

Thank you for arguing my cause. He does listen to you. He has been in a foul mood all day. Surely he knows his ledgers are not to be altered. I should not say this, but I do find him a most disagreeable person.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

On that we both agree, but he pays us a fair wage, and these days jobs in Boston are scarce. You would do well to avoid making any changes to his ledgers. I suspect Mr. Veer is risking an audit, and who knows what would be revealed.

(she looks toward  
the window)

Who was the man who left just now?

JASON HARWOOD

He was here to collect the woolens that Veer is donating to Edwin Corey's school. He's Edwin's son, John.

They are interrupted by a knock on the door. Jason Harwood bounds to the door and sees John Cory through the glass.

JASON HARWOOD (CONT'D)

(to Abby)

You'll soon meet him.

He opens the door. John re-enters the store. Abby takes note of John's good looks.

JOHN CORY

Hello again Mr. Harwood. I forgot to give you this note of thanks to Mr. Veer from my father.

(MORE)

JOHN CORY (CONT'D)

(He looks to Abby)

You must be Mr. Veer's housekeeper. I heard you were pretty and it is no lie. I am John Corey. I help my father with our school for orphaned girls.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

I hear many good things about your school, Mr. Corey. Yes, I am his housekeeper. My name is Abigail Whitman. My friends call me Abby.  
(she smiles)

Shall we be friends?

They look at one another in agreement.

JOHN CORY

Indeed we shall. We three shall be friends-- you, Jason and I.

Jason Harwood prepares to take his leave of them.

JASON HARWOOD

*John*, it is, then. One day soon we will drink an ale together. I must go now.

He shakes hands with John and nods goodbye to Abby.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Jason, I will tend to the wastebasket and blotter in the morning. Good night.

Jason starts to leave. Abby follows to lock the door. John shouts to Jason as he exits.

JOHN CORY

Yes, a pint or two at the Lamb's Haven. Good night Jason.

(to Abby)

He seems a fine fellow. I am glad I met him. Tell me, have you worked for Mr. Veer a long time? Many speak of the success of his store. In that regard he must be quite a clever businessman.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

I suppose he is. I've only been with him for the past month. It's not the sort of work I like, but it provides meals, a roof and a small income.

John understands the sub-text of what she says. He becomes more forthright.



JOHN CORY

Abby, there are those who feel Mr. Veer to be a stern man and so he seems. He has given our school a gift of used blankets and woollens. I looked them over while we loaded them. Many are torn and soiled; some are moldy--a measure of your employer's generosity. I hope he treats you better.

She smiles and shakes her head.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

I wish I could report that he does. Unfortunately, I fair no better than the blankets. I hope to move on from here soon. John, do I shock you with my candor?

JOHN CORY

Abby, I am seldom shocked by honesty. I feel at ease being honest with you. You are well-spoken and sharp of mind. Your skills might be better applied elsewhere. I know of a position that might suit you.

(She shows interest  
and moves nearer)

The House Mother at our school has just resigned her post without notice. She was well on in years and her health is failing. The position would require you to teach Reading and Writing and look after the girls. Would you consider such a position? My father, Edwin, is honest, forthright and a gentleman. You will like him, I'm certain.

Abby's smile dissipates. The offer catches her off guard.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

John, I've known you for five minutes and you would change my life? Mr. Veer will be very upset if I leave him.

(She smiles again,  
assuming John  
understands)

I will give it serious mind. I would very much like to visit your school and meet your father.

From the back of the now darkened store Veer yells down the stairs.

VEER

Abby, What are you doing? I want my tea and biscuits. Finish closing and come up.

Abby and John lower their voices to a whisper, having formed a conspiracy of sorts.

JOHN CORY

My uncle will be pleased if you visit, as will I. I must go. My horse will wonder what became of me. Good night to you Miss Abigail.

From the darkened store Veer yells again.

VEER

Abby, come now!

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

(yelling back)

Yes, I'm coming Elias.

(to John in a whisper)

John, we'll meet again. Good night.

FADE TO:

41 INT. HIGH COURT OF BOSTON HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE DOOR OF THE CHAMBER OF JUDGE HAWTHORNE - EVENING

In the hallway two court bailiffs, BAILIFF REGINALD and BAILIFF WILLIAM, drag a struggling man toward Danforth's office door. The man, ARNOLD BASSET, is a publisher. His press, the *Colonial Herald*, prints pamphlets and local newsletters favoring a greater independence from England. He has the look of a middle-aged gentleman and is dressed in the manner of a bourgeoisie businessman.

BAILIFF REGINALD

Stop your bloody whining, Mr. Basset. The Judge just wants a word with you.

ARNOLD BASSET

(trying to free himself)

Leave off me. You have no right dragging me here. I'll complain to the governor. You are not bailiffs, you're hired thugs.

The bailiff grabs him by the throat and pushes the back of his head into the chest of the other bailiff, who holds him from behind.

BAILIFF REGINALD

You listen good Mr. Basset.

(MORE)

BAILIFF REGINALD (CONT'D)

Judge Danforth will not like to see you bloodied up, even if you be a damned traitor to the Crown. Then again, he might like the sight.

(The other soldier grins)

If you keep yelling and flailing I will rearrange your face with the butt of my musket.

The Bailiff relaxes his grip and Basset ceases his resistance.

42 INT. JUDGE DANFORTH'S CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

Judges Thomas Danforth and John Hawthorne are in Danforth's private office. It is well appointed with a large ornate desk, a painting of England's rulers, William of Orange and wife, Mary. There is a sofa and chair on one wall facing a fireplace with logs burning, and a large bookshelf filled with legal texts. On the top shelf are two white judge's wigs. A break-front cabinet reveals crystal glassware and some bottles of spirits and wine. Danforth is fifty seven; Hawthorne is seventy. They are both portly and affluently over-dressed. Danforth fills Hawthorne's glass.

JUDGE HAWTHORNE

Thank you Thomas. Let us toast to your success? To Boston's new Chief Justice.

Thomas Danforth smiles slightly, shaking his head.

JUDGE DANFORTH

John, you are such an optimist. I've not yet been appointed.

There is a loud knocking at the chamber door. Danforth goes to the door and speaks through the door.

JUDGE DANFORTH (CONT'D)

I hear you. Wait just a moment.  
(to Hawthorne)

I fear our good Aldermen could still choose Johnson. What we need is a deciding element in my favor and I have one in progress...just outside my door.

He opens the chamber door admitting the two court bailiffs who are delivering ARNOLD BASSET. Basset recognizes both Hawthorne and Danforth and breaks loose from the soldiers. They move to restrain him.

JUDGE DANFORTH (CONT'D)

Hold off, lads! He will not harm us, of that I am sure.

He lifts a pistol from his desk drawer and points it at Basset, who on seeing the pistol, stands motionless.

JUDGE DANFORTH (CONT'D)

(to the bailiffs)

Thank you for delivering my package, gentlemen. I would ask you to wait outside until I call you back.

They leave. Hawthorne is frowning at the scene before him. Basset speaks.

ARNOLD BASSET

You are more a scoundrel than I imagined, Danforth. I will not call you, *your honor*, as I do not honor you, because you have none. Nor, for that matter, does your accomplice

(He indicates Hawthorne.)

whose wicked Salem deeds will damn his soul to hell.

Hawthorne looks at Basset with a stern expression, then laughs.

JUDGE HAWTHORNE

My soul damned? By whom I might ask? You? You defame me in your pamphlets for carrying out my sworn duty against the forces of the Devil? I trust God will reward me for my administration of Salem justice.

Basset moves toward Hawthorne and starts to rebut him.

JUDGE DANFORTH

Hold your words sir, before I shoot your wagging tongue. Sit down there and be silent. You have printed pamphlets that accuse me and my esteemed colleague of grave offenses, of stealing land by misappropriation. You advocate in your news letter and pamphlets for my rival, Henry Johnson, making him into a Colonial hero of some sort, while you slander my good name. Do you deny this?

Danforth picks up several pamphlets from his desk. Arnold Basset smiles at Danforth.

JUDGE DANFORTH (CONT'D)

Smile now while you can.

(He waves the pamphlets in Basset's face)

Your trash belongs here.

He goes to the fireplace and throws the pamphlets into the fire.

BASSET

I print only what I know to be the truth. Henry Johnson is a fine man, well educated, and in tune with the times and needs of the Colonists. He sees corruption in Loyalists like you and your friend here. You boast that that by serving the interests of the English Crown, it benefits the Colony. What nonsense! Horse excrement holds more truth than your cheap distortions. You and your like serve only one cause, your purses.

Danforth begins applauding, and Hawthorne joins in. Basset moves toward Danforth who raises his gun.

JUDGE HAWTHORNE

Who would have guessed this slanderer is also such a skilled orator? You sir, must return to England and run for a seat in parliament. What do you think, Samuel?

DANFORTH

I think for all the high and mighty preaching of truth and justice, Mr. Basset, you forget one important truth: You are our prisoner. Now all I ask is that you publicly retract your charges against me. Or you may choose to remain a prisoner. I urge you to immediately print a retraction and apology for your misguided attacks on my character. If you do so you will be well rewarded; if not, you will regret it. Consider carefully before you answer.

(they stare at each other)

Your answer Basset?

Hawthorne observes the interaction without showing much approval. He is uncomfortable with this manner of coercion. Basset looks at both men. Now he applauds them.

BASSET

Bravo! How rare it is to see the wheels of justice reeling off the high road into the gutter. You know my answer in advance. You are overstepping the boundaries of your power. My imprisonment will only fan the fires against you.

HAWTHORNE

Samuel, there may be truth in what he says. Tread softly.

DANFORTH

John, in a world such as ours, bold measures are called for. I see no risk. We are the Judges and he, by his inflammatory pamphlets, is guilty of high treason against the Crown of England. If he will not retract his accusations he will remain in a cell until after my appointment as Chief Justice. Then, I will deal with him in a manner that suits a traitor.

(to Basset)

Do you refuse my proposal, then?

BASSET

(smiling)

Proposal, is it? I refuse not only your *proposal*, but I refute your very existence as human beings. The smallest worm writhing in the ground has more moral character than either of you. That is my answer.

Danforth, still with pistol in hand, goes to the door and calls the bailiffs back into the room.

JUDGE DANFORTH

Take this man to the *special* cell in our north quadrant of the prison. Do not speak to anyone along the way. No one is to know of this. Here is the key to the cell. When he is locked away, return it to me.

The two bailiffs exit with Basset. The judges return to their wine.

JUDGE DANFORTH (CONT'D)

Well I didn't get what I wanted from the man, but at least he will publish no more rubbish against me from his dark prison cell. I have yet one other card to play, one that I hope will dash Henry Johnson's hope of ever being appointed to any high office. Let me tell you...

JUDGE HAWTHORNE

Samuel, please, no more. Desist! I have helped you so far to attain the appointment.

(MORE)

JUDGE HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)

I have endorsed you to The Boston alderman. But I must protect my own name. As Basset said, many remember our role in the Salem business and feel we acted with cruelty. I need no more involvement in political intrigues or conspiracies. Too many hate me as is.

JUDGE DANFORTH

So you would recuse yourself from giving me future help? You surprise me. We've been friends a long time, John.

Hawthorn downs his wine and picks up his hat.

JUDGE HAWTHORNE

And friends we will remain. I will continue to advocate for your appointment. I only ask that you pursue your...*questionable* campaign tactics and political maneuvers on your own. I would rather not know of their existence. Now I must be off.

JUDGE DANFORTH

Well then, so shall it be, my friend. This evening let us meet at the tavern for ale. My *intrigues* will be mine alone. Regards to your good wife.

He sees Hawthorne out.

43 EXT. BOSTON COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The sun has set as the two bailiffs, BAILIFF WILLIAM AND BAILIFF REGINALD, lead ARONALD BASSET down the rear steps of the courthouse. A man ascends the steps. He looks with interest at the three descending from the courthouse. He recognizes the two Bailiffs. He is SAMUEL SEWELL, a lower-ranking judge who was present during the Salem trials. He is a reluctant colleague of judges Hawthorne and Danforth. He confronts the two bailiffs.

JUDGE MATTHEW SEWELL

Reginald and William, what are you doing here so late in the day? The court has been out for hours...and who is this man?

The bailiffs are confused, and remembering Danforth's insistence on secrecy, they balk at trying to explain.

BAILIFF WILLIAM  
 Judge Sewell, oh yes, Good evening  
 to you sir. We are...taking this...  
 criminal to...prison.

ARNOLD BASSET  
 (yelling)  
 Sir, you must help me!

Bailiff Reginald points his gun at Basset.

BAILIFF REGINALD  
 Shut your mouth.

JUDGE MATTHEW SEWELL  
 Do you have the incarceration  
 orders? Where are you taking this  
 man? And by whose direction?

BAILIFF WILLIAM  
 Sir, we are not at liberty to tell  
 anyone our destination.

BAILIFF REGINALD  
 And we can not reveal the person  
 or identity...of...of

He looks to Bailiff William for help.

BAILIFF WILLIAM  
 The source of our orders? We  
 received no written orders.

ARNOLD BASSET  
 (to Sewell)  
 Please, you must listen to me.

BAILIFF WILLIAM  
 I will shut your mouth.

He raises the stock of his musket. Sewell intercedes.

JUDGE MATTHEW SEWELL  
 William, harm this man and you  
 will take his place in prison.  
 Lower your weapon. You are bailiffs  
 of the High Court and you must  
 yield to my authority. I will  
 hear this man and by god, the two  
 of you will remain silent. If he  
 is to prison, then so be it.  
 (to Basset)  
 You may speak. What have you to  
 say?

FADE TO:



44 INT. LAMB'S HAVEN TAVERN - NIGHT

A group of colonists are drinking beer and singing songs and joking amongst themselves. Seven British soldiers, wearing uniforms enter. They are with their superior officer, CAPTAIN SMYTH. They lean their muskets on the wall and sit at a table aside from the colonial patrons. Hale's assistant, Albert, is at the bar watching with the others, as the barmaid, VERA, comes to the soldiers' table. She is in her late 20s, attractive and flirtatious. She greets the English soldiers coolly.

VERA

What will you *brave* gentlemen be wanting?

The soldiers look to their captain.

CAPTAIN SMYTH

Bring tankards of Ale, all 'round, fair lady.

VERA

You'll need to be paying this time Captain. We can't give away our beer, even to our royal protectors. It's the rule of the house.

CAPTAIN SMYTH

Dear lady, we are your special guests. If you like you can send the bill to our Commandant, Sir Reginald Drake.

SOLDIER WHIGAND

We've never paid a penny before and we'll not pay a penny now. Please bring our ale.

(to the other soldiers)

I bet she'd charge a few crowns for a night of entertainment.

The other soldiers laugh. Vera is steadfast. The singing has stopped and the tavern is silent. All are listening to the conversation.

VERA

If I were available for what you suggest, and trust me, I am not, I would not abed with such as you for all the King's Crown Jewels. But I have a suggestion--and I mean no disrespect. My cousin has a lovely fat sow in her pigpen. She would be a fit bedtime partner for you.

The local patrons laugh and a few soldiers start to laugh but stop, seeing the grim face of the insulted soldier.

The soldier grabs VERA's arm and pulls her forward.

SOLDIER WHIGAND

You cheap tart. I'll give you a thrashing.

All in the tavern stand up. VERA breaks free and steps back. Several of the colonists move toward the group of soldiers. One of the soldiers shouts out for muskets.

SOLDIER VOICE

To Muskets!

The soldiers grab their guns from the wall behind the table and stand ready. One of the colonists, BIG BEN, stands before the group. He has a wooden leg. He is older, heavy set and brawny and speaks with a heavy Scottish accent. His speech is slow and deliberate.

BIG BEN

Is this how ye treat yerr fine ladies in England? I think ya might all need lessons in *properr* manners.

SOLDIER WHIGAND

Surely you have nothing to teach, peg-leg. You would do well to hold your tongue. Be gone or you'll feel my English boot in your fat arse.

Ben shows no fear. His comrades watch to see what he will do. He raises his tankard of ale and smiles.

BIG BEN

Well, a toast then...to your fine English boots.

He raises the tankard and pores the contents on the soldiers's boot, with half the beer entering the boot. Many laugh. The soldier steps back and raises his musket. CAPTAIN SMYTH jumps forward and grapples with him, as Big Ben dodges aside. The firearm discharges and Big Ben is hit and falls to the floor. The other soldiers raise their muskets at the colonists.

CAPTAIN SMYTH

NO! STOP! NO! All of you, Stop!  
(to the soldier)

You damned fool, look what you've done. Get a doctor! The rest of you assemble outside, NOW! Whigand, you are on report.

(to his sergeant  
and the other  
soldiers)

Take his musket and the rest of you form a column. We are returning to the fort. From now on, this tavern is off limits.

VERA

(to Captain Smyth)

We will tend to this man. Captain, you would shoot an unarmed old man for no reason? Shame be on you and your soldiers. It is well you don't return here. You are not welcome. Take your brave men and be gone.

Captain Smyth is genuinely upset.

CAPTAIN SMYTH

I am sorry, madame. There was no excuse for such behavior. Your anger is warranted and fair. This man will be punished. I promise.

They amble out of the tavern. Big Ben's leg shows no bleeding. He has been shot in the wooden leg. He still has the empty tankard in his hand.

BIG BEN

At least the bullet didn't split me hard oak. You chased them out, Vera, ya did. They ran away like rats, and a good riddance to them Redcoat bastards. Now, be done with all the nursing, my tankard needs a-fillin' lass.

FADE TO:

45 INT. VEER'S PRIVATE APARTMENT - LATER THAT MORNING

Veers apartment is above his mercantile store. It is eclectically furnished with gaudy antiques and furniture. Veer, clad in a smoking jacket that is too small for him, sits in a large armchair smoking his pipe and sipping sherry. He is studying some document. On the end table is a crystal decanter of sherry and more documents. From an outer door Abigail enters. She wears a conservative black dress with a cloak covering her shoulders.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

I have come from church, Elias. You would do well to visit the church occasionally. The Sermon might inspire you.

She removes her shawl and hangs it on a wall hook.

ELIAS VEER

I will select the time and place for my spiritual needs, my dear girl. I have no desire to visit Hale's rundown shack--a rat could bite me as I prayed.

(MORE)

ELIAS VEER (CONT'D)

(he laughs)

The splendid church in the main square is a more to my liking. It is filled with fine paintings and statues of the saints. And what a fine choir they have. When Elizabeth was still with me, we would attend the services.

He walks to the mirror on the wall and preens his beard and mustache.

ELIAS VEER (CONT'D)

She was such a refined lady, my Elizabeth. How sad she never gave me children.

Abigail Williams reacts to his statement with irritation.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Your fine wife? She bore you no little ones. I've heard she was years older than you. Perhaps you did not inspire such a fine lady to child-making activities.

ELIAS VEER

I did not meet her in a brothel by the docks. Have you forgotten? You are not to ever mention her name again or you shall be returned to your waterfront home.

Abigail Williams walks and stands close behind Veer, both their reflections visible in the mirror.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

My dear kind sir, the waterfront docks were at least an honest home. Would you be more content to spend these wintry nights alone in your bed with the memories of your passionate Elizabeth.

ELIAS VEER

(shouting)

You will not speak her name again.

He turns toward her and strikes her in the face. She takes the blow without flinching. He is surprised that she still stands. He stammers, but cannot find the words. She glances at the iron poker by the fireplace. Her expression is steel-hard and her eyes flash with hatred. She moves her head close to his and speaks in a calm, soft, but intense voice.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

You have wronged me Elias. You must take heed... and be cautious. Danger is close by.

(MORE)

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

You are a bitter old man who  
believes wealth alone makes you  
powerful. It will not buy you  
safety.

She moves to the fireplace and brushes the poker with her  
hand.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Do not deceive yourself, Elias.  
You live in a poverty of your own  
making.

(She moves back  
toward him and he  
recoils in fear)

Your foul soul cries out for help  
but you cannot hear it. I know of  
such things. I bring you no comfort  
living here. You are better served  
left alone. Tonight I will pack  
up my belongings and leave in the  
morning hours. You keep all your  
gifts. I want only what was mine  
when I arrived.

ELIAS VEER

I...I fear no one. My man Todd  
will stand by me. Good riddance  
to you I say. And you'll take  
none of your jewelry or gowns.  
None!

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

(laughing)

You can't take back jewelry I don't  
have. Most I have sold.

(she observes his  
expression)

And I will tell you where the money  
I received went. You know the  
small, rat-infested church on  
Bedford street? I gave the money  
to Reverend Hale's church. What  
jewelry remains you may keep.  
Give it to your next housekeeper.  
I will take only my mother's broach.

Veer, still shaken, smiles an evil smile.

ELIAS VEER

Hale's church? The church of the  
rabble. Hale and his high and  
mighty ideals. You have wasted my  
money. Money you have stolen from  
me. I gave Mr. Todd your mother's  
broach weeks ago for safe keeping.  
He has it hidden away.

(MORE)

ELIAS VEER (CONT'D)

(He leers at her)

I might return it to you, if you should you favor me with one last night abed.

Abigail Williams does not show any reaction. She walks to the fireplace, picks up the iron poker and moves toward Veer. He backs up to a wall and is trapped.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

You hired me as a whore to share your bed--a foul experience that disgusted me from the first day you laid a hand on me. I am quitting you and your bed. You have the broach for now, but one day--mark me well--I will have it back.

She raises the poker over her head as if to strike him. He crouches down, covering his head and sinks shivering to the floor, whimpering. She lowers the poker and replaces it by the fire.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

You will keep your distance from me until I have gone.

FADE TO

46 EXT. HALE'S CHURCH - LATER SAME NIGHT

A group of men gather in the courtyard of Hale's church. Hale's assistant, Albert, is among them. They have just come from the tavern, having witnessed the altercation between Big Ben and the English Soldier. Hale exits the back door of the church and approaches the group.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Albert, Jeremy, George, what are you all doing here? It is unwise to be seen together so late. A cold night to be standing about.

ALBERT

We just came from the Lamb's Haven. Let me tell you, there was a skirmish between Big Ben and one of the Redcoat soldiers. Quite a sight it was--quite a sight.

WASP JEROMY

Yes, it was. That Captain Smyth was red-faced angry at his soldiers. We was all dumbfounded. Lucky we had no weapons or we might have started up a war with England there and then. Them soldiers were lucky to leave unharmed.

WASP GEORGE

They'll not get away with it.  
We'll arrange a pay back for our  
redcoat bullies.

WASP JEROMY

We have other concerns. It's too  
cold out here for chitchat. Time  
to go home to a warm fire.

Albert has been listening attentively. Rev. Hale shakes  
his head, disapprovingly.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Gentlemen, You stand next to a  
house of God and speak of war and  
violence. If you wish you may  
come into the church and I can  
provide you with a talk on tolerance  
and forgiveness.

WASP JEROMY

No, no thank you Reverend. Save  
it for next Sunday. We was just  
leaving.

They all murmur goodnights and shuffle off. Albert and  
Hale remain outside.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Quite an interesting group of men.  
What were they discussing?

ALBERT

There was some excitement at the  
tavern. Smyth and his men came in  
looking for trouble. Old Ben got  
shot by one of Smyth's soldiers.  
Hit him in his wooden leg, ha ha.  
English guns raised against  
colonists. No good, I say. Me and  
the lads were deciding what measures  
we'd take to even the score.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Measures? How foolish! Provoking  
our English cousins will make  
matters worse than they are. The  
English will leave the colonies in  
good time. We must have patience.

ALBERT

There are many who have no patience.  
They resent the King's army bullying  
our citizens. Certainly, you have  
heard of the *Black Wasps*. There  
are many groups forming...

Hale interrupts and looks troubled by the mention of the  
name.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Albert, I DO NOT want to hear any more about it. I know there is a growing hatred toward the British Loyalists who are policing our land, a hatred that is not without cause. But I cannot be a part of rash and violent acts, however just the cause may be. Albert, say no more about secret groups, spiders, bees, hornets or Black Wasps. Better I do NOT know the identity of their members.

(beat)

What I do want to know is what you have learned about our veiled mystery woman. Where does she live? What is her name?

ALBERT

Oh yes, oh yes. The girl with the veil. She removed it a few blocks from the church--very pretty indeed. Quite attractive, dark hair and...

Hale interrupts him.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

(impatient)

Enough. Yes, she's pretty, now tell me where she went.

ALBERT

She walked several blocks down to the docks and sat on a bail or box-- I'm not sure...it might have...

(Albert sees Hale becoming irritated)

Oh yes, where she went. She sat looking at the ships in the harbor for a while. I had to wait for half an hour. She finally left and walked up High Street to the Mercantile store, Elias Veer's store, and entered by the front entrance. I believe she had a key.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Is that all you learned? Veer--a despicable man. Perhaps she is related to him, his niece?

ALBERT

I think not, Michael.

(Albert smiles)

There is more. I asked a passerby, a neighbor woman, and she was very keen on providing me with the local gossip--very keen she was, quite

(MORE)



ALBERT (CONT'D)

talkative. She told me that our mystery woman passed herself off as Veer's housekeeper but she, the neighbor lady, did not believe it. "Housekeepers do not wear jewelry and don't dress in fancy clothes", she said. The other local residents I spoke with thought the same...some suggested that her duties extended beyond just dusting off the furniture, if you know what I mean.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Albert, let not your own sordid mind lead you to unfounded conclusions. People turn to gossip when they know nothing of the truth. She may or may not be Veer's mistress. Did the neighbor woman know her name?

ALBERT

Yes, you know, Michael, I asked her that very question. She kept going on about Veer and his store. Veer has a young man as his...

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Albert, PLEASE!

ALBERT

Her name? Abigail Whitman.

Hale's interest perks up. He furrows his brow.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Are you certain you heard correctly?

ALBERT

Absolutely, sir--clear as a church bell ringing Sunday mornings...I heard it clearly. The name was definitely *Whitman--Abigail Whitman*. I've never know any Abigails but I remember...

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Thank you, Albert. You've done some good detective work. You might have a talent there. Good night to you. I've some work left to complete before morning.

Albert leaves, and Hale re-enters his church rectory, a small cottage set back from the Church's rear yard.

CUT TO:

47 INT. HALES COTTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The cottage is austere but comfortable in a rustic fashion. Hale reviews a stack of papers on his small dining table. He goes to a cabinet, takes out a bottle of brandy and pours himself a glass. He sits at the table, pen in hand, scribbling on one of the pages. There is a knock at the door.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

The door is not locked. Come through.

JUDGE MATTHEW SEWELL enters the room. He wears a formal cloak and hat with a plume.

JUDGE MATTHEW SEWELL

Forgive my coming by so late. I am Matthew Sewell, I think we have met before.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Yes, It was long ago during the terrible Salem trials. As I recall, you and I agreed that the court's proceedings were deplorable. Do you serve in the same Boston court as Hawthorne and Danforth?

Hale moves to the cabinet and removes a glass.

REV. MICHAEL HALE (CONT'D)

Can I offer you a brandy?

JUDGE MATTHEW SEWELL

It is brisk out, a drink would warm me. Thank you.

(He accepts the glass)

Yes, I am indeed in the same court as those you name. And to be honest, I take no pleasure in it. They have political connections all the way up to Governor Stoughton and beyond to lords in England. My position in the high court was provided to me in part by their design.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

I hear you sir. In government positions, one can end up with peculiar bedfellows. Unfortunately, it seems quite likely that Judge Danforth will be appointed the next Chief Justice of our fair city. He is a dreadful choice in my opinion. I favor his opponent, Henry Johnson.

JUDGE MATTHEW SEWELL

As do I. Danforth will use any means to gain his end; ethics be damned. He does, however, have a worthy rival in Henry Johnson. Johnson might gain the appointment over Danforth if his name and character were better known to the Boston Community. Many here in Boston are familiar with Danforth's Salem cruelty.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Nor have I forgotten it. There are others in Boston who fear and despise the man. I surmise you are here on behalf of Henry Johnson?

JUDGE MATTHEW SEWELL

Yes, I am. There is an important independent publication, *The Colonial Herald* that has done much to promote Johnson's chances as well as our colonial cause. Their news letters and pamphlets reach many on the fringes of the city. The publisher, Arnold Basset, planned to send leaflets to these fringe communities. The leaflets urge them to send representatives who support Johnson to the City council. The council could be swayed in their choice if enough support goes in Johnson's favor.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Well then what prevents him from printing and distributing the leaflets?

JUDGE MATTHEW SEWELL

Earlier this evening, Arnold Basset, was imprisoned without *just cause* by my esteemed colleague, Thomas Danforth. I only learned of this by chance.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

I have had occasion to meet Arnold Basset and know his publications. He and I discussed many things, including the best direction for our colonies. Danforth's tactic is clear. He would silence Henry Johnson and the voices that support him. Tell me, how might I help?

JUDGE MATTHEW SEWELL

I believe you to be a fair and good man.

(MORE)

JUDGE MATTHEW SEWELL (CONT'D)

It is well known that you minister to the less fortunate. Governor Stoughton himself, knows of your work. I ask you to draw up a petition for the immediate release of Arnold Basset. It will require 300 signatures. Would you present it to the governor?

REV. MICHAEL HALE

It could take days to make an appointment to present a petition. We must find a quicker way. Have you a plan?

JUDGE MATTHEW SEWELL

I do. I know that the governor's coach will be passing through the main square at noon tomorrow. If you could stop his coach and identify yourself to him, he will listen to you and receive the petition. It is important that Danforth's name NOT be in the petition. It could implicate me. As a judge myself, I must not be associated with this action. Danforth would strike at me, if he suspected I had a hand in it.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

I understand. Danforth's name will not appear in the petition. I'll do what I can, Matthew.. Getting the signatures before noon will not be that difficult. I will find a way. Stopping the governor's coach? It can be arranged. A toast then to Basset's freedom.

JUDGE MATTHEW SEWELL

To Basset's freedom.

They raise their glasses and down the brandy. From outside a noise interrupts them. They move quickly to the entry door, and walk out into the yard. They see Albert attending to some trash barrels at the side of the cottage.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

(to Albert)

Albert, you frightened us. Why you are working so late? The trash can be tended to tomorrow.

ALBERT

These barrels were left here since last week. They wreak...smell of spoiled food.

(MORE)

ALBERT (CONT'D)

I wanted to spare your nose. The refuse-wagon will come early tomorrow. I was just...

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Well fine, see to it then. Your banging about at this late hour caused us concern. In the future, please tend to the trash before nightfall.

Albert nods and walks away. Hale and Sewell watch as he leaves.

JUDGE MATTHEW SEWELL

An odd hour to be moving trash barrels? Who was that fellow? Is he a foreigner?

REV. MICHAEL HALE

He is my assistant, Albert. He is of Algonquin descent, but as a child, was raised in Boston and given a fair education. Albert is a clever fellow, quick to learn. He's a bit eccentric, yet well spoken. He helps me with many of the church tasks.

JUDGE MATTHEW SEWELL

Could he have been listening to us? I've seen him before. What reason might he have to visit the High Court of Boston?

(beat)

Yes, I recall seeing a person resembling him outside on the courthouse near the rear entrance. He was speaking to one of the judges.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

That is very strange. Perhaps he has some private legal matters. Could you tell which judge he spoke with?

JUDGE MATTHEW SEWELL

I was at a fair distance from them and cannot be sure. Both Hawthorne and Danforth have entrances into their chambers from the back of the courthouse. Hawthorne usually leaves early. Danforth and your assistant whispering in the late hours? A mystery! If your assistant met with Danforth, it is worth looking into. I have become more suspicious with my advancing age.

(MORE)

JUDGE MATTHEW SEWELL (CONT'D)

I will bid you a good night John Hale. And I thank you for your efforts regarding Basset and Johnson...and for the excellent brandy.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

I am more than glad to help any way I can. I will look into Albert's High Court rendezvous. Good night to you, Matthew Sewell.

FADE TO:

48 EXT. WATER STREET NEAR DOCKS--NEXT- MORNING

Jason Harwood and John Corey are driving in a wagon along the Boston wharf. There is much commercial activity, ships being unloaded, workman with carts full of goods. Jason Harwood has the reins. He and John are having a jovial conversation.

JASON HARWOOD

John, I love these lively docks. When I was a lad I wanted to be a sailor. My father was an accountant, and made me study mathematics. To bad I was such a fast learner. I could have gone to sea and sailed round the world. I hear the women of England and France will fall into the arms of sailors.

JOHN CORY

That may be true, but after they leave your arms, you'll be months at sea, with storms, bad meals and stern captains.

JASON HARWOOD

...and fighting off pirates and French frigates. I suppose it's safer working here in Boston.

They pass in front of a warehouse with a large open doorway. Jason halts the wagon.

JOHN CORY

Is this the place? Wait...let me look to my uncle's list. The provisions we need are at McGwyer's, a bit farther.

Jason urges the horse forward and they continue bumping along the cobbled street. Just ahead on the street, a young woman struggles with two heavy bags. She is going in the same direction. McGwyer's is just ahead.

JASON HARWOOD

Look there, John. We need not go  
to Paris to find such beauty.

They get closer and the woman turns her head and glances at  
them, as they are about to pass.

JOHN CORY

Stop the wagon. We know his lady.  
Pull to the side. I'll jump down.  
Drive on ahead and find a place  
for the wagon. I'll see if she  
would ride with us.

Before Jason can ask who it is, John jumps to the ground  
and approaches Abigail Williams. He reaches her from behind  
and walks next to her. She does not turn her head, hoping  
to avoid a stranger making advances.

JOHN CORY (CONT'D)

Are you taking a sea voyage, miss?  
It's a fine sunny day for a cruise.

She recognizes him and before she can speak, he takes her  
two bags. They walk over to where Jason is parking the  
wagon.

JOHN CORY (CONT'D)

I would help ease your heavy burden,  
Miss Abby.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

It's you! John Corey. Help me  
you may. My arms are ready to  
leave my body. A sea voyage? I  
would be a very lucky girl to be  
off on a fine ship...to a warm  
place. Africa or South America  
perhaps. But I must settle for a  
room at the *Traveler's Rest*, just  
down the way.

JOHN CORY

The *Traveler's Rest* is not fit for  
one such as you. I heard you have  
quit Mr. Veer's employment. I am  
not surprised, given the nature of  
the man.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

You have that right, John. I could  
not bare another moment with him.  
It feels good to be free again,  
like a little boat sailing on the  
seas to seek fame and fortune or,  
better yet, a peaceful life.

JOHN CORY

If you be a little boat, I shall  
be your pilot.

(MORE)

JOHN CORY (CONT'D)

Let me steer a course away from these docks to lodgings you will surely like better. The position at our school is still open, and a warm room awaits you. You need not feel obliged to take the position at the school, but at least speak with my father, Edwin.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

I have given thought to your offer since you mentioned it at Veer's shop. I would speak with your father. If he finds me suitable, and I believe I can do what is required, I would gratefully accept. I do like children; not so long ago, I was a child myself.

She laughs. John is surprised and delighted at her acceptance.

JOHN CORY

Splendid, Miss Whitman! Let us find Jason and the wagon.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Jason? Jason Harwood? Is he with you? How wonderful you are friends. Do you think your father will like me?

JOHN CORY

I did mention you to him. I'm certain he will like you. There are many lost souls in our little school who need tending and instruction. A softer voice than mine or my father's is needed.

They pass by a street vendor selling colorful ribbons. John pulls Abigail Williams over to the vendor.

JOHN CORY (CONT'D)

Choose any one you like. Do you like the red?

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

You would buy me a gift and you hardly know me? How bold you are John Corey.

(beat)

I like the blue...or the green.

JOHN CORY

The red is cheerful. It will match your cloak.



ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Red is not my color, John. I think  
the blue to match my eyes.

JOHN CORY

It is the blue then.

He pays the vender and they continue to the wagon, just  
ahead. Abby ties the blue ribbon in her hair. Jason greets  
them.

JASON HARWOOD

I feared you had been taken by  
pirates. Abby, it's you! I'm so  
glad to see you. Veer would not  
even speak to me this morning.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

I feel no pity for the poor man.  
He will survive, you can be sure  
of that.

JOHN CORY

Let's hurry to get our supplies  
and we'll be off. Abby will you  
help us with our shopping?

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Do you two pirates plan to pay or  
plunder? I've forgotten my sword.

The three walk to McGwyer's Emporium.

49 INT. MCGWYER'S EMPORIUM - CONTINUOUS

John, Abby and Jason walk down the isles. Produce and food  
staples are displayed on tables, in boxes and in bins.  
John has the list. They are enjoying the shopping, laughing  
and joking as they shop. Jason and Abby each grab items  
placing them in a small wheeled wooden cart. Jason carries  
a small basket.

JASON HARWOOD

I'll get the potatoes and onions.

He goes down an isle away from John and Abby.

ABBY

If you were a married man, would  
you go shopping with your wife?

JOHN CORY

Let me think. You'll need to ask  
me that after I am married. Do  
you see that in my future?

ABBY

I would ask my husband to help  
with shopping.

(MORE)

ABBY (CONT'D)

(She looks beyond  
John and sees Mr.  
Todd passing)  
John, the man who just passed by  
the fruit vendor, it is Mr. Todd.

JOHN CORY

I suppose he shops for Veer. Pay  
him no mind. He is no threat to  
us.

A few isles over, out of sight of John and Abby, Jason  
Harwood examines onions and places them in his basket.  
When he looks up, Mr. Todd is standing before him.

MR. TODD

So, Harwood, you and your new  
friends are enjoying an outing?  
I'm sure our employer would not  
approve of your choice of  
companions. Nor do I.

JASON HARWOOD

We are not in Veer's store now. I  
have no interest in what you or  
Mr. Veer approve or disapprove of.  
My private life is my own. I  
suggest you go about your own  
business and I will do the same.

MR. TODD

Such strong words, from a slight  
boy. Caution, laddie, you and I  
are hardly friends. Beware, of  
those who you shun. There are  
risks.

John and Abby are approaching.

JASON HARWOOD

(to John and Abby)  
Hello my friends. You all know  
Mr. Todd. He was just threatening  
me--with what, I can't tell.

Jason laughs; John and Abbey do not.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

(to Mr. Todd)  
Is this true?

MR. TODD

No, not at all. What nonsense!  
Jason, how could you say that? I  
was simply speaking in the most  
general terms. Jason has  
misunderstood my meaning. I have  
no time for such foolishness.  
Good Day to all of you.

Todd abruptly leaves them. Abby, and Jason exit back to the wagon. John goes off to pay for their purchases.

DISSOLVE TO:

50 EXT. WATER STREET NEAR DOCKS- CONTINUOUS

Abby and Jason are back at the wagon waiting for John's return.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Jason, you must stay clear of Mr. Todd. John and I are witnesses to his threat.

JASON HARWOOD

He does not frighten me. Bullies are often cowards. Besides, I hope to leave Veer's employment soon. I have been offered another position with a shipping company. I would get to travel if I accept it. I am meeting with them again soon and it will be decided then.

John arrives back at the wagon, having paid the grocery bill. All three climb back onto the wagon and drive down the street.

JOHN CORY

Did I overhear something about a new position, Jason?

JASON HARWOOD

The cat has escaped the bag. Yes, as a bookkeeper for Nobscott Shipping, I will be able to travel on their ships. I must decide yes or *no* soon.

JOHN CORY

I vote 'yes'. You may yet meet those amorous French ladies in your travels, Seaman Harwood.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

French ladies? What's wrong with the Massachusetts' ladies?

JASON HARWOOD

And where shall we take you, lovely Massachusetts Lady?

JOHN CORY

(cutting in)

To the Cory's school, Abigail's new lodging and perhaps her place of employment, if she will join our staff.

JASON HARWOOD

Well congratulations to you both. Abigail, you are moving to a far more pleasant situation, and John, you have snagged a lovely and very capable staff member.

(to Abby)

I wanted to give you a little parting gift, but you left so early this morning. I've left it back at my room. We dare not go fetch it.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

A gift for me? Jason, how thoughtful.

JASON HARWOOD

It is not French perfume, but something that might be of help to you in the future. It will be a surprise.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Well I do thank you Jason. I have had many pleasant surprises of late and look forward to another.

JOHN CORY

Bring your gift over to the school later this afternoon. Abby will be staying with us overnight. She can have it then.

(beat)

What say we celebrate with a tankard at the Lamb's Haven? Abigail Williams, would you have a drink with us two salty sailors, just come from fighting pirates in the South Seas?

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

This day has brought me gift upon gift. A wagon ride, A blue ribbon, a chance at a new position, a surprise gift and a glass of cider with two brave sailors. I feel my fortunes are changing for the better.

They drive off, chatting and laughing.

DISSOLVE TO:

51 EXT. MAIN SQUARE IN BOSTON - AFTERNOON

Reverend Michael Hale has enlisted some church members, men and women, and the *Wasps*, to help him stop the Governor's Coach which is scheduled to pass through the square at high noon. There is a crowd of spectators gathered in the square to greet GOVERNOR STOUGHTON.

Hale's group have shouldered their way to the edge of the street. A group of ten British soldiers ride in advance of the coach. The crowd cheers and applauds. Just after the mounted soldiers pass, Michael Hale steps out into the street. The coach stops. The group from Hales church files into the street behind Hale, blocking the return of the mounted soldiers. The driver of the coach yells to Hale.

COACH DRIVER

Out of the street! Are you daft?  
You will feel my horses hooves on  
your back in a moment. Where are  
those guards?

A head pops out of the coach's left window to see what is causing the delay. It is JUDGE HAWTORNE.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Judge Hawthorne, we mean no harm.  
I must deliver an important document  
to our Governor.

(in a very loud  
voice)

It is a matter of righting an  
injustice.

HAWTHORNE

Reverend Michael Hale? Is that  
you? Have you lost all your reason.  
Move aside!

REV. MICHAEL HALE

I would speak a word with our good  
Governor Stoughton and deliver to  
him a document.

The nearby crowd is hushed and listening to the conversation.

REV. MICHAEL HALE (CONT'D)

It will take very little of his  
time. I believe he knows of me.  
Please ask if I might see him.

HAWTHORNE

I'll ask him no such thing.  
Petitions are not presented in the  
street. There are established  
procedures. Now move aside Reverend  
or our guards will move you.

The mounted guards have made their way through Hale's blockade and surround Hale. Several have their muskets in hand. Danforth's head disappears into the coach. From the crowd comes shouts in support of Hale's mission. The soldiers are encircled. Hawthorne's head leans out from the window.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)

Reverend, you shall speak with the  
Governor.

(MORE)

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)

What has become of protocol? The times are changing. Go to the other side of the coach.

Hale, carrying a leather portfolio, walks around to the window on the other side of the coach. It is dark in the interior and Hale strains to see inside. From within the carriage, GOVERNOR STOUGHTON speaks.

GOV. STOUGHTON

So you are John Hale, Reverend of the Church of the Faithful. It comes to my ears that you are much admired for your hard work and compassion. How can I serve you, Reverend?

REV. MICHAEL HALE

My Lord Governor, I hold a petition, signed by many in my parish, asking justice for a man believed to be unlawfully imprisoned. I will not discuss the specifics, as they are in the petition, and you, no doubt, have much to attend to this day. I humbly ask you to receive it and assess its merit.

GOV. STOUGHTON

Very well then, Reverend Hale. Give me the document and I will look it over.

Hale hands him the leather folder containing the petition.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Many thanks to you Governor. May God be with you.

GOV. STOUGHTON

I thank you, sir, for caring for our citizens. Good fortune be with you.

Hale walks back to his group who begin to cheer, but Hale gestures at them to cease. The crowd moves aside and the soldiers and coach move on.

FADE TO:

52 INT. VEER MERCANTILE - AFTERNOON

The store is closed and Jason Harwood has left. Veer is examining a ledger book. Mr. Todd stands behind him.

ELIAS VEER

You no doubt know that Miss Abigail Whitman no longer resides here

(MORE)

ELIAS VEER (CONT'D)

with us. I asked her to leave this morning.

MR. TODD

My apartment is adjacent to yours and I did hear quite a row from your rooms. I paid little mind to it. If she is gone, it might be for the best.

ELIAS VEER

You know me well Todd. Yes, her presence had become tedious. She did last night greatly offend me with her words and did threaten me with violence. Can you imagine that little tart trying to frighten me? I spoiled her with gifts of expensive clothes and bought her jewelry, with money that cannot be recovered. It was outright robbery. You can understand why I dismissed her.

MR. TODD

There is no need to justify yourself to me, Elias. She used you to establish herself in Boston and tossed you out when it suited her. It must have been unpleasant.

ELIAS VEER

Todd, I will be honest with you. Her rejection hurt me. I don't admit such feelings often to others. I have only contempt for her now and I will take my revenge. You must find out more about her past. I will pay for any information if need be. Check with the authorities at the dock and make a visit to Salem Town. I sense the town may give us a window into her past. Mark me, I will see her in prison.

MR. TODD

I'll make inquiries. I know just where and who to ask.

(beat)

I still have that piece of her jewelry in my room. You could sell it. You know Elias, she is good friends with your bookkeeper, Harwood--maybe more than good friends. I have heard them speak ill of you behind your back. Today in the market I saw Harwood with the Corey boy and Abigail. Harwood and I traded some unpleasantries.

(MORE)

MR. TODD (CONT'D)

Because of the delicate nature of your business records, I would keep a close watch on young Harwood.

ELIAS VEER

Abby with Jason? I suspected it. Conspiring against me, were they? And the other boy, Corey, from that useless school, I've seen them gadding about. They have become friends. Henceforth, I'll do my own my own accounting. Abigail is gone, why not Harwood too? You are right; he could do me harm if he was of the mind to. Good riddance to them both!

MR. TODD

Do not fear Harwood, Elias. If called upon, I will *persuade* Harwood to keep your accounting methods out of the ears of others.

ELIAS VEER

You do whatever you deem necessary. I am not making any suggestions. I leave that to your creative imagination. But most important, get me some dirt on my now-departed housekeeper.

FADE TO:

53 INT. COREY'S SCHOOL FOR ORPHANS- EVENING

Edwin Corey enters the office greeting-room of the school. He hears a wagon arrive outside, anticipating the return of his son with Veer's blankets and other supplies. John enters alone.

EDWIN CORY

John, how did you fare?

JOHN CORY

Excellent in every respect--other than the blankets that is. Father, I think I have found the perfect house-mother and English teacher. We spoke of her yesterday.

John steps to the doorway and re-enters with Abby.

JOHN CORY (CONT'D)

Father, Let me present Abigail Whitman, recently arrived from London.

Edwin takes a long, close look at Abby.



JOHN CORY (CONT'D)

She would speak to you about the position we are offering. She was about to take up lodgings at *Traveler's Rest* but I suggested she would be more comfortable here, if you agree to let her stay.

EDWIN CORY

Of course--more comfortable and much safer. So Miss Whitman you would like to work with us. We have the empty room of our previous housemother and of course you can stay here. The room is clean and bedding is just changed.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Mr. Corey, please call me Abby. I am grateful for your hospitality. In truth I have limited experience with being a housemother or an English teacher, but I do get on fine with young girls. I'm sure I can quickly learn what is required. The teaching of English will be no problem.

(jokingly)

I did just come from England, after all.

JOHN CORY

Abby has many qualities we are seeking. She is articulate and intelligent. I believe her to be honest and kind-hearted, and she has a sense of humor. The girls will love her.

EDWIN CORY

Well, Abby, your resume from the lips of my son is impressive. Sense of humor? You'll need that. Let me ask you just one question. What do you believe is the key to gaining the respect of children? Take your time to answer.

Abby is taken by surprise. She glances at John. She takes a moment to think it through.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

First, I will say what is NOT the way. From my experience, I believe that anger and punishment do little to reach children. Yes, being harsh does work, but only on the outside. I once had a teacher who was a skilled storyteller and gentle person.

(MORE)

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

The other children loved and respected her. It was because she showed respect for them and listened to their ideas and needs...and to their dreams. If she was angry with us for misbehaving, it never lasted for long. Afterward she would apologize to us. Imagine that? My answer is this: To gain the respect of children, you must show them equal respect.

Edwin looks at Abby then at John. John nods an I-told-you-so nod.

EDWIN CORY

John, show Miss Abby to her quarters and take her through the dormitory to see if the girls are getting to bed. Tomorrow Abby, John and I will introduce you to our girls and give you an idea of what's expected.

Edwin stands and faces Abby.

EDWIN CORY (CONT'D)

You may have the position with our school if you want it, and I hope you do.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Mr. Corey, I am surprised at how quickly you evaluate my limited skills, but at the same time I admire your method. As you have been quick in your decision, I would be equally so in my answer. I accept your offer to join your school. I promise you, I will give you my best efforts.

EDWIN CORY

Well said. I have some wine. Would you like a glass before we retire?

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Thank you sir, John and I did stop for a cider on the way here and I have had a long day. My head would spin were I to drink any more spirits.

EDWIN CORY

John, I wondered what kept you. Was it a cider or an ale? I had a bit of a worry as I waited. You must take our new "mother" on a short tour of the school.

(MORE)

EDWIN CORY (CONT'D)

Return here when you are done.  
And Abby...my name is not *Mr. Corey*  
or *Sir*. It is simply, *Edwin*. Oh,  
I nearly forgot. Jason Harwood  
dropped off a package earlier and  
said it was for you. I put it on  
the dresser in the 'guest' room.

JOHN CORY

(to Abby)

There's not much to see. The dining  
room, kitchen, a dormitory, the  
playground, and the classroom.  
Upstairs are our rooms and your  
room, where Jason's gift awaits  
you. Jason told me he felt a real  
loss when he learned you had left.  
He said you gave him a shelter  
from Todd and Veer. Come along.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Good night Edwin, and again, thank  
you.

John and Abby exit.

54 INT. HALE'S CHURCH - DAY

Days have passed and Rev. Hale prepares for his Sunday  
sermon. Hale is near the alter and gives Albert  
instructions.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Albert, we will have a guest speaker  
at the end of today's sermon. He  
is Henry Johnson, a candidate for  
the position of Chief Justice of  
the High Court of Boston. He will  
arrive shortly by carriage. I  
want you to receive him cordially.  
My cottage is unlocked and there  
is a fresh pot of tea on my table.  
I left some papers for him in an  
envelope. After we recite the  
*Creed*, Go to my cottage and bring  
him here...Now, let us welcome our  
congregation.

They walk to the main doors of the church.

ALBERT

Henry Johnson, yes, I have heard  
the name. Yes, I have. He is  
that barrister who was once a  
farmer, but surely Judge Danforth  
is favored to gain the appointment.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

This is not the time for such a discussion. Go to the front steps and wait for him. I will greet our church members.

They follow the usual ritual of greeting church members as they enter. Hale returns to the podium and waits for all to be seated. The last person entering the church is the mystery woman; Abby, wearing the black veil. Hale begins his sermon.

REV. MICHAEL HALE (CONT'D)

Greetings to you all, the faithful of our church. I see some new faces. Welcome! Today I want to speak on the topic of our personal responsibility to the community, our city and in some small way, our world. How can we make a difference? Some would say it is not in the power of an individual person to make such changes. It is God's realm. But when we see an injustice, do we wait for God's intervention? We accept the stories in our scriptures as guides in our daily lives. Let us examine the story of Mordicai and Ester.

Hales sermon drifts out to his audience. The faces of his congregation come into view, including the veiled woman.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. HALE'S CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Albert sits on the steps of the church awaiting the arrival of Henry Johnson. From down the street a figure approaches. It is Mr. Todd. He walks close to Albert.

ALBERT

Good morning to you Mr. Todd. You are taking a walk? Ambulation is excellent for ones's health. Mr. Veer's store is a good distance from here. Are you just walking or have you come to worship?

MR. TODD

Worship? Me?

(he smiles)

I think not. Yes, I like to take long walks. I take in all the sights. I learn many things from the streets. Who knows what I might see? And you, Albert, you are the right-hand to the good Reverend Hale, are you not?

ALBERT

Oh yes, his right-handed assistant. He and I are close friends. I help him with many things. He often asks my advice with many of his projects.

MR. TODD

And what might his current projects be? I'm a curious person by nature.

A small coach pulls up to the church and a brawny man with a sun-darkened complexion exits. He is well-dressed in the style of a common man. Albert cuts short his conversation with Todd.

ALBERT

His projects are given me in confidence. I am not at liberty to disclose such information in such a casual conversation as this. It's a matter of discretion, you understand? Discretion. Perhaps at some other time.

MR. TODD

Oh yes indeed, there is a time for everything. Later then.

Albert sees Henry Johnson walking toward the church entrance.

ALBERT

I must go tend to the project at hand this very moment. I will take my leave of you, Mr. Todd.

He walks away and greets Henry Johnson. Todd looks on with interest, then continues his slow walk. Albert guides Johnson down the path on the side of the church to Hale's cottage.

56 INT. HALE'S CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Hale is wrapping up his abbreviated sermon. He looks at the congregation in silence.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Who will step forward to right the wrongs of the evil Haman? Queen Ester could not remain silent. She might have done nothing, but instead she risked losing her throne for the sake of one good act. Ester made a choice, as each of us do every day. I say to you, one person can alter the course of history. One kind act can make a better world.

From a side door, Albert ushers in Henry Johnson, who stands to the side as Hale concludes his introduction.

REV. MICHAEL HALE (CONT'D)

We have today a guest speaker who I know to be a person who is not afraid to speak out to make a better world. Some of you may know his name. He seeks appointment to the High Court of Boston as Chief Justice. He comes from a humble farming family, like many of you. He studied law and became a barrister. Last year he became an Appellate Judge and worked to reform the corruption, greed and miscarriages of justice that plague our city. He has my full support and he is here to ask for yours. Please give a warm welcome to Henry Johnson.

The congregation applauds. Hale exits through the side door.

DISSOLVE TO:

57 EXT. HALE'S CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Hale has taken off his cleric's robe and wears ordinary street clothes. He sits on the church steps, facing away from the church doors. From across the square, a figure sits on a bench. From that distance he cannot be identified. It is Mr. Todd. The church doors open and the woman with the black veil emerges and walks down the steps past Hale. He speaks to her when she is a few steps below him.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Pardon me. Are you Miss Abigail Whitman?

Abigail Williams stops dead in her tracks, not even turning her head to see who has spoken. She finally turns and sees Hale.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

(She regains her confidence)

Yes, I am she. And you are the Reverend John Hale. Why do you abandon your church to sit on these cold steps? I mean no impertinence. I did like listening to Mr. Johnson. I agree with all he said. But how do you know me, sir?

REV. MICHAEL HALE

I do not know you, but I would. I have observed you from my pulpit.

(MORE)

REV. MICHAEL HALE (CONT'D)

I could not help but be curious about the identity of one who generously gives alms to my church. Your veiled appearance piqued my interest.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

But you called out my name.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Your name came to me from my assistant who had visited the mercantile store near the waterfront and inquired after you. I told him of my curiosity regarding your identity.

A few people begin to leave the church. Hale realizes that Henry Johnson's talk is over.

REV. MICHAEL HALE (CONT'D)

I must go back inside to bid goodbye to my congregation. Will you come in and wait for the church to empty. We will talk further.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

It is you, Reverend, who now piques my curiosity. If I am the mystery woman, you then, are the mystery Vicar. I will wait.

She enters the main entry door, Hale enters by a side door.

58 INT. HALE'S CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Only a few church-goers remain and Hale bids Henry Johnson goodbye. He sees Abigail Williams sitting in the rear pew and motions her to come forward. He hangs his robe in a side closet and puts away some papers. They sit in the front pew in front of the altar.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

First, let me thank you for your generosity. Our members are not wealthy. You ask how I know you. I am friends with Edwin and John Corey. I had occasion to speak with John and he tells me you will soon be working at their school.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Yes, I have already met some of the the girls. They are all very smart and well-behaved..that is, most of them. Did John tell you the circumstances of my work at Mr. Veer's store?

They both realize this is a loaded subject.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

I will be open with you. I know young Corey well and his uncle, Edwin. I knew them during the Salem trials. John did mention that your stay with Veer was one of necessity and you were, in fact, relieved to end your employment with him. Is this why you wear the heavy veil?

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Not entirely. I am not proud of my association with Veer. You thanked me for my generosity, but Veer, without knowing it, was the source of my contributions.

(she almost laughs)

I sold much of the jewelry he gave me. I arrived from London with nothing but a bag of clothes and a small sum of money. I knew no one. I am a person who has learned early in life what is necessary for survival. Veer befriended me and gave me a temporary shelter, a starting point, for which I paid a high price.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

You need not feel embarrassment or shame. We have all faced such decisions. Believe me when I tell you, I would never judge you. I may wear no veil, but I, myself, hide my own grievous faults.

(Hale looks intently  
at her veiled face  
as they share a  
moment of silence)

Miss Whitman, would you lift your veil and show me your face?

Abigail Williams thinks about it. She starts to remove her bonnet which holds the veil, but then stops. She looks into the face of Rev. Michael Hale.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

There is more to my shame than sharing Veer's bed. I chose it as a penance--to punish myself. My sins go far deeper. I cannot boast of my many skills, but I am a good judge of character. From our short time together I sense I can trust you. Is it because you are a man of God? No, that is not the reason.

(MORE)



ABIGAIL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

From your sermons I have learned much...about the nature of people and the choices they make. I have learned what it means to act out of generosity and kindness. It is I who must thank you, John Hale.

(she removes the veil)

I trust you will not hate me.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

(His recognition of her identity shows no great surprise.)

Abigail Williams, niece to Samuel Parris. I am neither shocked nor surprised. You are grown. I try never to condemn or hate people. You are kind to praise my sermons. I give what I have learned to those who have ears to listen. As you may recall, I once tried to promote justice in the face of evil and failed. I should have done more to stop the Salem insanity. I still blame myself for my cowardice.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

John Hale, from Beverly, I do remember those times...too well. I watched from a distance. You did what you could. You gave council to those accused--advice that might have saved them. You cannot place blame on yourself.

(She becomes angry at herself)

It was I who saved myself by accusing others. It was I who would see others hanged from the gallows so I might be spared. It was I who pointed my finger at Tituba, a good woman who was like a mother to me. I have much to atone for, Reverend Hale.

(Tears form in her eyes)

REV. MICHAEL HALE

And I do remember you, Abigail--the willful teenage Salem girl who lived with Reverend Samuel Parris, your uncle. You know, he lives in Boston now, not far from this church. As I look on you now, I see a young woman who hardly resembles the willful youth from the Salem tragedy.

(MORE)

REV. MICHAEL HALE (CONT'D)

Did you know it was your uncle  
Parris who summoned me to Salem  
from my quiet parish in Beverly.  
I wish he had not.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

I understand such wishes. I wish  
I'd had loving parents as a child.  
I might have become a better person,  
less willful and selfish. I learned  
little of *Kindness* from my Uncle  
Parris or from living in Salem.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

In our youth we are all selfish.  
You are no longer the same girl of  
16 years that stood defiant before  
Danforth and Hawthorne in fear of  
prison or hanging. In the end,  
many lied to save themselves,  
including Tituba.

(beat)

Have you confided your true identity  
to John and Edwin Corey? You will  
be working in close quarters with  
them and it would be best if they  
knew it from you.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

I am afraid that they will hear my  
name and despise me. Edwin Corey  
witnessed the horror of his  
brother's execution. He knows the  
part I played with others who  
suffered the judges' harsh verdicts.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Abigail, you do not yet trust the  
hearts of good people. Be truthful  
and open, and they will forgive  
you.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

I will take your advice, John Hale.

(beat)

You say my uncle Parris lives in  
Boston. Is his daughter with him?  
What happened to Tituba? And  
Violet?

Albert enters, interrupting their conversation. Hale is  
reluctant to divulge Abigail Williams's real name to Albert.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Albert this is Miss Abigail *Whitman*.  
She will be working with Edwin and  
John Corey at their school. Do  
you have need of me?

ALBERT

A pleasure to meet you Miss Abigail. John, there was a message from Edwin Corey asking you to meet with him and his son at the Lamb's Haven later this afternoon. I may go along myself for a drink. I do like ale but maybe I'll have cider. Cider is good for the heart and...

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Thank you Albert. I may see you later this evening.

(Albert leaves)

Well, you see, fate takes a hand. Will you come with me to the tavern? I will be at your side when you reveal your name. Trust me, Miss Abigail, John and Edwin will graciously accept you.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

You call me *Miss Abigail*. Just *Abby* will do, Reverend Michael.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Just Michael. We are all friends here. Let us go to the Lamb's Haven. The tavern is too far to walk. I'll engage a street carriage. We'll ask the driver to take the more scenic drive through the park...then on to the Lamb's Haven for drink and news of your uncle Parris and Tituba...and other matters that I think will interest you.

FADE TO:

59 EXT. LAMB'S HAVEN TAVERN - LATER

The Lamb's Haven Tavern is on a busy avenue near the Boston government buildings. A variety of people--soldiers, government officials, and businessmen, bustle about the street. The tavern has a carved and painted sign showing a flock of sheep. Abby and Hale exit a carriage and approach the tavern entry. They walk in, arm-in-arm. The tavern door opens and Mr. Todd lurches out. He is slightly drunk. He looks over at Hale and Abigail Williams, giving her a evil smile. He takes a step toward her and she recoils into Hale.

MR. TODD

(In a soft wispy voice)

Well a surprise. Still such a beauty. Good day to you Miss Abigail.

(MORE)

MR. TODD (CONT'D)

(to Hale)

And Reverend Hale...Do you  
provide...um...spiritual advice to  
this fair girl?

Abigail Williams turns away. Hale steps forward.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

We have no business with you sir.  
Please to step aside.

Todd is already walking away, he turns his head and responds.

MR. TODD

(muttering to himself  
as he departs)

No offense meant, just trying to  
be friendly...

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Abigail, How do you know this man?  
He has a mean cast to him.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

I did know him. My misfortune.  
He works for Elias Veer as his  
*Special Assistant*, whatever that  
might be. He is in all respects  
an unsavory character, perhaps  
dangerous.

They enter the tavern. The bar counter is filled with men,  
many from Hale's church. Hale's assistant, Albert, is at  
the bar. Off the bar is a large dining room with two smaller  
wing rooms on the left and the right. Abigail Williams and  
Hale look around for the Corey's table. As they pass the  
bar, Hale greets Albert.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Albert, you beat us here. I see  
you are enjoying yourself.

ALBERT

Good afternoon Michael. Oh yes,  
Sundays, I only imbibe cider, the  
ale gives me the winds; forgive me  
my crudeness, miss. Yes, it's  
cider for me. Apples, the very  
curse of Genesis. Imagine Adam  
and Eve sitting here at the bar  
sipping the juice of the forbidden  
fruit, scandalous...scandalous!

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Yes, Albert, to be sure.

(MORE)

REV. MICHAEL HALE (CONT'D)

(He motions to the  
barkeep and puts  
some coins on the  
bar.)

I'll buy this man another round  
when he's ready.

(to Albert)

We passed an odd fellow as we came  
in just now. Did you have occasion  
to speak with him?

ALBERT

Just left? Oh yes! I can identify  
that personage. Yes, I can. He  
is Mr. Todd, Veer's man. Yes, *Mr.*  
*Todd* he's called. We exchanged a  
few words. Nothing of interest.  
No one knows his first name, ha  
ha, or if he even has one. Veer,  
he might know. Mr. Todd, a very  
peculiar fellow, yes, he is. He  
gets around town.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Well, enjoy your cider. I'll see  
you later on.

As they continue their search for the Coreys, they pass the  
barmaid, Vera. She carries a tray of empty glasses and  
tankards. She knows Michael Hale.

VERA

Well greetings! It's the handsome  
Reverend Michael Hale and with a  
lovely new companion. I just now  
left the Coreys' table. They are  
waiting for you in the West Room.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

(to Abby)

Abby, meet Vera, Boston's most  
vivacious barmaid. Vera, may I  
introduce Miss Abby Whitman? She  
is recently arrived from London.

The two women give each other the once over; Abigail Williams  
notices Vera's flirtatious manner toward Hale.

VERA

I am pleased to meet you Abby. I  
hope you'll enjoy our Boston  
hospitality. They say London is a  
most exciting city, bustling with  
all kinds of activity.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Too much activity for me, a simple  
country girl. I am happy to be  
back in my homeland.

(MORE)

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

I lived not far from Boston some years ago. London? It can be fun and lively, but at times I found it a lonely place.

VERA

Lonely? How So?

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Many people I met were guarded and not forthright. Too often one's wealth was the gauge of a person's worth. There were, of course, some exceptions.

VERA

I've heard others say the same. You'll enjoy our Boston then. Rich or poor, money be damned! It's how well a bloke holds his beer--that's our gauge, right, Michael? We speak our minds here at the Lamb's Haven. So welcome Abby...and you, with such a fine companion at your arm. But I've tables to tend.

She heads off into the crowded room. Abby and Hale glance at each other. In the center of the main room, in sight of Hale and Abby, Danforth and Hawthorne are seated at a table. Hale notices them. He takes Abby's arm, and steers her away from them.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

(in a whisper)

My word, is that Hawthorne and Danforth? I'd prayed I would never again lay my eyes on them. I admit I've wished them both ill fortune.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

You and many others, as you will soon learn.

They enter the West Room, Edwin sees them and beckons them over to the table. Hale and Abby are still arm-in-arm.

EDWIN CORY

Michael, you've brought our Abby. What a pleasant surprise. Abby, welcome to our after-hours club.

(to Hale)

Did you happen to notice who is in the main room?

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Yes we did. They make a fine couple, like two rotten apples. It would seem all Boston is here.

(MORE)

REV. MICHAEL HALE (CONT'D)

When we entered, we saw Albert at the bar and ran into Veer's man, Todd. How did you describe him, Abby?

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

*Unsavory.* And I'll add--  
*frightening.*

EDWIN CORY

You are too kind to him, Abby. We wonder about the scope of his talents. We have heard stories. He is said to be without scruples, and capable of villainous mischief.

Their faces turn somber at Edwin's comment. Vera arrives back at the table.

VERA

Michael Hale, what a serious face you wear. Have you contracted the pox or is it just a tooth-ache?

The group regains a more jovial cast.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Me, a serious face? You know I once considered becoming a mortician?

(laughter)

VERA

(to Michael)

Yes, I could imagine that...Miss Abby, what's your pleasure?

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Cider, the *dark* if you have it.

VERA

A *dark* is is. And you, good Father Hale?

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Don't taunt me Vera. I'll be called 'Father' when I get an invitation from Rome. Bring me the same as the Coreys, and bring two more for them.

VERA

Anything else?

Edwin Corey puts his arm around Vera's waste and pulls her close to his chair.

EDWIN CORY

Will you meet me after work tonight?

VERA

If I did, at that late hour, I  
would find you snoring in a soft  
chair, sound asleep.

(laughter)

REV MICHAEL HALE

One thing, Vera. I wonder if you  
overheard any news that  
might...interest us?

They all listen intently.

VERA

(She looks around  
before answering  
in a soft voice)

The petition you delivered to the  
governor for the release of the  
publisher, Basset, was rejected by  
the governor.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

But how can that be? The petition  
had merit and nearly 400 signatures.  
Basset was unlawfully being held  
by none other than Danforth,  
himself.

VERA

That may be true, but Basset was  
released later that same evening  
with the explanation that it had  
been an unfortunate judicial  
oversight...you and I know better.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Danforth must have somehow learned  
of our petition. Damn him! He  
has many ears planted all about  
Boston. But only one, other than  
myself knew of Basset's  
imprisonment. I hope the leak was  
not from one of my church members.  
Well, at least Basset is now free  
to publish his leaflets.

VERA

Wait, there is more. Two days  
past the judges were here and I  
saw a curious thing. Your  
assistant, Albert had finished a  
very nice dinner, Lamb Pie and  
several glasses of expensive French  
Claret. Later he passed by their  
table and they exchanged words.  
The judges were smiling. Jack was  
behind the bar and he told me that  
Danforth had paid for the meal.  
Make of it what you will.



Vera moves quickly away to service other tables.

EDWIN CORY

Albert? He is far too naive to be a spy. Then again, he might be playing both sides.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

It is quite possible he might have overheard a conversation about the petition. I will certainly question him about his free meal when I return to the church.

Abby shakes her head, wondering if voicing her opinions might be thought presumptuous as a new member of the group. She speaks up, regardless.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Michael, it would be better NOT to give Albert a clue that you suspect him. Instead, supply him with some false information...something he will pass onto Danforth. Get the Judge to chase the illusive *wild goose*.

EDWIN CORY

Yes, an interesting idea.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

First, we must devise a test to see if Albert is really working for Danforth. Give Albert some misleading information, information that will cause Danforth to react. If he does, Albert's disloyalty will be confirmed. Keep your real plans far from Albert's ears. Use him as a unwitting messenger to point Danforth in the wrong direction.

Abby's spontaneity surprises the group, as they consider the merits of her strategy.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Oh, have I over-stepped my place in your business? I don't even know the full nature of your plans. Forgive my outburst.

EDWIN CORY

Forgive you? You offer us some very smart suggestions. All you said is worth considering. I am quite impressed.

JOHN CORY

(to Edwin)

I told you she had a sharp mind.

(MORE)

JOHN CORY (CONT'D)

(to Abby)

Your advice here is appreciated.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Abby, our immediate goal is to block Danforth's appointment to Chief Justice. Our greater objective is to insure Danforth can never harm another living soul. You are welcome to join with us in this effort.

Abby has a rush of confidence. She stumbles and stammers to reveal her true identity to the group.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

I am glad to join in and help you...if I can...for reasons you will soon know. I confess I have at times resorted to my own *devious* means...I mean there were moments when I felt trapped by circumstances. As I look back, I've not always chosen the wisest or most moral or...even the kindest paths. Only a few years ago, I was but a child, troubled and unruly. The person who sits with you at this table now, rejects the wild, selfish girl I was. She is not the person sitting here with you.

(she studies their faces)

I so hope you will understand, my new, dear friends. You deserve to hear the truth from me.

She takes a deep breath and looks to Michael Hale, who nods his approval.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

I will tell you the truth; the words...do not come easily. A few years ago, I was a selfish, willful girl of 16...and because of me, others suffered greatly. I lived in Salem, a dark, unhappy place. And by my own mischief, I found myself in the tangled web of the Salem trials. My only thoughts were to save myself...I told lies, lies that grievously hurt others. I betrayed a dear friend. All these memories have haunted me.

(She looks at each or their faces, Michael Hale's last.)

My true name is not Abigail Whitman.

The group is hanging on each word. Edwin holds up his hand, interrupting her.

EDWIN CORY

(speaking softly in  
a gentle voice)

No, dear Abby, indeed it is not. You are Abigail Williams of Salem, niece to Reverend Samuel Parris, and a participant in the terrible Salem Trials, eight years past. You disappeared from Salem and you have started a new life here in Boston.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

(astounded)

When did you realize who I was?

EDWIN CORY

I knew your identity immediately on seeing you, the first day you came to visit our school. I also believed that when you felt it to be the proper moment, you would reveal yourself.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

But you employed me on faith alone, knowing I had acted with such selfishness. You knew I was a thief and a liar. How is it possible?

All are focused on the moment and look to Edwin, the senior member of the group for a reply. Several rounds of ale have contributed to Edwin's loquacity.

EDWIN CORY

My dear Abby, I hate making speeches, but I am about to make one. I am fortified with ale, so don't expect my words to be equal to those of Caesar or Cicero.

(He takes a deep  
breath)

When you arrived with John to meet me and look over our school, I knew you were a person in need. In need of what, I was unsure. Now, I know you better. You have lived alone with your Salem burden for nearly eight years and I believe you still feel the weight of your actions. I can imagine you, a young girl, living in a cold town with a guardian who offered little warmth and love. What but *survival*, would motivate such a girl?

(MORE)

EDWIN CORY (CONT'D)

You blame yourself more than the others, but many, older and wiser than you, lied to save themselves. I wish that Giles, my own stubborn brother, had done so. I stood by and watched him be murdered by Danforth. Did I cry out, grab a sword or a musket and try to rescue him?...No, I did not. If only I had. Abby we are all victims of the judges and the madness of that time. You were not yet a grown woman and could not be expected to act as a heroic martyr.

Tears form in Abby's eyes. Her toughness has vanished. She can find no words.

REV. MCHAELE HALE

Well said Edwin, a worthy speech. Abby, when you lifted the dark veil in my church, a good person was revealed to me. We are all honored by your friendship, Abigail Williams.

Vera arrives at their table and sees Abby's distress.

VERA

What is all this? Do you weep, from sorrow?

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

No, no...not for sorrow. These people show me such kindness.

VERA

Come with me Abby. We'll take a tour of the Ladies' Powder Room where we may talk apart from these fine gentlemen. Come now, catch your breath, girl.

Vera and Abby leave.

JOHN CORY

She is quite a remarkable person this Abigail Williams.

EDWIN CORY

I do notice you pay quite close attention to her, John.

(He looks at John, who averts his eyes.)

I suggest she should remain *Whitman* until her enemies have been sufficiently hobbled. Danforth could do her harm. He must be dealt with first.

REV. MICHAEL HALE  
 Now, let's discuss how we will  
 test Albert's loyalty.

DISSOLVE TO:

60 INT. JUDGES TABLE AT SHEEP'S HAVEN - EVENING

Judges are conceiving a new plan to smear Danforth's rival,  
 Henry Johnson.

JUDGE HAWTHORNE

I really do not approve of your  
 plan, Thomas. Suppose you are  
 exposed as a slanderer, it could  
 destroy your career--and possibly  
 mine too.

JUDGE DANFORTH

You worry too much, my old friend.  
 Henry Johnson relies on his good  
 name and reputation for honesty.  
 I have in my possession several  
 documents bearing his signature--  
 or rather, perfect copies of it.  
 These documents will prove that he  
 acquired Crown properties by illegal  
 and deceptive means. I know of a  
 member of the Land Commission who  
 will, for a small fee, confirm  
 these allegations. I will have  
 these documents delivered to the  
 City Aldermen the day before they  
 make their decision.

JUDGE HAWTHORNE

You put a great deal of passion  
 into your work, Thomas. It is the  
 reason for your rapid advance in  
 the courts. But I fear you may  
 have become over-confident. Forging  
 documents is serious business. I,  
 myself, would keep clear of such  
 undertaking and I will hear no  
 more about it. The Salem trials  
 are in the past. I wish to retire  
 without any further public scandal.

JUDGE DANFORTH

(Irritated with his  
 long-time colleague)

Well then, have your untainted  
 retirement! You had a bit more  
 courage with our many past  
 transactions, including those in  
 Salem. You would profit by helping  
 me.

(raising his voice)

I tell you, with these documents I  
 will defeat Henry Johnson.

Hawthorne sees Vera is passing near and fears she has overheard some of their conversation.

JUDGE HAWTHORNE

(In a whisper)

Thomas, good God man, lower your voice, please. I must now take my leave. My dinner awaits me at home. Good Afternoon to you.

He exits. Vera arrives at Danforth's table.

VERA

Will you have another sherry, Judge?

JUDGE DANFORTH

Sherry? Oh, yes, I would. I am expecting Judge Sewell. You know him. Please show him to my table when he arrives.

CUT TO:

61 INT. COREY'S TABLE LAMB'S HAVEN - MOMENTS LATER

Abby has rejoined the group and they are having an animated discussion.

JOHN CORY

We need to give Albert some bait that Danforth can't resist biting into. He needs to react in a way we can see.

EDWIN CORY

What if we give Albert a false pick-up location for the leaflets we are distributing for Basset? At the appointed hour, we watch from a distance to see who arrives.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Not a bad plan, but it might expose the existing midnight leaflet distribution--the one I know nothing about. We need something that will humiliate Danforth, something that will make him look foolish to his cohorts. Anyone else with a thought?

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Suppose Danforth was given false news about a secret meeting of the so-called Wasps. Michael, it could be at your church. He would most likely enlist the aid of the local militia to raid the meeting, only to find an empty church. It has some risks.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Abby, it's risky, to be sure, but the plan has merit. We would find out if Albert is loyal or not. Danforth already suspects that my church harbors a nest of rebels. Finding an empty church might quell their suspicions. Best of all, it will embarrass Danforth and discredit him with his English military friends. Yes, it does have risks, but I offer my church for the bait.

EDWIN CORY

Do we all agree?

(The others nod  
approval)

Now, how do we plant the *false meeting* idea in Albert's mind? It must be done carefully. We have little time before the appointment is to be decided.

JOHN CORY

Albert is at the bar at this very moment, drinking his cider. Several men from your congregation are with him. It's possible some might even be Wasps. Our first step is to brief them on our plan. Then have them discuss the time and place of the meeting with Albert listening near by. He will be in the thick of it. When he hears the magic words *secret meeting* from the lips of his drinking mates, he will believe it. Then we must simply wait and watch the church to see what happens.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

I now find myself in the center of all this business. I've tried to stand separate from my *Wasp* church members, though I do sympathize with their cause. I've kept myself apart from any direct participation.

EDWIN CORY

A smart choice. Your power to make change is from the pulpit.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

True, but I am reminded of my timid efforts on behalf of the accused in Salem. It is time for me to take a more active role. When shall we initiate this plan?

JOHN CORY  
Why wait? Let's do it tonight.

John Corey sees Vera nearby and motions her to their table.

VERA  
More to drink m'lads and m'lady?  
(the group shakes  
their heads no)

JOHN CORY  
No thank you, but a favor, if you  
would, Vera. Joshua Cantworth is  
at the bar with Albert and several  
others. Would you ask him to come  
to our table.

VERA  
I will...just for you, John.  
(to Hale)  
And you, Father Hale, you'll not  
have one more?

Hale holds up a hand "no" and makes a grimace at her.

REV. MICHAEL HALE  
We priests drink only sweet claret  
and holy water Sister Vera. Are  
the two judges still within?

VERA  
Hawthorne has left. Judge Sewell  
arrived and now sits with Danforth.

REV. MICHAEL HALE  
Thank you sweet lady.  
(She exits to get  
Cantworth)  
So let us move ahead with our little  
drama. We have our actors and we  
have our script. Albert must be  
convinced of the secret midnight  
meeting tonight at the church.  
Will he run to Danforth with the  
news? We shall see.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS  
Good God, what intrigues I've joined  
into! It is an exciting game you  
play and I am glad to include myself  
in your ranks. Our goal is the  
same, the undoing of Judge Samuel  
Danforth.

VERA  
(to the group)  
Gentlemen, a better comrade than  
Abby would be hard to find.



EDWIN CORY

Our little ship of colonial  
conspiracy is gaining wind.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Abby, you must understand, this  
*game* has real dangers. We all  
might end up in prison, or worse,  
on the gallows.

ABBY

Dangers? Such dangers pale in the  
face of Salem's crimes. The  
murderer will now face the justice  
of a higher court. Now, he is the  
accused, we are the jury. I am  
not afraid. It is Danforth whose  
knees will soon shake and quiver.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Amen!

Vera arrives with Joshua Cantworth. Hale grabs a chair  
from an empty table.

REV. MICHAEL HALE (CONT'D)

Take a seat, Josh. Vera, could you  
manage one last round?

VERA

I will make it happen, *Reverend*.

She exits.

JOSHUA CANTWORTH

What can I do for you, Michael?

REV. MICHAEL HALE

We have a little drama planned and  
need to enlist your help and the  
others at the bar.

They lower their voices and explain the plan to Cantworth.  
Over at the bar the men are laughing and enjoying their  
drinks. One stool away from the main group, Albert is  
talking to the bartender, Jack.

BARKEEP JACK

Will you have one more cider,  
Albert? The judges are covering  
it, as usual.

ALBERT

Jack, I must ask you to keep that  
arrangement just between us. I  
would not have others know of my  
private legal affairs. No more  
cider for me. I still have a half  
glass, and will soon be leaving.  
It must be after six o'clock.

(MORE)

ALBERT (CONT'D)

I've many important things to do at the church, you know. Can I trust your discretion, Jack?

BARKEEP JACK

Like a priest in a confessional, my lips are sealed.

Joshua Cantworth returns to the bar and speaks with a few of his friends. Albert notices and moves over one stool closer to them. The group raises their tankards in an undefined, raucous toast. Albert lifts his glass and joins in. They continue to talk, in hushed voices.

FADE OUT

62 EXT. HALES COTTAGE - LATE NIGHT

Hale is wearing casual pants and his shirt sleeves are rolled up. The lamps in the church are lit. Hale un-tucks part of his shirt. He is with JACOB MCGINNTY, his church organist. A light rain falls.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Jacob, it's a cold night to be out in the rain. I thank you again for coming at this late hour. You understand the details? We must wait to see if there will be a surprise midnight visit from our Royal Soldiers. If they do arrive, pretend to be surprised. They may be here soon. If they ask why you are here so late, tell them it gives you time for uninterrupted organ practice.

JACOB MCGINNTY

I understand. What shall I play for our guests, Michael? The Doxology? A Mighty Fortress?

REV. MICHAEL HALE

They will all know those. What about *Mein Lieben Christen*. If they recognize that hymn, they will get the message. *My dear Christians, be of good cheer.*

(They stop and listen. There are distant voices shouting and dogs barking.)

Did you hear something? Let's get out of the rain. They will arrive soon. Go quickly into the church and make your glorious music. I will wait in my cottage until the right moment.

63 EXT. A SQUARE NEAR HALE'S CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

A Group of about forty soldiers stand in formation as CAPTAIN SMYTH gives them orders. The rain increases.

CAPTAIN SMYTH

Group A, assemble to my left.  
Group B, stand fast. I want Group B to encircle the front of the church, advancing from the side streets. SERGEANT WILDER, do you have a town map?

(Wilder nods)

We must move silently so they have no warning. Group A will stay with me. We will fan out and move quietly to the rear of the Church where we will block their escape. I expect Hale will be leading the Wasp meeting inside the church. They will be trapped. We will leave now.

(he produces a pocket watch)

It is ten minutes to midnight. Get your units in place and when the clock tower strikes twelve, advance swiftly to the church. Above all, you must move quietly.

The two units of soldiers go their prescribed ways. Captain Smyth takes his men on a different route and indicates they should fan out rather than marching in step. The other group led by Sergeant Wilder winds down a narrow street. There is a loud crash of a trash bin being knocked over. Wilder looks to the soldier who did it.

SERGEANT WILDER

(shouting)

You damned fool, be more careful.

The soldiers around him put fingers to their lips, signaling him to lower his voice. Dogs begin barking. They move on despite the barking. Wilder struggles to see his map, trying to shield it from the rain. He points to a street and his men go in that direction. A few candles have been lighted in the adjacent houses. Another dog begins barking then another and yet another. Some are howling.

Captain Smyth's group, is having other difficulties. Smyth orders his men to cross a fenced garden planting area. The men open a gate, not realizing it is a sheep pen. Several of the sheep escape into the street. Mud and dung stick to their boots. Chickens begin cackling and a rooster starts crowing. More dogs begin barking. A farmer wielding a musket bursts out of a door into the yard. A few soldiers raise their muskets at him. Smyth intervenes.

CAPTAIN SMYTH

NO SHOOTING!

The man with the musket, seeing the armed soldiers, scurries back inside his home. A woman screams out of her window.

WOMAN YELLING

What in bloody hell are you doing in my sheep pen at this hour? Has a war started? Is it the Iroquois again? What about my sheep? Who will catch them?

Smyth blocks it all out, the dogs, the roosters, the shouting. He urges his men forward without any further regard for stealth.

CAPTAIN SMYTH

Forward men! Quickly! To the church!

They reach the back yard of the church and await orders. The clock begins to chime midnight. Over the rain, the sound of the organ music reverberates from within the church.

CAPTAIN SMYTH (CONT'D)

(He points to a soldier)

You there, run around to the front and see if Wilder's men have entered the church. The rest of you follow me.

They run to the rear door, but it is locked.

CAPTAIN SMYTH (CONT'D)

Break it down!

Behind and unseen by Smyth, Reverend Hale has appeared from his cottage. His hair is disheveled and his shirt tail hangs out. His voice is calm and pleasant.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Hold on there! No need for that. I have the key. Is this some sort of military maneuver? Oh, it's you, Captain Smyth. I dare say, you might have informed me in advance.

CAPTAIN SMYTH

Reverend, we know who is inside your church. There is no use you denying it.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Why should I deny it? I know who is inside my church.

Hale unlocks the door and the soldiers stream into the church.

CAPTAIN SMYTH

So then, you admit it. What have you to say for yourself, before I arrest you.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Arrest me? Captain, you have interrupted me as I struggle to write my sermon and it's a good one. But what on earth? Just a week ago you were telling me about your family. How are your wife and children? The little boy had a cough, I recall.

Smyth is confused by Hale's casual, cordial tone.

CAPTAIN SMYTH

They are fine, sir, thank you.  
(Smyth is befuddled)  
My son is...Oh Reverend...what am I doing here?

A soldier exits the church.

SOLDIER I

We found a man inside sir.

CAPTAIN SMYTH

You found only one man? Was he hiding?  
(to Michael Hale)  
Who would be in the church at this hour?

REV. MICHAEL HALE

My organist, Jacob McGinnty. He practices late at night--no one to interrupt him at this hour.

The soldier who went to check the front of the church returns with Sergeant Wilder. Hale stands aside and watches with guarded amusement.

CAPTAIN SMYTH

Wilder, where have you been? You missed our assault by five minutes.

SERGEANT WILDER

Sir, with so little light in the streets and the rain, I must have misread the map. We went to the wrong church, the Quaker church around the block. As soon as I saw our mistake, we made our way here, double time.

CAPTAIN SMYTH

(Incredulous)  
The Wrong church?

(MORE)

CAPTAIN SMYTH (CONT'D)

(He opens both hands,  
palms up and looks  
skyward)

Lord in heaven!

SERGEANT WILDER

Sir, we've made a complete search  
of the church and found no one.

CAPTAIN SMYTH

I KNOW that Sergeant. We searched  
it before you arrived.

SERGEANT WILDER

Actually, I did find one man, the  
organist, McGinnty, he said his  
name was. I must say, his playing  
is excellent.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Yes, Jacob is a fine musician.  
Did you recognize the hymn?

SERGEANT WILDER

Oh, of course. I know it well.  
(He begins to sing)

*Oh Dear Christians be thou ever of  
good cheer.*

CAPTAIN SMYTH

Wilder! ENOUGH! NO MORE! Go to  
the front of the church and get  
your unit ready to return to the  
barracks...and take my men along  
with you. We are getting out of  
here.

SERGEANT WILDER

What about the sheep that escaped?  
Should we look for them?

CAPTAIN SMYTH

Sheep? I will hear no more...no  
more. Sergeant, do whatever you  
must, find the bloody sheep, then  
return to the barracks. You are  
dismissed.

Wilder leaves with the other soldiers

CAPTAIN SMYTH (CONT'D)

(to Hale)

I don't know how such a terrible  
mistake could have happened. The  
Commandant himself gave me the  
orders. Surely you are no traitor.  
I never believed it. Not for a  
minute. It was not of my doing.  
Can you forgive me Reverend?

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Now now, Captain. Forgiveness is easy for me. It's a part of my job, you know. I have a suggestion-- a midnight mass of sorts. Your soldiers are here and I have just finished a new sermon for Sunday. I invite them out of the rain, into my church and they shall hear it. We can all pray together. I'll even have Jacob play more Bach. What say you Captain Smyth?

CAPTAIN SMYTH

I say you are a forgiving man. Others would berate me for my mistake. I would gladly take your offer, but my men are tired and in need of sleep. I am bound by my duty as their officer to see them returned to the barracks. Then I must write a report of this evening's event. Believe me, it is not a task I look forward to.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Well, Captain, another time then. For now, bring your men back to their beds and keep them safe from harm. I bid you a good night, Captain.

CAPTAIN SMYTH

Good night, Reverend.

He walks off alone to find his men. Hale waves *good-bye*. Jacob McGinnty emerges from the back door of the church.

JACOB MCGINNTY

Nice lads, those soldiers.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

They liked your playing, Jacob. Thank you again for your help tonight. Goodnight.

JACOB MCGINNTY

My pleasure, Michael. I've locked the front doors. A Goodnight to you.

FADE TO:

64 EXT. COREY'S SCHOOL - MORNING

John Corey and Abby are on the playground. Girls are playing on swings, two are throwing a ball, some skip rope, etc.

JOHN CORY

What a fine day it is, Abby.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Bright and sunny. Spring is showing  
its face at last.

JOHN CORY

And each day is made warmer and  
brighter by your presence.

(He sees girls  
pushing each other.)

Girls Stop! You now the rules.  
Sybil, remember your promise?

Sybil runs over to John and Abby.

SAIBA/SYBIL

I remember my promise. I promised  
I would *try my best* not to fight.  
Who is this pretty lady? Are you  
going to marry her?

John and Abby laugh.

JOHN CORY

This is Abby. Marry? Not today.  
We are just friends. She will be  
working with us here at the school,  
teaching you reading and writing  
and looking after you.

SAIBA/SYBIL

Hello Abby. I am Sybil. I will  
also be your friend. My mother  
was a teacher like you. I will be  
a teacher some day. I used to live  
far away on a big Island called  
Barbados. It was beautiful there  
and very hot.

John hears his father calling out for him from the school  
office.

JOHN CORY

You two become acquainted. I'll  
see what my father wants.

The swings are empty. Sybil pulls Abby over to the swings.

SAIBA/SYBIL

Let's swing and talk.

ABBY

How old are you Sybil? You speak  
in such a grown up way.

SAIBA/SYBIL

I'm not really sure. Thirteen, I  
think. My birthday is in June and  
I like the number 11 so I chose  
that for my birthday, June 11th. I  
am quite mature for my age.



ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Yes, you are.

Abby laughs and so does Saiba.

SAIBA/SYBIL

I like to laugh. It is good to laugh and smile. I have many memories, some happy, some sad. I try to push the sad ones away. I can be very angry too. Edwin and John laugh and tease me...and they are cross with me when I fight with the other girls. Do you laugh, Abby?

ABBY

When I was young, like you, I did not laugh much. I had my sorrows. I was raised by my uncle and I hardly knew my mother and father. But now I laugh and smile more.

(beat)

Our talk is too serious. Tell me. How did you come to this school?

SAIBA/SYBIL

That is also too serious, but I will tell you. In my Barbados home, sailors came and took My mother and sister away on a ship. Later on, other ships came. I hid by the lagoon with some other children, but they found us and we were taken here to Boston. Because I could speak English, I was sent to this school.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

How very unhappy you must have been. But now you are here at the school with Edwin and John and you can smile.

SAIBA/SYBIL

Abby, how sad you did not know your parents.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

(She forgets she is  
talking to a child )

Yes, sad. I have so little to remember them by. I kept my mother's broach, but a bad man took it from me. How foolish I am to even speak of it.

SAIBA/SYBIL

Tell me where this man lives and I will get it from him.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

No, Sybil, it will be returned to me someday. For now let's swing.

SAIBA/SYBIL

If you tell me more of your story, I will tell you mine.

A bell announces the playtime has ended.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

We will trade our stories later Sybil. I must get to know all the girls.

Sybil starts running off toward the school and stops. She yells back to Abby.

SAIBA/SYBIL

Abby, I have a Barbados name, my real one--*Saiba*. I like it better than *Sybil*.

Abby stops and yells back.

ABBY

Selba? Tell it to me again.

SAIBA/SYBIL

It's SAIBA.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Saiba. I will see you in the classroom.

65 INT. COREY'S SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Abby enters the school office. Edwin is having a bowl of soup. John has some ham and a loaf of bread. John offers some to Abby. Tea cups and a pot of tea are on the desk.

EDWIN CORY

How do you like our girls Abby? You were speaking with Sybil. She is quite remarkable.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Each girl is different. Some are shy and afraid to reveal their pasts; others are chatterboxes wanting attention. Sybil, as you say, is exceptional, quick of mind. She speaks of a troubled past.

EDWIN CORY

Yes, she is a storm-or-sunshine girl. When provoked, she has quite a temper, as some of the other girls have found out.

(MORE)

EDWIN CORY (CONT'D)

She shows remarkable intelligence and language skills.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

I spoke to her about her life in Barbados. She told me of a tragic experience. She was separated from her mother and twin sister who were taken away by an English ship.

EDWIN CORY

Yes, I too, heard this from her. It must have left a deep wound.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

She told me something that made me take note. She said her Island name was *Saiba* and she liked being called *Saiba* better than *Sybil*. I have only heard the name *Saiba* one other time. It was when I lived with my uncle, Samuel Parris in Salem. The other girls and I had made a close friendship with my uncle's servant, Tituba--a name you surely know. Tituba told us stories about how she was taken from Barbados by force. While she and her twin daughters were trying to escape, the twins became separated. Tituba and Violet were taken to Salem. The other twin daughter was left behind in Barbados. Her name was *Saiba*.

EDWIN CORY

Could she be Tituba's daughter? Is it possible? It may be a common name in the islands. Such a wild coincidence is not likely.

JOHN CORY

Let us ask Sybil--or *Saiba*--to name her mother, to be certain.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

I did ask her. The name she gave sounded like Tcha-chu-vat or something close to that. It might be Tituba, but I could not be sure. We should not give her false hope. If we are wrong, her disappointment will be painful. We must be sure.

EDWIN CORY

I recently spoke with Reverend Samuel Parris. He mentioned that Tituba has been released from her confinement at the workhouse.

(MORE)

EDWIN CORY (CONT'D)

She now lives at his home, just across town, near the Charles Town ferry. Parris has been caring for Tituba's daughter, Violet, while Tituba was imprisoned. I've not seen Violet, but if they are true twins they will look much alike. Perhaps Tituba could come to the school. She will know if Saiba is her daughter. Abby you could ask her to come.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

It will not be easy for me to face my uncle Parris or Tituba. I've not seen her for over seven years. Our reunion will be an difficult meeting. I knew we would meet again one day. I wonder if she will murder me. I fear the meeting with a woman I once loved, and then betrayed.

EDWIN CORY

Have faith. So far you have survived the sailors of the Boston waterfront, Elias Veer, Mr. Todd, as well as Michael Hale, myself and John. Surely, You'll survive Tituba.

JOHN CORY

Abby, I can go with you to Parris's house. Together we will speak with her. If Tituba is as wise as her daughter, she will be forgiving...and maybe, will not murder you.

EDWIN CORY

What of your uncle, Rev. Parris? The few times I've spoken with him, he seemed a sad, but thoughtful, person. It's said you left his Salem home under dark circumstances.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

I have no reason to fear him. I will pay back the few pounds that I took from his cash box. I have enough put aside to cover what I took. He was a cold and stiff man by nature. I would say *lonely*, but he'd never admit it. I caused him much trouble when I lived under his roof. He deserved better.

JOHN CORY

I would never imagine trouble from such a quiet, proper girl as you.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

I am less proper than you may think.

EDWIN CORY

It is getting late. You don't want to arrive at Parris's home and find him asleep.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

I'll check our girls are snug in bed, then I will make my visit to Uncle Parris and Tituba. John, I think it is best that I see them alone at first. I'll meet you when my visit ends. I recall the Lamb's Haven Tavern is near the Charles Town ferry.

JOHN CORY

A ten minute walk. But you would not be safe walking so late at night. I'll pick you up when the tavern closes. You should have at least an hour's time.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Thank you John. I am nervous and excited. There is no predicting how this reunion will fare.

EDWIN CORY

About Sybil, you say she prefers her native name. I suggest we agree to call Sybil by her real name, *Saiba*, in respect to her wishes.

Abby and John agree.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. PARRIS'S HOUSE - EVENING

John drives the wagon down a narrow dark street. Abby sits beside him. He stops the wagon and helps Abby down onto the street.

JOHN CORY

I will return for you in about an hour. If for some reason your meeting is cut short, I'll be at the tavern. Can you remember the way? Three blocks west, toward the park...

(MORE)

JOHN CORY (CONT'D)  
 (he points down a  
 street)  
 Then two blocks on Farmouth Street.  
 You'll see the *Lamb's Haven* sign.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS  
 I will have no difficulty, John.

JOHN CORY  
 Good Luck Abby. Things will work  
 out. You'll see.

Corey offers his hand. Abby comes closer to him and they embrace. She turns away and walks past Parris's church to a small rectory house. She climbs the steps and pulls a cord to ring a bell inside. As she waits, sounds of movement can be heard from within.

67 INT. PARRIS'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The door opens and there stands her uncle, Reverend Samuel Parris. He has been drinking and looks unsteady on his feet. He stares at Abby with a puzzled expression. He squints to see her face in the darkness.

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS  
 Who is it? You? Here? Abigail?  
 My niece, Abby? Why do you frown  
 so? Come inside girl. It's a  
 cold night.

Abby is surprised by the casual demeanor of the man who she once knew as a strict and cold-hearted guardian.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS  
 Uncle, yes, It's me, Abigail, your  
 niece, and yes, it is cold out  
 tonight. Thank you.  
 (She enters the  
 house)

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS  
 Come, there is still a fire in the  
 parlor. Forgive my appearance,  
 Abigail. I was not expecting  
 company.

To Abby's surprise, Parris treats her like a welcome house guest.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS  
 Uncle, you DO know me? You do  
 remember who I am!

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS  
 Of course I do.  
 (MORE)

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS (CONT'D)

(He reaches across  
and pats her  
shoulder)

You think a little wine would make me so forgetful? Are you getting warmer? I can bring a blanket. I suppose I must now ask you '*where have you been?*'

He chuckles and stands near her, wavering back and forth slightly. She is not sure what to say.

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS (CONT'D)

You have grown, Abby. Not a girl any more. I did miss you when you left Salem so suddenly. I am a little fuzzy as you can see. I like a wine or two before my bedtime. It helps me to sleep. Do you drink wine? You were sixteen or seventeen when I last saw you. You are now a grown up woman. Can I offer you a glass of sweet port?

Abby is still trying to process the reality of the situation, looking about the room as if to find some clue on how to relate to her uncle.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Yes, Uncle, I would have a glass of Port, thank you.

He stumbles to a side table, picks up a wine bottle, and looks about.

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS

Ah ha! I have the wine, but not a glass.

(In a loud voice)

I will call Tituba...

(In a whisper)

but she may be asleep by now.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Uncle, sit down by the fire. I will find a glass.

He sits. She goes off to the next room, the kitchen, and finds a cupboard with wine glasses. She returns and pours herself a glass of Port. She joins Parris by the fire and sits near him. He looks very sleepy.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Uncle Samuel, you look tired. I will tell you that I do not find you the same as the uncle I left in Salem five years past.

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS

Whatever did happen to that town vicar in Salem? His flock fled or did he flee his flock?

(he laughs at his  
joke)

Yes, I have changed some. And you-- are you still the petulant child I knew then? Hardly! You have become a fine, young lady.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

I want you to know I will pay you back the money I took from you. It was eleven pounds. I can give more, if you want interest. I've brought it with me.

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS

Eleven pounds? I'd forgotten all about that...eleven pounds? One can't travel far with eleven pounds. You should have taken more from my cash box. Of course you took it. You were running away from Salem. I can certainly understand that...and you needed some funds. Consider it a gift. God knows, in those times I was not known for my generosity. But here you are visiting me. Your visit to me tonight is payback enough. A toast to your return. He downs his port. And where will you sleep? There is a sofa. I'll wake Tituba and have her bring blankets.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

That is kind uncle. I am staying at the Corey's school. They have employed me as their house mother and teacher.

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS

Ah yes, the Coreys' school. I ran into Edwin a few days ago. He is a man with a big heart. So tragic, that Salem business with his brother, Giles. You work there at Edwin's school? Wonderful news! Good people, the Coreys.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

John Corey will drive me back to the school. You are sleepy uncle. I was afraid you would be angry with me.

(MORE)



ABIGAIL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)  
 (she smiles at  
 him))

The uncle I remember from Salem  
 would have had me whipped or thrown  
 in jail.

Parris stands. He is groggy. He moves to the side table for  
 more wine.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)  
 No more of that uncle. You must  
 go to bed. I will help you to  
 your room. She steadies him as he  
 walks to a door leading to his  
 room.

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS  
 Have you whipped? Abby you are my  
 only family. My Betty died, did  
 you know? My poor little girl.  
 You say you work with John and  
 Edwin at the school? They are  
 good people, Abby, good people.  
 Tituba and Violet and now you, are  
 all the family I have. I can find  
 my bed. Thank you. I think I can  
 hear Tituba moving about the house.  
 Of course you do remember her.  
 Will you come again to see me?  
 Promise me you will.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS  
 I promise I will. Now get some  
 sleep, Uncle. Sunday is two days  
 away and you must compose a good  
 sermon. Good night.

He disappears into the dark hallway. She returns to the  
 parlor. A figure of a woman now stands in front of the  
 fireplace, her back to Abby. Abby recognizes Tituba.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)  
 Is it really you? Tituba, you...  
 I...I am not able...What words can  
 I say?

Tituba turns and approaches Abby.

TITUBA  
 No words. We need no words, Abby.  
 Just quiet. We will share many  
 words later.

She walks to Abby and hugs her gently. Abby is frozen in  
 the moment.

TITUBA (CONT'D)  
 Sit here with me and have your  
 wine.

They sit close on the sofa by the fire. Abby becomes more relaxed.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Please, just a few words. I've waited years to say them.

TITUBA

Of course, I will listen. How often I have seen a vision of this moment in my mind over the years and like you, I prepared many words to tell you only to throw them away. Now tell me your words.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

(She takes a deep breath)

Tituba, in Salem I gave the judges your name to save myself. It was a most terrible act--an act that can never be undone. The regret and pain for my wickedness never leaves me. I would not ask you to forgive me; it would be just another act of selfishness. My guilt is for myself alone to bare. I wish with all my heart, in some way to make right the wrongs. Do you understand?

TITUBA

Yes, I feel the same. Listen to your Tituba--already too many words, Abby. All we are saying is foolishness. Salem was a place of little love. Bitterness was all about us. Our vision was blurred. People have called me a wise woman, but in Salem I was not wise. I was a lonely and foolish woman. I used you and the other young girls to feel needed, important...to feel like I belonged. In Barbados I was a person of high rank. My pride and vanity had its hold on me. The price for my vanity was very costly.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

You brought smiles to us Salem girls in that gray village. Our secret meetings were filled with joy and laughter, and you were also our teacher. It was your wisdom that I remember most. And how did I show you my gratitude? I gave up your name to the judges--a most hateful act.

TITUBA

Abby, you did not act out of hatred. I knew you like Violet and Saiba, like a daughter. I loved you then and now. What could change that? Now, there, you see, I am also guilty of too many words.

(beat)

When you named me to the court, for a moment my heart was pierced through. But it was quickly healed. Later on I knew what a difficult choice you had to make. We were all caught in Salem's violent tempest. Like Salem's autumn leaves, we were blown all about, at the whim of fate. The storm did pass, but left many injured in its path.

For a second time Abby's face streaks with tears. Tituba comforts her.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

No time for tears.

(tears well up in  
her own eyes.)

We must laugh again, you and I. Maybe together we will again cast some magic spells? What do you think, my girl?

Abby smiles a little.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

(smiling at last)

Yes, and maybe magic is needed in this troubled time. I have much to tell you and not much time. John Corey will arrive soon and we will return to the school. He is waiting for me now at a nearby Tavern.

TITUBA

You work at the Corey's School? That's wonderful!

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Yes, there is much for us to catch up on. Tituba, I'm am so happy to just sit here next to you. We have remained the same, and we have changed. What of my uncle? He is not the man we lived with in years past. What changed him so?

TITUBA

He learned to laugh. That changed him.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

I know when you have a story to tell.

68 FLASHBACK: PARRIS LEARNS TO SMILE

Tituba's following narrative is over-laid by a montage of flashback visuals depicting the main events of her story.

TITUBA (V.O.)

This is not such a happy story, but it has a happy ending. After the trials ended, your uncle examined his own life. The town blamed him for all their ills. As time passed, his church followers were so few that he had to close his vicarage. Betty was still sick with the fever and a few weeks after you left Salem, she died. All the family Samuel had known were gone. Samuel did not show his anguish openly. It was held inside him.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS (V.O.)

I was wrong to abandon him. I didn't know of his sorrows. He never shared them with me.

TITUBA (V.O.)

No, you could not have known. His past plagued him with many sorrows. His younger sister, your mother, Martha, had married an impulsive man of uncontrolled passions and little self-control. Your father was clever with words and full of humorous stories. Most who knew him, liked him. The local women adored him and many times he was not able to resist their beds. He hated working at ordinary jobs and invented wild schemes to make money. None were very successful, many failed. The local pubs became his second home. His drinking only made his problems worse.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS (V.O.)

My father was a drunkard?

TITUBA (V.O.)

Yes, he was that, and from what has been told to me, he was many other things. He was not a bad man, and tried to be a good husband and father.

(MORE)

TITUBA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But he was by nature a wanderer, always looking over the horizon, never satisfied with simply earning a living.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS (V.O.)

Was my mother cold to him? Did she not make make a good home?

TITUBA (V.O.)

Abby, I can only guess how it was with them. Samuel told me most of this story. I think she must have tried her best, but it became very difficult. She put up with the poverty, the drinking and the other women. She took in sewing to help with expenses. It was when your father was put in a debtor's prison that she lost all patience. Your mother felt disparate, not knowing where to turn. She decided to leave her home and husband. On the very day she learned of Robert's imprisonment, she took you along on the coach from Providence to Salem, where you arrived at the home of your uncle Parris. You were 9 years old, a beautiful, bright child. Your mother asked her brother, Samuel, if he would care for you until she could make arrangements to move permanently to Salem. She planned to abandon her home in Providence and leave behind all the problems your father had created. It was at that time Martha sat with me and told me the details of her struggles in Providence with Robert.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS (V.O.)

Did she returned to Rhode Island to get her belongings? My uncle told me she had died while traveling home.

TITUBA

After a day of resting, she was to return to Providence and arrange for her few possessions to be brought to Salem. She left you with your uncle Parris. It was snowing and cold when the coach left. A big storm arrived with high winds that night. It snowed for days.

(MORE)

## TITUBA (CONT'D)

Your uncle Parris received word a week later that the coach had had been found and all the passengers and driver had perished. I could see the pain inside your uncle.

## ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Some of these things my Uncle Samuel had told me in Salem. But he seldom spoke of my father or mother. I never knew why.

## TITUBA

You will better understand his reasons, after you hear the rest of the story. After more than a year past, Robert, your father, made a surprise visit to Salem.

The voice-over narration ends and the story continues as a flashback.

## 69 FLASHBACK - INT. PARRIS'S HOME - 3 YEARS BEFORE THE TRIALS

Parris is in his Salem home with a nervously energetic man, Robert Williams, Abby's father. They are in a parlor. Rev. Parris sits behind his desk as Robert paces nervously about. Tituba is tidying up the room. Parris dislikes Robert, but nevertheless, tries to be cordial. Robert smiles too much, in the manner of a 'con' man.

## REV. SAUMEL PARRIS

After all this time, Robert, you pay me a visit? Your daughter, Abigail, has been in my care for nearly two years. I must say she is not an easily managed child. You have, to date, contributed nothing toward her support. I am not surprised. Now, you come to me, bringing along a catalog of your problems. Surely you are capable of finding a simple job in Providence. Is it really so difficult?

## ROBERT WILLIAMS

Oh, I can't begin to tell you the hardships I've endured since my last visit. My employer at the lumber yard accused me of selling off his timbers and keeping the money. It was a vicious lie told by an enemy of mine--a slander. I had to hire a costly solicitor and go to court. His fees were no less than highway robbery. He claims I still owe him a sum.

(MORE)

ROBERT WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

All this from a simple misunderstanding. My employer finally relented and dropped the charges.

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS

And I gather you lost your job.

ROBERT WILLIAMS

Yes, it was so unfair of him to dismiss me. I had put my small savings into a well-established mining company in the Pennsylvania Colony. It was certain to double in share value. No sooner was I out of a job, than I received notice that the mining company had failed. My stocks were worthless. All my savings were lost.

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS

(Looking askance at Robert)

Misfortune seems to follow close at your heels, Robert. I am surprised that you didn't enlist the aid of your fancy women friends to pay your debts. I assume you chose only rich women for your tawdry affairs.

ROBERT WILLIAMS

You accuse me of such treachery? The town of Providence is a bed of malicious gossip and rumors. I don't know where you would get such vile ideas. It is not my fault that I was given a fair appearance and manner; I do attract many women. Rest assured, I never have succumb to these temptations. I remain completely loyal to the memory of my dear wife, your sister.

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS

Such loyalty is commendable--even though it be pure fiction. Aside from promoting your honesty and loyalty, please tell me why you are here? I am a busy man.

(to Tituba)

Tituba, please bring me a cup of tea...and one for Mr. Williams.

ROBERT WILLIAMS

Yes, to my purpose in coming. First, let me tell you I have a close friend, a financier, who I trust.

(MORE)

ROBERT WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

He is funding a ship-building enterprise in Providence. He would have me as one of his partners for just a small investment. If you could lend me two hundred fifty pounds, I will buy into his enterprise and you shall gain one-half of my dividends.

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS

Look here, Robert, I have no interest in wild investment schemes. I am not the Bank of England. You need to get a job--there are many opportunities in your colony. Pay your bills and send me some money for the care of your daughter, Abigail.

ROBERT WILLIAMS

How cruel you are sir. I thought better of you. What about a two hundred pound loan then?

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS

Have you difficulty with your hearing? I will not invest in this enterprise. Not a penny.

ROBERT WILLIAMS

Give me one hundred fifty pounds then, in the memory of your sister, Martha. Aside from your daughter, Betty, she was your only living relative. I have no means to support this child, Abigail. Let the church alms basket pay her way. I have more important plans.

Tituba arrives with the tea. She listens to the conversation.

ROBERT WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Send this dark-skinned servant woman from the room. She will not hear my private business.

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS

You, sir, are a guest in my home where I am the master. This woman is my trusted servant. She will leave when I ask her to and not before. We are not trading in State secrets here. One hundred fifty pounds is out of the question.

ROBERT WILLIAMS

Well then, give me what you can.

(MORE)



ROBERT WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

The girl, Abigail, will remain in your care. You should be grateful. She is a companion to you.

(Tituba and Parris exchange glances)

I demand that you give me some financial help; are we not family?

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS

What gall you have! You're no family to me. You, a known womanizer, drunk and spend-thrift, dare to dictate to me. I should have the constable throw you out.

Robert makes a fist and moves toward Parris. Tituba takes a step forward.

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS (CONT'D)

Now you would assault me in my own home? Shall I reward you? I will let the *dark-skinned* woman decide. Tituba, does he deserve my help? Give me your advice.

Tituba looks closely at Robert Williams. He is speechless at this turn of events.

TITUBA

If you wish.

(She shakes her head no)

It is better for your niece to be here with us than raised by such a man as he. Give him a small sum, but only if he will promise never again to come to Salem.

ROBERT WILLIAMS

This is an outrage! Who is this saucy slave to decide my fate?

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS

You heard her decision. She is master of my home at the moment. Tituba, you know where I keep my money box. Inside are thirty one-pound coins. Bring me fifteen.

Tituba exits.

ROBERT WILLIAMS

You trust your money to a savage? I did not think you to be such a complete fool.

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS

I am indeed foolish. I allowed you to enter my home.

(MORE)

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS (CONT'D)

I will give you this small sum,  
but should I ever see you here  
again, I will charge you with  
trespass and have you arrested.

Tituba arrives, and hands over several one-pound coins to Parris. He looks at them, then quizzically at Tituba. She nods. He nods.

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS (CONT'D)

Here is what I give. Take it and  
use it to good ends. Put your  
life in order before it is too  
late.

(he hands Robert  
the money)

Now leave my home.

ROBERT WILLIAMS

But wait! Wait! You are cheating  
me. You said fifteen. This is  
only ten pounds.

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS

It is all I will give you. Now  
get out of my house!

ROBERT WILLIAMS

You Skinflint! Blaggard!

He heads to the door. As he is leaving his daughter, Abigail, age 14, enters the room, brushing by him. She looks her father over with distain.

ROBERT WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

My dear daughter. I came all this  
way just to see you. Have you no  
fond greeting for your father?

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

You are not my father. I never  
had one. You caused my mother's  
death. There is no more to say.

She stands close to Tituba. Robert shrugs.

ROBERT WILLIAMS

(to Parris)

You have turned her against me. I  
will leave this house and you will  
never see me again.

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS

Excellent! I hope on this occasion,  
you are a man of your word.

Robert Williams exits.

TITUBA

With five pounds we will buy Abby  
a new dress.

(She pats Abby on  
the head)

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

I hate that man.

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS

Put your hate aside, child. Tituba  
will take you shopping for a new  
dress. Would you like that?

Abigail and Tituba glance at each other and nod.

70 BACK TO SCENE INT. PARRIS' HOUSE BOSTON - CONTINUOUS

Tituba and Abby hear a small child's voice from behind them.  
It is Violet, dressed in a nightshirt.

VIOLET

Mother, I heard voices. Who is  
this lady?

TITUBA

This is your cousin, Abigail. Mr.  
Parris is her uncle. Abby, this  
is my daughter, Violet.

VIOLET

Pleased to meet you Miss Abigail.  
I call Mr. Parris *Uncle* too, but  
he is not my real uncle. Are you  
my real cousin?

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

I am your *almost* cousin. We will  
be friends and soon I will show  
you my school and you will meet  
some other girls.

VIOLET

I would like that. Mother, will  
you come with us?

TITUBA

Yes, of course I will come. Now,  
I want you to go back into your  
bed. I will be there soon to tuck  
in your blankets.

VIOLET

Good night, Abigail.

She leaves. Abby has a slight smile, realizing that Violet  
is indeed Saiba's sister.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Tituba, finish the story about how my uncle learned to laugh.

TITUBA

I will finish quickly for I know you must go. After your father left us, I noticed your uncle smiled at me. This had never happened in all those years. But he soon returned to being his stern self. Samuel was suffering. It did not show in his face, but I could see it. He had lost his wife and his daughter, and his sister. He had lost the respect of the town, and his church was closed.

71 FLASHBACK INT. PARRIS'S SALEM HOME - NIGHT

TITUBA (V.O.)

It was late one night and I heard someone moving about the house. Violet was sleeping restlessly, as I tucked her blanket around her. I returned to my room, but I felt uneasy and again, heard someone walking about the house. I put on my robe and went to investigate.

Rev. Paris enters the parlor and stands by the fire. From under his robe, he produces a pistol. Violet sleepily enters the room and rubs her eyes. Parris's back is to her. He raises the gun to his temple and cocks the hammer back. Violet, sensing he plans to do harm to himself, runs to him and hugs his legs.

VIOLET

Uncle Parris, don't hurt yourself please!

Rev. Parris looks down at Violet and simultaneously sees Tituba as she enters the parlor.

BACK TO SCENE--END FLASHBACK

72 INT. PARRIS'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

TITUBA

I walked into the room just at that moment. I can't remember exactly what I said. It might have been '*We need you Samuel*'. He looked at me and then down at Violet, who still clung to his knees. He lowered the pistol, smiled at the two of us, and he began to laugh...a true laugh.

(MORE)

TITUBA (CONT'D)

I was speechless, so I laughed too. Violet saw me and she laughed.

(beat)

Abby, your uncle had discovered laughter. It did not change him overnight. It was a slow change. Day-by-day, I noticed a difference. He spoke more softly. He treated me with more respect and thanked me when I served him. When we moved to Boston, his sermons became milder and his congregation warmed to him. He started to enjoy his Sunday sermons. He and I had become close friends. The many thorns that had pained him so in Salem have gone, the bleeding stopped.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

He certainly does seem to be a much happier man...Tituba, no one can rival your storytelling.

There is the sound of a wagon out in the street. Abby runs to the window.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Oh, the time passed so quickly. That must be John Corey. The pub must have closed.

TITUBA

Invite him in, Abby.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Wait for just for a moment. I have some important news for you--news that may shake you. You must prepare yourself.

TITUBA

Abby, I do not shake easily. Tell me what you will.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Will you come to the Coreys' school tomorrow? I want you to look at one of our girls.

TITUBA

Why? Do I know this a girl?

Abby stands close to Tituba. Her words are soft and clear.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

I cannot be sure, but I think one of our girls may be your other daughter, Saiba.

TITUBA

Other daughter? Saiba? At the Corey school? My Saiba? It's not possible!

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Yes, it is possible. She is from Barbados. Only you will know her for sure.

There is a quiet knock at the front door. Tituba stands motionless for a moment, then quickly goes to the door and returns with John Corey. She is still stunned by the news of Saiba.

TITUBA

Hello, John Corey. Abby is waiting.

JOHN CORY

Tituba? Abby has told me many good things about you.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

John, I'm sorry it took so long. We had so much to tell each other. I told Tituba that Saiba might be at the school.

(to Tituba)

Could you come tomorrow at lunch time?

(to John)

John would you be able to bring her?

He nods yes. Tituba falls back into a chair, still in mild shock. Abby goes to her.

TITUBA

Abby, I am alright. This news, can it be true? I must put my mind at rest. Violet's dream? It seems so impossible. Saiba here? I must stay calm. We must say nothing to Violet until I am certain. It would surely be a gift from the Taino Gods.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Tituba, you must try to rest. It will be hard for you to sleep, I know. I will see you tomorrow.

Abby goes to Tituba and hugs her. Tituba regains some composure.

TITUBA

I will be ready at twelve noon tomorrow. Samuel can prepare his own lunch. You go now.

(MORE)

## TITUBA (CONT'D)

We are completing the circle and some of the old magic is still about us. Abby, you and I will have much more time together. Good night John Corey. Take good care of my Abby.

Abby and John exit and drive off down the dark street. Tituba stands by the fire, holding the Taino amulet in her fingers.

FADE OUT

## 73 INT. JUDGE DANFORTH'S CHAMBER - EARLY MORNING

Judge Matthew Sewell has just arrived. He is perplexed and irritated. Danforth sits at his desk, smoking a pipe.

## JUDGE DANFORTH

Ah, you're finally here at last. I was about to send the bailiffs to find you.

## JUDGE MATTHEW SEWELL

Thomas, I hope you have a good reason for summoning me here at such an hour. I would normally still be in my bed.

## JUDGE DANFORTH

I have an important task for you and it must be done today. Four days from now the Municipal Council will choose Boston's Chief Justice. I fully expect to be the chosen one. My rival, Henry Johnson, plans a support rally tomorrow in the Boston Common. If he were to get a good turn out, it could sway the Council's decision in his favor. Somehow Johnson managed to obtain a park permit for his rally. Did you happen to issue that permit?

## JUDGE MATTHEW SEWELL

No, I did not. But, I would have been obliged to, given Boston's existing ordinance on the use of the Common for public assembly.

## JUDGE DANFORTH

Yes, no doubt you would have...the ordinance and all that business. I would remind you that there is also an ordinance against any assembly that would lead to public unrest. Johnson is a known rabble rouser.

(MORE)

JUDGE DANFORTH (CONT'D)

On that basis, the permit should have been denied. I want the permit revoked.

Sewell keeps calm and tries to conceal his irritation.

JUDGE MATTHEW SEWELL

Johnson, a rabble rouser? It's the first I've heard this. Did you keep me from my bed to discuss public ordinances? Revoke the permit? I certainly would do no such thing. The permit was legally issued. I have no authority to revoke it, as you well know. Was that my important task for today?

JUDGE DANFORTH

Are you mocking me, Sewell? I will mark it.

(He waves a large sealed envelope at Sewell)

You are a friend of Daniel Crosswell who presides over the Municipal Council. I ask you go to the Statehouse and deliver these documents to Crosswell and the aldermen. I'm sure they will find the contents quite enlightening.

JUDGE MATTHEW SEWELL

Why choose me for your courier, Thomas? A simple messenger or bailiff could deliver it to Crosswell.

JUDGE DANFORTH

It carries more weight if they know it comes from the High Court... in the hands of a judge.

JUDGE MATTHEW SEWELL

Very well then. I do have other business in the Statehouse. But I would know the general nature of the documents before I agree to deliver them.

JUDGE DANFORTH

Oh, of course, to be sure. My investigators have found ample evidence that Henry Johnson has unlawfully acquired royal lands south of Boston. Documents bearing his signature will prove that he colluded with certain colonial land speculators to gain these properties. It is damning evidence against Johnson.



JUDGE MATTHEW SEWELL

Your *investigators* found such evidence? How fortuitous for you Thomas. Are these detectives employed by the High Court?

He and Danforth have a brief stare-down. Sewell wins.

JUDGE MATTHEW SEWELL (CONT'D)

Thomas, you are senior to me in judicial rank and for this reason, I will deliver your envelope...let me add, with prejudice.

JUDGE DANFORTH

*With prejudice*, indeed. You are making a wise choice, Samuel. As your senior, I advise you: If you value your robe and gavel, be careful playing political favorites. I will ignore your snide insinuations this time. The envelope must be delivered. Do I have you *word* that you will deliver it?

JUDGE MATTHEW SEWELL

My word? I must pledge my word?... Well then, if you so require it. Yes, I do hereby give you my word. I promise you; I will deliver it. Now, with your permission, I shall withdraw to my home... and to my breakfast.

Danforth rudely waves him off and shuffles through some papers on his desk. Sewell exits.

FADE OUT.

74 EXT. COREY'S SCHOOL FOR ORPHANS- MORNING

It is early morning and the sun parts the dark clouds. John Corey pulls his wagon up to the school entrance. Tituba and Violet sit next to him. Abby greets them from the entry door.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Tituba, Violet, welcome! We may yet have a sunny day. Was your ride cold?

TITUBA

Abby, I did not even notice. Violet, this is the school where Abby teaches.

VIOLET

Yes, I know. We are visiting and I am sleepy. Will we have lunch?

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

We have tea and sweet buns inside  
and a cup of cocoa for you, Violet.  
From the windows we can watch the  
girls on the playground.

VIOLET

I love sweet buns. Uncle Parris  
gets them for us Saturday mornings.

75 INT. OFFICE, COREYS' SCHOOL--(CONTINUOUS)

Edwin introduces himself to Tituba and Violet. On his desk are cups, cheese, cut bread, a plate of kippers and sweet buns. A tea kettle sits on the wood stove with a pot of warm cocoa. Tituba stands by stiffly, anticipating the event ahead. John Corey enters.

EDWIN CORY

(To Tituba)

Welcome to our School. I know you  
must be anxious to see our girls.  
They will soon be outside in the  
play yard.

TITUBA

I am pleased to meet you Mr. Corey.

VIOLET

I can smell the chocolate.

ABBY

And you shall have a cup with a  
bun.

(Abby serves Violet)

TITUBA

(to Violet)

And what do you say to Abby?

VIOLET

Thank you, Abby.

ABBY

(to Tituba)

Will you eat something?

TITUBA

No, thank you. Later on, perhaps.

EDWIN CORY

Tituba, come, watch from the window.  
You can see all our girls. It is  
their play period.

Tituba's eyes are fixed on the playground, visible from the office windows. In one hand she holds the Taino Amulet that hangs around her neck. The others sip tea; Violet has cocoa and a sweet bun.

The sound of children is heard as they file out of the school dinning hall and run about the playground. It is a gray day and it looks like it may rain.

VIOLET

Mother, What do you see? They are just girls playing. Can I go out and play too?

TITUBA

No. Violet, you come here and look with me.

Several girls are kicking a ball back and forth. Saiba has her back to the office windows. The ball is kicked past her, toward the office. Saiba is about to chase it but she stops and does not turn around to face the window. From in the office, Tituba, Violet and the others look on intently. Another girl retrieves the ball and kicks it back passed Saiba. They continue playing. Once again the ball careens past Saiba and rolls to a stop just beneath the office windows. Saiba and several girls pursue it. Saiba wins the race and comes close to the windows. Seeing John, Edwin and Abby in one window, she smiles and waves. The sun comes out in full force from behind a cloud, blinding Saiba. Squinting, Saiba comes closer to Tituba's window and stares into the face of her mother and sister. For a moment, she is frozen to the spot.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

(to Violet in a harsh whisper)

Violet, look hard. Who do you see?

Violet stares at her sister, not quite making the connection. Saiba suddenly bolts from the window and runs out of sight to the building's side door.

VIOLET

(still puzzled)

Mother, that girl looks like me.

The office door bursts open and Saiba rushes into the middle of room and stops. She stares at her mother and sister. For a second no one moves. The absolute silence is broken by Violet's shout.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

My sister! Saiba it's you!

The three merge themselves into one in the center of the room, hugging and crying with joy.

TITUBA

Saiba, my sweet, sweet girl, I missed you so. Are you really here? It is you?

SAIBA

Mother, I tried to find you when the sailors had left. You were gone--forever, I thought. I begged the Gods. In my heart I knew some day I would find you.

TITUBA

And you have and we are a family again. Abby, come and join with us in our family circle.

Tituba tugs Abby into the center of the room.

VIOLET

We are a family again. Saiba, my sister, let me look at you. I remember you, like in a dream.

There is an awkward moment of not knowing what to do next. Edwin takes charge.

EDWIN CORY

We are all so happy for you. John, this family has so many things to talk about and to remember. They want to make plans for a happy future. Drive them to their home. Reverend Parris will be waiting for them.

They bid their goodbyes and depart with John Corey for Parris' home. As they leave, a carriage passes them and parks in front of the school. It is Rev. Michael Hale.

CUT TO:

76 EXT. COREY'S WAGON - MOMENTS LATER

Tituba, John Cory, and the two sisters are huddled up in the front seat of the wagon. They can hardly fit. The girls are singing and Tituba sings with them. It is a Taino song in the Taino language. They round a corner and a well-appointed carriage stops. Rev. Samuel Parris steps out and waves them down.

REV. PARRIS

Hello John Corey and hello to you *Saida*?...Do I say it right? Welcome home.

SAIBA

(laughs)

It is *Saiba* not *Saida*. Thank you mister for taking care of my mother and sister.

REV. PARRIS

I thank them for taking good care of my home.

(MORE)

REV. PARRIS (CONT'D)

(to Tituba)

What a fine child, they do look much alike.

(to John Corey)

John, I hired this carriage to bring them to my house from your school. I wanted to surprise them. You left sooner than I expected.

JOHN CORY

Well, you surprised me. Ferry them to your home, Reverend. I haven't had my breakfast and Edwin waits for me.

(to his passengers)

You ladies don't mind riding in Reverend Parris' fancy coach?

TITUBA

Climb down my girls, I will be right behind you.

The girls run to Parris's carriage. Tituba speaks softly to John.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

John, you and your father are what we call in our Taino language B'had-ar-nah. This means you are more than just men but part of the higher heavens. It is the home of the gods. Your kindness cannot be measured. I will keep you both close to my heart.

John Cory struggles to find a reply.

JOHN CORY

You are a special person. And your daughters also. I know little of gods and heaven but I have shared your happiness today and I will never forget it.

He turns the wagon around, as they drive off in the carriage.

CUT TO:

77 INT. OFFICE

Edwin Corey and Rev. Michael Hale are having coffee and tea cakes. The students are outside with Abby supervising their activities. John has just arrived back at the school and enters the office.

JOHN CORY

Father, a happier family scene I cannot ever recall.

(MORE)

JOHN CORY (CONT'D)

As we rode in the wagon, Tituba and Saiba and Violet all singing and chattering at once to each other. Tituba suggested the girls continue their reading and writing studies here at the school. She volunteered to help with the teaching and anything else she can do for our school.

EDWIN CORY

It was a most moving reunion. It made me a bit teary-eyed.

(to Michael Hale)

You arrived just after they had left. You would not have believed the power of the moment.

Abby enters and is angry with Michael Hale.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Michael, why are you so late? I wanted you to be here for this event. You must have a good reason.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Abby, what do I hear? Must I make excuses to you? You are smart and have a kind heart, but have no license to scold me. You know well the man I am.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

It was to show our unity of purpose and a kind gesture to an orphaned girl reunited with her mother and sister. It would have moved you.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Abby, I have devoted much of my life trying to lessen the sorrows of others. I might have wept myself, had I been present. I wish I had been here. I am sorry I was late. Can we let it be?

EDWIN CORY

Yes, please. This is no time for petty rancor. The event today defies reality. How a 13-year-old Saiba could arrive here from Barbados only to discover a mother and twin sister, living just around the corner...if I read of it in a book, I would dismiss it as a fantasy.

JOHN CORY

Michael, our dear Saiba cried with such joy. Saiba is really an exceptional child, as is her mother. I am glad both Saiba and Violet will be attending our school. It would just not be the same without Saiba's laughter and her arguments-- even her fighting. Father, I find it unfair that their heritage may limit their opportunities.

EDWIN CORY

John, you speak a sad truth. We live in a world filled with foolish conventions that encourage some, and restrain others. Will it ever change?...John, ring the lunch bell. Amelia will have lunch prepared.

John exits as Edwin stares out the window at the girls playing. The bell rings and the girls hurry into the small dinning hall. From the doorway the cook, Amelia, calls out to the playground.

CHEF AMELIA (O.S.)

Lunch is ready. Come in girls. The last girls inside will miss dessert.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Amelia is a good chef. I should attend her cooking classes. It's an area in which I am lacking.

John Corey re-enters the room and takes a chair with the others.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

(She looks at Michael )  
Are you angry with me, Reverend Michael? I see you left me only one cake--a little one at that. Is it my punishment for speaking out?

REV. MICHAEL HALE

(Speaking warmly to Abby)  
Look beyond your pretty nose, Abby.  
(He touches the tip of her nose and indicates a side table with a plate of tea cakes)  
Now to business. We have only three days left. Not much time left to collect our evidence.

Abby has taken two tea cakes and sits with Edwin and Michael. John pulls his chair to be nearer to Abby.

JOHN CORY

(Half joking)

And you saved a tea cake for me.

EDWIN CORY

Michael, you have some news for us?

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Indeed I do. Our test confirmed that Albert is passing information to Danforth.

EDWIN CORY

Yes, we heard it was quite a comedy at your church--poor Captain Smyth. By now it's the talk of the Lamb's Haven. But what of Albert, will he still be useful to us? They may no longer trust his information.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

We shall see. More important, I have found that there are records of Danforth's real estate transactions archived in the Salem Courthouse. If we can gain access, we might find Danforth falsified deeds with forged signatures.

EDWIN CORY

Yes, that is strong evidence. In fact, when he claimed my brother's farmhouse, I happened to see the Title Warranty Deed. The date of Gile's signature could not have been his. It was signed the day after his death. When I questioned the Title Clerk at the time, he assured me it was simply a recording error. There was no way I could sue the High Court. We need that Warranty Deed.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

I think we will find many such *mistakes*. Will the current Court Registrar in Salem let us look through the archives?

REV. MICHAEL HALE

That may be a problem. I've heard the Town Registrar is a cranky widow woman. She may be stubborn or worse yet, favor Danforth. If we only had a lawyer in Salem to obtain a writ from a local Judge.

(MORE)



REV. MICHAEL HALE (CONT'D)

*Beverly* is near by and a new district judge has just been appointed. He might help, depending on his politics. I don't know his name.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Has the morning mail coach left yet? It stops at Salem and *Beverly*. I know of a solicitor in *Beverly* who could help us, if I can get word to him.

JOHN CORY

A solicitor in *Beverly*? Abby I am surprised. I'm sure he's a young, handsome rogue.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

John, he is not a 'rogue', nor is he young... but I admit, not bad looking for his age. I knew him for only a few minutes when I arrived from London. He had traveled on the same boat from England and we talked on the docks as we waited. He helped me to pass through Customs.

EDWIN CORY

Would he help us? Can he be trusted to favor our side?

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

I hardly know the man, but I think he favors the Colonies over the Crown. That's a start.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

It's less than a two hour ride to *Beverly*. Abby, write your friend a letter and ask if he could obtain a writ from the new magistrate, one that would allow us to view the Salem records. I know of several swift riders who would be happy to be our courier. It could be done today.

EDWIN CORY

There is another site where we might find documents, Danforth's farm outside of Salem. I know it well. It once belonged to my brother, Giles, and we visited the farm often. I've heard there is a caretaker living there. It is a likely place for Danforth to keep important documents.

From outside a carriage comes to a stop. There are steps of someone entering the school. The three of them stop and look to the office door. Elias Veer enters; Mr. Todd remains in the foyer. Veer enters and stares at Abby.

JOHN CORY

Mr. Veer, such a surprise. Have you come to reclaim your moldy blankets?

EDWIN CORY

John, that is not necessary. What is your business with us sir, that you would arrive in so rude a manner?

Veer smiles and looks them over.

ELIAS VEER

I am here to save your school from a known thief. One who has stolen in past times and more recently has robbed me of my own property. I will expose this person. You know her by her false name, Abigail Whitman. You have been tricked. She is no less than the notorious witch-girl from Salem, Abigail Williams. It was she who consorted with a conjurer, Tituba, to cast evil spells and it was she who ran from Salem with her uncle's cash box.

(to Abby)

I dare you to deny it.

There is a silence.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

I...

(she stammers, fuming  
with anger)

deny nothing. You are the one who...

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Abby stop! You are not on trial here. This man has has no authority.

(to Edwin Corey)

Edwin, tell us, did you know the identity of your new employee when you hired her? Or were you deceived?

EDWIN CORY

I knew her the moment I saw her. Now a grown woman, she had all the qualifications we required for the position.

ELIAS VEER

But she is a thief. She ran away with her uncle's cash box full of money. I bought her expensive gifts and clothing. I gave her fine jewelry which she sold for profit.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

And what did you ask of her in return?

Veer has no reply. The others stare at him. Hale becomes animated and in the style of a prosecutor, presenting the evidence against Veer.

REV. MICHAEL HALE (CONT'D)

You were far over-compensated for your gifts. And I dare YOU to deny it. The money she gained, she did not keep for herself. It went to my church and to charities, including this school. A miserable creature like yourself could never understand such generosity.

EDWIN CORY

Yes, and with the money, the school bought new blankets, free from mold, lice, and rat droppings.

Abby has calmed down and sees Veer is withering from the onslaught.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

I suggest you make a visit to Reverend Samuel Parris. He lives near the Charles Town Ferry with the evil conjurer, Tituba and her two daughters. Ask Parris about the money stolen from his cash box. He forgave her debt soon after she left Salem. He has no interest whatsoever in charging her with theft. She's his family!

ELIAS VEER

(stammering)

This is a farce...a farce. You have all rehearsed this dark comedy to defame me. It shall not be. I know a Judge, Danforth by name, who would deal harshly with the lot of you. He will punish you severely, Abigail Williams. As the Chief Justice of the city, he will punish you all.

He leers at them with a confident arrogance.

JOHN CORY

Elias, before you run off to your judge friend, you should take notice.

(to Abby)

Abby, you showed me a book belonging to Mr. Veer. One that you have safely put out of reach of others?

ELIAS VEER

Book? What book? I seldom read books.

JOHN CORY

A book having lists of items and numbers. Might it have been a ledger book? Something about Belgium? Alterations? Missing receipts? Abby, do you recall?

Veer looks on wide-eyed. Abby savors the moment.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Oh yes, that book. Elias, I must confess. I have it. You might even say I *stole* it...as a memento of our precious times together. You know the book, a ragged ledger containing accounting posts and figures of your direct sales to Belgium, the sales you failed to reveal to London. Sales that were illegal. And where are the receipts for the taxes you were to pay to our good King William? Many entries in your ledger are scratched out. Most of the entries were made by your hand. Some appear to be altered. Perhaps our Governor Stoughton would enjoy reading it? You shall decide.

ELIAS VEER

You...you.. All of you are in a conspiracy against me. My ledger? I must have it back. I will pay you whatever you ask for its return. Abigail, your mother's broach, I will give it back to you in exchange for my ledger.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

No, Elias, keep the broach. The ledger is far more valuable. We all know you to be quite an upstanding fellow and trust that we will hear from you no more.

EDWIN CORY

Elias, we thank you for coming here to our school and providing us with entertainment, a fine comedy from a fool on a fool's errand. The curtain descends. Now, take Goodman Todd, and be gone.

ELIAS VEER

I will be silent. I curse the lot of you. Judge Danforth did the right thing in Salem, killing your brother, Giles...

Edwin lurches forward and grabs Veer by the throat. John and Michael pull him off after a struggle. Mr. Todd tries to enter the room but John blocks his way. Veer staggers back, terrified. Edwin speaks in a violent voice unfamiliar to the others.

EDWIN CORY

You will NEVER again speak my brother's name. Hold your tongue or by god you will lose it. Leave my school and never, in any way, accost this young woman again. If I hear of it, you will feel the weight of stones on your chest and far worse. Now get out of my sight!

Veer stumbles out. The carriage is heard leaving.

EDWIN CORY (CONT'D)

Oh my, my! I lost my temper--just a bit. I might have injured him. Will he press charges?

JOHN CORY

Not while we have that ledger. If made public, it would buy him a ticket to England and a cold room in Newgate Prison. He has lost on all fronts. Veer's visit was unpleasant, but he learned we are not to be trifled with. Abby, are you alright?

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

What a strange adventure that was... exhausting, but I am fine. Safe and secure with the help of the present company. Thank you all.

(beat)

The girl's lunch time will end soon and I must turn into a teacher of Housekeeping--how to best serve the rich. Edwin and Michael, you shall draft the letter to my Beverly solicitor. Give me a paper and I will write the opening lines.

Edwin and Abby go to the desk. John and Michael look over her shoulder. She takes a quill and writes on a blank sheet: "*My Dear Friend, Nathan Quimby, Esquire*".

JOHN CORY

*Esquire, My my!*

REV MICHAEL HALE

*Esquire* indeed! He may be just our man.

(beat)

Listen, one more bit of news. Henry Johnson is giving a speech in the Boston Common near the State House at 7:00 PM tonight. I have asked the interested members of my church to come in support of Johnson. We have distributed the leaflets announcing the rally to the farming areas near Boston and expect a big turn out. If you can find someone to look after the school, let's all attend Johnson's rally. What say you?

(they all agree to attend.)

EDWIN CORY

I will offer Amelia extra pay if she will watch the girls tonight. They will mind her.

(To Michael Hale)

Let's draft a compelling letter to Nathan Quimby Esquire of Beverly.

DISSOLVE TO:

78 INT. JUDGE DANFORTH'S CHAMBER - AFTERNOON

COLONEL JAMES WICKERSHAM wears the uniform of an English Colonel. He sits listening to instructions from Danforth.

JUDGE DANFORTH

James, did you know that the commandant is a relative of mine?

COLONEL WICKERSHAM

Yes, I had heard this. He can be a bit stuffy, but he's a capable commander. Do you see him often?

JUDGE DANFORTH

No, now and then at state functions. He and I do not agree on politics. It is for this reason I called you here. I have a small favor to ask of you.

COLONEL WICKERSHAM

I will oblige you in any way I can, Thomas.

JUDGE DANFORTH

If I were to ask you to break up a riot against the English Crown, you would take the necessary measures, am I right?

COLONEL WICKERSHAM

Yes, of course but what riot are you speaking of? I've heard nothing about it. Recently, we raided a local church, said to be a haven for enemies of the Crown. Captain Smyth, on my orders, made a surprise raid on the church and found no secret meeting and no enemies. Smyth was quite upset.

JUDGE DANFORTH

Yes, that came to my ears. However, because no one was found, it does not mean that the church is not a shelter for subversives. You would agree?

COLONEL WICKERSHAM

Yes, that church has members who are alleged to be disloyal to the King. But tell me about this expected *riot*.

JUDGE DANFORTH

Yes, our business at hand. There is to be a rally for Henry Johnson taking place tonight in the Boston Common. I have hard evidence that the crowd may become unruly, even violent. If so, the rally must be ended and the crowd disbursed. Twenty or so mounted soldiers should be able to handle it. Station your riders nearby. If the crowd misbehaves, send your troops to quell it. Chase the rabble out of the Commons. Can you do this for me, James?

COLONEL WICKERSHAM

I can, but I must first clear it with the Commandant.

JUDGE DANFORTH

No, no, you don't understand me. I am asking you to personally help me with this small matter. There is no need to involve others. I need your full cooperation.

(MORE)

JUDGE DANFORTH (CONT'D)

Our first loyalty is to the Crown.  
This mission requires discretion.  
Your superiors must not be involved.

COLONEL WICKERSHAM

Very well then, I will trust you  
have good reasons. I will arrange  
what you ask. However, I do not  
wish to see anyone injured without  
cause. My captain will be so  
instructed.

JUDGE DANFORTH

I leave that to your good judgement.  
Thank you, for your cooperation  
James.

Wickersham nods politely and exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

79 EXT. BOSTON COMMON - EVENING

A crowd begins to form across from the State House. Several men drag a wooden podium/stage so that the speaker's back faces the State House. Standing near the podium are: Michael Hale, Abby, Jason Harwood, John and Edwin Corey, Samuel Parris, Tituba and her two daughters. The crowd is made up of average men and women, some are members of Hale's church group. Mr. Todd walks near the perimeter of the podium. Judge Sewell arrives and motions Michael Hale away from the others. They stand to the side for privacy.

JUDGE SEWELL

Michael, I've decided to leave the  
dark shadow of my two colleagues.  
I will lend my full support to  
Johnson, for what it's worth. I  
cannot stay for his speech, but I  
wanted you to have this.

(He hands Hale a  
sealed envelope)

It contains documents that will be  
of use to you.

REV MICHAEL HALE

Thank you. I'm sure we have made  
the right choice with Johnson.  
Come, meet the others.

JUDGE SEWELL

Another time. For now, I wish to  
be less visible. There is one  
more item I must see to.

REV MICHAEL HALE

I thank you, Matthew, for helping  
us. Let's hope we will celebrate  
in the near future.



Arnold Basset, the pro-independence publisher, arrives. He knows Sewell from their previous meeting at the courthouse.

ARNOLD BASSET

Ah, Judge Sewell. I have you to thank for my quick release from jail. Will you be attending Henry's speech?

JUDGE SEWELL

I wish I could, but other matters are pressing. My friend, Reverend Hale and I are hoping for a lively reception. Unfortunately, I must go now.

(He exits)

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Arnold, you made it. I was worried. Have you printed all the hand-outs?

Basset indicates a large stack of papers under his arm.

ARNOLD BASSET

Yes, I only had time to print a hundred or so. The crowd will have to share them.

Edwin Corey offers his hand to Basset.

EDWIN CORY

Mr. Basset. I'm glad to finally meet you. I am Edwin Cory. You may know of our school. Your news leaflets are so valuable to the cause. May I read one of the hand-outs?

Basset gives out several of the hand-outs to the group to read. Edwin smiles slightly and then more broadly as he reads on.

EDWIN CORY (CONT'D)

Yes, this is a smart move.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Very clearly written. Well done, Mr. Basset.

A few others gather closer.

EDWIN CORY

What a clever idea.

(to Basset)

Was it yours?

Basset shakes his head, no. He indicates Rev. Michael Hale.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Yes, the idea is novel, but I can't  
take the credit. Abby, it must  
have been yours.

Abby smiles and shakes her head.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

I cannot take full credit.  
(She pulls Tituba  
by the shoulder  
towards her)  
Here is the author.

EDWIN CORY

Why am I not surprised?

The group acknowledges Tituba and Abby.

EDWIN CORY (CONT'D)

(to Tituba)  
How did you come on this plan.  
(joking)  
Was it by Magic?

TITUBA

There is a little magic in all  
things. But magic does not replace  
*common sense*. Sometimes we overlook  
the simple solutions.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Yes, this is true.  
(to the near by  
men.)  
These must be distributed quickly.

Several men come forward and Basset gives each one a quantity to distribute. The volunteer distributors leave with the hand-outs. There is a commotion heralding the arrival of Henry Johnson who is working his way through the crowd--a crowd that has grown in size. He finally reaches the podium.

CUT TO

80 EXT. NEARBY SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

Twenty five mounted soldiers are in the far end of the square. Nearby, a group of rough-looking men, hired to act as provocateurs and outside agitators, are gathered together. One is giving the instructions to the others. As he speaks, the faces of the agitators are visible. They are brawny men with a rough appearance.

INSTRUCTOR

Alright, I trust you've all been  
paid. I want to be sure you  
understand how this works.

(MORE)

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

You must mix with the crowd, in groups of two or three. After Johnson starts his talk, you start arguing between yourselves, some favoring Johnson and others for Danforth. Don't mince words. Strong language will incite the crowd. Fake a fight, tussle on the ground. Defame Johnson with vile names. Provoke the Johnson supporters into fighting with you.

INSTIGATOR

We can't keep that up for long. One of us might be hurt.

INSTRUCTOR

(Shakes his head in distain.)

Listen for the sound of a bugle. It is the signal for the mounted soldiers to ride in. When they arrive, you run away in fear. Shout out to those near by, that they are in danger. Tell them to run for their lives. The crowd will follow you. Any more questions?

(beat)

Alright then, get over to the Commons, spread out and mingle. Remember, wait for Johnson to begin his speech before you start the fake fighting.

81 EXT. BOSTON COMMON - CONTINUOUS

The crowd and Hale's Group are milling about as Arnold Basset takes the stage. Nearly 200 are present to hear him. He begins his introduction. As he does, we see some of the faces of the instigators in different pockets of the crowd. They don't quite fit in.

ARNOLD BASSET

So please give a hearty welcome to a man who understands your needs and hopes and would work to change our Boston judicial system--a biased system that favors only the rich. He would work for equal justice for you, the Colonists of Massachusetts. I give you our Boston's District Magistrate, the son of a farmer and a man of compassion, Henry Johnson.

The crowd cheers and applauds. Johnson takes to the stage.

HENRY JOHNSON

I thank you, Arnold, and thank you all for coming. I am here not to make grand speeches, but to offer you an alternative. *Alternative*, you might ask? Yes, it is the *alternative* we need to replace corruption, judicial misconduct and the unfair treatment we endure at present. I know I am not favored to get the appointment. Many of our countrymen don't know my name. My opponent has powerful political connections, people who are working to insure his victory. I say we still have a chance!

(cheers))

With your support, there is hope for me to become your new Chief Justice of Boston's High Court.

(Cheers))

Many of you have suffered the inequity of our courts and know others who have fallen victim to the bias of our judges. Some might cry out in anger. IT'S UNFAIR!  
IT IS UNFAIR!

The crowd chants "Unfair! Unfair! Etc."

HENRY JOHNSON (CONT'D)

And yes, it IS unfair. The system is weighted against the common man, against us, the Colonists. These courts exist to serve pleasure and enrichment of privileged aristocrats both here, and across the sea.

Shouting can be heard from out in the crowd. The provocateurs have begun their fake fighting. All their cell groups are shouting. The pro-Johnson crowd remains completely silent. From the podium Henry Johnson holds a finger to his lips. He holds up the hand-out in one hand and points to it with the other. He then extends his arms out to the sides, palms down, indicating the crowd should sit down. He himself sits down quietly on the stage and bows his head as if in prayer. The provocateurs are suddenly isolated. They look about themselves and wonder what has happened. They are the only ones left standing.

PROVOCATEUR I

What are we to bloody do now?  
They were not suppose to just sit.

There is silence. From a side street a bugle blares and the hoof-beats of galloping horses is heard. The instigators remain standing in a sea of the seated Johnson supporters. The instigators see the horses and quickly stumble over those seated in retreat. They shout at the seated crowd.

## PROVOCATEUR II

Everyone, run for your lives!  
 We'll all be trampled! You'll be  
 shot!

The Provocateurs make their hasty pretend-escape from the Common. The crowd remains seated. The mounted soldiers stop at the edge of the Common and the Captain leading them views the two hundred Johnson supporters sitting in silence on the ground, heads bowed. He holds his arm up, halting the riders. He turns to his Sergeant Major.

## CAVALRY CAPTAIN

(In a loud military  
 voice so the others  
 can hear)

Sergeant Major, what do you see  
 before you?

## SERGEANT MAJOR

I see many people seated...praying,  
 I guess, sir.

## CAVALRY CAPTAIN

Do you see any manner of activity  
 that constitutes a public riot?

## SERGEANT MAJOR

*Constitutes, sir?*

## CAVALRY CAPTAIN

(irritated)

Are they rioting, Higgins?

## SERGEANT MAJOR

Oh, no sir. There is no riot.  
 They just sit quietly.

## CAVALRY CAPTAIN

Then this mission is over. Sergeant  
 Major, take our unit back to the  
 barracks and stable the horses. I  
 will follow, directly.

The Captain dismounts and walks through the crowd toward the podium. Henry Johnson sees the horsemen are leaving and stands up. The crowd gets to their feet and they cheer. As the captain nears the stage, Johnson climbs down to meet him.

## CAVALRY CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Mr. Johnson. I am Captain Randolph  
 Churchill, of his Majesties Royal  
 Cavalry.

(He offers his hand)

HENRY JOHNSON

(Surprised, he shakes  
his hand.)

I would normally expect you to be  
an adversary, sir. But your hand  
proves otherwise. Welcome.

CAVALRY CAPTAIN

My apologies for intruding on your  
gathering. My orders came from my  
Colonel and I suspect from another  
source whom I shall not name. It  
was none of my doing. My father  
has a small farm in Yorkshire. We  
know too well the hardships of  
dealing with laws and courts that  
favor those with wealth and titles.  
While I cannot be your standard  
bearer, I do wish you well in your  
enterprise.

HENRY JOHNSON

I thank you sincerely, Captain.  
No man here wishes ill to the people  
of England. We are of the same  
blood. Best of luck to you and to  
your family in England.

Captain Churchill exits. Johnson climbs back up onto the  
stage. The crowd becomes silent. Hale and the others look  
on.

HENRY JOHNSON (CONT'D)

(to the crowd)

We won that round!

(the Crowd cheers)

How nice to have a bit of  
entertainment--and with a lively  
parade of Royal Horsemen, to boot.  
Let us continue: I know of many  
grievances against the present  
courts in Boston. If any here  
have more to add, I will listen.  
The corruption and inequities in  
our system flow from the top  
downward. Samuel Danforth believes  
he will win the position,  
uncontested. We all know what  
kind of man he is and the harm he  
has inflicted in the past. Look  
only to Salem. Do any of you  
remember Salem?

(The crowd chants

"Salem! Salem!...)

Yes, Danforth would seek to change  
things...for the worse. Our town  
aldermen are not blind to these  
facts.

On the street at the fringe of the rally is a carriage with  
three men standing just outside the main body of the crowd.

One is Judge Samuel Sewell, who stands aside out of view of the crowd. The other two are well-dressed gentlemen who are listening attentively to Johnson's speech.

HENRY JOHNSON (CONT'D)

They will hear of this rally and know the peoples' choice. I'm told two Aldermen are with us today. I welcome you both.

(Johnson points out to the street at the carriage. The two gentlemen wave.)

I say this to you Thomas Danforth: You believe that you will be crowned King of Boston's courts. I say: here in the colonies, we are tired of kings!

(Crowd cheers.)

My friends, we can stop the coronation of King Danforth. Let your voices be heard. I ask you to help me to win the day and I will work as hard as a colonial farmer on your behalf and for all those who seek true justice in our City.

His supporters cheer. The rally is ending and some of the supporters leave and others form small groups around Johnson. John Corey pulls Abby aside. They walk through the crowd to a small pond with benches around it, where there is no one nearby. They sit and John takes Abby's hand.

JOHN CORY

Abby, there seems so little time for us to talk privately. You know I do love you...and I see you look on me with affection. Together, you and I would share many adventures, travel to the western frontier, explore the lands near St. Louis. It is said the land is fertile. A great river carries goods to and from southern markets. Parcels of farmland are given for free to those young settlers who would tend it. Together, we could build a good life. Abby, let us be married and together share in these adventures.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

I am honored that you would ask me. It is a wonderful plan, John, one which many a young woman would be eager to pursue, yet I hesitate. I do cherish you so, John. Marriage?

(MORE)

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

I want to say yes, but for the moment, I have no answer to give to you. The days we share are filled with the school and defeating Danforth. It is the goal of the moment. In a few days we will know the result of our efforts, for better or for worse. Let us then consider our future plans and I will give you my answer.

JOHN CORY

So be it. I will abide with your wishes. We will wait until then. It will not be easy for me. You are so involved with our mission at hand. I confess to you that I haven't the same fervor as you and the others. I do hate Danforth, but he holds a position of such power and the backing of the Royalists. I fear he will win out in the end. Danforth's fate will have little affect on our lives together. We must look to our own happiness.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

John, our labors benefit all colonists. Many lives, yours and mine, will be affected. Danforth's fate will point to what the future may hold for all. You must have faith. We are gaining strength in numbers and will find the evidence against him. Defeating him is just a small part in a greater victory. Now is not a time to turn away. Stand firm with your father and the rest of us.

JOHN CORY

You know I will. I would do it for you alone. When all is resolved let us spend quiet hours together. One warm sunny day, ride with me to the Emerald Pond. Emilia will prepare a picnic basket for us. We can relax and quietly discuss our future plans.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Yes, John, a picnic. I'll wear my blue ribbon. We can take a rest from *noble causes* and just be together.

Edwin interrupts them.



EDWIN CORY

There you are, Orpheus and Eurydice,  
hiding by the pond. I thought you  
were lost in the underworld. Come  
now, We must get back to the School.  
Emilia will be angry if we are too  
late.

They disappear into the crowd. People are congratulating  
Johnson. Not far away Mr. Todd can be seen wandering through  
the crowd.

82 EXT. PARRIS' GARDEN - MORNING

Tituba sits on a bench in the garden with her daughters.

TITUBA

Can the two of you stay out of  
trouble just for one day? I know  
you can. I'll be back later this  
afternoon. Uncle Parris will be  
going with me. There is fruit,  
cheese and some bread in the  
kitchen. Clean up after you eat.

VIOLET

Why can't we come with you? We  
will be bored here alone.

SAIBA

(To Violet)

We will be bored if we go to Rev.  
Hale's church and must sit quietly  
while they are all having their  
meeting. We will find something  
better to do here, my sister.

(to Tituba)

I'll keep us out of trouble, mother.

TITUBA

Good. You can pull some weeds  
from this garden if you find nothing  
else to do, or work on your spelling  
words.

(Parris calls from  
the street)

Give your mother a hug and I will  
see you later.

Tituba leaves. The girls remain seated on the garden bench.

SAIBA

My sister, today we shall have an  
adventure. It will be fun, but  
not easy. You have heard Abby  
speak of her mother's broach and  
how sad she is that she does not  
have it. I have a plan to get it  
back for her.

VIOLET

A plan? The scary man who works for Mr. Veer has it. We could never get it back unless we steal it from him.

SAIBA

Violet, you can not steal a thing that is already stolen. It belongs to Abby, not to Mr. Veer or Mr. Todd. They have stolen it from her. If we watch until Mr. Todd leaves his room, we could quickly find it and return it to Abby. She will be so happy.

VIOLET

And if we are caught? They will punish us. They will send our mother back to the workhouse.

SAIBA

If we follow my plan, we will not be caught. You must be my brave assistant. We can do this.

VIOLET

I will help, but only because I love Abby. But we must be SURE that Mr. Todd is not there.

SAIBA

Bring your blue jacket, the one like mine. The day may turn colder.

VIOLET

My blue jacket? But I like the red one.

SAIBA

Just bring the blue one. It is part of my plan.

CUT TO:

83 EXT. VEER MERCANTILE - A SHORT TIME LATER

The girls survey Veer's store from across the street. They pretend to be looking into a dress shop window. Trees cast shadows on a nearby bench.

VIOLET

How can we tell if Mr. Todd is up in his room?

SAIBA

How? I don't know that part. My plan is not complete. We must watch and wait.

(MORE)

SAIBA (CONT'D)

That bench is in the shade. It will hide us. Sit next to me and pretend we are playing a game.

VIOLET

I think your plan needs more work. Saiba, we are going to get into trouble. We promised our mother, *NO trouble*. We should wait until we have a *complete* plan.

SAIBA

(angry)

What? Do you have a better plan? I will wait and watch. You can go home if you like. I'll do it alone.

VIOLET

Saiba, you are so stubborn. You must always have your way. Long ago we were parted. Never again. We will stay together.

A figure emerges from the dark alley across the street next to Veer's store. He limps away from the store toward the docks.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Look, there...is that him, Mr. Todd?

SAIBA

Yes, I think so. He once came to the school with deliveries. We must move quickly. We don't know how long he will be away. The door to his rooms must be in the alley.

They start to cross the street when Veer suddenly exits the front door to his store. He holds a tea cup. He is looking for Mr. Todd who, by now, is out of sight. He shades his eyes from the bright sun. The two sisters are in the middle of the street in full view of Veer. Saiba pushes her sister and begins to run away.

SAIBA (CONT'D)

(taunting)

I bet you can't catch me

VIOLET

I bet I can.

Violet understands the ploy and chases her sister across the street and around the corner. Veer is joined by Jason Harwood, his young bookkeeper.

ELIAS VEER

Oh these awful children. I'm glad I have none.

Harwood shrugs. Veer and Harwood re-enter the store. Across the street the girls re-emerge out-of-breath from their dash.

SAIBA

That must have been Veer. We made a fine escape. Just two little girls playing games in the street.

VIOLET

How do you think so fast. You are smarter than me.

SAIBA

No, we are both smart in different ways. Come, let's find the door to Todd's rooms.

They make their way to the side of the store and into the dark alley. There is a side door, some large crates piled up and an empty trash bin. Violet bumps into a small stack of crates sending them crashing to the ground. They re-stack the crates.

VIOLET

We can still go home.

SAIBA

Listen, here is the plan. You hide over behind the crates...

Violet completes her sentence.

VIOLET

...and if Mr. Todd returns I will yell out to warn you.

SAIBA

No. I would still be trapped. It is too high to jump down from the window.

(she points upward  
to a window.)

Let him enter, then wait for a minute. I will hear him coming up the stairs and I can hide. Wait a minute longer and then stamp you feet on the stairs. Then...

The plan in place, Violet positions herself behind the crates. Saiba enters the doorway and climbs the stairs to Todd's rooms. Outside the ally, Mr. Todd slowly crosses the street and goes into a neighboring shop.

84 INT. MR. TODD'S ROOMS UPSTAIRS. - CONTINUOUS

Saiba reaches the upper landing. There are two doors, one left, one right. She tries the left door and it is open. Inside is a small, austere parlor, a table with two chairs, a small wood stove and one stuffed chair.

She lifts the cushion from the chair and finds nothing. Saiba looks through the few items on the table. There is a small bookshelf with a few books. She looks behind the books. There is no place to hide a broach. She exits the room, and intentionally leaves the door wide open. She enters the door on the right, closing it behind her. Inside is a bed, with blankets strewn about, a small nook with pairs of shoes and boots. There is an armoire with some clothes hung within and a small built-in chest with three drawers. Saiba begins searching under the bedding, and then to the armoire, looking under the hanging clothes and one-by-one examining the contents of the three drawers, finding smaller garments, stockings, garters and a hat. Drawer three is hard to open. She reaches inside and produces a sharp curved dagger. She replaces it and starts searching the shoe and boot nook. She hears a door close and footsteps coming up the stairs. She stops, and makes no sound. Mr. Todd, reaches the landing and notices the left door wide open.

MR. TODD

Who is in there? Come out.

Mr. Todd timidly enters the room and looks about. He sees the books have been moved. In the room across the hallway, Saiba opens the door and slams it shut, staying inside the room. She runs to the bed and hides on the floor behind it. Todd has heard the door slamming shut. He runs across the landing and opens the bedroom door. Seeing no one, he enters the room. Saiba, behind the bed, holds her breath. Todd hears the sound of feet on the stairs and runs back out onto the landing. He looks down, sees Violet running away down the stairs. He pursues her.

85 EXT. VEER MERCANTILE - CONTINUOUS

MR. TODD

You there, girl, stop. Stop, I say!

He runs after her, limping across the street. Violet slows up pretending to be out of breath. Todd gets closer, Violet runs around the corner. There are a few shoppers in the street.

VIOLET

(yelling to the  
onlookers)

He's after me. He is trying to  
kill me!

ONLOOKER 1

You sir, why do you chase after  
this little girl?

ONLOOKER 2

Wait, you are Mr. Todd, Veer's  
man. What did she do?

Todd ignores them and continues his chase, but Violet has vanished around the next corner. Todd, breathless, slowly limps back toward the store, past the onlookers.

MR. TODD  
(to the onlookers)  
She is a thief, a thief!

The onlookers are skeptical.

ONLOOKER 2  
What did she steal?

Todd is at a complete loss.

MR. TODD  
(disgusted)  
I don't know. Mind your own damned business!

As he rounds the corner by Veer's store he sees a girl who he believes to be the same one he just chased. Saiba walks slowly away from Todd.

SAIBA  
Hey Mister, you want to race again?

He is too tired to chase her. Saiba sticks out her tongue at him. She skips away from the store, leaving Mr. Todd panting, sweating and swearing to himself. As she rounds the corner she meets Violet.

VIOLET  
At least you didn't get caught

SAIBA  
You didn't either. So my plan was not so bad?

VIOLET  
It would be a good plan, if you had found Abby's broach.

SAIBA  
The broach?

She reaches in her pocket and pulls out a jewelry chain, at the end of which is the broach.

SAIBA (CONT'D)  
It was in one of his boots.

VIOLET  
Then our plan was a good one.

She hugs her sister

SAIBA  
Our plan?

VIOLET

I was so afraid.

SAIBA

Me too.

Violet and Saiba exit down the street for home.

DISSOLVE TO:

86 INT. VEER MERCANTILE - DAY

Veer sits at his desk doing paper work. From the back stairway, Mr. Todd arrives and sits down in a chair next to Veer's desk.

ELIAS VEER

Well, Todd, you have searched your rooms. What was taken? I can't imagine what a young girl would want to steal from you.

MR. TODD

You are not going to like this Elias. The only thing taken was Abigail's broach. What do you make of that?

ELIAS VEER

Make of it? It's Jewelry, Todd. The girl found it attractive. She found nothing else of value, so she took the broach. It's what one would expect. What did she look like this young thief?

MR. TODD

She was dark-skinned. Maybe a native from the West Indies. I've heard that the Salem witch, Tituba, was released from the workhouse into the custody of Reverend Samuel Parris...and she has a daughter. Parris's home is not so far from us.

ELIAS VEER

So you think it was Tituba's girl who took the broach? It is possible. As you discovered, Tituba is connected to Abigail Williams from the Salem trials.

MR. TODD

What would you have me do? I could accost Parris or Tituba and demand it back.

ELIAS VEER

No. Listen, Todd, do nothing. Nothing! Just leave it be. The broach no longer has any value to me. But there is a matter of more importance. This morning, I discharged Jason Harwood from my employment. He did not seem to care much, but as he left, he made rude comments about my accounting methods. He had the audacity to warn me to be careful. It sounded much like a threat.

The two exchange knowing glances.

MR. TODD

I know just the remedy for such threats...the ultimate remedy. I'll take care of it.

VEER

I trust your judgement. See to it!

CUT TO:

87 INT. HALE'S CHURCH - LATE DAY

Edwin Corey, Abby, Tituba, Vera, Rev. Samuel Parris, Wasp George, and Wasp Jeromy sit in the front pews. In the darkness of the rear pews are a small group *Black Wasps*. Albert is not present. Reverend Michael Hale stands before the seated group. They are waiting for John Corey and Jason Harwood.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

John and Jason Harwood are late.

EDWIN CORY

I don't know what could be keeping them...a loose wagon wheel? John left with plenty of time. He was to pick up Harwood at the Offshore Cafe on Fleet Road near Veer's place. We'll give them a bit longer.

88 EXT. FLEET ROAD - LATE DAY

Jason Harwood walks on Fleet Road, past some small commercial buildings, just beyond the Millworks. From an adjacent alley, he hears a woman screaming for help. He stops at the entrance and runs into the alley. It is dark and he strains to see. The screams have stopped. As he slowly walks farther down the alley, a hooded figure silently follows behind him. The figure walks with a slight limp. It is Mr. Todd. As he nears Jason, he removes the curved dagger from under his cloak.



Shards of a broken bottle litter the floor of the alley and Todd steps on the broken shards making a slight noise. Jason whirls about just as Mr. Todd strikes at him. The knife grazes Jason's shoulder, sending him to the ground in pain. Mr. Todd realizes he has missed his chance. Jason regains his footing as Todd and his accomplice run out of the alley toward Fleet Road.

JASON HARWOOD

Run away you bloody cowards. I know who you are.

Jason, holding his bleeding shoulder, manages to stand and struggles to walk out of the alley. The hooded figure stops and looks back at Jason.

MR. TODD

Next time, matey!

Mr. Todd, disappears from the alley. Jason staggers out onto Fleet Road. He falls to his knees, holding his bleeding shoulder. Several passersby gather around him in concern. John Corey arrives, driving a wagon. He jumps down and runs to help his friend.

89 INT. HALE'S CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Fifteen minutes have passed and the group is restless.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

They should be here by now. Should we send someone to find them?

REV MICHAEL HALE

No, I trust they will arrive soon. We will have to start our meeting without them. I will try to be brief. Because I am a vicar, I spend each Sunday preaching to my congregation. Since it is Saturday night, I'll spare you the sermon. I do feel it is the right time to share my thoughts with you in regard to our goals, what we hope to accomplish and our reasons for joining together. We are reaching the end of our campaign against Danforth. Tomorrow is our deadline for securing the evidence we need. If Lady Justice favors us, we will win the day, but there is a chance we will not, and Danforth will prevail. Each one here has given their best efforts...and each one of us here today has their own reasons for opposing Judge Danforth. His monstrous acts have wounded all of us in some way.

(MORE)

REV MICHAEL HALE (CONT'D)

But putting our injuries aside,  
Danforth's appointment to Boston's  
High Court would do great harm to  
both our city and the colonies.  
We feel the continued weight of  
England's rule weighing on us.  
Danforth's appointment would only  
add more weight. His defeat is one  
step closer toward our ultimate  
goal and our destiny: colonial  
independence from the English Crown.

(Those seated applaud  
and cheer.)

I thank the members of my church  
for their support ...and to a  
special group--

(he looks to the  
pews in the rear)

I forget what they are called--  
whose very existence embodies our  
cause. To these brave fellows,  
though I can't recall their names,  
I offer up my sincere thanks.

(He looks to George  
and Jeromy)

Edwin and John Corey. Your sorrow  
at the loss of your beloved brother  
and uncle, Giles, under Danforth's  
cruel hand, must be beyond measure.  
No less, your hatred of the very  
man responsible for his murder. I  
ask that we now take a moment to  
honor the memory of Giles Corey.

The group bows their heads in silence. Edwin Corey has  
tears forming in his eyes.

REV MICHAEL HALE (CONT'D)

Lastly, I would give a credit to  
two persons present here who have  
provided a driving force for our  
mission. Abigail Williams, our  
own Abby, we thank you for bravely  
joining us in this dangerous  
intrigue. You are wise beyond  
your youth. Your very life path  
was shaped by Danforth and the  
Salem trials. You still bare the  
scars that are not yet healed. I  
know how deeply important our  
venture is to you. Believe me,  
Abby, I do know.

Abby looks at the faces around her, bewildered, determined  
this time not to cry. Tituba sits close beside her. Hale  
and the others are distracted by the noise of a wagon  
arriving.

(MORE)

REV MICHAEL HALE (CONT'D)

Let's hope it's John and Jason.  
Let me finish my thoughts. I've  
taken too much time as is.

(beat)

Tituba...My words are a poor  
substitute for the strength and  
commitment you have brought us.  
You are a person of proven wisdom.  
You've provided insight to our  
plans and strategies that would  
otherwise be flawed, were it not  
for your sage guidance. You have  
the fiercest motives of all for  
lending your strength to our cause.  
You have endured a long list of  
tragic events: a husband lost to  
the work gangs in Barbados; Saiba,  
your twin daughter, separated from  
you. You were taken from your  
island home by force and brought  
to Salem, a cold and dreary place.  
There, you suffered torture at the  
hands of the Danforth court. What  
was your crime? You simply gave  
smiles and warmth to a few young  
Salem girls. Here in Boston, you  
were thrown into the Women's  
Workhouse for nearly two years.  
It's a long list of troubles. And  
out of all your suffering and  
hardships, you remained the kind,  
thoughtful and wise person we now  
know you to be. Abigail and Tituba,  
you are a living history of Salem's  
ghastly trials. You and the Corey's  
have suffered the fullest measure  
of Danforth's injustice. You now  
stand with us to help Fate and God  
put things right at last.

They pause, hearing more wagon noise outside. Wasp Jeromy  
looks out the window. Hale walks quickly to the rear door  
and looks into the back courtyard.

REV MICHAEL HALE (CONT'D)

It's John...but he is alone.

John Corey enters and joins the group.

EDWIN CORY

Where is your friend, Jason?

JOHN CORY

He's at the Weatherby Infirmary  
where he is being treated. He was  
attacked...stabbed. I just left  
him.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Is he badly hurt? What happened?  
Can he speak? I'll go to him.

JOHN CORY

Stay Abby. It is not a serious  
wound. Jason will mend.

EDWIN CORY

How terrible! Did he tell you  
anything about the attack?

JOHN CORY

Jason was on his way to our meeting  
place, on Fleet Road, a few blocks  
from Veer's store. As he was  
walking past a small alley. A  
woman's voice called out for help.  
It was a trap. He entered the  
alley and was assaulted. When  
Jason resisted, the attacker fled.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Did Jason see the face of this  
coward?

JOHN CORY

No, it was dark and the attacker  
wore a hood. I arrived just after  
it took place. Jason was bleeding,  
but he was able to speak, and with  
my help, he climbed up into the  
wagon. We drove straight to the  
Infirmary.

REV MICHAEL HALE

Who would do such a thing? Was  
this a random robbery? The area  
around Fleet Road has its bad  
elements.

JOHN CORY

Jason said that when the attacker  
ran from the alley he spoke the  
words "Next Time". The voice was  
familiar to Jason; it was Mr.  
Todd's. Jason believed Todd was  
assigned to kill him.

REV MICHAEL HALE

We'll deal with Mr. Todd and Veer  
after our work with Danforth is  
done. John, when our meeting ends,  
return to the infirmary and see  
how Jason is faring. Before you  
arrived, I was expressing my thanks  
to all including, you and your  
father.

The group settles back in their seats and Hale continues  
presiding over the meeting.

REV MICHAEL HALE (CONT'D)

Together, we have the deepest and most compelling reasons for wishing the downfall of Thomas Danforth. Tomorrow we will go to Salem in hope of finding the evidence against him. Be warned, I am certain we will be met with opposition---I don't know in what form, but we must keep our wits about us and be ready to act if need be. Our commitment to this end has been steadfast. I ask you all to come into a circle and put your hands into the center.

Abby, Tituba, Parris, Vera, John and Edwin Cory put their hands into the center and the Wasps join them.

REV MICHAEL HALE (CONT'D)

(In a loud resonant  
Vicar's voice)

Do we stand together?

GROUP RESPONCE

We stand together!

The group remains standing. The solemnity of the occasion has past and a more let's-get-down-to-business attitude prevails.

REV MICHAEL HALE

Now, to our final tasks for tomorrow. Does anyone have any new information?

VERA

I do, and it involves the very man who stabbed poor Jason. I did see an unlikely sight last night at the pub. It was near closing and I went to the ally to empty the trash. Outside the tavern in the shadows, two men were speaking, Judge Danforth and Mr. Todd. I wondered what arrangement they might have made?

REV MICHAEL HALE

This is good to know. I wonder if Veer is involved? It is late for him to enter into this game. Todd is feared by some, but has shown himself to be a coward.

JOHN CORY

His cowardice does not rule out his friends who could do us harm, if Danforth pays them enough.

REV MICHAEL HALE

We must prepare as best we can for whatever comes. Has Anyone else more to say?

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS

If I may. In Salem past, I had cause to do some business with Danforth. I knew him to be corrupt and did not trust the man. He showed me a deed to Elizabeth and John Proctor's farm. Danforth claimed it was signed over to him by John Proctor, a man he condemned to death only a few days later. He wanted me to take the deed to Proctor's property in trade for some other land holdings I owned. I suspected at that time, the deed was forged. Proctor would never have sold his farm...and certainly not to Danforth. He and Elizabeth had no plans to leave Salem. Proctor was a proud and principled man. His signature on the deed certainly was a forgery.

EDWIN CORY

Samuel, I must ask you, did you accept the trade with him?

(The others focus  
their attention on  
his reply.)

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS

(smiling)

No, Edwin, I did not! I will admit I was not above such things in my Salem days, but Danforth's proposal was openly illegal and besides, I disliked the man intensely. I would have refused the deal, even if the deed had been valid.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Good for you, uncle! I also knew John Proctor well...I guess too well, as was rumored in the Salem Streets at the time...a time I would put behind me.

She glances at Michael Hale, then John Corey.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

You are right, John Proctor would never sell; he was a man of high principles...most of the time.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

(eyebrows raised)

Be that as it may, what's past is past. Where would Danforth keep such a document?

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS

Certainly not in his Boston court office. I doubt he registered it with the Salem Assessor at the courthouse. It must be at his farm, rather, the Corey's farm.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Even more reason to search the farmhouse. Now tomorrow we must assemble early and quietly. Any ideas?

TITUBA

May I speak? I think we need two wagons. We split our groups to best advantage. I suggest that the wagon to the Salem Courthouse carry Michael, Abby and Albert. I do not know the registrar who now tends the courthouse, but Abby would not be recognized as easily as the Coreys or myself. Michael you stand the best chance of convincing the Registrar to allow us to look through the old records. John, Edwin and myself will go to the farm house. It will take us longer to get there. Edwin and John, you know the house, and you will know better where to search for Danforth's documents.

EDWIN CORY

Yes, It makes sense. Any objections?

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

What about Albert? Who knows what he might do? Would it not be better if he is left behind? Where is Albert now?

REV. MICHAEL HALE

I sent him on an errand. I want to keep him in our sight. He'll do less mischief. Before the meeting, I sent him across town to my tailer with one of my vestments that *somehow* became torn. I wonder how? He is to wait for the repair to be completed and return with the garment.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Suppose the tailor makes a quick repair?

REV. MICHAEL HALE

The tailor's shop is only a block from the Lamb's Haven. Albert's taste for ale and cider will delay him. He's more harmless drunk.

Knocking can be heard at the front door of the church.

REV. MICHAEL HALE (CONT'D)

(to wasp Jeromy)

Go around to the front and see who is knocking. Don't let them see you.

He exits out the back door.

REV. MICHAEL HALE (CONT'D)

(to the group)

Be ready to move quickly, you must not be found here. Behind the alter is a small stairway up to the storage loft. It will conceal you. Wait a moment for Jeromy's report.

They wait in silence, Jeromy returns, breathing hard.

WASP JEROMY

It is a soldier--a Captain. He was here the other night, for the midnight raid. You spoke with him.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Jeromy, I will unbolt the front door. Go up to the storage loft with the others. Keep them very still. I will see what the Captain wants. Be very careful. An old statue of St. Bartholomew is not well secured. Take care that no one knocks into it.

Jeromy leads the others to a spiral stairway. They quietly ascend the stairs. Michael walks to the front of the church and unbolts the doors. Captain Smyth stands before Michael Hale

90 INT. STORAGE LOFT - CONTINUOUS

The storage loft is dark and stuffy. There is little room for them to move about. Several pieces of furniture are stacked, leaning against the wall. There is a damaged statue of St. Bartholomew standing in there midst. A few of the group whisper and Jeromy hushes them. They can hear the voices of Hale and Smyth speaking below them.



They react with gesture and facial expressions to what they hear as they listen to conversation below.

CAPTAIN SMYTH (O.S.)  
 Forgive the intrusion, Reverend.  
 Could I have a few words with you?  
 I won't take much time.

REV. MICHAEL HALE (O.S.)  
 Of course. Come in. I am not  
 very busy. I enjoy having the  
 church to myself. I don't have my  
 tea until later or I'd offer you a  
 cup. What can I do for you Captain?

CAPTAIN SMYTH (O.S.)  
 I apologize again for the disruption  
 the other night. It is not my  
 habit to be involved with politics.  
 I have discovered there are those  
 who might intend you harm.

REV. MICHAEL HALE (O.S.)  
 Why would they harm me? Surely it  
 is not just politics. I admit  
 that some in my church are not  
 happy with the English presence.  
 But that is common everywhere in  
 Boston.

CAPTAIN SMYTH (O.S.)  
 Your politics are your private  
 business. In truth there are  
 soldiers in the ranks who would  
 gladly leave American Colonies and  
 return to their homes in England.  
 I am one.

REV. MICHAEL HALE (O.S.)  
 I understand this. It is only  
 natural. One's home is one's home,  
 after all.

In the loft a rat runs across one of the rafter ties just above them. Jeromy is startled and steps back into the statue. It falls over with a thump.

91 INT. HALE'S CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Michael Hale, frowns and looks back into the church, then at Smyth. Smyth smiles.

REV. MICHAEL HALE  
 I must get rid of those damned  
 mice in my attic. I can't imagine  
 what they have knocked over now.

CAPTAIN SMYTH  
 Yes, mice. Mice can be pests.  
 (MORE)

CAPTAIN SMYTH (CONT'D)

You should get a cat. We have two at home. Here is what I've heard. A certain powerful judge is related by blood to our Commandant. This judge has considerable influence with him. There is a rumor afoot that a small unit of soldiers has been formed to act as private mercenaries in the employ of this judge. I'm not sure to what end-- it's probably political. Such use of British Regulars is strictly forbidden and contrary to our Crown military codes. In this regard, I have heard names mentioned--yours, the Coreys and a Reverend... Parris is it? I felt obliged to inform you. I am a loyal soldier to the King, but I will not stand by and be witness to such flagrant misuse of our military by high ranking officers.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Captain you are indeed a loyal soldier and you have my respect. The unnamed judge is a concern to many in Boston. I thank you for your candor. Your name will never pass from my lips regarding this news. My full name is Michael Hale. I give you the name *Michael* to use when next we meet.

CAPTAIN SMYTH

And I give you in return my name, William Smyth, *Will*, to my friends. I must go before I am missed. Good day and good luck to you, Michael.

MICHAEL

The same to you, Will.

Smyth exits and Hale returns to finish the meeting. The others have descended and are reassembled in the pews.

JOHN CORY

What was the visit about. A soldier?

REV. MICHAEL HALE

What was the Crash about? Was St. Bart injured? Who was the clumsy one?

The others look accusingly at Jeromy.

WASP JEROMY

I was the clumsy one. Sorry.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

No matter. We'll send old St. Bart to the surgeon for mending. Captain Smyth paid it no mind. Smyth is a good man. He told me of a threat, our first obstacle to overcome. I will deal with it. Jeromy, after the meeting, I want to talk with you and George about a defensive strategy. Tituba, if you have time, would you join us? Jeromy. a small swarm of Wasps will be required.

WASP JEROMY

Very well, I'll see who I can find and meet you by your cottage.

He exits back door.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Let us finish. It's getting late. John, you had some thoughts about how best to exit the city.

JOHN CORY

Yes. Tituba, Abby and I mapped out several possible points on the Salem Road. Just outside of the city limit is a park called *The Emerald Pond*. It is seldom used this time of year. We agreed it was a good meeting spot. Bring Albert with you and we will all meet by the pond.

EDWIN CORY

How early shall we meet?

REV. MICHAEL HALE

It must be before sunrise. I venture between 4:00 and 4:30. No Lamb's Haven tonight. Go home, eat a good meal and bring some food for the trip. I know this park. It's a lovers hideaway.

(John and Abby  
exchange glances,  
Abby, mock frowning)

Another issue I need to address is my absence from the church tomorrow. My members will be curious why I am gone. I plan to leave some note of explanation. Perhaps a sick relative requires my presence? I hate deceiving them. Any ideas?

Tituba whispers something to Samuel Parris and he nods his head.

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS

Michael, I would invite your members to my church tomorrow. My congregation is small and my church is usually about half full. It would please me to see a full church. I hope my sermon will not disappoint them.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

A generous offer and I accept. I'll post a notice, with the location of your church, informing my members of this alternative. A smart plan, Samuel.

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS

I had help.  
(he gestures to  
Tituba)

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Our plan is set then. We'll meet tomorrow at the Pond Park and oh yes, if you have a musket or pistol, bring it along--for defensive purposes only!

FADE TO:

92 INT. JUDGE DANFORTH'S CHAMBER--SAME AFTERNOON

Danforth and Colonel Wickersham sip sherry and sit near a small fireplace in Danforth's courthouse office.

COLONEL WICKERSHAM

I have assembled a private army unit of ten very cooperative regulars. The payment you offered is satisfactory to all of them--  
*overly* generous, I might add.

JUDGE DANFORTH

Are they sworn to secrecy? This would be a disaster for both of us if it were to be made public.

COLONEL WICKERSHAM

You need not worry, Thomas. These men know they would be severely punished should this escapade come to the attention of the Commandant. They could face prison or even death. They will not be wearing any uniforms. Their orders are to block any of those on your list from reaching Salem.

JUDGE DANFORTH

Tomorrow is Sunday. I hope our two good Boston reverends give excellent sermons. I will confirm that this is so. It is the last day they can act against me. Monday, I shall become Boston's Chief Justice---and on that day, you shall be rewarded, Colonel.

COLONEL WICKERSHAM

A toast to your success!

They clink glasses and sip sherry.

FADE OUT

93 EXT. EMERALD PARK POND--BEFORE SUNRISE

It is a misty pre-dawn morning. A ground fog hangs over the pond. A few loons cry out. The quiet scene is interrupted by the sound of a wagon approaching. John Corey, the driver, turns off the main Salem Road and arrives at the park. Edwin, John and Abby sit together on the front driver's seat.

EDWIN CORY

I wonder how the fishing is here?  
It's a bigger pond than I'd  
imagined.

JOHN CORY

There are plenty of perch, pike  
and a few trout...walleye if you're  
lucky.

Edwin jumps down and walks away, several yards to the edge of the pond.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

John, have you come here often?  
You've not mentioned your interest  
in fishing. Or did you come here  
for other purposes?

John puts his arm over Abby's shoulder and shakes his head.

JOHN CORY

(He is slightly  
irritated by her  
question)

Before I answer, I would ask you  
about the man you knew "too well"  
in Salem. Abby, you were but a  
girl then.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

John Corey, we did agree to leave  
our past history behind us.

(MORE)

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

I will say only this. A foolish girl of age 17 did believe she loved this man, John Proctor. He rejected me and remained with his wife, Elizabeth. It was town gossip for a time. That is the end of the story. The book is closed. I only asked you in jest about you coming to this pond with others. No more history, agreed?

JOHN COREY

Agreed. It is you and I who will soon return here, sit quietly and watch the moon's reflection in the dark water.

ABBY

Your words are well chosen to soften me. You could be a politician.

JOHN CORY

Listen, the others arrive.

Edwin walks back from the pond's edge to the wagon. Hale's wagon enters the parking area. Hale is driving with Tituba next to him. Albert sits in the back, a blanket pulled over his body. Edwin climbs back up onto his wagon.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

We must waste no time. I have made arrangements with our Wasp defenders. They will take up strategic positions on the main road. I hope it is an unnecessary precaution. Danforth will use all his resources. Violence must be avoided. This applies to our actions as well. We must not push the horses too hard, but keep a steady pace. The road forks at the village of *Willows*. At that point, we will separate. We will take the left fork on to Salem.

(to Edwin)

You take the right fork. It will take you to the farm. Edwin, you know the way. Our group will arrive in Salem before noon. It will be another hour before you get to the farm. Good luck with your search. Did anyone bring a gun?

Edwin produces an old *blunderbuss* style pistol and holds it up for view.

EDWIN CORY

It belonged to my grandfather.  
(MORE)

EDWIN CORY (CONT'D)

I have the lead balls, black powder and a ramrod. They were also my grandfather's.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

That is quite a relic. John, you know about such things?

JOHN CORY

It is a rare piece. It might have belonged to a pirate. I would hesitate to fire such an old weapon. It might kill the shooter instead of the target. Better we put it aside unless we meet some pirates.

There is a moment of levity.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Enough! God bless our mission.

He reins the horse to turn about and starts off. The other wagon follows.

FADE TO:

94 EXT. HALE'S CHURCH - NEXT MORNING

Mr. Todd dismounts his horse and examines the notice affixed on the church door. He walks around to the rear of the church and looks into the shed where the wagon and horses are kept. It is empty. Returning to the front of the church, he quickly remounts and rides off through the Boston streets at a gallop.

95 EXT. BOSTON COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Danforth is mounted on his horse and is waiting for Todd's return. Todd's friend, Billy Boy (previously kicked out of Traveler's Rest in scene 4), sits on a horse next to Danforth. Another man, dressed as a civilian and armed with a musket, waits on horseback for instructions. Mr. Todd arrives.

JUDGE DANFORTH

What did you find, Todd?

MR. TODD

Not "Todd", 'Mister Todd', your honor. I found an empty church. There'll be no sermons there today.

JUDGE DANFORTH

No one there, MISTER Todd? What about Albert?

MR. TODD

It was deserted. There was a note on the door informing the church-goers to go to Parris's church if they were in need of salvation.

JUDGE DANFORTH

Damn them all! They have gone ahead of us to the Salem Courthouse. I can't recall what's in those files, but they are legally sealed. In any case I do not want Hale and the others to reach Salem. I've made arrangements.

(He indicates the man on horseback with the musket)

You there. You know the plan. Take your men, ride hard, and overtake them on the Salem Road. Mister Todd, you and I will ride on to my farm house. I know a shorter route. We will start a nice fire in the stove. I have plenty of old documents to burn.

Danforth and Todd ride off in one direction, the armed man in the other.

96 SALEM ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Low hills border both sides of the road, with shrubs and small trees. A group of 20 horsemen ride into view and stop on the road. The three leading the group wear standard red British army uniforms. One of the three is WASP GEORGE. The others are members of the Wasps. One, named IRISH, an out-spoken Irishman, sings a bawdy folk song. They all gather together at a bend in the road.

WASP GEORGE

This is the spot, perfect for our needs. Irish, go see if there is a path into the trees ahead. We will need to hide our horses.

Irish rides up ahead and looks for a break in the trees and shrubs.

WASP GEORGE (CONT'D)

We may be here for a good while.  
(to the other two uniformed men)

I hope your uniforms fit better than mine. Did you all pack a good lunch? Reverend Hale is ahead of us by several miles. We need to set ourselves quickly.

(MORE)



WASP GEORGE (CONT'D)

If Danforth sends troops after Michael, and I believe he will, our job is to delay them or even better, stop them from reaching Salem.

Irish returns. He speaks with an Irish brogue.

IRISH

It be jus' 'round the bend. Bit of a bog, I fear.

WASP GEORGE

Let me translate to English. There is a pathway into the trees just around the bend and the ground is swampy.

IRISH

Aye, Man, that's jus what I said.

WASP GEORGE

Swampy? Will the horses be out of sight?

IRISH

That's jus what you asked me to find... en' I did. There's a little clearing be jus' beyond them trees.

WASP GEORGE

Good Job, mate. Let's break up into equal groups. Take your horses through *the swamp* and secure them. Then position yourselves on both sides of the road behind the brush-- from that point by that large oak, to over where the road bends.

(He points)

Be sure you are well concealed. We three *soldiers of King William* will block the road at that point. Irish, please, no more singing.

IRISH

No singin'? You know how to hurt a man, Georgie. What's the signal for us to pop out onto the road?

WASP GEORGE

When you see us raise our hands into the air.

(He demonstrates.)

That's your signal. Aim your rifles at them, but do not shoot.

IRISH

(to the other men)

Ya' all got that.

(MORE)

## IRISH (CONT'D)

We see the hands in the air and  
pop out into the road. We'll have  
'em trapped like rats. Take aim,  
but don't fire on 'm

(beat)

What if nobody comes?

## WASP GEORGE

We'll wait here until the sun is  
setting. If no one comes, you can  
start singing and we'll head home.  
Remember our promise to Reverend  
Hale: We must use great restraint.  
We do not want a battle here, a  
battle I trust, we would surely  
win. But it was my promise to  
Michael Hale that we would avoid  
bloodshed. We will not be the  
first ones to shoot. If they fire  
on us, then give 'm hell.

## IRISH

Now remember lads, don't shoot the  
limey beggars.

(Irish hums a tune  
to himself)

The riders move ahead to the bend and disappear in the brush.  
George and the two other uniform-clad men remain in the  
road.

## UNIFORMED 1

George, shall we act like English  
regulars, spitting and cursing and  
scratching our privates? Will  
they believe us to be real English  
regulars?

## WASP GEORGE

They will from a distance. Close  
up it's hard to say. We must do  
nothing to provoke them. If they  
challenge us, drop your muskets to  
the ground and slowly raise your  
hands in the air.

(Again, he  
demonstrates)

97 EXT. WILLOW VILLAGE - LATER

It is almost noon. Both wagons have reached Willow Village.  
They pass by some buildings, a general store, and a livery  
stable. As they leave the village, they reach a point where  
the road forks. A crude sign indicates "Salem" and points  
to the left. The wagons pull up to the fork.

## EDWIN CORY

This is where we go our own ways.

(MORE)

EDWIN CORY (CONT'D)

It's been years since I traveled  
this road.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Go safely, my friends. I pray for  
your success.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Take care. John, you behave  
yourself. Tituba, look after them.

Abby reaches to her neck and holds her mother's broach in  
her hand. The wagons depart to their separate destinations.

98 EXT. BACK ROAD TO DANFORTH FARM - CONTINUOUS

Danforth and Todd ride at a cantor along a rocky rutted  
road.

MR. TODD

This is your shortcut? It's hardly  
a cow path. We'd have made better  
time on the Salem Road. We should  
ride carefully or risk a lame horse.

JUDGE DANFORTH

Are you paying me or am I paying  
you? This is the quicker road.  
The recent rains have done a bit  
of damage. It was not so bad when  
I last passed. But you are right,  
we must slow down, at least on  
this stretch of the road. Look at  
those vultures.

(beat)

What is that lying on the road  
ahead?

The vultures fly off as they approach a half-eaten carcass  
of a lamb.

JUDGE DANFORTH (CONT'D)

I've never seen the likes of this  
before. There are no sheep farms  
nearby.

MR. TODD

Maybe a small herd was being driven  
through and the lamb broke a leg.

JUDGE DANFORTH

It's possible, but the nearest  
farm is still north of here and  
the live stock would have gone to  
Salem, not to Boston.

MR. TODD

Do you believe it is an omen?

(MORE)

MR. TODD (CONT'D)

We are near Salem, a town of spells  
and witchcraft.

JUDGE DANFORTH

Surely you don't believe any of  
that foolishness? Omens, witches?  
I've had my fill of witches and  
black magic for a lifetime. We  
will twist fate to our advantage,  
omen or not. We'll be at my farm  
within the hour.

99 EXT. SALEM ROAD NEAR SALEM - AFTERNOON

Abby and Hale are tired out. A few small houses appear  
ahead. The town is close by and the sky is darkening.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

This is so difficult. I'm not  
sure I can do it. My stomach is  
churning. Do the ghosts of those  
sent to the gallows hover about  
the town?

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Abby, I feel the same. The horror  
of the trials streams into my mind  
as though the time has been turned  
back to those moments.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

We will face the ghosts together.  
Remember, you were first summoned  
here to deal with ghosts and spells.  
We will chase them off, you and I.

She makes light of their fears but Hale suddenly turns  
serious.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Abby, together we share many things.  
Would we ever share more? I've  
never known a woman such as you.

Abby puts a finger to her lips to stop his speech.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Michael Hale, since Salem, I have  
lived an empty life, some days  
hating my very being. I felt there  
was nothing good left in the world  
for me to take joy in. A curtain  
of darkness was closed about me.  
I accepted it to be my penance for  
past sins. The moment we met in  
your church, I felt the dark curtain  
begin to lift. You and I have  
shared much, even before we met.

(MORE)

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Let me say only this in reply to  
you: I have never known a man such  
as you.

Their reverie is interrupted as they pass into the village  
main square. Albert is moving about in the back of the  
wagon having awakened from sleep. Abby looks at the hill  
that borders the square. She remembers the hangings.

ANGLE ON GALLOWS WITH OVERLAY OF SILHOUETTES OF HANGED  
FIGURES

100 EXT. SALEM COURTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Hale pulls the wagon to the front of the courthouse. There  
are a few people walking by.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Albert, you watch the wagon. Abby  
and I will see if anyone is here  
on a Sunday. We may have to find  
the home of the court registrar.

They dismount the wagon and climb the steps to the  
courthouse. To the left of the main entry is a smaller  
door with a sign above it "Office of the Court Registrar".  
Before they can even knock, the door opens. John Hale and  
Abigail Williams stand facing the Registrar, ELIZABETH  
PROCTOR. Her hair is beginning to gray. She is forty years  
old. She greets them coolly.

ELIZABETH PROCTOR

Reverend Hale, Abigail Williams,  
I expected you might visit us today.  
Come in.

Abby is dumbstruck, speechless. Hale squeezes her hand for  
a moment. They enter the courthouse foyer. The two women  
avoid any eye contact. The anteroom is typically austere  
but for a bouquet of flowers in a vase on one counter top.  
There are two desks and a bookshelf and several chairs  
stacked against a wall.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Elizabeth Proctor, how wonderful  
you have survived these past years,  
and now have a position with the  
town. I have to admit, returning  
to Salem is very difficult for  
both myself and for Abby.

ELIZABETH PROCTOR

I can well imagine it so. But I  
welcome you. Your business here  
has my full approval. That man,  
Danforth, he must be stopped, he  
must be punished! Come, I have a  
small office. There is a guest  
waiting, a friend of Abby's.

Abby is again speechless as they walk past the counter to the back of the building. The office door is open. They enter. A seated man jumps to his feet to greet them. He is animated and jolly.

101 INT. SALEM COURTHOUSE REGISTRAR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Nathan?

NATHAN QUIMBY, ESQ.

Lady Abigail. I told you we'd meet again.

She offers him her hand but he simply hugs her tight. Elizabeth has a blank expression on her face. Nathan is jovial and upbeat, bordering on comic relief.

NATHAN QUIMBY, ESQ. (CONT'D)

And you are Reverend Hale, once from Beverly, I'm told. I arrived there several weeks ago to become the town's Court Solicitor and suddenly found myself the town Magistrate. A quick promotion. Why not? I am now Judge Nathan Quimby, no more *Esquire*,  
(To Abby)  
also known as *Judge Natty*.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Nathan, I am very happy to meet you. Abigail spoke highly of you. Your presence here indicates you obtained the writ or rather, you granted us one.

ELIZABETH PROCTOR

Indeed he did, though as I now know your purpose, you would have not needed it. I will help you in any way I can.

(She looks directly at Abby for the first time)

I would say a few words about our past times in Salem to clear the air and allow us to move ahead. We have all endured the pain...the searing pain and grief of the Salem Trials. Michael Hale, I remember you well. You made a valiant effort to save those accused, but the power of Hawthorne and Danforth's cruelty was too great. You did try to save my husband, John, but he would not listen, stubborn man that he was.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

I should have done more. I knew when I first arrived in Salem, there were no witches or magic spells. It was all for greed and feuding between neighbors, neighbors against neighbors. My pleas for reason and sanity went unheard. I still feel the weight of Gile's stones.

ELIZABETH PROCTOR

If your...OUR efforts against Danforth succeed, the weight on all will be lessened. Michael Hale, I would have a few words with Abigail in private. Excuse us for a moment.

Abby says nothing, the two men nod. She motions to a side door leading to a small File Room with boxes of files and documents.

102 INT. FILE ROOM SALEM COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

ELIZABETH PROCTOR

Abby, let me be open. I did once hate you...but with passing time my anger ebbed and I realized you acted out of a young girl's love for a man you admired. I was once a young girl, impulsive and passionate. The years after my marriage to John wore me down. The daily farm chores, the children, the cooking. When you came to work for us I had grown stiff and weary. I admit now, I might have been warmer to John. But through it all, I did love him, Abby.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Elizabeth, It was....

ELIZABETH PROCTOR

Wait Abby, and hear me out. What is passed is now passed. Your mere presence here with Michael Hale speaks to your worthiness. You dare to oppose a powerful and evil man. It shows courage. A courage I much admire. We have all grown. We meet now, as if for the first time ever. I offer you what friendship you would accept. There, I have spoken my mind.

Abby fights back her tears.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Elizabeth, I am so sorry for the pain I have caused you. My young age then, does not excuse my selfishness, nor lessen my guilt. I will say to you that I am truly...truly sorry. You were always fair to me. I am grateful for any friendship you would offer now.

ELIZABETH PROCTOR

Well good. It is settled; we will be friends. Now let's find those documents.

103 INT. SALEM COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They return to the office

ELIZABETH PROCTOR

Nathan, go to the stove and set the kettle to boil for tea.

NATHAN QUIMBY, ESQ.

You see how she bosses me? We are not yet wed and I might as well be her maid. I shall see to the tea, my dear.

Abby and the others smile at the word "wed" as the relationship between Elizabeth and Nathan is revealed.

ELIZABETH PROCTOR

(in a mock reproach)

Nathan, if your tongue were any more loose, it would fall out on the floor. The afternoon is getting late and the streets will soon be empty. That is a good time for us to look through the archives. The older records are in the attic and there is little light. We will need a lantern. I will go help Nathan and bring our tea.

(She exits)

REV. MICHAEL HALE

They are engaged? Fancy that! Well, dear Abby, or is it Lady Abigail, that was not as terrible as you feared.

Abby takes Hale's hand and gives it a squeeze.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

No, my dear friend, it was not. Elizabeth is softer and kinder than I remember her.

(MORE)



ABIGAIL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

She still has some of her old proper stiffness, but far less than I recall. You know, I feel a kinship with her. Do you think that strange?

REV. MICHAEL HALE

No, I understand it. You and she are in some ways are alike. The connection is there. Your friend Nathan is quite a good fellow. You say you only met him briefly when you arrived from England, yet the two of you act like old friends.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Michael, when it comes to people, I am a good judge and am seldom wrong. I trusted Nathan as a friend after we had exchanged only a few sentences. I knew Veer was a hollow, empty man from when I first saw his face. It is so with another man I only have recently met. One who managed to unveil me with little effort. Perhaps, you understand me more than I might wish, Reverend.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

I might say the same of you. I am shy in some ways and find it hard to reveal myself to others. You are an exception.

(they hear clinking  
of tea cups)

Elizabeth and Nathan arrive with the tea.

ELIZABETH PROCTOR

Ask your man outside to come in for tea. He looks forlorn.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Forlorn? Indeed he is. He prefers ale and cider to tea. If it were not Sunday, he'd be at the local tavern. He is not to be trusted. We recently discovered that he has been secretly working against us, for Judge Danforth. But knowing this, he can cause little harm and at times is useful. We are careful not to confide our plans to him.

ELIZABETH PROCTOR

You are quite the ring of conspirators.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Yes, we are conspirators or better yet, subversives. While Danforth conspires to bring further injustice and corruption to the High Court of Boston, we *conspire* to stop him. Edwin Corey and his son John, are, as we speak, traveling to Danforth's farm near Sather's Creek. The very farm that once belonged to Edwin's brother Giles. They also are searching for documents against Danforth.

ABBY

Elizabeth, You may be surprised at who has joined us--a most committed conspirator, you will remember her...Tituba.

ELIZABETH PROCTOR

Tituba? I did know her. We would talk together on market days. I am surprised. She certainly has suffered the horror of those trials with us all, the poor woman.

104 EXT. SALEM ROAD NEAR SALEM - LATE AFTERNOON

It is late in the afternoon. The wasps have been waiting for more than an hour. Wasp George and the two others are dressed in British Army uniforms. They sit idly by the roadside. The other Wasps are behind the trees and bushes. One shouts out from his cover.

UNSEEN WASP

How bloody long are we to wait here? Our throats are dry as tinder.

WASP GEORGE

Pipe down will you! No talking. They may have sent a scout ahead. We'll wait a bit longer and then be gone.

IRISH

No talk'n and no beer. It's like be'n in hell. We should-a brought a keg or a bottle.

In the distance, hoof beats are heard.

WASP GEORGE

Quiet Irish! Listen! They be coming. No more chatter.

The riders, dressed as civilians and armed with muskets, approach from a distance.

George and the other two uniformed wasps stand up in the middle of the road holding their muskets.

ANGLE ON ARRIVING HORSEMEN

The riders see the soldiers ahead and they stop about 100 yards away. The lead horseman speaks.

HORSEMAN ONE

Halt! Our own troops block the way.

(to the near riders)

They are not from our brigade. Something is not right. What are they doing here?

HORSEMAN TWO

There is only one way to know. We ride on and ask them.

HORSEMAN ONE

Forward!

They move slowly forward until they are near the three Wasps.

HORSEMAN TWO

(to Wasp George)

Sergeant, why do you block this public road? We have important business in Salem.

WASP GEORGE

We have orders from our commanding officer. No one is to pass. You look familiar, sir. Are you not from Smyth's unit?

HORSEMAN ONE

Who is Smyth? Never heard of him. I order you to move aside. You are far outnumbered. Now stand aside!

HORSEMAN TWO

Harry, look at their boots. They are not real soldiers.

Horseman ONE raises his musket and points it at George.

HORSEMAN TWO (CONT'D)

What is your game here? Why are you dressed so? I ask you again to step aside or feel a lead ball in your chest.

WASP GEORGE

If you please sir, we are highway bandits, waiting to rob the evening carriage.

(MORE)

WASP GEORGE (CONT'D)

We thought with the uniforms we'd have an easy time of it. The Royalist soldiers would take the blame.

HORSEMAN TWO

We should shoot them where they stand.

WASP GEORGE

No please sir. We surrender.

He and the two other Wasps drop their muskets to the ground. They raise their hands slowly.

HORSEMAN ONE

Well, alright! Now move aside.

At that instant 22 Wasps spring onto the road from both sides, muskets raised. The horsemen are surrounded.

WASP GEORGE

What was it you said about being outnumbered, Harry? You are Harry? Lower all your weapons to the ground. Anyone concealing a pistol will be dropped on the spot. Tell your men.

HORSEMAN TWO

All weapons to the ground, including pistols. This is an order.

(the Horsemen comply.)

What would you have us do next? Plead for mercy?

WASP GEORGE

I know you, Harry. You are a soldier in Smyth's unit. You were in the Lamb's Haven, the night Big Ben was shot. When I heard you shout "Forward" I knew you were soldiers. Our disguise did not fool you, but yours was no better. You need not beg for mercy. We are all men who are bonded to our causes. We bare none of you ill-will. You have your orders.

HORSEMAN ONE

If you expose this charade to our brigade commander, we will suffer severe punishment.

WASP GEORGE

(to Wasp next to him)

What do you think men? Shall we rat on these men?

IRISH

I say let'm go an' we'll keep quiet.  
They are just blokes who happen to  
be on the wrong side o' the fence.

WASP GEORGE

So there is your answer. Tell  
your officers you found nothing on  
the Salem road.

HORSEMAN ONE

What about our weapons? If we  
return without them we will be  
undone.

WASP GEORGE

Here's what we can do. We will  
ride with you back to Boston.  
We'll keep your muskets in our  
wagon and return them to you at  
the pond on the far side of the  
Common.

IRISH

Wait, we can-no be that generous.  
We must ask for something more.

HORSEMAN ONE

What would you ask of us? A bowl  
of Mulligan Stew? A Galway Song?

IRISH

No sir. But the song would be a  
nice touch. I know what!...if you  
and your soldiers happen to be  
drinking at a pub and we be there,  
you owe us a round of ale. And  
I'll give ya a Galway tune.

HORSEMAN ONE

(to his horsemen)

Is that a fair price for our muskets  
and their silence?

The horsemen shout out their approval--"aye, we'll buy them  
a round", etc.

WASP GEORGE

On your way then Harry. We'll  
follow about a mile behind you.

The horsemen ride off, back toward Boston.

IRISH

Must we wait long?

WASP GEORGE

Gather up their muskets. We will  
leave in a few minutes. Irish, do  
you have a song for us?

## IRISH

Do the English put milk in their  
Tea?

(He sings an old  
song)

T'was one cold winter's night,  
in the county know as Kerry  
I was off to see my dear Kathleen,  
who I'd promised I would marry.  
Along the road I met a lass,  
a beauty to behold,  
and it be said, we jumped in bed  
or so the story's told.  
When Kathy's da got news of it in  
fury did he cry,  
he cursed the day I'd met his girl  
and vowed that I must die. A bottle  
of whiskey in his hand, the other  
held his gun. He set out cursing  
after me and good lord did I  
run...etc

FADE TO:

105 INT. FARMHOUSE - SAME EVENING

John, Edwin, and Tituba arrive at the Corey/Danforth Farmhouse. The farm is old and poorly tended to. The yard in front of the main house is overgrown with weeds and the house itself has window shutters hanging down. Paint peels from weather-worn siding. A barn/stable is adjacent to the house. There is a pigpen between the barn and main house, holding several hogs. A mangy dog barks menacingly as the group exits the buggy. Near the pigpen stands a deranged old man, feeding the hogs. He is ISAAC PUTNAM, caretaker to Danforth's estate. The group approaches and halts, wary of the growling dog who blocks their path. Putnam stops feeding the hogs and looks at the group with hostile eyes.

TITUBA

(Speaking softly so  
only the Coreys  
can hear)

I know this man. He comes from a  
family afflicted by superstition  
and religious excess.

EDWIN COREY

(In low voice)

Whoever he is, he clearly does not  
like having unexpected guests.

(Louder, to Putnam)

We come from Boston sir, on a  
mission from Jugde Danforth. He  
asked us to bring him some important  
papers. We need to enter the house.

Putnam takes a few steps toward them. Under his breath, he mumbles religious references to saints and devils.

PUTNAM

You'll not be going into that house while I have the key. NO, you are not! Mr. Danforth give me orders, strict orders. No one...no one but himself, gets the key.

JOHN CORY

(Emphatically)

He gave us permission, sir and you must give us the key immediately.

The dog starts growling and moving slowly toward John Corey. Putnam picks up a pitch fork that was leaning nearby against the pigpen. He holds it in a threatening manner.

PUTNAM

No, I will not. I will NOT give you the key. Get back in your wagon and leave this property before Beelzebub takes a bite out of you.

(The old dog looks over at Putnam)

The three travelers look at each other, puzzling over this obstacle. Tituba whispers something to John and Edwin and then steps toward the dog. She leans her head toward the dog, who backs away from her in silence. John and Edwin are impressed. She stares sternly at the old man and approaches him.

TITUBA

You are Isaac Putnam. I know you and I knew your family. They told evil lies to the court and to Danforth, the judge who murdered many of your neighbors. Look at me Isaac Putnam.

She steps closer to him, extending her face toward his with her eyes wide open. She whispers in a strange, mysterious, voice.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

Look real close, Isaac.

(beat )

Do you remember me?

Putnam who squints at her through his spectacles. His expression changes suddenly to one of fear and horror.

PUTNAM

You are...you are Tituba, the conjurer, the witch of Salem.

(He stutters and shakes)

Oh dear God in heaven, Jesus...Mary...Joseph. Why do you come here? What do you want?

She opens her eyes wide, grins maniacally, leans close to his ear and whispers something. She points to the pigpen. Putnam abruptly stumbles away, still mumbling to himself, runs to his coat which hangs on a post by the pigpen and searching the pockets he removes a key and gives it to Tituba.

PUTNAM (CONT'D)

Here is the key, take it, take it  
and leave me alone. Just leave me  
alone. Beelzebub, come into the  
barn.

He stumbles briskly away into the barn mumbling to himself in a distracted manner. The dog follows. John and Edwin Corey are mystified by what they have witnesses. As they walk toward the entry of the house, Tituba presents Edwin with the key.

JOHN CORY

Tituba, you CAN do magic. What  
did you say to him?

TITUBA

I scared him good! The Putnam family  
were very afraid of ghosts and  
they believed in magic spells. I  
told old Isaac that he must give  
us the key or I will cast a spell  
to turn him into a hog.

They are laughing as they enter the Danforth Farm House.

106 EXT. SALEM COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

The plaza in front of the Salem courthouse is dark with only oil lamps burning in the windows of a few adjacent buildings. A song drifts from an unseen source. A lantern light emanates from one of the narrow streets leading to the courthouse. Two figures, Salem Court Bailiffs, emerge. MARTIN carries a lantern, the other bailiff, JETHRO, a canvas sack. Jethro sings.

JETHRO

(Singing out of  
tune)

I am the jolly prince of drinkers,  
ranting, roaring, fuddling boys.  
I take a delight in tossing  
tankards, filling the ale-house  
with my noise. Ten gallons at one  
draught I did gulp to please, I  
laid me mouth tight on the keg,  
and drank it all with ease.

Two court bailiffs walk unsteadily toward the courthouse. The song ends and they pause on the steps before entering.



MARTIN

I had to travel all the way to Beverly to buy this brandy. It's cheap, but soothes the troubled soul. Alas, now we've drunk it all.

JETHRO

We finished off that one bottle, but lookie what I have here, mate.

He reaches into the bag and produces another bottle of brandy.

MARTIN

Not so loud. If they catch us drunk, we'll be in the stocks for days or worse. Let's get out of the cold. We can drink that rare Napoleon of yours in the courthouse.

They start up the steps but stop, noticing a light coming from an attic window.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Now tell me, Jethro, why would their be a lamp burning in the attic at such a late hour?

JETHRO

Maybe it's our boss, the Widow Proctor, working late. They say she was a real beauty just a few years back.

MARTIN

Yes, and she ain't so hard to look at now. Some days when she's not in a snit, she has a sweet look about her. She must have left the lantern burning. That's dangerous. Let's go in and take a look and get out of this damp night.

He produces a key, unlocks the main door and they enter. From the shadows of an alley between the buildings, Albert emerges, places his hands to his mouth and whistles once.

CUT TO:

107 INT. SALEM COURTHOUSE ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Elizabeth Proctor, Nathan Quimby, Michael Hale and Abby are in a poorly lit attic searching through dusty boxes of old court papers. They hear Albert's signal that someone has entered the courthouse. They hear footsteps coming up the stairs. The two Bailiffs stumble onto the attic landing, one knocking over a box containing court files. They find only Elizabeth Proctor in the attic.

ELIZABETH PROCTOR

(Sternly)

Martin, Jethro, what on earth are you doing here at this late hour? You both stink of spirits. Speak up or I shall call for the Sheriff.

MARTIN

(at a total loss)

Well...er...madame, we were strolling by and...we

JETHRO

(Interrupting)

We saw the light and thought it might be a fire or an intruder...isn't that so, Jethro?

Jethro is about to concur but Elizabeth cuts him off. A slight sound comes from the stacks of boxes just behind her. The Bailiffs don't hear it.

ELIZABETH PROCTOR

(she glances behind her toward the direction of the noise)

You are both a disgrace to the court and I am tempted to report your drunkenness. Surely you, of all people, are well aware of our strict laws concerning public drunkenness. Unless you give your word to abstain from such behavior in the future, I will inform the Magistrate.

JETHRO

Oh, you have our word on that, madame. Our oath!

Martin nods, vigorously. Elizabeth points to the fallen box.

ELIZABETH PROCTOR

Pick up the box and get you both home to your beds. I am searching for an important lost file and you have interrupted me.

JETHRO

Thank you, Dame Proctor for your kind understanding. We will keep our promise.

ELIZABETH PROCTOR

Very well then, a good night to you.

As they start toward the steps, Elizabeth reaches into Martin's canvas bag, extracting the bottle of brandy.

ELIZABETH PROCTOR (CONT'D)

I will dispose of this for you.

They exit and slowly Nathan Quimby, Abigail Williams and Hale emerge from their hiding place.

NATHAN QUIMBY, ESQ.

A close call, yes?

(To Elizabeth)

I must say you handled that very smartly. You have a quick wit about you. You could act in the theater.

ELIZABETH PROCTOR

Me? Act? *Calpurnia* or *Lady Macbeth*? I think not, but thank you, Nathan. When necessity calls, we rise to it. The role of *Elizabeth, Court Registrar* is quite enough for me.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

(To Elizabeth)

Will you report them for their drunkenness? They seem like right enough fellows.

Elizabeth pauses. The tension between the two women has not quite dissipated completely. Elizabeth's expression softens and she manages a slight smile.

ELIZABETH PROCTOR

No, I will not report them. As you say, they are right enough men. I know full well that many such folk in our town do not follow our laws to the letter. There are many far worse evils than downing a few glasses of brandy or wine.

They both manage a smile.

ELIZABETH PROCTOR (CONT'D)

Now let us continue our search.

They resume looking at the files. From the box knocked over by the bailiffs, one file still remains on the floor. Abigail Williams examines it and hands it to Elizabeth for closer scrutiny.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Could this be it? I can't make out the name on the documents.

Elizabeth takes the papers and holds them closer to the lantern. Written on the envelope is: *Thomas Danforth Properties, Deeds and Titles*.

ELIZABETH PROCTOR

This is indeed the folder we seek.

(MORE)

ELIZABETH PROCTOR (CONT'D)

(She speaks with a  
vitriolic fervor.)

I hope this will help speed that  
blaggard to the fate he deserves.

She gives the file over to Hale and they exit the attic.

CUT TO:

108 EXT. SALEM COURTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Elizabeth, I fear we might have  
caused you to revisit painful times.  
Thank you for your help and  
kindness. And thanks to you as  
well, Judge Nathan Quimby.

NATHAN QUIMBY, ESQ.

My pleasure to serve you, most  
Reverend Michael.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Sir Nathan, you were our champion  
and with permission,  
(she glances at  
Elizabeth)  
I would give thee a hug.

Elizabeth smiles and nods. Nathan and Abby embrace,  
politely.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Elizabeth, there's no more to say.  
I do thank you. The past held  
much sorrow for many of us. We  
cannot say we are now healed.  
Some scars will always remain with  
us. You have been so gracious and  
kind.

ELIZABETH PROCTOR

Our past is now behind. Like  
yourself, I do not wish to dwell  
on it. My future is bright.

(Elizabeth smiles  
and speaks gently)

Abigail Williams, you are indeed  
much changed in ways I would not  
have imagined. At a later time,  
we must meet again for tea.

(Abbey raises her  
eyebrow)

or perhaps something stronger?

Elizabeth and Abby face each other. On hearing Elizabeth's  
words Abby makes a very slight move forward, as if to give  
Elizabeth a parting embrace. She stops herself, not yet  
confident it would be received warmly by Elizabeth.

This moment stalls the action. Elizabeth holds up the bottle of brandy.

ELIZABETH PROCTOR (CONT'D)

You take this with you Reverend John Hale. If you and your friends succeed with your project, as I believe you will, celebrate with a glass or two. If things go poorly, drink the whole damned bottle!

Abigail Williams and Hale smile at each other and he accepts the brandy.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Who knows, perhaps you both might travel to Boston and tip a glass with us in celebration of Danforth's defeat or perhaps...a wedding?

ELIZABETH PROCTOR

Who knows? Perhaps we will. Nathan?

NATHAN QUIMBY, ESQ.

A capital idea! Until next time. May all of us have a safe journey.

She and Nathan turn and enter the courthouse without any further good byes exchanged. Albert arrives with their carriage and they prepare to depart for Danforth's Farm. Albert checks the horses' harness and starts to climb up on the carriage. Hale stops Albert.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Albert, my *trusted* assistant. You must remain here in Salem.

John takes the reins and Albert stands on the ground looking puzzled.

ALBERT

I don't understand you, John. Why should I stay here. How am I to return to Boston?

REV. MICHAEL HALE

There is the noon coach tomorrow, if you have the fare. Or you might simply walk. There is a full moon tonight. Don't expect any help from your employer, Judge Danforth. He may soon reside in a prison cell. And if you do decide to return to Boston, which I must say is a poor choice, you would be well advised to stay clear of my church.

Albert is about to reply, but before he can, Hale urges the horses on and they ride off leaving him standing alone in the street.

109 INT. FARMHOUSE - EVENING

In the main room of the farmhouse, old Putnam sits in a chair by the fireplace. He nervously fingers a rosary and is mumbling prayers to himself. Tituba is close by and watches him, while she also examines the contents of a large trunk. She removes an old coat, a blanket, and a large envelope. She removes the contents and leafs through the papers. She shakes her head.

TITUBA

These are not what we are looking for...some old letters, and legal pamphlets.

From upstairs John Corey yells down.

JOHN CORY (O.S.)

I've found nothing up here. I'm afraid we've come up short. Where is my father?

John descends the staircase and enters the main room. He hears the sound of a carriage arriving.

JOHN CORY (CONT'D)

Good, the others have arrived. Perhaps their luck has been better than ours. Tituba, let them in.

Tituba unbolts the entry door which suddenly bursts open revealing first, Mr. Todd, who brandishes a pistol, then Judge Danforth, following with pistol in hand. Behind him is Todd's thug/associate, BILLY BOY.

DANFORTH

Well what a lovely surprise! My admirers are assembled to greet me. I might weep with happiness.

John makes a move forward but stops when Billy Boy removes a pistol from under his cloak, pointing it at John. Edwin enters the room holding some papers.

EDWIN CORY

What's going on here? Danforth, have you lost your mind? You bloody bastards, you don't dare to harm us. We have found evidence. Your guns will do you no good...and Todd, you will pay for attacking Jason Harwood.

(to Danforth)

Others will soon arrive. You are defeated. You will never become Chief Justice. Prison is your destination now.

Danforth remains confident. He aims his pistol at them, one at a time.

DANFORTH

Fools! YOU are the trespassers, the criminals, not I. It will be made known that my trusted caretaker, Putnam, found robbers in my house, searching through my valuables. I arrived with my friends just in time to prevent the theft of my property. I am prepared to protect my property from intruders like yourselves.

(to Todd)

Three guns facing three intruders. Who shall die first?

BILLY BOY

Wait! No one said there'd be any killing!

MR. TODD

Be still, Billy and just do as you're told.

DANFORTH

What do say you, Isaac? Shall we shoot them?

Tituba takes a step toward Isaac Putnam and addresses him in a whisper.

TITUBA

Yes, Isaac, tell your master who should die. But think hard before you speak old man.

DANFORTH

Another word and it will be you, witch, who will die first. Move to the back wall and be silent.

Tituba passes close to Edwin and whispers "Make more time". Old Putnam has been paying attention and on hearing mention of his name, stands up. All eyes are on him now, as Tituba, who is now standing at the far opposite side of the room, slips away, unnoticed, down a hallway which leads to the kitchen and rear door to the house.

PUTNAM

That's right, that's right, shoot them. All of them! It is God's will! I protected your property, your belongings. Yes, I did. The witch was going to make me a hog, Do you hear? A hog, I say. They had the devil's permission to enter. Satan himself gave them the key. They must all die.

DANFORTH

Isaac, you've done well.

(MORE)

DANFORTH (CONT'D)

Now, please go up to your room and  
pray for their souls.

Putnam exists mumbling to himself.

110 EXT. DRIVEWAY TO FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tituba exits the backdoor of the farmhouse and walks on the dark road in hope of intercepting Hale and Abby, and alerting them to the situation at the farmhouse. The wagon arrives and, seeing Tituba, they stop at a distance from the farmhouse. They have a hushed conversation and leaving the horses and carriage in the road, they move silently toward the farmhouse.

111 INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

DANFORTH

I'm not sure who should die first.  
(He notices that  
Tituba is missing)  
Where has the witch gone? It makes  
no matter. She is a only an  
ignorant savage and a proven liar.  
We'll find her. Now, to the business  
at hand.

JOHN CORY

You can kill us, but you are  
defeated. You will reside in hell  
for eternity.

DANFORTH

Such great words! Do I hear the  
voice of an orator? Is it Samuel  
Parris preaching? Chose your words  
carefully young man, as they are  
to be your last.

Danforth savors the moment, reminiscing over his Salem days.

DANFORTH (CONT'D)

I try to give meaning to the  
important events in my life. Some  
of my greatest achievements were  
during the Salem trials. I'don't  
wish to brag.

(to John)

John, do you remember Salem? No,  
you were too young. I had the  
great pleasure of overseeing the  
departure of your stubborn uncle  
Giles from the earth. I would  
have much preferred killing your  
father. Mr. Todd, please  
demonstrate to Mr. Corey your fine  
marksmanship.



Mr. Todd aims his pistol at John Corey, but balks at Danforth's instruction. Edwin Corey interrupts. He holds a small book in his hand.

EDWIN CORY

One moment, sir. Surely you would wish to kill the father first? But wait a moment. Let me read to you from this little book I found upstairs. I hold in my hand a diary and have read some very interesting pages. It is the diary of one Judge Thomas Danforth. Allow me to read.

DANFORTH

You'll not read a word from my diary now or ever. Todd, KILL HIM Now!

At that moment Hale, Abigail Williams and Tituba burst into the room. Mr. Todd has the gun aimed at Edwin. Danforth aims at John Corey. Billy Boy is confused and steps back with his back against the wall, pointing the pistol from left to right, attempting to cover them all.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

You will kill no one Todd! Lower your guns. We have found all we need in the courthouse. Disarm your assistants, before they are charged with even greater crimes.

Tituba has reached into her blouse and holds the Taino amulet tightly in her hand.

DANFORTH

(raging)

You are all trespassers on my property. Your documents will not be enough, I have many powerful friends in the courts who will believe the documents are forged.

EDWIN CORY

But your diary is not forged. Let me quote from it: "I hate old Corey and his sniveling Salem friends. After I have him hanged, I shall easily gain the deed to his land from his pitiful widow. My only regret is that I did not place the final stone on Corey's chest myself." Need I read on?

DANFORTH

Even that may not be sufficient. It is not proof that I committed any crime. I was executing a legal trial.

(MORE)

DANFORTH (CONT'D)

I will become Boston's Chief Justice  
and have you all put in prison.  
Your evidence is not enough.

Hale holds up a small, leather-bound book.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

We need no further proof than these.  
They are the false letters, written  
by you to smear your rival, Henry  
Johnson.

DANFORTH

Where did you get those letters?  
You cannot prove I wrote them.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Judge Sewell spoke the truth when  
he promised you he would deliver  
these forgeries. He did, in fact  
deliver them...to me. He has agreed  
to testify against you. Your  
bailiffs will testify as well.  
Even your most powerful friends  
cannot save you.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

And we have other proof of your  
corruption. We found deeds with  
your name on them that are forged.  
The signatures are from those who  
could not possibly have signed.  
They were already dead. They had  
been hanged...by you. Both the  
Salem Registrar and the new Judge  
from Beverly have these documents  
in their possession.

Danforth looks totally defiant. His rage is flowing from  
his eyes. He is beyond rational thought.

JOHN CORY

Todd, give up the pistol. This  
comedy is over.

DANFORTH

I will have my revenge, revenge on  
you all. My whole life's work is  
destroyed by rabble. I will not  
give it all up for nothing. I  
will have the satisfaction of seeing  
Edwin Corey follow his his brother  
to the grave. *Fauntleroy*, Shoot  
him! I order you to shoot him  
NOW!

All eyes turn to Mr. Todd. He looks bewildered. He surveys  
the entire room then backs up toward the door.

MR. TODD

No! I will not. You want him dead,  
you must shoot him yourself.

Mr. Todd backs away and points his pistol at the others. Off to the side, Tituba holds the Taino amulet. Abby looks on in fear. She holds her mother's broach that hangs about her neck in her hand. Danforth levels the gun at Edwin as the others rush to stop him. He pulls the trigger and the gun misfires with a "Click!" Edwin Corey, jumps forward, grabs Danforth and violently throws him to the floor. From under his coat he takes the old blunderbuss and slams it across Danforth's face. He holds the gun in the air, preparing to deliver more lethal blows.

EDWIN COREY

(Speaking softly in  
a voice of insane  
rage )

You will die here and now at my  
hand. You killed my brother and  
as God is my witness, I will now  
avenge his murder and glory in  
your death. Revenge is mine!

Edwin grabs Danforth by the lapels of his coat and lifts him partially up from the floor. His other hand is raised high and holds the heavy pistol, about to strike Danforth again.

JOHN CORY

(Shouting)  
Father, NO!

Edwin begins his strike when a strong hand grabs his wrist from behind, restraining his arm. Edwin turns and looks into the eyes of Tituba. She shakes her head slowly from side-to-side. Edwin's body, rigid and stiff when about to strike, slowly becomes limp. He releases Danforth, who falls back onto the floor.

EDWIN COREY

(He whispers to  
Tituba)  
Thank you.

The others gather about Edwin, comforting him. He recovers from his momentary loss of control. Unnoticed, Mr. Todd beckons to Billy Boy and they escape through the front door.

JOHN CORY

Todd and the other one have escaped!

REV. MICHAEL HALE

John, we are not the police. Our  
work is done. Let's leave this  
place. Danforth is finished. The  
moon is bright and we can make  
Boston before midnight. Are we  
agreed?

They all agree. Danforth, in a stupor, struggles to stand. Blood streams down his face.

JOHN CORY

What about him? Shall we bind him  
and take him with us?  
(indicating Danforth)

TITUBA

There is no need. He can never  
return to Boston. He knows his  
future. His power is forever  
destroyed. The spirits of those  
he killed will forever haunt him.  
He is a lost man.

JOHN CORY

But Mr. Todd? Fauntleroy?

EDWIN CORY

He's burned his bridges. He will  
be forever in hiding. Eventually  
they will find him. Let the devil  
take him.

They exit the house with their documents, leaving Danforth in a heap on the floor. From the hallway a timid Putnam peers into the room.

CUT TO:

112 EXT. DRIVEWAY TO FARMHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The conspirators climb up into the carriages, John Corey, Abigail Williams and Tituba in one, Hale and Edwin Corey in the other. As they are driving away a figure emerges from the house carrying a lantern. It is Danforth. He watches them leave and enters the barn. Old Putnam approaches Danforth in the moonlit courtyard.

PUTNAM

Mr. Danforth...Your Honor,  
sir...shall I make up your bed...  
you are bleeding.

Danforth's face contorts with a crazed smile. He pats Putnam on the shoulder. Putnam senses the darkness of the scene and trembles slightly.

DANFORTH

You get yourself to bed old man, I  
have a last chore to tend to before  
I sleep.

Putnam wobbles off to the house and Danforth to the barn.

## 113 INT. BARN - MOMENTS LATER

Judge Samuel Danforth places the lantern on the ground and surveys the barn rafters. Methodically he takes a square bail of hay and moves it beneath one of the collar-ties that spans the rafters. Gauging its height off the barn floor he puts a second bail over the first. He walks over to the barn wall where harnesses and ropes are stored, and chooses a rope. He climbs up onto the two hay bails and swings the rope over the collar-tie. We see in his face a calm madness.

DISSOLVE TO:

## 114 EXT. CARRIAGES ON ROAD - NIGHT

The carriage and the wagon bounce along the road to Boston in the moonlight. In the wagon Edwin Corey and John Hale have opened the bottle of brandy and each takes a swig from it.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

Tomorrow we will present all the documents to the Boston Aldermen and the Governor. We must send word to Henry Johnson and Basset. Edwin, you were like a tiger facing Danforth.

EDWIN CORY

Like a Tiger? Hardly. I acted like a complete madman. It is a side of me that I'd long ago forgotten. I hardly can remember what happened. I just felt fury, hatred! I was crazed with anger. It would have been wrong to kill him. Thank God for Tituba. She is the wisest of all of us.

REV. MICHAEL HALE

(cheerfully)

Edwin, my dear friend, I thought you were going to beat Danforth to a pulp...kill him for sure...

(he laughs)

and I, a man of the cloth, was not about to stop you. Pass that bottle over here.

EDWIN CORY

(Raising the brandy bottle)

Let's drink to Tituba, wisest of us all!

In the other carriage, John Cory has the reins and Abigail Williams sits next to him. John pulls her close.

JOHN CORY

Abby, we have bested Danforth.  
Let's celebrate our victory. Are  
you pleased? Have you given more  
thought to my proposal?

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Dearest John, I will give you my  
answer soon. For now we do have  
cause to celebrate and yet I feel  
there is more to be done. Will we  
still be close friends if I decline  
your offer?

JOHN CORY

Whatever you decide, we shall be  
eternal friends. I have also given  
much thought to our union. I think  
I already know your answer. For  
now let us be warm together.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Mr. Todd?...Fauntleroy?

They laugh. She snuggles up tight to John. Inside the wagon  
Tituba lies quietly under a blanket. Her face is bright  
and placid. She holds the Taino amulet in her hand.

END ACT III

The following closing scenes comprise a long epilogue. It  
is in part, a step back from the central story, a debriefing  
of sorts, in a more or less ironic and light-hearted context.  
Some name-of-actor credits appear where indicated during  
the dialogs. The epilogue reflects the story's central  
themes and celebrates the principal theme of the story which  
is *redemption*.

115 EXT. PARRIS' GARDEN - DAY-TWO MONTHS LATER

A bright sunny day. Two months have passed since the scene  
at Danforth's farmhouse. Tituba sits on a bench near some  
blooming flowers. Saiba and Violet play in the background.  
The publisher, Arnold Basset, sits in a chair across from  
Tituba. Nearby, a small table holds a tea setting, a  
notebook, an inkwell and a quill pen. *B-roll* clips  
illustrate Tituba's speeches where noted in the following  
Action Lines. Credits, naming the actors, appear under the  
close-ups of the characters's faces, as indicated by cues  
in the Action Lines.

TITUBA

You have started work on my book.  
I am so honored that it will be  
published.

ARNOLD BASSET

What a challenging project, and my  
most ambitious one to date.

(MORE)

ARNOLD BASSET (CONT'D)

You've provided me so much material to work with.

TITUBA

Yes, the story is long and complex. It has so many different people drifting about, crossing and connecting with each other, and settling like the colored patches on a giant story quilt. Yet, it seems only yesterday, that we left Danforth's farm, on that cold Sunday night.

ARNOLD BASSET

You are such an excellent story teller. I've started the editing and I do have some questions. Would you help me to fill in a few more details?

(He produces a list from his vest pocket)

TITUBA

Details, there were so many, I will try to remember. What can I tell you?

ARNOLD BASSET

Tell me about leaving Danforth's farm. We know now that Danforth went into the barn and hanged himself. When you left, did anyone see him outside in the yard?

(He takes the notebook from the table and prepares to take notes)

TITUBA

Edwin Corey and Michael Hale left first, with a bottle of brandy between them. Abby, John, and I, drove off in our wagon. I was in the back of the wagon, looking back toward the farmhouse. It was very dark but I did see someone walking. I couldn't tell if it was Putnam or Danforth. My instinct tells me it was Danforth.

ARNOLD BASSET

When you and Abby and John were in the wagon leaving the farm, can you remember what was said?

TITUBA

Abby asked me to sit in front with them, but I thought they should

(MORE)

TITUBA (CONT'D)

have the moment to themselves. I nestled myself on the bed of hay in the back of the wagon with a warm blanket over me. I could hear some of their words, but I was tired and drifted in and out between sleep and my dreams.

ARNOLD BASSET

Can you remember the dreams?

A following B-roll montage sequence of shots mirrors Tituba's dialogue.

TITUBA, O.S.

I dreamed of my first years with Samuel Parris and the moment he learned to laugh. In the dream I pitied him, sensing his loneliness and need to be loved. He was about to end his life and I dreamed of the moment that Violet held fast to his leg and he slowly lowered the pistol, looked at me, and laughed.

Close up Parris' face, credit name of actor. B-roll sequence of shots continues to mirror Tituba's dialogue.

TITUBA, O.S. (CONT'D)

Abby was in the dreams, too. In one we were out in the Salem forest with the other Salem girls. There was no moon and it was very dark; we had made a fire. Abby and I were laughing. Suddenly, she cried and hugged me tightly. Then, I saw her troubled face when Mr. Todd was about to shoot Edwin Cory... in the next moment she was here in the garden, smiling and hugging violet and Saiba, and holding her mother's brooch in her hand.

END B-roll sequence.

TITUBA

The rest of the dreams were sweet, smiling dreams. I was surprised that the Salem Trials, the judges, the hangings, all these never once entered my dreams. It was as if a gate had closed and these bad dreams were now exiled forever. Should we include the dreams?

ARNOLD BASSET

It is your decision.

(MORE)



ARNOLD BASSET (CONT'D)

If you think the readers are interested, why not?

Basset is scribbling his notes. Violet and Saiba run to the back door of the cottage and greet Samuel Parris who enters the garden. He hugs the girls and walks to Tituba and kisses her on the cheek.

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS

Hello to you Arnold. Forgive me for interrupting your meeting.

TITUBA

Ah, Samuel you're home and I've not even started our dinner. Arnold is gathering a few final details for the book.

Basset shakes his hand warmly.

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS

Good to see you again. I read your newsletter, *Colonial Herald*, when I can find a copy. It is wonderful that you are publishing Tituba's book. Her story is worth the telling.

(to Tituba)

I had a late lunch with Michael Hale. He had some news. Elizabeth and Nathan have finally set a wedding date.

TITUBA

That is good news. Is it to be in Salem?

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS

They will be married here in Boston...in Michael Hale's church.

(to Basset)

Please, forgive me, Arnold. I must take my leave. I need to complete some work on my sermon.

(to Tituba)

I may ask you to read it later.

He returns into the house, with the girls.

ARNOLD BASSET

Can you think of other information you have left out--things that the readers of your book may be curious about?

TITUBA

I have tried to tell the important events, their connections to the many people, good and bad, all

(MORE)

TITUBA (CONT'D)

things needed for the story. I only have left out the parts I thought would make readers yawn and their eyelids droop. Other parts I left out because they are private and are better left unsaid. You have more questions on your list?

ARNOLD BASSET

(looks at his list)

The man, Mr. Todd or is it Fauntleroy Todd, what became of him?

TITUBA

Yes, bad little boy Fauntleroy. I have heard he returned to Elias Veer and demanded money. He threatened to tell the police that Veer had hired him to kill Jason Harwood. Veer refused to pay him. It made no difference, they were both arrested and put in prison.

MONTAGE: Todd is arrested, dragged out of the brothel as Dotty and the other girls scream invectives at the police; Veer is arrested at his store, as agents confiscate his business records. A large crowd has gathered in front of his store and as he is put in the *prisoner carriage*, his neighbors applaud and cheer.

Angle on faces of Todd and Veer. Credit name of each actor.

ARNOLD BASSET

That part, your readers will enjoy. Is there anything you want to add about Henry Johnson's appointment? The others must have been jubilant.

TITUBA

I've not much to say about that. We all went to his swearing-in ceremony. Talk, talk, talk. There were festivities with food and music afterwards. I liked the music, but the food needed some help.

(She laughs)

Henry Johnson celebrates at his party. Close up of his face as he eats a large piece of pie. Credit name of actor.

ARNOLD BASSET

We'll leave that out.

(He looks at his list again)

About Abby--In your Salem journal you said she was like a *daughter*

(MORE)

ARNOLD BASSET (CONT'D)

to you; later on, you call her  
your *sister*. Why?

TITUBA

I first became close to Abby when she was just fifteen years old. She admired me and I was flattered. I was open with her about myself and my life. She used to call me *Wise Mother*. I suppose I was, in a way. We both suffered through the agony of the trials. At the end she ran away and I remained. My heart was heavy. When we met again, here in Boston, we both rejoiced. She was not the young *girl* any more. She was a mature person, wiser in the ways of the world. She had found her own kind of magic. She was more like a sister.

Basset scribbles down his notes. Violet and Saiba emerge from the house with a wine glass and a decanter of sherry.

VIOLET

Uncle Parris says your tea is too cold now and teatime has passed.

They put the glass and decanter on the table and remove the tea setting. Violet pours out a glass of sherry for Basset and Saiba delivers it to him.

SAIBA/SYBIL

Mother, we are going to walk over to the park and feed the pigeons. Uncle Parris said we could.

TITUBA

Not for too long, please. No big adventures today, girls.

The girls leave.

ARNOLD BASSET

I heard John plans to travel west and Abby will remain at the Cory's school? I thought they were to be married?

(He smiles)

What happened between Abby and John Corey. Abby's magic powers failed to win the day.

TITUBA

I will share what I know with you, but only with you. It is not for any one else, you understand?

ARNOLD BASSET

I do.

TITUBA

Abby asked my advice about John and marriage, sister to sister. Should she marry him? I told her that I understood her need for a life companion, someone to share her high spirit, kindness and passion for justice. I asked her: *Will John Corey share the goals you desire for your own life?* She did not answer, but looked aside and did not speak for several minutes. Finally she said, "I will not marry John Corey". She told me of their meeting at the Emerald Pond Park.

116 EXT. EMERALD PARK POND - MONTHS PREVIOUS

FLASH BACK: EMERALD POND PARK-SUNSET Abby and John sit on a bench. Their shoulders are not touching. They both feel the awkwardness of the moment.

JOHN CORY

Here we are at last. No picnic basket, but a fine sunset. You expect me to ask for your decision, but I will not. I know you far better now, than before. Do you remember when we first drove together in the wagon down Dock Street?

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Oh John, how well I remember it. Walking on the street alone, I felt that all was lost and suddenly there you were with Jason. It was a moment I will never forget, a moment when my life turned from darkness into bright light.

JOHN CORY

As did mine. You were so lovely and easy to be with. I felt such love for you then and I do love you now. But it is different. You and I are now trying to find a  
 (he paused looking  
 for the right words)  
 ...my heart struggles to find words...help me. Will you say something? Please Abby.

Abby leans her body close into him. She has tears in her eyes.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

My sweet, sweet man. I wish I was not the person I am. I wish I could share the many adventures you will have, but I cannot. A part of my life, my world, binds me like a prison. I am not certain I will ever be free of it. It is hard to explain. I'm not sure you understand what I'm trying to say.

JOHN CORY

Abby, you tell me what I already know in my heart. I am a young man without any clear direction or true purpose. I want to experience life, all the possibilities of it, away from Boston and away from the school and...yes, away from my father. I see that you have already found your life's direction. I am free in a way you are not. Our life together would soon be at cross purposes. We would risk losing our precious friendship. You see, I do understand.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

We are of the same mind, John. Let us hold tight to each other. Look, the sun sets over the lake. Let us cherish the beauty of this moment and never let it slip from our memory.

DISSOLVE TO:

117 EXT. PARRIS' GARDEN - CONTINUOUS FROM SCENE 114

TITUBA

This meeting by the pond must not be in the book. It was told to me in confidence.

ARNOLD BASSET

How could it be otherwise? Dear woman, you have such a keen sense of what is *right*. You have answered all that is on my list, almost. Your journals provided an epic story, which ends with Danforth's downfall. Your readers will look to the future, curious to see what might become of the characters they have come to know and admire. Such stories cry out for an *epilogue*. Gaze into your magic crystal ball. What futures do you see?

## TITUBA

An *epilogue*? The story after the story? Since I was once a witch, I might try to see what the future holds. Let me look into the crystal ball a moment.

She pulls the Taino amulet from the bodice of her dress and looks at it with wide eyes.

## TITUBA (CONT'D)

I see young John Corey. He is at the Lamb's Haven and dancing with a pretty barmaid...yes, it is Vera. They will be married and travel away to St. Louis or beyond...they will have many children...and who is that?...Elizabeth Proctor. We know her future, she will be married soon right here in Boston to a fine jolly fellow, Judge Nathan Quimby, and they will be happy.

She pauses. Basset cocks his head slightly to suggest there is more to say.

## ARNOLD BASSET

And Abigail Williams, the wild girl from Salem?

## TITUBA

Arnold, now you do test my powers as a fortune teller. Dare I guess her future? Give me a moment...

(She gives the amulet  
a shake)

Yes...wait...it is coming to me.

She closes her eyes and stands up slowly, looking skyward. Basset is amused.

## TITUBA (CONT'D)

Abby will continue to work for good causes, as expected. She will take John's place helping Edwin run the school. Ah, wait... what else do I see...Abigail...is it a wedding?... and who is the minister?...My very own Reverend Samuel Parris in his own church. A man stands next to Abby at the alter; he is a man she deeply loves, and who deeply loves her. It is... Reverend Michael Hale. Is that not a fine ending?

B-roll clip of wedding is in progress. Close ups of Abigail Williams and Rev. Michael Hale. Credit names of actors.

## ARNOLD BASSET

A beautiful one and beautifully told. You should be a writer, you know. But it is not quite the end. There is still one person whose future you avoid telling. What about her future?

## TITUBA

Oh, you mean the evil witch from Barbados? That is easy for me. She will look after her daughters, Saiba and Violet. They will soon be grown up...too soon. These girls will have to write their own future, but I can make a guess. Violet is the organizer, the arranger, a realist, with the eye for detail. She already works part time in the house of Chief Justice Henry Johnson as an apprentice housekeeper. She will someday manage the staff of a great estate, marry a decent young man, and provide her mother with some precocious grandchildren.

B-roll from scene 83. Violet discussing the merits of Saiba's plan. CU Violet's face, credit name of actor.

## TITUBA (CONT'D)

Saiba is more unpredictable, a dreamer. She wants to be like Abby--a crusader for good causes. And like Abby, Saiba would be a champion for the less fortunate. She talks of returning to Barbados to be a teacher, like her mother. Of course I would rather she remain here, but I would never deny my children their dreams.

B-roll from scene 75, Saiba looks into Corey School window from playground at her mother and sister. CU Saiba. Credit name of actor.

Samuel Parris and the twins join them in the garden. Parris sits next to Tituba on the bench.

## TITUBA (CONT'D)

Tituba, at this very moment, is a very happy person. She needs no future. She lives each day with her great friend and companion, Sam Parris.

(She makes a face  
at him.)

He depends on her for many things. She reminds him when he forgets appointments, helps him to find his hat, and or his lost shoe.

(MORE)

TITUBA (CONT'D)

(She looks at Parris  
and he smiles back  
shaking his head)

She sees that he eats proper meals  
and scolds him when he drinks too  
much wine.

(Parris raises his  
sherry glass)

And she even helps with his sermons.

CU Parris's face, credit given to actor.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

On occasions he takes me out to  
music concerts and stage plays.  
Imagine a Church Vicar being seen  
at concerts with his brown  
housekeeper?

(She elbows Parris)

Such a scandal! It makes us laugh.  
During the week days, I continue  
my teaching at Edwin Corey's school.  
I have learned much from him.  
Edwin is one of the kindest men to  
walk this earth.

CU Edwin Corey's face, from end of scene 113 (Edwin: "Let's  
drink to Tituba, the wisest of us all"). credit given to  
actor.

ARNOLD BASSET

Would you like to publish the book  
under a *nom de plume*? An alternative  
name? You could be *La Femme Magique  
de Barbados*.

REV. SAUMEL PARRIS

Yes, good idea. I would encourage  
a pen name. History will eventually  
reveal the author's true name.  
Why not a Greek or Latin name?  
Athena or Minerva? Is there one  
that sounds like Tituba?

ARNOLD BASSET

Do we dare use a woman's name?  
What about Titus? It was a common  
name in ancient Rome. Tituba,  
have you a name in mind.

TITUBA

Yes, I do. It is a name I know  
from the Greek Myths. *Kleio*, the  
Greek muse of History. *Clio di  
Thesalia*, the ancient land where  
she came from.

ARNOLD BASSET

*Kleio di Thesalia* it will be.

(MORE)



ARNOLD BASSET (CONT'D)

Samuel and Tituba, I must go now. I'll see you again when my editing is completed. You can make any final changes then. Tituba, Have you any other words to give me before I leave?

TITUBA

Words, words, words. You are a greedy man, Arnold. I have given so many to you already. As I once told Abby, a story is not well-served by our words. All the words I have written down are poor shadows of a story made true by *living it*...Arnold, I see in your face there is still a question, one you did not wish to ask me. I will answer it.

CU Arnold Basset's face, credit to actor. Tituba still holds the amulet in her hand. She raises it up and dangles it in the air.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

I will tell you truly, the amulet has no magic. It is but a Taino religious symbol, almost like your crucifix. My amulet is a pretty stone on a chain. I hold it tightly in my hand when I must make a wish, a very important wish...a wish that I hope with all my heart will come true. It is not magic, it is just a prayer.

(CU Tituba's face,  
smiling. Credit  
name of Actress)

Are they not the same?

FADE TO: Credits roll over Saiba and Violet dancing in the garden.

ANGLE ON TAINO AMULET HANGING ABOUT TITUBA'S NECK

The two girls gather about their mother, pulling her into their dance. Tituba, Saiba and Violet dance in the Garden. Reverend Samuel Parris joins in the dancing.

END 091923

FADE TO FULL CREDITS