

SIN EATER

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INT. FARMHOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

SUPER - PENDLE 1612

A massive hearth blackened hearth dominates the room, from which all manner of kitchen pots and pans hang. The range is pitch black through use and the floor is tiled with thick stone slabs covered in coarse straw.

A small fire flickers in the and supplements the light cast by a handful of candles dotted about the room.

BENJAMIN, late 30s, nervous and ruddy-faced, paces in front of the hearth taking small comfort from the heat.

DEIDRE, 20s, scrawny and unkempt, sits at a small table as he paces.

BENJAMIN

But no one saw you?

Deidre shakes her head.

BENJAMIN

Are you sure? It is important.

DEIDRE

No one saw, Sire.

Benjamin stops, makes to speak and stops again.

DEIDRE

No one.

BENJAMIN

And no one knows you came here?

Again she shakes her head.

Benjamin's shoulders slump, he stops pacing.

BENJAMIN

Good, all is as needed.

He joins Deidre at the table, sits.

BENJAMIN

How does this devilry work?

Deidre looks affronted.

DEIDRE
Sire, if thou wouldst rather not
proceed on this course...

She makes to leave the table.

BENJAMIN
(placating)
Sorry...

He motions for her to stay.

BENJAMIN
I'm just afeared of the workings of
what thou do.

Deidre nods.

DEIDRE
I partake of the flesh and the
blood of your beloved Alizon --

BENJAMIN
In actuality?

DEIDRE
No, in symbolic aspect alone - more
oftens not, with bread and ale.

BENJAMIN
And this wouldst absolve my poor
Alizon?

Deidre nods.

DEIDRE
The stain is then on my soul, a
burden I forthwith carry.

Benjamin closes his eyes and brings his hands together in
silent prayer.

Deidre smirks, unseen by Benjamin.

Benjamin opens his eyes again and reaches to the pouch at
his belt.

BENJAMIN
And the payment?

DEIDRE
A Florin, Sire.

BENJAMIN
Which seems to border on an
unpalatable expense.

DEIDRE
Your wife's sins --

BENJAMIN
Of which she was wrongly accused
and unjustly defamed.

DEIDRE
As may be Sire, but, not all is
always held true and clear betwixt
man and wife.

Benjamin steps up from the table, slams his fist down.

BENJAMIN
What means you by this?

Deidre smiles.

DEIDRE
That doubt you must harbour or why
wouldst thou seek my peculiar
services?

Benjamin stutters over his rebuke; face turns red.

BENJAMIN
No, I merely...

He trails off.

DEIDRE
Do we proceed, Sire?

Benjamin's face returns to a normal colour.

He nods.

DEIDRE
Hast thou bread and ale?

Benjamin moves to a cupboard and retrieves a brown bottle,
stoppered by a rough cork. From a drawer he retrieves a
small loaf.

BENJAMIN
Will these suffice?

Deidre nods.

She uncorks the bottle and sniffs the aroma of the ale.

DEIDRE
And have you a trinket or small
item from your wife?

Benjamin pulls a small silvered cross from his pocket.

BENJAMIN
This was a treasure of hers.

DEIDRE
Perfect.

BENJAMIN
What will thou do with it?

Deidre takes the crucifix and pushes it into the bread.

DEIDRE
Consume it.

Benjamin nods.

Deidre arranges the bread and bottle in front of her, her face takes on a serious and dark countenance.

DEIDRE
Ready?

BENJAMIN
And this will cleanse her soul?

DEIDRE
Yes, I will take on the
manifestation of her sins.

Deidre takes the bread, devours a large chunk, chews for a few moments before she glugs down a large amount of the ale.

Deidre bows her head, eyes glaze as she enters a trance.

DEIDRE
I give easement and rest now to
thee.

She bites another chunk of the bread and again swallows a slug of the ale.

DEIDRE
Dear Alizon. Come not down the
lanes or in our meadows. And for
thy peace, I pawn my own soul.

She takes the last bite of bread and finishes the ale.

DEIDRE

Amen.

The light in the fire flickers, as wind rushes through the room from an unseen source.

BENJAMIN

What...

The fire and candles die, plunging the room into total darkness.

A small pale glow grows in the dark.

The otherworldly light encircles Deidre's face but illuminates nothing else.

Her eyes stare into the darkness, still in her trance.

BENJAMIN (O.C.)

What's happening?

The pale glow around Deidre's face ripples and undulates with different shades of grey.

Her face moves and shimmers as the light moves over it.

Then...

Her hair shortens.

The style changes, morphing into a tight bun.

BENJAMIN (O.C.)

Deidre?

Her eyes move, a rounder shape.

They shift from a dark blue to a paler shade.

BENJAMIN (O.C.)

Have you taken her sins?

Deidre's face lengthen.

Her skin less taut, age more evident.

BENJAMIN (O.C.)

Has it worked?

A final ripple and Deidre is a different version of herself, recognisable still, but fundamentally altered.

The pale glow vanishes and total darkness returns.

BENJAMIN (O.C.)
Alizon, has it worked?

A candle sputters to life.

Alizon/Deidre is pointing at the now lit candle.

She moves her hand, points at another candle, which ignites spontaneously.

ALIZON
Dearest, did you doubt?

Benjamin embraces her as she brings the other candles back to life.

ALIZON
Now, work to do.

BENJAMIN
Who first?

ALIZON
Let us start with the pox-ridden
whore, Anne Whittle.

She smiles, opens her mouth and pokes out her tongue.

On her tongue lays the crucifix, inverted and now as black as jet.

BENJAMIN
Broom?

FADE OUT

THE END

