

TITUBA:

THE FIRST WITCH

VERSE 101
"THE SCYTHE"

MONTAGE:

An eye, in macro. Striated, animalistic.

But not an eye. An eyespot on the wing of a blue moth.

BLACK

The upside-down tendrils of a fire. Straining towards a pyre --

And the back of the decapitated head of a woman.

BLACK

An open book. Upside-down. Pages filled, jagged penmanship. "Devil" repeated throughout the pages.

A white man's hand chokes a quill pen tight in his fist. Stabs the pages. Gouges the quill across the book's flesh. Long, violent strokes. Deep, garnet-red ink.

BLACK

A drinking glass. Upside-down.

Viscous, milky liquid climbs deeper into the glass --

OVER BLACK. CHYRON: Salem, Massachusetts. February 1962

EXT. SALEM MEADOW - DAY

-- Trails to an egg as it settles at the bottom of the drinking glass, now right side up. A distorted pair of brown eyes closely peering through. Belonging to MERCY PARRIS, 9.

The perennial troublemaker now deeply troubled. She sinks onto a tattered blanket.

Eager ABIGAIL PARRIS, 11, cranes her neck across their humble picnic of half-eaten bread. Wipes her rain-sprinkled brow.

ABIGAIL PARRIS

What did you see, Mercy?

Mercy shakes her head with a shiver.

ANNIE PUTNAM, 12, approaches Mercy with a simmering insistence.

ANNIE

Tell us.

EXT. CLIFF'S EDGE - CLIFFSIDE - DAY

TITUBA, 20s, Arawakan-Barbadian, stands teetering on the knife-edge of a cliff.

Tears carve her cheeks, mixing with the rain.

From her utilitarian dress, her leg strains out. Covered with scarification. Etched into indecipherable symbols. Threatening to leap into the abyss.

When -- staring into the deep valley, her grief sheds like snakeskin.

Replaced by perturbation.

She sees *something* astonishing.

-- A rain drop SMACKS her eyeball.

She clutches her eye. Scowling at the sky. Whispers an Arawakan curse word.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - DAY

Tituba trudges through the forest. Stops. Remembers something with exasperation.

Returns to:

Leaves dappling the forest floor. Placed in artful formations. Patterns. Runic symbols.

Only viewed aerially can its full expanse be appreciated.

Tituba peers over her art piece. Imprinting it in her mind.

Deeply inhales.

And attacks the leaves.

Gritted teeth. Stuffed grunts. Each swing scattering all out of arrangement.

She wrestles down the despair. Bores over the devastation.

At something.

Now: nothing.

And continues back on her return to the meadow.

EXT. SALEM MEADOW - DAY

Tituba stands before the girls.

Annie and Mercy entranced by the drinking glass. Whisper, giggle amongst themselves.

Abigail, now with her back to the group, fidgets with her hands.

TITUBA
Found these herbs.

Tituba looks over the group unfazed by her words, her presence. She may as well be a ghost.

She sits down on her own corner of the picnic blanket, using a damp leaf to clean mud off of her ankles.

Piquing Annie's interest. Catching a glimpse of Tituba's scarification. She beams with morbid curiosity.

ANNIE
The Reverend?

Tituba shakes her head, *no*. Redirects the conversation to the drinking glass --

TITUBA
The Reverend may not want you girls
to jest as such.

MERCY PARRIS
We don't jest. We *fortune see*.

Tituba takes Mercy's hands in hers.

TITUBA
Please, Mercy. Your father --

Mercy rips her hands back, annoyed.

When their three gazes divert.

To a BIG BLACK DOG.

Mercy and Annie sink slightly behind Tituba.

Who stares at the dog. Reading its body language.

And tentatively reaches towards it.

The dog lowers her head.

And full-throatedly BARKS.

And BARKS.

But not at the three.

At Abigail, whose back is still to the group.

Tituba and the dog lock eyes.

TITUBA (CONT'D)
(Softly)
Shhh...

The dog stops. Eyes Tituba.

Trots away.

Mercy and Annie share a relieved smile.

But not Tituba. She watches the dog trail away. Curious.
Disappointed.

When a staccato SNIVEL pierces the air.

Abigail, still with her back to the group --

Laughing. Or crying?

Diverting their attention.

She laughs/cries harder. In increasing heaves.

TITUBA (CONT'D)
Abigail...?

Tituba warily approaches.

Her hand reaching to touch Abigail's shoulder.

Abigail falls backward. Lying flat against the grass.

GUFFAWING RABIDLY. Eyes wide, unblinking and vacant.

TITUBA (CONT'D)
What happens?

Tituba searches her eyes.

Drool seeping down Abigail's chin.

MERCY PARRIS
What ails her?

TITUBA
I don't know.

MERCY PARRIS
Make her stop!

ANNIE
She pretends.

TITUBA
Abigail, can you pay heed?

MERCY PARRIS
Stop it!

TITUBA
Pay heed -- take my hand.

MERCY PARRIS
Abigail!

TITUBA
Take my hand.

Annie snatches the glass of water. Flings its contents onto Abigail's face.

Breaking the trance.

Abigail sits halfway up, panting and clutching her chest. Wiping slick egg from her face.

The group watch her closely.

She shakes her head in disbelief.

ABIGAIL PARRIS
Funny.

Mercy chuckles to herself. Annie regards Abigail concernedly.

Tituba's eyes linger on Abigail as she gathers their baskets of bread and foraged potatoes.

TITUBA
We should return home.

Mercy nudges Annie. Leers at Tituba.

MERCY PARRIS
But Tituba hasn't had her go yet.

TITUBA
We've been gone too long --

Abigail, although winded, perks up.

ABIGAIL PARRIS

She speaks rightly. Everyone has to go.

Mercy smiles.

Annie retrieves the glass, sets it back on the downturned crate. Annie fills it with water and breaks an egg into it.

Abigail nudges Tituba towards the glass. Unmoving.

Annie and Mercy both take an arm of hers, jerkily leading her to the glass.

Tituba sinks down. Braces for impact.

Stares into...

EXT. ARAWAK VILLAGE, SOUTH AMERICA - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

In an expansive hut, an ARAWAKAN MAN plays a ukulele-like instrument. His achingly soulful rasp sings what we know as Adele's *Hometown Glory*, but in Arawakan.

A dog, KIAKEE, lying next to him, awakens.

OUTSIDE THE HUT

Kiakee walks by a GROUP OF ARAWAKANS tanning leather. A YOUNG BOY throws Kiakee a morsel of fish.

YOUNG BOY

Kiakee!

She trots away to an ARAWAKAN WOMAN bathing her TODDLER in the sea.

Nearby, ARAWAKAN WOMEN encircle a pile of basket-weaving supplies, warmly chatting and joking in their native tongue.

When --

Smiles rupture. Their respite shatters. Into wide-eyed horror.

A BAND OF COLONISTS VIOLENTLY CONVERGE UPON THE VILLAGE.

Adjacent to the basket-weaving women, a spear-wielding ARAWAKAN WARRIOR sprints toward a COLONIST.

Who SHOOTS HIM IN THE HEAD.

The man's BRAINS BURST onto ANOTHER ARAWAKAN MAN on his knees. ANOTHER COLONIST SLITS HIS THROAT. Kiakee flies toward the knife-wielding man, LATCHING ONTO HIS LEG. Now spurting with blood. He drops the knife with a pained wail.

HIS CONSORT SHOOTS KIAKEE, loyal to the end, dead.

BACK INSIDE MAIN HUT

The ukulele-playing Arawakan Man continues to sing.

He hears movement outside of the hut. Followed by a pool of blood surging in, reaching his foot.

But he never stops. Not even as tears stream down his face.

The entrance ERUPTS as four NEW COLONISTS blow in.

They stop. In disbelief of the Musician.

Who plays on.

And a COLONIST SHOOTS HIM in the HEAD.

Now --

The village has been ravaged. Dead bodies stain the ground. Survivors kidnapped as prisoners.

IN NEAR DARKNESS

A pair of EYES BLINK. YOUNG TITUBA pushes above her head at an animal hide rug.

INSIDE ANOTHER HUT

Emerging out of an underground compartment. Rises to stand on scarification-laden ankles.

In her hand is a bone necklace -- now a weapon clutched tightly.

OUTSIDE OF HUT

She discovers the devastation. The FETID HORROR clotted in her throat. She can't scream, because as she turns there is:

The back of a CROUCHING COLONIST, stealing jewelry.

An ARAWAKAN WOMAN springs upon his back.

He whips around.

She's still clamped onto him. HIS EYES LOCK WITH TITUBA'S. As the Woman JABS her KNIFE DEEP INTO HIS CAROTID ARTERY.

He gurgles blood. Clutches the oozing wound with disbelief.

Fear, surprise contort his face.

He never breaks his eye-bulging panic with Tituba. As he slumps over.

Tituba falls to the floor. Retching.

The Woman stumbles down to her. Her hand clasping her own abdomen. Uncovers a fatal KNIFE WOUND.

Tituba stifles a sob. Takes the Woman's face in her hands.

A SHOT BURSTS THROUGH THE WOMAN'S HEAD.

SPLATTERING TITUBA'S FACE.

The presumed-dead Colonist drops his gun, dies.

Unbridled anguish floods Tituba.

When ANOTHER COLONIST RISES BEHIND HER.

Slams a looped belt around her neck.

Tightening. Her eyes widening. Losing conscious as she fights off the --

BLACK

A FLASH of the face of the MAN who kidnapped Tituba.

Transforms into the battered face of ANOTHER COLONIST.

Into a CREATURE. Humanoid body. Covered in blue moth wings. With multiple eyespots "blinking."

Transforms into the last, dead Colonist. Now "alive" with his gaping neck wound.

And a FLASH of a man with a Reverend's collar -- SAMUEL PARRIS.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. SALEM MEADOW - DAY - **PRESENT**

Rain PISSES down.

MERCY PARRIS
What did you see?

Tituba doubles over, her voice shaking.

TITUBA
I saw --

PRE-LAP: A DRAWN, SHRIEKING GASP.

EXT. SALEM VILLAGE LAKE - DAY

Gasping for air, a FEMALE CHURCHGOER is pried out of baptismal lake water.

SAMUEL PARRIS
The Devil!

SAMUEL PARRIS, 30s, outstretches his arms. Sermonizing maniacally as he doles out baptisms.

Against inky gray sky, heavy rain soaks the dark, verdant lakeside.

SAMUEL PARRIS (CONT'D)
See His visage cast from this woman!

Torrential rain seeps into the water rivuleting off of her.

SAMUEL PARRIS (CONT'D)
She is cleansed and accepted by the Lord!

The line of CONGREGANTS waiting for baptism shiver in the rain.

SAMUEL PARRIS (CONT'D)
But make no mistake! The Devil is here! Right now in Salem Village. Waiting to take hold --

He dunks DR. GRIGGS, 60s. Yells through the rain as the man is submerged.

SAMUEL PARRIS (CONT'D)
-- To suffocate both the soul and the earthly body!

Griggs emerges, breathless and quivering from cold.

Parris thrusts Griggs off. Digs his feet into the ground.

SAMUEL PARRIS (CONT'D)

He will punish this flock. If these people should be sinning. Or shirking their duty to support our church, deigned holy by God.

He spots SUSANNAH PUTNAM, 30s, better dressed than the rest of the congregants. Watching, waiting under a tree, within earshot.

And orates even more rabidly.

SAMUEL PARRIS (CONT'D)

I am committed to be zealous in my Master's service. I am to make difference between clean and unclean. To confirm and strengthen the one. Cleanse and purge the other.

He walks down the line of soggy humanity.

SAMUEL PARRIS (CONT'D)

And what I do -- you must not, you *cannot* be angry, for so I am commanded. So help me God. Amen.

INT. SALEM VILLAGE CHURCH - MUSEUM - DAY

A once beautiful church. Now leaking and in disrepair. The cacophony of rain pelting the roof.

Parris and Susannah enter the attached museum. Pace a row of display items.

As Susannah eyes Parris' immaculately crafted shoes.

His ring. Weighty. Bejeweled.

SUSANNAH PUTNAM

How fortunate for you to abandon your former life to be here.

SAMUEL PARRIS

The folk here need God, same as anywhere else.

SUSANNAH PUTNAM

God. Order. *Truth*.

His eyes bounce away apprehensively.

Scanning past an over-sized Bible. Stolen indigenous artifacts.

And a roughly hewn wooden statuette of a man. Gilt peeling.

The figure wears a wooden bejeweled chain. The glimmer of its lustrous paint reflecting off Parris' eyes. Mesmerized by this figure fashioned as a king.

SAMUEL PARRIS

Your husband?

SUSANNAH PUTNAM

(Nodding)

Thomas Putnam. He and his brother John founded Salem Village.

Parris approaches a painting. Two families, and a placard denoting:

The Putnams and The Porters

SALEM TOWN

The Porters are significantly better dressed than the Putnams, themselves also well-dressed.

SAMUEL PARRIS

Founded Salem Village. But not Salem Town?

She too stares at the painting. Cold. Calculated. Evading a sore subject.

SUSANNAH PUTNAM

I was grieved to learn about your father.

His ears perk up. How did she --

She smiles coyly.

She knows everything.

SAMUEL PARRIS

I'm so grateful for your support.

SUSANNAH PUTNAM

And I, so grateful for yours.

She motions for him to follow as they return to the church.

INT. SALEM VILLAGE CHURCH - DAY

Susannah steps up to the wooden lectern. Admires its ornate carving. Lording over what's supposed to be the Reverend's position.

She prepares something from the concealed cabinets, out of sight.

Produces two chalices of (sacramental) wine.

Parris takes a chalice.

SUSANNAH PUTNAM

To our shared support.

Parris stares into the wine. Eyes dive into the blood red --

INT. SALEM VILLAGE COURTROOM - DAY

And out of the pulsing red veins of an eyeball.

Belonging to a water-logged CONSTANCE OSBORNE, mid 30s, feigning stoicism.

On the opposite side of the room is JUDGE HATHORNE, 50s, looking ill. But still warmly whispering with brothers JOHN PUTNAM, 40s, and THOMAS PUTNAM, 40s, in an otherwise empty courtroom.

JUDGE HATHORNE

...I pray she fares better. I hope not to be falling ill, myself.

The judge strides to his bench. Presides over the two parties divided by an aisle. Casually postures himself --

JUDGE HATHORNE (CONT'D)

Mrs. Prince --

CONSTANCE OSBORNE

Osborne.

The judge shoots a raised brow back at the brothers.

JUDGE HATHORNE

Your late husband made his desires quite manifest -- to his executors.

He motions to said executors: the Putnams.

CONSTANCE OSBORNE

He wouldn't have done this. Left me
with naught.

(Then)

How am I to credit the veracity of
these claims?

The judge's eyes trail something on the stack of papers
before him. Quizzically picks at a page with his quill pen.

John Putnam steps forward.

JOHN PUTNAM

Because it's what my brother-by-law
attested. And the boys are of age
now --

CONSTANCE OSBORNE

My boys are of only two and six
years. Nowhere near "of age."

THOMAS PUTNAM

Mrs. Prince --

CONSTANCE OSBORNE

Osborne. It's Osborne now.

Both parties notice the judge scribbling furiously. Not just
notes. Drawings. Rotating the papers. Oddly enrapt.

THOMAS PUTNAM

Do you mean to disinherit your own
sons?

JOHN PUTNAM

You would be denying these boys
their position in society. Their
fate.

CONSTANCE OSBORNE

I desire what's best for my boys --
of course I do. But they are still
just that: *boys*. They want nothing
of land.

Thomas turns all the way toward her.

She doesn't meet his posture. Keeps eyes on the judge.

THOMAS PUTNAM

You needn't worry about the land
anymore. You have a new... *life*...
now.

CONSTANCE OSBORNE
My intended?

The verbal volley stops abruptly.

As the judge arcs his pen's ink wide across his desk, past the papers, onto the wood. Crazed. Digging the quill into the wood. As though excavating an unseen blight.

CONSTANCE OSBORNE (CONT'D)
What's my intended to do with this?

JOHN PUTNAM
...You have someone to watch over you now.

THOMAS PUTNAM
Why don't you give your boys their due. Start anew?

CONSTANCE OSBORNE
-- The past is unending when it hasn't been allowed to become the future. So no, I shall not to "start anew."

Judge Hathorne strikes the gavel.

JUDGE HATHORNE
-- You give Thomas and John due respect --

CONSTANCE OSBORNE
I will not yield what is rightfully mine. Not to the Putnams or anyone else.

The judge POUNDS THE GAVEL, hard.

JUDGE HATHORNE
Constance, stop your hysteria.

Constance grabs her belongings up. Ignores him.

JUDGE HATHORNE (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

He SLAMS THE GAVEL harder.

JUDGE HATHORNE (CONT'D)
Stop! I command you to order!

As she barges through the door with a SLAM.

To the astonishment of the men.

JOHN PUTNAM

That --

-- The GAVEL SMASHES.

EXT. PARRIS HOUSEHOLD - DUSK

A hoe STABS into water-logged earth. Held by GEORGE INDIAN, 20s, an Indigenous American individual enslaved by the Parris household.

He wipes his sweat-soaked brow. Peering over the day's work:

Long, rainwater-filled trenches contouring the landscape.

Leading to Tituba, Mercy, and Abigail. All scooping and bucketing water out.

TITUBA

I'll fetch some bread for Miss Elizabeth.

ABIGAIL PARRIS

No, I will.

Abigail drops her tools -- any excuse for a break from the back-cracking work is a good one.

INT. PARRIS HOUSEHOLD - DAY

With a worn plate of bread in hand, Abigail tiptoes to Elizabeth's bedroom door.

The silence of the house looms heavy.

ABIGAIL PARRIS

Aunt Elizabeth?

Taps softly on the door.

To no response.

ABIGAIL PARRIS (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Are you hungry?

She slides the door open. It GROANS DEEPLY. Revealing --

ELIZABETH, 20s, pallid and frail, SITTING STIFFLY STRAIGHT UP in bed. EYES WIDE.

Staring at a pair of floor-length curtains shielding a closet.

ELIZABETH PARRIS

He's here.

Abigail stares at the same point.

Barely utters --

ABIGAIL PARRIS

He?

ELIZABETH PARRIS

Just beyond the hanging cloths.

Abigail's eyes lead to the bottom edge of curtains. Where --

A SHADOW SHIFTS.

Followed by

A CRASH --

As Abigail drops the plate. Bread scattering across the floor.

Abigail hurriedly grabs up the bread on hands and knees.

When Elizabeth cries softly.

On her knees, Abigail reaches to Elizabeth.

ABIGAIL PARRIS

Worry not, we'll fetch more --

ELIZABETH PARRIS

You've failed us.

Elizabeth bursts into a rage.

ELIZABETH PARRIS (CONT'D)

Look at you. You are not prepared.
You're a coward.

Abigail swallows back tears. Her worst fears realized.

ELIZABETH PARRIS (CONT'D)

And he sees your heart. He sees
all... He's going to come forth.
And scratch. And scratch. Your
insides. Until you cannot bear
another moment.

Tears trickle down Elizabeth's face.

ELIZABETH PARRIS (CONT'D)
And then you will have to scratch
too.

Abigail ogles the curtain.

Hears a RUMBLE.

-- From inside or out, she can't know --

Mounting to a teeth-grinding BLARE.

EXT. PARRIS HOUSEHOLD FIELD - DUSK

Tituba stares into the distance. Longing riddling her face.

Digs her thumbnail into her opposing hand. Gnawing into the
flesh. A line of blood seeping out.

GEORGE INDIAN
I remember what they did.

George doesn't look up from working the land.

GEORGE INDIAN (CONT'D)
To Mariel. When she ventured to
escape. What they left of her. I
remember. You should too.

She relents. Continuing to toil away at the earth.

When the burnished earthen irises of Tituba meet George's
eyes.

His hastily ricochet away. They're not allowed to be
friendly.

Just then, Tituba spots *her*.

The black dog from earlier. Standing on the edge of the
woods. Staring at Tituba.

TITUBA
I go for fire wood.

GEORGE INDIAN
Use care. The darkness comes.

EXT. FOREST - DUSK

The sun barely pierces the dark of the forest.

Tituba carrying a sack slung across her body.

Clicks her tongue to draw the dog out. But doesn't see her.

Spots an indigo blue and burnt orange moth. Looking closer, she sees that its wing is torn.

She carefully cups the moth into both her hands.

Continues walking through the forest. Stops at a purple-flowered milkweed plant.

Sets the moth on the plant with a wistful smile.

EXT. FOREST - DUSK - LAT

Continuing through the forest, Tituba finds her walking stick swathed in Arawakan-language pictogram carvings.

And a machete.

She picks at the ground with the machete. It's completely hardened.

Tituba raises the machete over her head. SLAMS into the hardness.

HACKS feverishly at the ground. Fire in her eyes. A spark of satisfaction.

Uncovering a burrow.

FLINCHES as a RED AND ORANGE COPPERHEAD SNAKE rises up.

Glassy eyes shining at Tituba.

BARKBARKBARK!

The dog appears from the brush. LUNGES forward. Charging between the snake and Tituba. Close enough to touch.

TITUBA

Stop!

The dog moves to strike.

Tituba tries to grab the dog back.

But the dog evades her grasp.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

No!

Tituba leaps in front of the dog, blocking the snake.

The snake holds her gaze --

Then slithers away.

The dog glares at Tituba. And paces away.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

Wait --

She watches the dog.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

My thanks...

Now out of sight.

Tituba resolves to continue searching the burrow.

At the bottom of it, she uncovers a book, "Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral" by Phillis Wheatley Peters.

And a small package. A number of large leaves tied in twine. She unwraps five clay figurines, and a wooden carving tool.

One by one, she lovingly sets the figures on the ground:

The tallest female figure.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

Oyo.

The tallest male figure.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

Ihchee.

A small female figure.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

Tituba.

And then, a smaller female figure. Tituba considers this one for an extra moment. Anguish welling.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

Jihkihdo.

Then produces a last figure: a dog.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

Kiakee.

Pores over the collection bearing a world of woe. They're all dead now, of course.

When an alerting BARK fractures the moment.

She stashes the figures in her dress pocket.

EXT. FOREST - DUSK

Tituba stalks deeper into the forest.

She whips around -- the dog weaving in and out of her peripheral vision.

Follows her to a clearing.

Where an iridescent, indigo blue and orange moth floats to Tituba. Hovers in front of her face. Its elliptical eyespots directed at her.

She watches it hang in the air.

A creeping smile at this fleeting moment of enchantment.

And then it simply --

Glides away.

Her smile fades -- *magic never lasts*.

Until she looks up to see --

ROOSTING IN THE TREES, THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF BLUE MOTHS.

Like facets atop sapphire ocean swells.

Atop every tree, every branch. Eyespots and flitting wings, encircling the clearing.

Tituba is awestricken. Elated.

EXT. PARRIS HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

Tituba hurriedly returns home.

Where she runs into George, repairing the siding of the house.

TITUBA
Is he returned?

GEORGE INDIAN
Not as yet.

INT. PARRIS HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

All of the family toils. The women on the inside. George still working outside.

Until the door swings open -- the Reverend has returned.

SAMUEL PARRIS
Supper?

TITUBA
It will be ready soon, sir. For cooking, I had need to forage for firewood... since we had none.

He glares at her dubiously.

SAMUEL PARRIS
Dinner is to be ready when I arrive home.

He holds Tituba's gaze, then to the other girls.

SAMUEL PARRIS (CONT'D)
Is that understood?

ABIGAIL PARRIS
Yes sir.

MERCY PARRIS
Yes sir.

TITUBA
Yes, sir. My apologies.

They continue their work. Silently, sullenly --

SAMUEL PARRIS
What is this?

One of Tituba's clay figurines -- the one of herself -- pinched between his fingers.

Tituba's mouth moves, but no words are uttered.

She looks to the girls. Eyes pleading. But no one is coming to her defense.

SAMUEL PARRIS (CONT'D)
Voodoo?

TITUBA

No, sir.

SAMUEL PARRIS

Some Devil's play?

Tituba's voice like a strained scream.

TITUBA

No, sir.

He converges on her. So close to her face.

SAMUEL PARRIS

BURN IT.

Her eyes trace up to him. A hint of puzzlement.

SAMUEL PARRIS (CONT'D)

NOW.

She trudges to the fire.

Tosses the figure in.

Tendrils of flame lick the clay.

The fire reflecting in Tituba's eyes.

Of a kiln of vengeance.

The corner of her mouth twitches up in a stolen smirk.

INT. GRANGER FAMILY HOME - DAY

A fire warms the well-appointed Granger house. At the center of the room rests an open casket at an elevated angle. Inside, the graying corpse of a MAN in his thirties.

Rain-dampened SARAH GOODE, 30s, ambles throughout the room. Tattered clothes evidencing a long-lost life once opulent.

Grabs up a mug of ale. Discovers a table with plated food. Bites into a slice of ham with pure ecstasy.

The WIDOWER, 20s, approaches the food table. Her face stretched with grief.

SARAH GOODE

'Tis a shame you aren't burning
'em. 'Tis a lot quicker.

Motions to the pomp and circumstance.

SARAH GOODE (CONT'D)
Cheaper as well.

WIDOWER
He's getting a proper, Christian
burial.

SARAH GOODE
Such expense when they -- the dead,
I mean -- won't give a gob 'bout
none of this!

The Widower is not enthused.

SARAH GOODE (CONT'D)
Who ya here for?

WIDOWER
My husband.

The Widower pats her eyes with a handkerchief.

SARAH GOODE
Me first husband kicked off not too
long ago, too! I've been to so many
of 'em -- funerals, that is. And
everyone always speaks the same
about the deceased -- regardless if
it's true or not! Like a bad
rewriting of history to suit your
own tale, if you ask me. Me
first...

INT. GOODE HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

MONTAGE

Sixteen-year-old Sarah stands in her parent's bedroom. Above
her head, pale TOES SWINGING IN THE AIR. Belonging to her
father, now very dead, HANGING FROM A NOOSE.

THEN

At her father's funeral. Sarah's crestfallen MOTHER, 30s, is
comforted by a MAN, 30s, who hugs her a little too closely.
He'll become her stepfather.

INT. GRANGER FAMILY HOME - DAY - **PRESENT**

SARAH GOODE
...Was for me father.

A small group of FUNERAL ATTENDEES gather around Sarah, attentive to her storytelling.

INT. GOODE HOUSEHOLD - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

Sarah's TWO BROTHERS, 13, 14 stand in the doorway of Sarah's lavish bedroom housing she and her SIX SISTERS, ages five to fifteen.

Their new stepfather rifles through their belongings. Uncovering deposits of coins -- their inheritance. He piles all the money into a sack, stomping out nonchalantly.

Sarah follows him to the doorway.

Regards DANIEL POOLE, 18, an indentured servant in their home, busy cleaning the hallway.

EXT. MARKET - DAY

On a bustling, dirty market sidewalk, Daniel places a twine ring on Sarah's finger. Her worn clothes evidencing that she's no longer of the upper class.

She gazes up at Daniel. Not in love. In obligation.

INT. POOLE HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

Sarah watches TWO TOWNSPEOPLE carry a stretcher out of the meager home. On it is the unmistakable silhouette of a body, covered in a cloth.

A hand peeks out from the cloth, wearing a twine ring -- it's Daniel.

INT. GRANGER FAMILY HOME - DAY - **PRESENT**

SARAH GOODE
And then, poor Daniel.

The group of attentive funeral guests has grown significantly.

INT. POOLE HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

A DEBT COLLECTOR, 40s, pounds on Sarah's door as she hides in an adjacent room.

DEBT COLLECTOR
Sarah? I know you're home.

EXT. POOLE HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

With two threadbare bags in tow, Sarah stands at the door of her home, now boarded up.

Passes the deed to the Debt Collector.

END FLASHBACK

INT. GRANGER FAMILY HOME - DAY - **PRESENT**

The entire household of guests are all trained on Sarah.

SARAH GOODE
Good tidings be that *I'm Goode!*
That is, I rewedded William Goode.
That makes me a Goode. But we're in
a bit of a bind, with Daniel's
debts and all... You haven't any
remaining food I can have or coin
to spare --

No one in the room responds.

She turns to the Widower.

SARAH GOODE (CONT'D)
I can't imagine your husband will
be needing his garments anymore.
With 'em being dead and all.

An ATTENDEE steps forward.

ATTENDEE
Who are you, again?

An interloper, of course.

INT. PARRIS HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

Mercy unties the tethers of the curtains, covering all the windows.

Glances over her shoulder uneasily.

Thinks she hears something... odd. The snap of a low, grating choke.

MERCY PARRIS

Abigail?

She tiptoes to her parent's bedroom. Lightly opening the door.

Her mother STANDS SLACK ARMED in the doorway.

Mercy trips backwards.

Elizabeth continues to stare straight forward motionlessly.

Mercy tries to hide her rising dread.

HALLWAY

Mercy rushes through the house.

MERCY PARRIS

Cousin?

In the hallway, hears Abigail's voice. Whispering.

She stops. Listening intently.

More whispers.

Approaches their shared room.

ABIGAIL PARRIS

(Whispering)

I'm not going to hurt you.

Mercy nears the door. The whispering quickens.

ABIGAIL PARRIS (CONT'D)

I'mnotgoingtohurtyou.

Mercy stops breathing.

Shoves the door open.

To no one in the room.

But the whispering persists. Louder now.

ABIGAIL PARRIS (CONT'D)

I'mnotgoingtohurtyouI'mnotgoingtohurtyou.

Haltingly, Mercy leans down.

Checks under the bed.

To find --

Abigail. GRINNING widely.

ABIGAIL PARRIS (CONT'D)
 I'mnotgoingtohurtyouI'mnotgoingtohu
 rtyouI'mnotgoingtohurtyouI'mnotgoin
 gtohurtyou.

Mercy SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT.

EXT. PARRIS HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

In the front yard, Mercy screams into the night --

MERCY PARRIS
 Tituba?

To no response.

And then --

George jogs out from his and Tituba's (separate) quarters.

INT. PARRIS HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

George reticently knocks on Mercy and Abigail's bedroom door.

GEORGE INDIAN
 Abigail? How do you fare?

He peers at Mercy uneasily. Thrusts the door open.

To see Abigail knitting quietly with her back to the door.
 Completely unfazed.

INT. PARRIS HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT - LATER

In the kitchen, Mercy washes clothes in a wide bucket.

Pulls her hand out. Gapes at it.

In a flash, she thinks she sees:

Her fingers GNARLED. CLAW-LIKE.

But her hand is fine.

She looks up, fear-racked, searching for anyone to help.

Eyes catching her own reflection in a hanging pot.

Her face drops.

In her reflection: her expression is a SNEERING SMIRK.

INT. BAR - INGERSOL HOUSE - DAY

Constance catches her reflection in a window. Coifs the crown of wheat braided into her hair.

Her reflection transforming into --

QUICK FLASH: Wedding guests throwing petals at Constance and her late husband EDMOND PRINCE.

NATHANIEL INGERSOL
Happy wedding day.

NATHANIEL INGERSOL, 40s, drops off two mugs of beer for Constance and her new husband ALEXANDER OSBORNE, 25.

The couple share a toast.

ALEXANDER OSBORNE
Happy day.

They sip their beers, continuing to watch --

EXT. PUPPET PASTORAL PROPERTY - DAY

A PUPPET SHOW:

A SHERIFF puppet knocks on the door of a beautiful house.

A FEMALE puppet answers the door.

FEMALE PUPPET
Sheriff?

SHERIFF PUPPET
The *Usurper*.

INT. BAR - INGERSOL HOUSE - DAY

Constance shrinks into her seat.

Various BAR FLIES chuckle.

EXT. PUPPET PASTORAL PROPERTY - DAY

Sheriff Puppet shoves his way into the woman's home.

SHERIFF PUPPET
Fate knocks. Providence answers.

Beats her with a stick.

Streams of red yard explode out of her. As she shrieks.

He thrusts her out the door, now in shackles.

FEMALE PUPPET
My land!

The CURTAIN DROPS.

RISES.

The Sheriff sits in the Female puppet's home, legs up on a table.

On his hand is ANOTHER, SMALLER PUPPET -- the FEMALE puppet, is now his own puppet.

SHERIFF PUPPET
This house it but small. You will
aid in obtaining one fitting my
stature.

INT. BAR - INGERSOL HOUSE - DAY

The bar bursts with laughter.

Constances' eyes swim as the bar's amusement drones into wild guffaws and cackles daggering her mind.

As she overhears:

GOSSIPHOUND
...Poor boys. Lost their father.
Replaced by a slave --

GOSSIPHEN
Irish slave.

GOSSIPHOUND
And so much younger.

A fire in her eyes, Constance moves to rise from her seat.

But Alexander puts an insistent cheerful hand atop hers.

ALEXANDER OSBORNE
I was pondering --

Constance isn't listening.

GOSSIPHEN

That's what happens when you cease attending church. You lose your way. Start presuming what you desire is above what God desire.

Constance shoots up, whipping around to the gossipers.

CONSTANCE OSBORNE

What does "God desire"?

GOSSIPHEN

Excuse me?

Osborne closes in on their table.

CONSTANCE OSBORNE

Are you deaf? Daft maybe? *"What does God desire?"*

GOSSIPHEN

Obeisance.

Constance almost says more. But swallows her words.

Blusters away. Down the stairs and out of the pub.

EXT. FOREST - DUSK

Tituba scrutinizes the clay figure of little Tituba. (Inadvertently) now fired and glossy. A mischievous half-smile. Tucks it back into her bag.

Returns to her milkweed plant where she last left her broken-winged moth.

To find it's unmoving body.

A wave of sorrow catches Tituba off guard.

When on a leaf of the plant, she glimpses: moth eggs.

A wind of hope leads Tituba to gaze up at the rain now sprinkling through the forest.

And she calls for the dog.

TITUBA

Warero!

Presents a piece of dried fish into the air.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

Food.

The dog reappears from behind some foliage.

Tituba crouches down. Throws a segment to her.

The dog haltingly approaches. SNATCHES the piece of food.

Tituba throws a closer segment.

The dog draws even closer. GRABS that piece.

She places the last piece in front of her.

The dog considers her --

Ambles to the food. In reach of Tituba. Who strains to touch.

The dog dodges her hand.

She smiles coyly.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

You are "Fararin." *Warrior.*

When on a tree just beyond the two, an iridescent blue moth lands.

She glances to Fararin who's spied it too.

The moth takes off at fast speed.

So Tituba follows.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

Come, Fararin.

Beckons to her. Who considers the request.

Then trails behind.

Through the forest, deeper and deeper.

Until the moth flies, just out of view, to a tree of COLOSSAL PROPORTIONS.

Tituba stops. Looks around the trunk for the moth.

When the wrinkles in the tree ILLUMINATE RUNE-LIKE SYMBOLS.

BURNING BRIGHT. AND BRIGHTER. BLINDINGLY SO.

Vaporizing. Revealing an opening.

A PORTAL.

With tree-root hewn stairs stretching upwards. Into a vibrant, star-jeweled nebula. Flecks of shimmer dance through the air toward Tituba: an invitation.

The reflections bounce off her astounded eyes.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

These eyes behold --

She looks to her side. Fararin wasn't listening because...she's no longer there.

BARKBARKBARK!

-- Warning of danger.

Tituba hesitates for a breath. Not wanting to leave this divinity.

Then sprints towards the peril, to Fararin.

EXT. DEEP FOREST - DUSK

But doesn't find her.

Does find --

A multitude of faces: sticks fashioned into various portraits. Each face hanging by twine from a tree branch.

MILES

What is this here?

From behind a tree, Tituba eyeballs a pair of MEN, 20s.

They look deeply disturbed by the discovery.

When Miles stumbles.

With a subsequent SHRIEK.

MILES (CONT'D)

My leg!

His companion gapes at the ankle dislocated at an ugly angle.

AMES

Let's get to a home nearby for aid.

Ames slings Mile's arm over his.

They hobble away.

Tituba picks at the wound on her hand that she opened earlier. Now a scab. That she peels off with gritted teeth. Her frustration threatening to boil over.

She hastily rips each art piece down.

One looking like Constance Osborne.

One like Samuel Parris.

Another like Fararin.

Piles them high.

Strikes a flint to light the pile. To no avail in the dampness.

She throws her face to the sky. Stifles a cry.

Then PULVERIZES the pile in a violent STOMP DOWN.

EXT. SALEM VILLAGE CHURCH - DUSK

Samuel Parris glowers at the ceiling of his church. It's in even worse condition than before. Now, with even more rain leaking in.

He presses his finger into a wall. The wood disintegrates, water-logged.

Parris turns to DEACON DAVID, 20s, his jaw clamping back his rising vitriol.

SAMUEL PARRIS

Deacon, where are the provisions I requested?

DEACON DAVID

I --

SAMUEL PARRIS

How are we to unite this village with our church in such disrepair?

The Deacon chooses his words wisely.

DEACON DAVID

The village does not -- cannot -- remunerate the church any longer.

SAMUEL PARRIS
 And violate our agreement?
 (Then)
 And what of firewood? And
 compensation for the parsonage, my
 home?

David breathlessly replies.

DEACON DAVID
 ...Voluntary contributions only...

SAMUEL PARRIS
 What?

Parris stalks toward the Deacon -- a tornado descending --
 When a JUTTING NAIL SPIKES HIS FOOT.

SAMUEL PARRIS (CONT'D)
 Fuck!

The Deacon looks astonished by the curse word.

Parris clutches his foot, ROARING with pain. Claws at his
 ministerial collar. Smearing blood across it.

He RIPS the collar off. The bloodied curl of fabric on the
 rain-saturated floor.

INT. PARRIS HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

Dark candles are all that illuminate the house. All (except
 Elizabeth) work in near darkness, the Puritan way.

Abigail places a candle in the kitchen, her chilled breath
 ghosting into the frigid air.

As Parris arrives home. His demeanor putting all on alert.

His eyes scour the meager meal.

ABIGAIL PARRIS
 We wrought what we could --

He approaches Abigail. Radiating with venom.

SAMUEL PARRIS
 Is there supper, or is there not?

Tituba steps up, shaking.

TITUBA
They refused us our regular
provisions. We --

THUMP.

Parris PUNCHES TITUBA IN THE STOMACH.

She falls to the floor.

Eyes boring up into his.

When --

Behind Parris, Mercy, sitting at the dinner table --

CONTORTS.

Parris follows Tituba's horror to --

Mercy, now sitting chillingly still. Her chin flush against
her chest.

Parris converges on her as --

Her head tilts back, back, back...

Her eyes ROLL DEEP IN HER HEAD --

A SNEERING SMIRK curling her lips --

SAMUEL PARRIS
Fetch my Bible. And my cross.

Abigail runs to his study, returning with the items.

He feverishly thumbs through the book --

SAMUEL PARRIS (CONT'D)
Oh glorious Prince of the heavenly
host, defend us in battle --

Mercy gurgles words, incoherent.

Parris reads louder now.

SAMUEL PARRIS (CONT'D)
-- and in the struggle which is
ours against the rulers of this
world of darkness --

Tituba and Abigail watch in shock.

As Mercy SLITHERS from her chair to the floor.

And goes INTO CONVULSIONS, MOUTH FOAMING.

Parris falls to his knees next to her. Reads frantically.

Book in one hand. Cross necklace in the other.

SAMUEL PARRIS (CONT'D)
-- against spirits of evil in high
places.

His eyes ablaze with pure fear and confusion --

As his own head TWITCHES.

SHIVERING DOWN to his shoulders. To his hands.

Mercy's convulsions mount.

SHAKING.

VIOLENTLY.

Parris RAISES THE CROSS NECKLACE OVER HIS HEAD.

SLAMS IT DOWN --

To HER EYEBALL --

Stops a millimeter away from stabbing clean through it.

Mercy's eyes roll back into place.

Parris stumbles back.

Watches her. Not as much relieved as scared.

EXT. SALEM VILLAGE MARKET - DAY

Sarah Goode begs on the street.

It's humiliating. But it's survival.

Susannah Putnam passes by, scattering small change toward Sarah.

Sending her darting after the coins as they roll in all directions.

SARAH GOODE
(under her breath)
Twatting cunt.

Susannah pivots back to Goode.

SUSANNAH PUTNAM

Pardon?

SARAH GOODE

I spake: you dropped your coin --

Sarah unfurls her palm full of coins.

To the gall of Susannah.

SARAH GOODE (CONT'D)

-- You TWATTING. CUNT.

Susannah reddens --

When Elizabeth enters, stopping the pair.

ELIZABETH PARRIS

Ladies.

SUSANNAH PUTNAM

Lady.

Elizabeth scrutinizes Sarah concernedly.

As Susannah whisks away, Elizabeth calls after her.

ELIZABETH PARRIS

I look forward to our assembly Mrs.
Putnam --

Turns her attention to Sarah.

ELIZABETH PARRIS (CONT'D)

You may find your coins are not
worth their impression.

SARAH GOODE

A shilling between you and I is not
the same coin.

ELIZABETH PARRIS

Its worth persists. Perhaps not by
much... Perhaps you won't
appreciate what I deigned to offer
you.

She has Sarah's attention.

SARAH GOODE

What of it?

ELIZABETH PARRIS

You and William can shelter at the church. But as you do, you ought to see to its repair. Such a Godly place deserves nurture.

SARAH GOODE

And what do its inhabitants deserve?

ELIZABETH PARRIS

That's up to you.

Sarah nods, cautiously optimistic.

Spots one of Susannah's orphaned coins on the ground.

Grabs it, holding the shilling imprinted with a large pine tree up to her eye.

EXT. OSBORNE HOUSE - DAY

The TWO LITTLE OSBORNE BOYS, (two, six) weed the family crops.

Interrupted by the arrival of Thomas Putnam on horseback.

THOMAS PUTNAM

Good morrow, boys.

The boys are reluctant to approach.

They stand their ground as Thomas dismounts, a package in hand.

He kneels down to the boys, presenting the package.

THOMAS PUTNAM (CONT'D)

Your mama and my family have had a wee disagreement. And she's been very, very wicked. But all disagreements must draw to an end. So give her this gift, won't you?

The boys, innocent and curious, peer at the parcel.

INT. OSBORNE HOME - DAY

The boys jog inside. A bedraggled Constance sits in the kitchen, motionless. Shucked corn in front of her.

The older of the boys, James, passes the package to his mother.

JAMES OSBORNE
From Uncle Thomas.

Osborne stares at the boys intently.

Starts untying the package --

But then thinks better of it.

CONSTANCE OSBORNE
You two return to your labor.

The boys run out of the room.

She carefully continues untying, unwrapping the package.

The package DROPS.

Osborne's eyes GLISTEN WITH REVULSION.

INT. PARRIS HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

Tituba whispers to herself, her eyes wide open.

As she, Elizabeth, George and Samuel's hands are joined in a kneeling prayer circle around Mercy and Abigail.

They each look utterly bedraggled, belying the protracted length of time of this endeavor.

Each prays to themself.

Parris' deeply furrowed brow drips with sweat. His eyes tightly smashed shut as he prays audibly, furiously.

Elizabeth's eyes are also clamped shut, tears dripping as she whispers a feverish prayer.

George lethargically whispers a prayer, his eyes barely shut.

Tituba stares at Mercy and Abigail in the middle, facing each other, who drowsily whisper prayers.

When the moment is broken by THREE RAPS AT THE DOOR.

Parris leaps to his feet, allowing in a HOODED FIGURE. The hood draped far over their face as to obscure identity.

Parris takes the figure's cloak -- revealing: Dr. Griggs.

EXT. PARRIS HOUSEHOLD SHED - NIGHT

Parris alone listens to Griggs intently.

DR. GRIGGS

The examination has revealed that your girls have no bodily illness.

(Then)

But, Abigail confided that they played a kind of augury game with an egg in a water glass. Who knows if that is the source of what ails them. Or if this is some dark magic. Perhaps of that slave girl of yours.

Griggs remembers something.

DR. GRIGGS (CONT'D)

Although, there are others in town who have fallen ill. But it is abundantly clear to me that your household is under the hand of evil.

Parris looks gobsmacked.

SAMUEL PARRIS

Absurdity.

DR. GRIGGS

Pardon?

SAMUEL PARRIS

"Evil"? The Devil?

He chuckles sardonically.

DR. GRIGGS

You are a believer -- a godly man -- Reverend...?

Parris swallows his haughtiness.

SAMUEL PARRIS

We are a godly house. We've been praying in earnest for days. What else are we to do?

Griggs begrudgingly unrolls a small paper package from his pocket. The contents: yellowing, calcified fragments.

DR. GRIGGS

Have them consume this.

Parris looks quizzical.

DR. GRIGGS (CONT'D)

Ancient, mummified remains. Very powerful... And costly. Endeavor to unite the church around them. It is absolutely vital. And pray that the Devil releases His grip.

EXT. CHURCH - SUN RISE

Parris paces to the church as rain gushes down.

Rips the door open.

INT. CHURCH - SUN RISE

Where Sarah pours candles. Surprised to see Parris.

SARAH GOODE

Little soon for hymns and wine. Or hymns.

He ignores her. Scans the ceiling STILL leaking, pews STILL broken, the space STILL as dilapidated as before -- perhaps worse.

SAMUEL PARRIS

Nothing. Not a single repair has been made.

SARAH GOODE

Well, you see, repairs require supplies and we currently be gathering provisions for thus --

Parris approaches her. A finger pointed aggressively at her.

SAMUEL PARRIS

We had an agreement --

SARAH GOODE

We haven't enough for food even --

His dread grows, realizing --

SAMUEL PARRIS

It won't be ready. For the prayer group. For the girls.

And his anger explodes --

SAMUEL PARRIS (CONT'D)
Because of YOU.

SARAH GOODE
No, Reverend, I haven't eaten in
two days to save coin --

SAMUEL PARRIS
OUT. GET OUT OF HERE.

He grabs her belongings.

And one by one --

SARAH GOODE
Please --

FLINGS THEM AT HER.

SARAH GOODE (CONT'D)
-- Samuel --

She dodges item --

SARAH GOODE (CONT'D)
-- We don't have --

-- After item.

Nearing the door of the church --

SARAH GOODE (CONT'D)
-- Anywhere to go --

Until she's outside the doors.

SAMUEL PARRIS
GET OUT.

He SLAMS THE DOORS SHUT.

EXT. CHURCH - SUN RISE

Surrounded by stray belongings, Sarah stares up at the closed doors. Rain soaking her tattered clothes. Again.

EXT. FOREST - DUSK

Tituba pads through the forest.

Finds her milkweed plant. Looks for the moth eggs. But they're gone.

She frantically checks all the leaves, but the eggs are gone. Probably eaten by another insect.

TITUBA

No.

Heartbroken, she sinks to the ground.

Spotting Fararin.

Approaching warily.

Tituba offers her hand. Fararin refuses it.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

One day.

With exasperation, she beckons Fararin to follow her.

Fararin tracks behind her back to the immense tree. And --

The PORTAL reopens.

Fararin at her side, she motions to "stay."

TITUBA (CONT'D)

Abada.

Takes a deep breath.

Her leg reaches the precipice --

QUICK FLASH: Her leg straining out over the cliff's edge, threatened to leap into the abyss.

But now -- she ascends the stairs.

INT. PORTAL - TIMELESS

As Tituba climbs the stairs, the opening in the tree closes behind her.

And she's immersed in SPARKLING NEBULAE.

She stops, absolutely astonished. But her body still rushes past deep space and shimmering blue planets in the distance.

She continues mounting the stairs as they inexplicably rise up and trail downwards in Escherian idiosyncrasy.

And then --

INT. THE GREEN - PALACE - DAY

Within a clear crystal pyramid, viscous liquid fills. Each layer containing particles of color: Tituba.

Once Tituba is completely reconstituted, the liquid filters away. And she's miraculously dry. Her clothes now a jumpsuit made of leathery leaves.

Stunned, she scans the space:

A SOARING TEMPLE, so high, it seems infinite. Of curved wood, seemingly a single piece. Arcing into crystal inlaid mosaics.

At the center: a MOUNTAINOUS TREE, densely flowering. Etched with ancient African glyphs. Trailing down to a cavernous trunk.

At the center of the trunk is a concave facade sprouting crystalline flowers. With the base of the facade connecting to a horizontal branch.

Atop that branch --

A CREATURE.

With a humanoid body. COVERED IN BLUE MOTH WINGS. Feather-like, eye-spotted wings. In iridescent shades of indigo to aqua, with flecks of orange.

On its face is a single, large pair of wings. With multiple eyespots "blinking" when the wings flit.

It's beautiful. And grotesque.

The Creature glides down to Tituba, all its wings maneuvering lithely.

Tituba sinks to her knees.

As she and the Creature lock eyes. A tear trails Tituba's cheek.

She smiles wistfully.

TITUBA

I'm ready. In this life mired.

Choking down the tears.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

I'm so tired.

She stops -- eyes swimming at the alien sound of her words.
Her poetry.

THE CREATURE

Ready...?

The smooth voice of the Creature sounds female.

TITUBA

Is this now the end of ends that I
reap -- are you not the visage of
infinite sleep?

THE CREATURE

No. Do not hear what is before your
eyes.

(Then)

Rise.

Tituba rises to her feet shakily.

THE CREATURE (CONT'D)

I am --

She makes a THRUMMING, FLUTTERING REVERBERATION. Interspersed
with CLICKS and POPS -- signifying her name.

THE CREATURE (CONT'D)

"The Keeper of the Moths." The
Green's native cloth. An oath and
the mother, the last and none
other.

Tituba nods cautiously.

TITUBA

"Madame Moth"...?

The two stare uncomfortably at each other.

Madame Moth shrugs at the proposed moniker.

Returning to her roost, her clawed feet rest lightly on the
horizontal branch. Bird-like.

Tituba approaches the throne-roost.

MADAME MOTH

There stand two stairs. The left:
careen to my world, The Green.

Tituba swivels to see an infinitely tall wall. On it is a map
of The Green in gold foil illustration. And atop that map,
spiraling green stairs.

Madame Moth then motions to the white stair on the right.

MADAME MOTH (CONT'D)

The right: lead back to the world
from which you've been.

TITUBA

But for too long I've been absentee
-- now too soon, they will be
wondering after me.

MADAME MOTH

Do not fear -- a moment there is
too many more here. You will return
as though so little of your world's
time been burned.

Tituba considers her options.

MADAME MOTH (CONT'D)

But know, if you enter The Green, a
request will be expressed. So go
and choose.

TITUBA

A choice, right now I cannot make.
I apologize. I need more time to
take.

Tituba dashes to the right stair leading back to her world.
Spiraling to --

EXT. PARRIS HOUSEHOLD - SUNSET

The rolling wheel spokes of a horse-drawn carriage, covered
in mud.

Mercy passes provisions up to Parris. Next to him hunches
Elizabeth. Ashen. Clearly ill.

MERCY PARRIS

Best of luck sharing the good word.

Parris nods. Elizabeth doesn't blink an eye.

And the carriage rolls away.

INT. PARRIS HOUSEHOLD - EVENING

Everyone in the house is engrossed in their work, with George
working outside.

Except Abigail.

Standing in her room, her knitting supplies are in hand. As she's suspended in motion. Like a broken doll, eyes wide and unblinking.

EXT. PARRIS HOUSEHOLD - EVENING

A neighbor, MARY SIBLEY, 40s, spies Abigail's odd disposition.

Mary leaves the house to investigate.

EXT. SIBLEY HOUSEHOLD - EVENING

Mary closes her door.

And is STARTLED to see --

Abigail -- slack-armed and wide-eyed in Mary's yard, staring unblinkingly.

EXT. PARRIS HOUSEHOLD - EVENING

Mary POUNDS on the door.

Tituba answers.

MARY SIBLEY

I need to speak to the Reverend.

TITUBA

I regret to tell you that the Reverend and Mistress Parris are not present.

MARY SIBLEY

I understand, but it's gravely serious.

TITUBA

I'll advise on their return to visit you at once --

MARY SIBLEY

I think it best I come in --

TITUBA

Mrs. Sibley, you know how private the Reverend is --

Mary pushes her way past the door.

INT. PARRIS HOUSEHOLD - EVENING

A startled Mercy whips around.

But doesn't slow down Mary.

As George slinks through the door.

Abigail in tow, now seemingly normal.

MARY SIBLEY

Abigail has been touched by evil.

Tituba's and George's eyes flit nervously at each other.

TITUBA

Such unfortunate tidings. We will
inform the Parrises on their
return.

She GLANCES at the door as politely as she can.

MARY SIBLEY

No. We cannot wait. Lest we too be
stricken --

MERCY PARRIS

-- By what?

MARY SIBLEY

By *whom*. This be witch's work.

She slides into the kitchen, FURIOUSLY SEARCHING the
cupboards.

TITUBA

But Mrs. Sibley --

MARY SIBLEY

A witch cake must be made. With
flour and... urine... of the
afflicted.

Mercy scowls in disgust.

Abigail looks down embarrassedly.

MARY SIBLEY (CONT'D)

And in order to discover the source
of evil, you must feed it to a dog.

TITUBA

The Reverend won't take kindly to goings-on in his absence.

MARY SIBLEY

Then he mustn't know.

Tituba tries to stuff her rage --

George offers an expression of consolation.

INT. PARRIS HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

All members of the scheme, besides Tituba, peer out the window. Moonlight pouring into the front yard where the cake has been placed.

EXT. PARRIS HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

Tituba stands watch. Forced into administration.

Fararin saunters into the yard. Scopes Tituba with a sparkle of intrigue.

Sniffs the cake.

But does not take the bait.

Tituba nods, *eat it*.

Fararin whines lightly. Then nibbles the cake. Spitting out most of it.

Lopes away.

All of those inside the house file outside.

EXT. PARRIS HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

Watch Fararin INTENTLY.

MARY SIBLEY

She goes to find the witch!

Fararin circles in front of a tree.

Then SHITS. Walks away, sits in the grass.

Mary's face falls.

Tituba exhales deeply with relief.

The rest of the group turn to leave their failed mission when --

PARRIS AND ELIZABETH RETURN.

Parris' face twists in SHOCK -- but mostly RAGE.

INT. PUTNAM HOUSE - NIGHT

Susannah scribbles furiously in accounting ledgers in the pin-drop silent house.

She stops. Hears *something*.

A SOFT SCRATCHING.

She stands.

LIVING ROOM

Listening in the living room... Yes, you can hear it. Louder now. SCRATCHING.

EXT. PUTNAM HOUSE - NIGHT

Candle and AXE in hand, Susannah cautiously pads out. Into the inky darkness pierced by moonlight.

Steps on something.

Picks it up. A loop made of multiple wheat chaffs. Creeped out. She tosses it away.

Continues on to the perimeter of the house.

Where the yard is LITTERED with the loops.

But she's distracted by --

A SILHOUETTE AGAINST THE HOUSE.

The noise persisting.

Susannah RAISES THE AXE.

Inches closer --

The candlelight casts upon the figure.

IT'S ANNIE.

Arms outstretched overhead.

FINGERS AND NAILS RAGGED WITH BLOOD.

AS SHE SCRATCHES DOWN THE WOOD.

Annie's head whips to Susannah --

Makes a GUTTURAL BELLOW.

Susannah SCREAMS.

INT. PARRIS HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

All are inside the house.

As Parris unleashes a TIRADE.

First, on Mary Sibley.

SAMUEL PARRIS

How dare you. You have unleashed
evil into this house -- perhaps
into this whole plane -- with what
you've done.

Then to Tituba.

SAMUEL PARRIS (CONT'D)

And you --

He SLAPS HER -- SO HARD, SHE'S FLUNG to the FLOOR.

SAMUEL PARRIS (CONT'D)

You allow a stranger into MY home?

GEORGE INDIAN

Please, sir --

SAMUEL PARRIS

SHUT UP.

He glares down at Tituba still on the floor.

SAMUEL PARRIS (CONT'D)

Get up.

She staggers to her feet.

HE PUNCHES HER in the stomach.

Tituba falls back to the floor.

SAMUEL PARRIS (CONT'D)
 Who created this atrocity, this
 "cake"?

Mary doesn't offer herself.

Parris KICKS Tituba.

SAMUEL PARRIS (CONT'D)
 WHO?

She SPUTTERS IN PAIN.

GEORGE INDIAN
 It was me.

George steps forward. Hoping to cease the violence.

SAMUEL PARRIS
 I don't believe you. Even you
 aren't so witless.

His attention back at the reeling, floor-bound Tituba.

Her hands grabbing her head to shield further blows.

SAMUEL PARRIS (CONT'D)
 You meddlesome women. Acting with
 no thought of consequence. With no
 permission. Flagrant. Simple-
 minded. Why?

Tituba can barely speak, with a hoarse voice, chokes --

TITUBA
 To discover what ails the girls.

SAMUEL PARRIS
 What?

She shakes her head, stays silent.

Parris UNDOES HIS BELT.

SAMUEL PARRIS (CONT'D)
 Up.

As she tries to push up onto her hands --

He LUNGES AT HER --

WRAPS THE BELT AROUND HER NECK.

QUICK FLASH: A Colonist as he slams a looped belt around her neck.

Tituba's terror addled scream is choked back as he --

DRAGS HER OUTSIDE.

EXT. PARRIS HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

Fararin chases into the yard.

George stands in the doorway. Tears welling.

Parris PUNCHES TITUBA IN THE FACE.

George screams out.

GEORGE INDIAN

Please, sir!

Parris hurls a dangerous glare at him.

And refocuses on Tituba.

SAMUEL PARRIS

You summoned the Devil to this house! You invoked the witches. WHO ARE THEY?

TITUBA

I don't know!

Fararin surges forward, TEETH BARED and GROWLING.

SAMUEL PARRIS

(pointing to Fararin)
Call it off.

Through her BLOODIED TEETH --

TITUBA

Peace, Fararin. *Mayawka*.

Fararin backpedals, stops baring her teeth. But continues growling.

When --

PARRIS STALKS to the barn. Returns with a NOOSE.

POINTS IT AT FARARIN.

TITUBA (CONT'D)

No.

SAMUEL PARRIS
WHO ARE THE WITCHES?

TEARS STREAM DOWN her FACE.

TITUBA
I don't know. I don't know.

SAMUEL PARRIS
YOU KNOW. The beggar Sarah Goode.
The usurper Constance Osborne.
Others?

She shakes her head.

Parris jabs forward at Fararin. Trying to loop the noose around the dog's neck.

Tituba rises. Falters, to her feet.

Stands between Parris and Fararin.

George Indian's eyes widen. Terrified.

Parris stops. In absolute disbelief.

Tituba stands steadfast. A first moment of defiance.

TITUBA
I know no witches.

He WHIPS HER ACROSS THE FACE with the noose.

She WAILS.

He WHIPS HER AGAIN.

Tiring, flings the noose down. Saunters away.

Tituba collapses. Fararin dashing to her side.

Licks her face with a whine.

Tituba's hand reaches to stroke her. And finally, the affection is allowed.

Her eye cracks open.

Tituba smiles.

Success.

EXT. SALEM VILLAGE MARKET - DAY

Sarah Goode drops to sit on a bucket. She's exhausted from begging.

Her husband WILLIAM, 30s, stops begging to join her. Is visibly ill looking. Affectionately rubs her shoulders.

She strokes her hand across her PREGNANT STOMACH.

A BEGGAR WOMAN lurches by them.

Sneers at Sarah.

BEGGAR WOMAN
You're going to hang.

William jumps between them.

WILLIAM GOODE
Off with you!

Sarah looks disturbed.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Tituba, badly battered, stands before the portal-tree.

INT. THE GREEN - PALACE - DAY

Tituba is back in the choosing hall. But this time, she ascends the left stair.

Despite its shape and trajectory, the stairs lead her back to her original position in the hall.

MADAME MOTH
The past, present and future spiral
together. On forever.

A question is on the tip of Tituba's tongue, but --

MADAME MOTH (CONT'D)
Now, it appears that you require
more suitable attire.

Madame Moth motions for two ASSISTANTS to enter.

Neither of their faces are visible. Each swathed in robes of a delicate, leaf-like fabric. Both wearing vaguely moth-shaped headdresses.

They strip Tituba, dressing her in a gown of tessellating green gossamer-light fabric.

Then glide away.

Tituba admires the rich, embellished ensemble.

TITUBA

It's too fine for someone of my design.

MADAME MOTH

There are no stations here. We know no castes. No queens, kings or premiers. No social class, either. But you may see, here there be *zemis* --

EXT. THE GREEN - FOREST - DAY

TITUBA

-- *Gods.*

Tituba and Madame Moth climb enormous, winding steps, as wide as an elephant. Encircling a waterfall. Arriving at an open window.

Tituba gawks at the spectacular sight: a forest city, with organic, mushroom-like structures protruding from the trees. Leading all the way to the ground, barely visible.

MADAME MOTH

Look at the forest floor: the Moth Pavilion, home of my ancestors.

EXT. THE GREEN - FOREST FLOOR - DAY

Tituba and Madame Moth glide down a wooden walkway. Path bordered by lush foliage leading to the Moth Pavilion.

MADAME MOTH

I am not resigned to be the last of my kind.

Tituba tries to curb her distraction from the various NONHUMAN CREATURES that pass.

As they arrive to the Pavilion. An amorphous "museum" with globular windows in shapes of butterfly markings. Hugged by a profusion of multicolored flowers.

Madame Moth and Tituba enter the Moth Pavilion.

MADAME MOTH (CONT'D)

In the Green, these moths reside.

The lush conservatory is filled with multicolored moths.

MADAME MOTH (CONT'D)

But in your world, they have mostly died. I must continue the moth species before we disappear. But to do so, I must travel to your sphere. Complete the Last Pollination. Enact the moth's revival. And end my lifecycle.

Tituba is stricken by this dark news.

MADAME MOTH (CONT'D)

But I am not free to descend from The Green. I need a key. From the Keymaker. If you succeed in this deed, I'll ensure your traverse through this domain. And even your remain.

Tituba peers up at the ceiling of mosaicked-colored glass.

MADAME MOTH (CONT'D)

My plea: will you help me?

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Tituba is back at her milkweed plant. Full of optimism. Searching closely for the moth eggs.

But none are found.

The eggs are gone.

She leans back, hope draining from her face.

And sees --

What once was an egg is now a beautiful blue caterpillar.

She jumps up, cheers with a laugh --

Grunts, leaning over in pain from her beating. But now having an up-close view of the beautiful caterpillar.

EXT. SALEM FARM - DAY

Having left the forest, Tituba passes by a wheat field.

Mist rises over the field as she notices the backs of three WHITE FARMERS standing in a row. SCYTHES in hand. Slicing through tall wheat stalks synchronously.

The unison motion is hypnotic. Eerie.

One steps out of line. Vomits violently.

Sees Tituba. And scythe still in hand, points at her.

Empty canvas bag slung over her shoulder, she dashes to --

EXT. SALEM MARKET - DAY

Tituba fills her bag with produce from a stand.

On the ground, a dirty pamphlet drifts by. She grabs it:

TOWN MEETING

ON THIS DAY FEBRUARY 29, 1692 AT 4:30 POST MERIDIEM

IN SALEM VILLAGE SQUARE

She glances up, seeing Salemites surging towards the adjacent town square. Including Constance passing in the crowd. Past Constance, Susannah Putnam watches Constance with a hateful glare.

EXT. SALEM VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY

The entire town encircles a stage, atop it stands SHERIFF CORWIN.

Tituba stands in the far back. Nearby Sarah and William Goode have joined to watch.

SHERIFF CORWIN

It has come to the attention of the Salem Village Council that there are numerous individuals who have fallen ill. Perilously so. Also, there have been talismans of evil origin discovered --

He holds up a wheat loop -- like the one found by Susannah Putnam.

SHERIFF CORWIN (CONT'D)

-- Indications of villainous forces working in Salem --

A FLUTTER of WHISPERS wave through the crowd.

SHERIFF CORWIN (CONT'D)
-- Through disciples of the Devil.

Alarm rises in Constance.

Sarah Goode nervously squeezes her husband's hand.

Tituba catches the eyes of PARRIS in the crowd, burning into her.

But he's not angry.

He's *afraid*.

SHERIFF CORWIN (CONT'D)
-- And a revelation, that amongst
us is a *witch*:

Tituba peers through the crowd. Dread burning high.

Parris' fear HITS Tituba like a percussive blast.

SHERIFF CORWIN (CONT'D)
-- From the house of Reverend
Parris: *Tituba*.

Tituba

Is

STRUCK WITH HORROR.