

SIN EATER

Written by
Anthony Cawood

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anthony@anthonycawood.co.uk

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

SUPER - PENDLE, LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND, 1612

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

A KNOCK at the external door.

BENJAMIN, late 30s, nervous and ruddy-faced, enters the kitchen and opens the door.

DEIDRE, 20s, scrawny and unkempt, stands framed by the doorway.

BENJAMIN

Quick, in.

Deidre enters and sits down at the small table.

Benjamin paces in front of the hearth taking small comfort from the heat.

BENJAMIN

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 and reaches to a 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
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 pulls a 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 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 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 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, now a much rounder shape. They then shift
from a dark brown to a pale shade of blue.

BENJAMIN (O.C.)

Have you taken her sins?

Deidre's face lengthens. Her skin less taut, age more
evident in the lines and wrinkles.

BENJAMIN (O.C.)

Has it worked?

A final ripple and Deidre is a different version of herself, recognisable still, but fundamentally altered to a new woman - Alizon.

The pale glow vanishes and total darkness returns.

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

A candle sputters to life.

Alizon/Deidre points at a candle, which sparks into life.

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

ALIZON
Dearest, did you doubt?

Benjamin embraces her.

BENJAMIN
My, Alizon.

He kisses her passionately.

ALIZON
Now, work to do, vengeance to
wreak.

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 black as jet.

BENJAMIN
Broom?

FADE OUT

THE END