

Covet Pilot

written by

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INT. WOODS - NIGHT, 1890

TOM HATCH, 12, sprints through the woods, looking over his shoulder as he runs away from his assailant. He trips over a tree root.

He crawls away from his unseen assailant, begging-

TOM
Please, please- just let me go! I
won't tell anybody-

His body is raised up into the air and pinned against a tree. Tom's screams echo through the forest.

Cut to: his body- laying in a clearing, his neck sliced open and bleeding, eyes open, seeing nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN - MORNING, 1890

ANNE BURNETTE, 18, a brunette with big, all-seeing eyes, sits in her seat staring out the window of the train, watching the countryside pass. She sighs, daydreaming.

FLASHBACK-

EXT. LAKESIDE - DAY - 1889

Anne and ELEANOR DAY, 18, a slender blonde, laugh as they sit, setting out a picnic.

ANNE
-And I told him, there are many
reasons I'm rejecting your
courtship, the least of which is
your bad breath!

Eleanor laughs-

ELEANOR
You did not!

ANNE
I did! My dear, you not only hold
my heart, you hold my mind as well.

ELEANOR
I love you too.

They kiss sweetly.

CUT TO:

INT. ANNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1889

Anne and Eleanor are standing on opposite sides of Anne's bedroom, trying to be quiet as they shout at each other.

ELEANOR

I haven't any choice! You know that!

ANNE

You are betrothed! To a man who spits on the ground I walk on!

ELEANOR

My father has already sold me away! What am I to do?

ANNE

What are we to do? How are we to be together?

Eleanor hugs herself, looking discouraged.

ANNE (CONT'D)

...Or are we not meant to be together?

ELEANOR

There are no words to express the love I have for you, my dear. We will find a way, because without you, my life would not be worth living.

Anne sobs and flings her arms around Eleanor.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

The wedding bells toll. A miserable looking Eleanor in a white dress marches down the aisle.

Anne is seated in the back, hidden, tears streaming down her cheeks. The priest marries Eleanor to her groom, a spoiled looking man with a Cheshire grin.

Eleanor looks at the crowd, searching for Anne. They make eye contact. Eleanor gives her a small, sad smile.

END FLASHBACK -

Anne wipes away a tear as the train rumbles to a stop. She grabs her luggage and gets off the train onto the platform, the only one to leave the train. She walks through the train station, shoulders back, making her way into the-

EXT. BETHEL VILLAGE - DAY - 1890

Woman doing their family's laundry outside, men smoking their pipes, and the smell of the pine trees permeate the air. The main street bustles with activity, children playing in the dirt street as horse-drawn carriages pass by. The shops on the main street all promise quality, and as Anne passes by she notices a tree with a strange symbol, almost like a flower.

She traces it with her hand, curious.

VILLAGER #1

That right there protects against
witches, miss.

Anne looks at the Villager, alarmed.

ANNE

You have witches, here?

He tips his hat.

VILLAGER #1

Knew I hadn't seen your face around
here before. It's all hearsay, but
they say that witches have been
making sacrifices in these parts.

ANNE

Well, I guess I chose the right
place to convert. Do you know the
way to the convent?

He points down main street.

VILLAGER #1

Just that down that way, and take a
right, miss. Pleasure meeting you.

ANNE
You as well.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. JOHN'S CONVENT - DAY

Anne knocks on the door of the nunnery. The wide double doors open to a stout woman, the MOTHER SUPERIOR, 33, giving Anne a once over.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
So you're here. Come on.

Mother Superior turns on her heel and walks into the convent, leaving Anne standing at the entrance, a bit dumbstruck.

Anne gathers herself and follows, entering the-

INT. ST. JOHN'S CONVENT - CONTINUOUS

Anne walks through the halls behind Mother Superior, the arches of the building letting light bleed through from the outdoor courtyard. Anne catches up with Mother Superior.

ANNE
It's a pleasure to meet you, Mother Superior.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
The pleasure is all mine. How was your journey?

Anne huffs.

ANNE
Oh, it was tolerable. I know I expressed in my letters that my home village isn't horribly far from here, but actually being here feels like I'm worlds away.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
Hmm. Homesick already?

Eleanor's face flashes across Anne's mind.

ANNE
No, no, not at all.

They turn a corner, deeper into the beast of a building. They pass some nuns quietly talking.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

While you declared your enthusiasm for joining us, you never directly answered as to why you want to join the sisterhood.

ANNE

Well, I... I've decided to give my life to the Lord, is all. It's time.

Mother Superior glances at Anne, unimpressed, that's the same answer Anne gave in her letters.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Very well. Here we are.

INT. MOTHER SUPERIOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Anne enters the small room, a crucifix on the wall, a candle burning in the corner. She sets her luggage down.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

I'll take that.

Anne looks up in surprise.

MOTHER SUPERIOR (CONT'D)

I'll have someone go through it and give you back what you're allowed to have.

ANNE

Oh, right, of course. How silly of me.

Anne turns over her luggage. When Mother Superior's back is turned, she quickly tucks her locket into her shirt.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Next, your habit, your bible, and your rosary.

Anne takes the items delicately.

MOTHER SUPERIOR (CONT'D)

Good. Now, oh, Sister Sarah!

A passing nun from the hallway, SISTER SARAH, 20, plump and friendly, stops in her tracks.

SISTER SARAH

Yes, Mother Superior?

MOTHER SUPERIOR
I need you to show Anne here to her
quarters. In the West wing, please.

Sarah turns to Anne, face lit up in apparent joy.

SISTER SARAH
I would be delighted to! Come,
come!

MOTHER SUPERIOR
(to Anne)
Go on, now.

Anne takes a deep breath and follows Sarah out of Mother Superior's office.

INT. WEST WING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

SISTER SARAH
We're so excited to have a new
novice!

Anne gives a shaky smile.

ANNE
I'm happy to be here, as well.
Though I did have a question?

SISTER SARAH
Anything.

ANNE
Are the rumors true? That you all
eat gruel every meal and are on
your knees praying eight hours a
day?

Sarah's laugh rings out like a bell.

SISTER SARAH
No, no not at all. It's a
disciplined life, but a blessed
one. I'm sure you'll adjust well
enough.

ANNE
Thank you.

They come to a stop in front of what looks like a closet door.

SISTER SARAH

Here we are! You're lucky, you have a single room.

Sarah opens the door, revealing a bare room, except for a small bed in the corner.

SISTER SARAH (CONT'D)

Cozy, isn't it?

Anne looks at her helplessly.

SISTER SARAH (CONT'D)

I'm just joking. I know this is jarring, but have faith. And if you need to talk to someone, I'm always here.

Anne tears up a bit, wipes away a stray tear, and nods.

ANNE

Your kindness mean the world to me, Sister Sarah. To be honest, I've been running from all my problems, and I really want to make this my home.

SISTER SARAH

It already is. Welcome.

CUT TO:

INT. ST. JOHN'S CONVENT MASS - EARLY MORNING

Anne stands awkwardly in her habit among the other nuns, trying to keep up with the hymn being sung by the congregation. Just as she gets the hang of one, another one begins. Finally, FATHER BRUNO takes the podium again.

FATHER BRUNO

Let us pray.

Everyone bows their heads dutifully. Anne peeks with one eye.

FATHER BRUNO (CONT'D)

Our Father in Heaven, we give thanks for this day. As we depart, please guide us in your ways that we befall no evil. Protect us from the entrapments of this world. So we may be a better servant to the fallen. Amen.

Anne files out with the nuns. She looks around until she finds Sarah.

ANNE
(whispering)
Are we going to have breakfast?

SISTER SARAH
Yes, of course. But we eat
breakfast alone everyday, and
dinner alone on Wednesdays. The
food hall is this way, come on.

NUN #1
Shhh!

SISTER SARAH
(whispering)
Sorry, sorry.

SISTER SARAH (CONT'D)
(to Anne)
This is also a quiet time, for
contemplation and praise for the
Lord.

Anne nods, this place is strict.

ANNE
I understand.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENT CLASSROOM - DAY

It's the end of class for the Novices. Mother Superior stands at a chalkboard. The Holy Trinity triangle is drawn on it.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
-After this class, we will have
praise and worship, then a communal
lunch, then work or ministry in the
village. We end the day in
Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament,
evening prayer, dinner, and the
Grand Silence. Any questions?

Anne raises her hand.

MOTHER SUPERIOR (CONT'D)
Yes?

ANNE

What is Adoration of the Blessed
Sacrament?

The other Novices snicker. She doesn't already know this?
Where did this girl come from?

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Quiet, everybody. Anne, it means to
be in Jesus' presence, to
appreciate and reflect on His work
and all he has done for mankind.

Anne, now self-conscious, nods mutely.

MOTHER SUPERIOR (CONT'D)

You're all dismissed. Praise and
worship starts in thirty minutes.

INT. EAST WING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Anne files out with the rest of the novices, keeping her
distance. She trails behind the group admiring the paintings
on the walls. She comes to a sudden stop in front of a
painting called "The Young Martyr". It depicts a young woman,
floating on the surface of the water, having been drowned.
She lays there, angelic, as a shadowy figure lurks in the
background.

Anne begins to sob, covering her mouth. It looks just like-

SISTER SARAH

Anne?

Anne hears Sarah, but doesn't turn to her. She's knows she's
making a scene, she needs to stop crying, she needs to-

SISTER SARAH (CONT'D)

Anne, what's wrong, dear?

Sarah touches her arm, comforts her. Sarah looks at the
painting.

SISTER SARAH (CONT'D)

Whatever it is, it's going to be
okay.

Anne nods, sniffles.

ANNE

I'm sorry, I just-

Anne wipes her nose on her sleeve.

ANNE (CONT'D)
I miss her so much.

Sarah nods, not completely understanding, but there for her anyways.

CUT TO:

INT. ST. JOHN'S CONVENT MASS - AFTERNOON

Father Bruno is giving a sermon on 2 Peter 2:4-

FATHER BRUNO
"For God did not spare angels when they sinned, but sent them to hell, putting them in chains of darkness to be held for judgement:"

He sweeps his arm out, looking out at the congregation.

FATHER BRUNO (CONT'D)
Pride is one of the greatest sins, and that is why the fallen angels fell. They defied our loving, heavenly Father, and He was forced to punish them. These punished angels, created before Adam and Eve, saw humanity, saw the beauty of human women, and began to covet what they could not have. So they came to Earth, and taught us forbidden knowledge. They taught us to paint our faces, to crave jewels and gold, and to make deadly weapons.

Father Bruno takes a breath. Everyone looks confused.

FATHER BRUNO (CONT'D)
Now, why am I telling you all this?

He nods, steps out from the podium-

FATHER BRUNO (CONT'D)
My children, though this is not the dark ages anymore, evil walks among us. And just as those fallen angels coveted women, we all, as flawed beings, worship false idols. The only being we should care for, live for, is our Heavenly Father. Now...

CUT TO:

INT. EAST WING HALLWAY - NEXT DAY

Anne and Sarah walk through the halls, their arms full of laundry baskets. They giggle to each other, lightly gossiping. They're about to pass by Mother Superior's office, when-

CONSTABLE HATCH

-And WHEN will you allow me to question your girls?!

Constable Hatch, 40, mustached and aggressive, is towering over Mother Superior, who sits primly at her desk, looking unimpressed.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Not a soul here has anything to do with what happened to your son. My deepest condolences, again.

CONSTABLE HATCH

You can't know that for sure, you can't. I won't stop until I find-

He turns, and finally notices Anne and Sarah standing frozen outside the open office door.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Girls! Honestly, it's rude to eavesdrop.

Sarah's' head bows.

SISTER SARAH

We're so sorry, we were just-

CONSTABLE HATCH

I know what you were doing. Now who's this? Haven't seen you before.

ANNE

My name is Anne, sir. I'm a new novice.

CONSTABLE HATCH

And where are you from?

ANNE

Tiller, sir.

CONSTABLE HATCH

Mmm. You're not a trouble maker, are you?

ANNE

No, sir.

CONSTABLE HATCH

Good. You see, I'm in charge of this village. So if you see anything out of sorts, you come and tell me, got it?

Anne nods demurely.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Girls, go deliver the laundry and join the other sisters in Mass.

ANNE AND SISTER SARAH

Yes, ma'am.

The two scurry off, intimidated.

CUT TO:

EXT. BETHEL VILLAGE - MORNING - NEXT DAY

Anne and Sarah are on main street. Anne grins and twirls around, her arms out wide.

ANNE

It's so nice to be out of the convent!

Sarah laughs at her antics.

SISTER SARAH

Yes, you've been studying hard. You've earned some fresh air. Now come on, we need to buy some fabric.

Sarah leads them through the bustling market to the fabric shop. Peddlers shout for them to try their wares as they pass.

They step up to the fabric shop, but something catches Anne's eye. Neighboring the fabric shop is a small jewelry shop, beautiful jewels glittering in the window.

Anne lets Sarah go ahead of her into the fabric shop, as-

INT. JEWELRY SHOP - CONTINUOUS

-Anne enters the jewelry shop, almost in a trance. The bell above the door rings, but that doesn't catch the attention of the two inside.

BRIDGET

I am NO witch! Now BACK off, you brute!

CONSTABLE HATCH

Everyone knows what you are, "soothsayer"! How is it you can tell the future just by reading palms? Well read MY palm, and tell me who killed my son!

BRIDGET

I have no earthly idea who killed your-

BRIDGET DAVIS, 19, a beautiful blonde with fiery eyes, is backed into a wall as the Constable yells in her face, spittle flying. Bridget notices Anne standing in the threshold, and they make eye contact. The two women freeze, spellbound.

Anne, analyzing the situation, decides to act.

ANNE

Sir? It's not appropriate to talk to a lady like that.

Constable Hatch sneers at her. Bridget crosses her arms, smug.

CONSTABLE HATCH

Don't get involved.

ANNE

No, I think I will. First off, no one deserves to be shouted at like that-

Anne fishes out a handkerchief and gives it to Bridget, for the spittle. Bridget smiles in thanks.

ANNE (CONT'D)

And two, your behavior is not becoming of a Constable, not at all. If you cannot do your job properly, I think that we should consider reporting you to your superiors.

CONSTABLE HATCH

Ha!

He turns to Bridget.

CONSTABLE HATCH (CONT'D)

I'll deal with you later.

He storms towards the door, towers over Anne.

CONSTABLE HATCH (CONT'D)

(snarling)

And you, you don't act like any
sister I've ever met.

He sweeps out of the small shop, leaving a breeze as the door
slams shut. Anne and Bridget stand alone.

BRIDGET

Thank you, for this.

Bridget hands the handkerchief back to Anne.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

And for defending me, you really
didn't have to do that.

Anne fiddles with her tote bag. She's nervous. Why does she
want to impress this woman?

ANNE

It was no trouble, really. And the
Constable is a bitter creature.

Bridget smiles at her, this nun is cute.

BRIDGET

Well, I owe you a favor then. Are
you new to the convent?

Bridget gestures to Anne's habit and overall outfit. Anne
self-consciously adjusts her head piece.

ANNE

Uh, yes. I- uh. I am new. I'm still
trying to get used to things.

Anne clears her throat.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I must admit, I'm having a bit of a
hard time adjusting. I've only made
one friend, and I feel like an
outsider.

Bridget softens.

BRIDGET
I know a thing or two about being
an outsider.

ANNE
Really?

Bridget laughs, but not meanly.

BRIDGET
Didn't you see the sign when you
came in?

Anne looks around.

ANNE
No, no I didn't.

BRIDGET
It reads: "Jewelry. Palm Readings.
Soothsaying. Inquire Within".

ANNE
You really are a soothsayer? I
thought the Constable was being-

BRIDGET
I really am. You heard about his
son, as well?

ANNE
I did. What a terrible tragedy.

BRIDGET
It is. He's been spinning his
wheels looking for the culprit.
Convinced an outsider in the
village did it, so of course he's
been knocking on my door.

Bridget looks Anne up and down.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
But enough about that. I have
something to show you, to give my
thanks.

Bridget disappears in the back room of the shop for a moment.
She returns with an expensive looking necklace.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Here, try this on.

Anne reaches out for the necklace, and their fingers brush. Electricity runs through their connection. They meet eyes again. Bridget slowly lets go of the necklace.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
There's a mirror over here.

Anne stands in front of the mirror, necklace sitting proudly on her collarbones. She preens.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
That looks lovely on you.

Anne blushes.

ANNE
I love it. What are these?

BRIDGET
Emeralds. The same color as your eyes, my dear.

Anne looks at Bridget through the reflection in the mirror, that was smooth.

ANNE
You say that to all the girls.

BRIDGET
Only the beautiful ones. I can't believe you're apart of the convent. Beautiful beings belong outside, where others can celebrate them.

ANNE
I'm hardly one of your jewels.

BRIDGET
Of course not.

ANNE
What is your name? I never asked.

BRIDGET
Bridget. And what do I call you?

ANNE
Anne. I-

SISTER SARAH
(from afar)
Anne?!

Anne suddenly comes to her senses. She quickly takes off the necklace and hands it back to Bridget.

ANNE

I-I have to go. I shouldn't be here-
or anywhere near here. I'm sorry.

Anne turns to leave, but Bridget gently grabs her arm, holds her hand.

BRIDGET

Anne, please come back anytime.

Anne, beat red, rushes out of the shop before she changes her mind.

EXT. BETHEL VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

Anne comes out of the jewelry store, almost knocking into Sarah, who is looking around for Anne.

SISTER SARAH

Oh! There you are!

ANNE

Yes! Here I am!

SISTER SARAH

Did you just come out of the
Jewelry shop?

Anne looks around innocently.

ANNE

Oh, that jewelry shop? Yes, I did,
I was just-

SISTER SARAH

You can't go in there. Do you know
who runs that shop?

ANNE

Um-

SISTER SARAH

A soothsayer named Bridget! That's
hardly a step away from being a
witch.

ANNE

Well, I don't think she's a witch-

SISTER SARAH

Mother Superior has given all of us strict instructions not to interact with her. That includes you.

ANNE

Okay okay! I understand. I'm sorry.

Sarah softens.

SISTER SARAH

No, I'm sorry for being so strict, it's just,

She looks around for eavesdroppers.

SISTER SARAH (CONT'D)

(low)

Some people cannot be saved. You'll understand the longer you're here. Now come, we're expected back soon.

CUT TO:

INT. ANNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anne stands in front of a full length mirror she smuggled in from town. She brushes her hair and lays it out nice, pokes at her almost gaunt cheeks.

Not satisfied, she pinches her cheeks to give herself some natural blush. She untucks her locket from her night gown.

She stares at her reflection.

ANNE

(to herself)

Is this sexy?

Did she used to be sexy? What had Eleanor liked about her? She never thought to ask. Was it a mistake to come here, to become a nun?

ANNE (CONT'D)

I'm being silly...

She takes the mirror down and stows in underneath her bed. She curls up in her bed in a fetal position, blows out the candle by her bed. She cries silently as she falls asleep.

CUT TO:

EXT. BETHEL VILLAGE - SUNSET

The Harvest Festival is underway: an event full of dancing, booze, and markets. Children run underfoot with sweets and toys, couples dance centerstage to the upbeat music played by the village's finest. Even the nuns are attending, like a flock of sheep among wolves.

Anne and Sarah watch and laugh as young couples trip over each other's feet, trying to keep up with the music. They walk over to a peddler selling a sweet and indulge.

Anne admires the decorations set up around the main street. As she looks, she sees a familiar face by the booths.

Bridget is showing a young woman a charm bracelet, nodding along to what the young woman says.

Anne looks for Sarah, but she's occupied talking to another nun. Anne gathers her courage and approaches Bridget's booth.

BRIDGET

-I think this would be a good choice for you, absolutely.

Bridget sees Anne, and her disposition goes from business to pleasure. She smiles warmly at Anne and ends the business transaction.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Anne, I'm so glad to see you.

ANNE

It's nice to see you too. What are you selling?

Bridget does a sweeping gesture over her table.

BRIDGET

Rings, bracelets, pendants. Little things sell better at the Harvest Festival.

Anne nods. Anne brings up her hands in front of her shyly.

ANNE

I see. And what about palm readings? Do you those without an appointment?

BRIDGET

Of course, of course! Come closer.

Bridget takes Anne's hand. That electricity again. Does Bridget feel it too? Anne peeks at Bridget from under her eyelashes, Bridget looking at her intently. That's a yes.

Bridget examines Anne's palm quietly for a moment.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Strangely enough, I read that you will have no children. Odd for a woman.

Anne shrugs, not surprised by that.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Nice deep life line, short length. You've led a full, rich life. But, hmmm...

Anne looks from her hand to Bridget, then back again.

ANNE
What is it?

BRIDGET
You've had a great tragedy in your life...

Anne takes her hand back.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, did I hit a nerve? It can happen sometimes, in my practice.

Anne looks around, feeling eyes on them, and sure enough, she hears whispers from the other merrymakers at the festival, some people watching their interaction.

ANNE
No, no, I just remembered where we are, and who we are, and that I can't be... friends, with you.

Bridget takes a step back away from Anne, looking slightly hurt.

BRIDGET
I understand.

Sarah approaches them.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
 (to Anne)
 You better go back to your flock.

CUT TO:

CONSTABLE
 HATCH'S POV:

Constable Hatch surveys the party from his perch by the liquor table. He can see the entire main street from here, and keep an eye on all ne're-do-wells.

He watches Anne and Bridget's interaction. He shakes his head. People have no decorum these days.

Mother Superior joins his side. She greets him politely. He grunts back.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
 Really, Hatch, I'm on your side,
 here.

CONSTABLE HATCH
 Doesn't feel that way.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
 How's the investigation going on
 Tommy's murder?

CONSTABLE HATCH
 I'm very close to knowing who it
 is.

Mother Superior looks at him.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
 Who?

He nods towards Anne and Bridget, still standing close.

CONSTABLE HATCH
 You better keep an eye on your new
 girl.

CUT TO:

ANNE'S POV:

Just as Sarah is within earshot, Anne tries to make this better-

ANNE
 (to Bridget)
 You-You should come by the church
 sometime.

Sarah joins the conversation.

SISTER SARAH
 Anne, I told you-

Bridget waves a hand,

BRIDGET
 Oh, I don't go into churches.

ANNE
 But church is for everybody.

Bridget looks meaningfully at Anne.

BRIDGET
 Even for us?

Anne is silent, Bridget's right. Neither of them belong at
 the convent.

SISTER SARAH
 Okay, enough of this, I won't let
 you corrupt her, Bridget.

Bridget, one hand to heart, looks comically offended.

BRIDGET
 Corrupt? Me? She was the one to
 seek me out. Maybe you all at the
 convent should reevaluate what
 you're teaching your novices.

Sarah takes a fortifying breath. She's turning the other
 cheek, just barely.

SISTER SARAH
 May the Lord bless you. Anne, let's
 go.

Anne is dragged away from Bridget. Anne looks over her
 shoulder and watches Bridget wave at her goodbye.

CUT TO:

INT. HATCH HOUSE - NIGHT

CONSTABLE
HATCH'S POV:

Constable Hatch stands over his dining table, shoulder to shoulder with the most influential men of the village. They all look grim.

CONSTABLE HATCH
I called you all here, because as you know, we're no closer to getting a conviction on the witch that killed my Tommy.

JOHN GREENWOOD, 39, the owner of the village's general store, crosses his arms.

JOHN
How do you know it was a witch, Hatch?

Constable Hatch turns to him, rabid.

CONSTABLE HATCH
A slit throat?! His body left astray in the forest?!

SAM MCDONALD, 41, the barkeep and owner of the saloon, puts up his hands placatingly.

SAM
We know, Grayson. All of us are torn up on what happened to Tommy. It's just, down at the saloon, I've been keeping an ear out for you. And I haven't heard a thing about a witch or sacrifices or anything.

MILLER HACKET, 38, owner of the newspaper, chimes in.

MILLER
What about those symbols popping up all over town? If we didn't have witches, whose making all those symbols?

Constable Hatch bangs his hand down on the table.

CONSTABLE HATCH
What we need to do, is keep an eye on that Bridget Davis, and that damned convent.

John laughs.

JOHN

Now you're after the convent? Why?

CONSTABLE HATCH

Did you see Bridget with that new novice tonight?

JOHN

No, I didn't, I was too busy actually enjoying the festival.

CONSTABLE HATCH

You mock me, but those two are "involved".

Surprise paints across the other men's features. Sam clears his throat.

SAM

Okay, so the nun's breaking her vows, and it's unlawful, sure. But what does that have to do with Tommy?

CONSTABLE HATCH

Bridget is out of control, she's killing children, seducing nuns, and she's getting away with it!

MILLER

Okay, okay. Calm down. You really think Bridget did it?

Constable Hatch breathes out, faces his closest allies-

CONSTABLE HATCH

I do.

MILLER

Then we're with you. No matter what.

CUT TO BLACK.