

WITCHES (WORKING TITLE)

Written by

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Based on, Mist over Pendle by Robert Neill

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17th living room of spartan appearance with laid buffet table, a chest, and an assortment of chairs, and occasional tables.

Door opens and several severe-looking Puritans, three men and three women, in their 30's and early forties, enter the room, along with a less severe-looking young woman. The young woman is beautiful, with brown curls that escape from her cap. They are all dressed in funereal black, even more so than the usual puritan costume.

This family stand about gravely, talking in low tones, while one of the older women, along with the young woman and an even younger maid serve drinks to these people. There is a buffet, and, at the urging of the (obvious) mistress of the house, people drift over to it and start helping themselves to great platters of food. The men, particularly, pile their food high, while sighing and shaking their heads, in regret.

Eventually (after most food is consumed) the mistress speaks out causing a general lull in conversation

PRUDENCE

(Speaking to the eldest man.)

Now that our Mother is gone,
Alexander, it behoves us to ask,
what is to be done with Margery?

ALEXANDER

(Coughing, discreetly and
airily waiving her
aside.)

The girl is young. The matter is
not urgent. It can wait until we
meet again..

Another man has come up to the pair and has rested his hand on Prudence's shoulder.

RICHARD

...Excuse me, brother, but the
matter is very much urgent and can
by no means wait until we meet
again...

PRUDENCE

...How can I order my house and
contrive for my guests when it's
all I can do to keep an eye on her?
She's been here for days, now!

RICHARD

My apprentices have been so turbulent, casting their eyes where they should not, that there has been no getting any work out of them at all!

PRUDENCE

Something must be done with Margery! Can you please say what, Alexander?

ANOTHER BROTHER

(A pompous cleric with a snuffling, whining tone.)
Margery has a sufficiency of learning: Latin, as well as casting of accounts. Perhaps a divine of our acquaintance would consider her..?

PRUDENCE

(Sarcastically)
Oh, indeed! Oh, yes, I have not forgot the time, just six months gone when that new, young cleric of our chapel was disturbed by his viewing of her impudent grin and unable to finish the rest of his sermon; stumbling constantly in his discourse!

RICHARD

We have prayed for her!

SILENT FLASHBACK OF PRUDENCE PULLING MARGERY'S HAIR WHILE SHOUTING.

We have instructed her!

SILENT FLASHBACK OF RICHARD ROARING IN MARGERY'S FACE WHILE WILDLY GESTICULATING.

We have coaxed her.

SILENT FLASHBACK TO A FURIOUS PRUDENCE WHIPPING MARGERY WITH A SHORT BIRCH BROOM ON HER BACK WITH THE REAR OF HER DRESS UNLACED, WHILE MARGERY STANDS SLIGHTLY BENT WITH HER HANDS ON A TABLE, LOOKING ANGRY AND IN PAIN.

PRUDENCE

What man who has the Grace within
him would wed with such as you?

RICHARD

Are you not ashamed to be our
sister?!

MARGERY

(Meekly, with downcast
eyes).

Yes, brother.

Prudence narrows her eyes and looks suspicious, but Margery
looks all innocence.

OTHER CLERICAL BROTHER

Now I remember me our
grandmother's sister's son
inherited a fine estate in
Lancashire a Roger Nowell
there is kinship there ...?

PRUDENCE

That is it! Any kinsman may be
called cousin among gentlefolk.
Send to him! Perhaps he will be her
guardian? Perhaps he will portion
her?

ALEXANDER

But he's never seen the girl!

PRUDENCE

If Roger does not find the girl a
portion and a groom, then I must
and will find her one next month!
On reflection, there are enough
elderly retired divines who would
be fool enough to forego a portion
for the pert face of youth!

Margery looks horrified.

ALEXANDER

Then I shall write to Roger
immediately and propose a visit by
Margery. Prudence, I shall trespass
on your hospitality another week,
or so, until we have our answer.

Prudence sighs wearily and looks put out.

2 INT. PRUDENCE'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY 2
(Silent tableaux.)

Margery, in rough clothes and dirty apron, slicing a huge pile of vegetables.

Margery, in rough clothes, sewing a big white shirt and pricking her fingers.

Margery, in rough clothes, ironing, at a table, and burning herself.

Margery, in the best clothes she can manage (still puritan, but tidier, and with a white collar, plus a cap and puritan hat) peering around a wall at the aristocrats strolling, in gay colours, insolently around near a grand stone building setting (St. James, in London). A hand comes out, grabs hold of her arm and she is dragged away. We see this hand belongs to Prudence.

Margery, in extremely rough clothes, in filthy apron on her hands and knees scrubbing the flag floor with a scrubbing brush, and sniffing despairingly.

3 INT. PRUDENCE'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY 3

Prudence, Richard and Margery sitting at breakfast.

Prudence opens a letter (no envelope, folded and with a seal). She quickly reads it.

PRUDENCE

Ah! "Send the girl straightway to me that I may view her and use her by her deserts. If her blood be red of Nowell, she may stay by me and have fair provision. If it be whey, she shall return whence she came, and at my charges. These for her journey. Roger Nowell".....uum!
Right.

Prudence weighs the small money sac, in her hand.

4 INT. LONDON/DRAPER'S SHOP - DAY 4
(Silent tableau)

Prudence, with Margery standing hopefully by, inspects and then rejects four rolls of different greys and blacks, in satin, and cotton.

She eventually selects a horrid, nubbly (thin boucle) black and hands over, in a miserly fashion, four coins, counting them carefully into the draper's hand. Margery then looks dejected.

5 INT. PRUDENCE'S HOUSE/HALLWAY - DAY 5
(Silent tableau)

Margery opens the door before breakfast (while holding her wrapper around her nightgown) to the courier, accepts a letter, and she closes the door. Margery quickly reads the letter (addressed to herself and saying "These, for your own especial use, truly, Roger") peers into the accompanying money bag, smiles, hugs herself with delight and then runs up the stairs quietly.

6 INT. LONDON/DRAPER'S SHOP - DAY 6
(Silent tableau)

Margery happily buying a piece of orange-tawny corduroy, (she holds it against herself in the mirror) a copintank hat, some damascened black silk, fine white cotton and some tawny, hat-matching feathers. She leaves the shop with a wide smile, a sparkling eye and armfuls of purchases.

7 INT. PRUDENCE'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY 7
(Silent tableau)

Alexander gravely giving a manuscript to Margery with Richard looking on, approvingly. Margery curtsies and mouths thank you looking with a (fake) cherishing gaze at the front page of "A Homily on the Justice of God", by Alexander Whitaker.

8 EXT. PRUDENCE'S HOUSE/OUTSIDE OF - DAY 8

Raining.

Prudence, Richard and Alexander stand by the gate and bend stiffly, presenting their cheeks to be kissed by Margery who duly kisses them.

Margery then climbs, with her bags, onto the back of a waiting wagon full of bales of wool. The wagoner, touches the horses and they set off. Margery waves. Margery's family stand there, with wooden faces: Richard gives a half hearted wave, and Prudence gives a vague flick of her handkerchief.

9

EXT. PRESTON/INN YARD - DAY

9

Bright, sunny day.

The wagon draws up and the landlady comes to help Margery off the back. Margery is a little embarrassed at her bedraggled appearance and is ashamedly picking wool bits off her gown.

LANDLADY

(Warm and smiling)

Nery you mind, my deary. Welcome to Preston! Squire Nowell himself has given orders that you are to receive the very best. The girls will see to your gown and we'll have you in a hot tub in no time, my love. Lunnon be a long way to come and, oooh, the biters in that wool! Fah! Come in, lovey! Come in!

The landlady is gesticulating for her boot boy to get Margery's baggage and the landlady is taking Margery's arm and leading her through into the inn. Margery turns around and addresses the waggoner.

MARGERY

Thanks, Daniel. That was a very smooth ride. I hope you get good bargains with your wool!

The waggoner, smiles, touches his hat and drives off.

10

INT. PRESTON INN/BEDROOM - DAY

10

Margery, in her orange-tawny corduroy riding gown, is arranging a hair on the floorboards to show where she should stand so that the sunlight catches the red streaks in her hair, when she curtsies.

There is the sudden clatter of horses hooves on the cobbles outside of the inn, shouting and running of feet and the landlord's voice. Margery stands still and listens. There is a heavy booted and spurred noise along the outside corridor and then a knock at the door.

MARGERY

Come in!

The door opens to a man in the doorway, who sweeps off his hat. He is of reasonable height, thick set, hale and slim waisted, with a streak of grey in his beard and he has the same red streaks in his hair as Margery.

Margery sinks to the floor in curtesy and the sun shines on her red hair streaks. Roger sees these streaks.

ROGER

God's grace! ... God's grace!

Margery holds the pose and Roger goes to the window seat and throws down his hat and gloves.

ROGER (CONT'D)

(A big crinkling smile and
bantering tone)

You are the little cousin, not a
doubt of it. Get up, my dear, and
what do they call you?

MARGERY

Margery Whittaker, by your leave.

ROGER

If you'd said Margery Nowell, none
would deny it while you look so.
.... I had thought to see. ...

Walks to the window and looks out.

MARGERY

What, pray, did you think to see,
Sir?

ROGER

(Turning round and smiling
even more broadly)

Nay, if you will have it, I thought
to see some pudding-faced wench,
with hair free from curl, and
flanks like a Flemish mare.

Curtseying and holding the pose, again and looking at him
archly, with raised eyebrows.

MARGERY

Must I then regret it, Sir, that I
do not match your expectations?

Roger has been slipping off his cloak, suddenly whirls it
around and snags Margery's ankles out from under her, causing
her to fall over and sit abruptly upon the floor.

ROGER

Here's impudence!

Margery looks ruefully up at Roger, sees his grin and goes helplessly into laughter.

11 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE/BRIDLETRACK - DAY

11

Gently downhill towards a river.

Roger, Margery and a servant together with a pack mule, are riding at a brisk trot.

Margery's horse is almost unseating her (she is of course, in side saddle). Roger sees her predicament, puts out his hand and steadies the horse with its bridle and slows them to a walk.

ROGER

(Waving to his left)
Salmesbury. Home of Southworth, the
recusant. Do you have Papists in
your ken at home?

MARGERY

(Looking startled)
Papists?! Why, no, Sir, not within
my knowing!

ROGER

We've got good store of them in
this county.

MARGERY

(Looking astonished)
But surely, Sir, the
justices.....

ROGER

(Laughing)
The Justices? Not they! And I speak
with knowledge, for I am one
myself.

MARGERY

(Looking shocked.)
You, Sir, a papist?!

ROGER

(Laughing)
God's grace, no!
(Looking more serious)
.....From whom did you learn of
papists?

MARGERY

Why, Sir, from my family!

ROGER

Ah...your family! Yes, I've had letters from them and have got their flavour. If my neighbour may be an honest man, then, papist, or no papist, I am not the man to harry him. Who is harmed by the odd priest hiding behind the odd chimney?

MARGERY

But the powder plot, Sir....

ROGER

....Ah, a madman! The papists here, are only interested in their cows and corn.

Margery's horse stumbles and she slips off and looks up from the ground at Roger, ruefully, again. Roger helps her back up.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Are you harmed Margery?

Rubbing her behind and grimacing.

MARGERY

No sir.

ROGER

A wench has two legs. Why ever can she not put one on each side of the horse?

MARGERY

It would be thought unseemly.

ROGER

So?

MARGERY

Girls who are thought unseemly, get punished.

ROGER

Hmm.....I supposed you were reared as a puritan? Are you in truth and heart a puritan, or did they fail in that?

MARGERY

Indeed, Sir, I fear they found me
an exceeding disappointment.

ROGER

(Smiling)
In that case, you will not
disappoint me. A puritan's dread in
life is always that, someone,
somewhere is having a good time.
This runs not with the blood of
Nowell. The puritans spend their
time hot against the devil and
papists, whom they account the
same. They eternally urge Nick
Bannister and me to harry the poor
papists.

MARGERY

Is Master Banister your friend,
Sir?

ROGER

Aye, a Justice and one of the
quorum: one of those among us who
knows more of the law. In short,
your cousin here, is on mighty poor
terms with some of the more
fundamental, harrying types, and
that is a wind that may cool you,
also.

MARGERY

Ptshaw! Being in the wrong is
something I seem to have been used
to ever since I can remember. It
shan't disturb me.

Looking at her and smiling.

ROGER

You also? Graceless girl!

They ride on a while.

ROGER (CONT'D)

(Waving broadly.)
Yonder is Pendle hill and behind it
is Pendle forest. I'd not have you
ride astride on these main roads
because of goodwives clacking
tongues, but you must ride astride
in the forest and the tracks over
and around Pendle.

(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)

One trip and it's a broken neck
with no-one around to find you for
days, perhaps.

They ride up a gentle incline and Roger dismounts and helps Margery dismount, too. They give their bridles to the groom and step up to the brow of the incline.

ROGER (CONT'D)

(Speaking softly)

Now watch.

The sun sets slowly and the hill turns dark.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Our country folk have, at times, a
happy trick of speech. Daylight
Gate, they call this hour. And
surely it is a thing from
God.....

His horse stamps and whinnies.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Come! The mist is rising. We'll be
better in doors.

12

INT. ROGER'S HOUSE/PARLOUR - NIGHT

12

Candles and a fire. Roger wearing wine red doublet with slashed sleeves showing gold cloth is standing leaning on the mantelpiece. Margery slips in at the door, he sees her and raises his glass of wine to his eyes, in salute. Margery (in black, damascened silk) curtsseys.

ROGER

Of a puritan severity...your
sister's choice?

Margery nods.

ROGER (CONT'D)

And the habit today?

MARGERY

That was ours. It is of my choice
and your kindness. For which, Sir,
my grateful thanks.

ROGER

My daughters have grown up, now,
but I still remember a girl's
eternal need for a new gown. Come.

He leads her through to the dining room, where there are two waiting servants in the candle light. The table is full of silverware. Margery is served with slices of lamb and whole boiled potatoes, with gravy. She looks a bit startled and suspicious at the potatoes.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Oh, another plant from Virginia,
besides my tobacco. It's a potato.
You can look it up in my herbal by
Master Gerard. Meanwhile, I
recommend that you eat it, rather
than smoke it!

Margery grins at him and starts eating.

13

INT. MARGERY'S HOUSE/BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT

13

Margery comes into the room where a maid is waiting for her. The maid helps Margery off with her kirtle, and gown, but Margery then dismisses her. Margery then emplaces all six candles around the mirror and grasps her smock tightly around her body, twisting around different sideways and looking at her own thighs.

MARGERY

Humph!...Flemish mare!

She then sits at the dressing table and gets a book out of her bag. It is her brother's gift book: the Homily. She deliberately tears out a page, tears that page into strips and starts winding the strip into her curls while grinning to herself.

MARGERY (CONT'D)

Hummmm.....useful, after all!

14

INT. ROGER'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM - DAY

14

MARGERY

Good morning.

Roger, eating, and in rough riding clothes, waves her to her place already laid with bread and a partial cold chine of bacon and observing Margery's grimace as she sits gingerly down.

ROGER

Riding is apt to work such
mischief, but you'll forget it when
you're warm. Could you sit a horse
again, today?

Margery nods assent while drinking her beer and wriggling in her chair. They eat while Roger pushes some papers around and glances at a few.

ROGER (CONT'D)

There's some trouble up the Forest of Pendle and I must look to it. Our constable, Wilsey, sent word, a half-hour gone, of a man dead at Rough Lee.
..... Are you done?

MARGERY

(Famished, but polite)
I, I think so, Sir.

ROGER

No, I'd forgot your youth!...Set to! Here's the butter. Mitton will wait.

MARGERY

Is he another constable, Sir?

ROGER

Houts, no.....he's the dead man!

15

EXT. TRACK - DAY

15

Margery is in the saddle, there is another horse being held, and a man is giving Margery a small package.

The man is small, friendly and very weather beaten; smiling broadly at her.

TOM PEYTON

Bread and cheese. Master Nowell said you'd not had much breakfast.

MARGERY

(Smiling broadly back at him)
Thank you.

Roger is coming up to his horse and pulling his gloves on.

ROGER

Meet Tom Peyton, little cousin. We've been together many a year and he's my old and trusty friend.

Roger mounts up.

MARGERY

I hope that you will be, in some sort, my friend, too. I'm a stranger here and have need of friends.

TOM

Do my best, Ma'am. Command me!

He gets on his horse, too and Tom, Roger and Margery ride.

ROGER

And what do you see on our Pendle Hill?

MARGERY

Er. Sheep, Sir?

ROGER

There's our true living: wool, flesh, milk. God's chosen animal, the sheep!

A while later, Tom points to some tall stones in a field.

TOM

Those are the Hoarstones. The country folk have a tale that the devil sits among the stones on certain nights and the fairies on other nights.

ROGER

I'll not vouch for fairies, but we've certainly got the devil.

Pause in conversation...sinister music.

MARGERY

Is Rough Lee where this Mitton lived?

ROGER

Aye, House Steward! Ridiculous! A yeoman pretending to be a belted earl! It's a woman's madness!

Margery look enquiringly up at Roger.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I mean Mistress Alice Nutter, wife of plain Dick Nutter.

(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)

Of late she is so puffed up as she obviously means to end as the wife of (affected voice) Richard Nutter of the Rough Lee, Esquire! If God do give her land enough.

TOM PEYTON

God, is it?!

ROGER

Ah! Indeed...then we'll say "if the devil should find his own", instead.....aye, well, Mitton used to be their pig man.

Roger points away uphill to a cluster of buildings.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I told you we'd a church within the compass of the Forest of Pendle. There it is, the Newchurch. That below is the Pendle Water that flows down to Rough Lee where Dick is the wealthiest farmer in Pendle.

TOM

Alice is away from home, at Lathom, I've heard.

ROGER

She'll be with her son, Miles, visiting that Earl's secretary cousin of hers, Mathew Potter.

The descend to the stream and join a large, ungainly man flapping his hat at them.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Glad to see you, Jim.

He turns and they all ride down along the stream.

WILSEY

Thank you sir. Sorry for calling you our, Sir, but it's Baldwin.

ROGER

Thought it was Mitton?

WILSEY

It's Mitton as is dead, but it's Baldwin thinks the Devil has had Harry!

ROGER
And who's his Hellship's agent,
this time.

WILSEY
(Giving a big grin)
The Demdike, Sir.

ROGER
If we're to believe Baldwin, that
woman's the Devil's agent-general
for these parts!

They ride on a while and eventually arrive at a big stone house in a pretty garden.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Here's the Rough Lee. Good Day to
you, Dick!

A small sandy haired man shuffles out to meet them looking an uncomfortable 'hog in armour' in his highly laced green doublet.

DICK NUTTER
Good Day to you Master Nowell! I'm
afraid that Harry Mitton is dead
and the Demdike and her infernal
daughter have been here. Baldwin is
waiting for you.

Roger and co dismounting.

ROGER
The devil he is, then we'll go
in....Ah, but, I'm forgetting,
here's Mistress Whittaker who's my
cousin and guest. Cousin, this is
Master Richard Nutter.

They both bow and curtesy, Dick Nutter friendly, but a bit shy and they head into the house.

16

INT. DICK NUTTER'S HOUSE/STEWARD'S ROOM - DAY

16

They enter the room and Roger, seeing the dead man on a table, sweeps off his hat.

Margery regards the corpse. It is that of a portly, red-faced man of middling height in respectable country clothes.

They all look up at a movement and see a man, along the wall from the door, stand to his feet, closing a Psalter.

He is around fifty years old, with a sunburnt face, close cropped hair, a leather jerkin and all black clothes. This man looks tense and strained. Margery stiffens as she recognises him for a puritan.

17

INT. DICK NUTTER'S HOUSE/STEWARD'S ROOM - DAY

17

ROGER

God's Grace to you!

BALDWIN

May it be upon us all, Master
Nowell, since we all have need of
it.

ROGER

Amen to that. What's to do here?

BALDWIN

It's a foul tale and best not told
in this presence. We'll be sweeter
in the air.

Roger nods assent and Dick leads them through the house and back garden and through the garden wall door to a sloping field beyond. They walk up the field until they get to a stone outbuilding, where Dick and Baldwin halt.

Baldwin Eyeing them grimly.

BALDWIN (CONT'D)

Here it came upon him!

Roger looking about him. Roger catches Margery's eye.

ROGER

Faith, little cousin, I'd all but
forgotten you.

In a more formal tone.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Give me leave to present Master
Richard Baldwin; my cousin,
Mistress Whitaker.

Baldwin turns to Margery and looks her slowly up and down, noting the orange-tawny, slashed and buttoned habit, the plumed copintank and the laced gloves. His lips press together, his eyes grow hard and he makes the slightest of bows, silently.

BALDWIN

I don't remember you as a
neighbour, Mistress. You'll be from
foreign parts?

Margery is seizing this opportunity to mollify his prejudice
against her non-puritan gaiety of dress.

MARGERY

I was born in Cambridge, where my
father professed Divinity. And I
was bred in Lambeth, where my
brothers were ordained.

Roger fingers the psalter and a shade of doubt comes into his
eyes.

ROGER

Then you'll have heard the
Archbishop preach? And Dr. Abbot?

MARGERY

I've sat beneath Dr. Abbot many
times and I've more than once heard
him discourse at his own table
where we sat at meat.

BALDWIN

That's a goodly place....and
yet....

He regards Margery's outfit.

ROGER

Leave Archbishops till we've done
with Harry Mitton! Your tale, man,
and let's be done!

BALDWIN

We'd been busy at mill since first
light and I told Grace, my daughter
to ride over and ask Dick a
question about his grain. When she
arrived she saw the old beldame,
Demdike begging and Mitton
refusing. Alizon, the young whelp
was a few paces off. Mitton bid
them be off. Demdike drew off
cursing and twice spitting. Mitton
took a pace, or two after her,
whereat the whelp threw a fistful
of cow-dung into Mitton's face....

ROGER

And then...?

BALDWIN

She runs up the slope and Mitton
follows her, all angered.

Baldwin slows his voice and looks around at his listeners.

BALDWIN (CONT'D)

Harry Mitton had not run some
paces, when a power struck him
down. He fell on his face and lay
there grovelling and twitching..

ROGER

And then?

BALDWIN

Richard comes out an....

ROGER

And what says he...?

DICK NUTTER

When I comes out, there was Alizon
running up the hill like a mad
thing, but no sign of the Demdike.
With the gardener and the cowman, I
got poor Mitton in here, and sent a
message to Richard to come and get
his daughter, Grace, who was over
come and not in a fit state to
travel back to her father's alone..

ROGER

Mitton still living?

DICK NUTTER

Aye, snoring and twitching, but by
the time Richard were here, Mitton
were gone.

BALDWIN

I nearly foundered my horse getting
here. There, in the hillside, there
were two damned witches squatting
like cows: Demdike and her
squinting bastard.

ROGER

I thought it was Demdike's
granddaughter with her?

BALDWIN

The whelp ran off and the daughter,
squinting Lizzy, came to join the
old witch.

ROGER

Then the matter stands how?

BALDWIN

They're all known witches. Demdike
cursed, and spat, and the man died.
What else could it be?

ROGER

This Mitton is stout of girth and
non so young. It is ill running up
the hill in sun..

BALDWIN

....You doubt in the power of these
witches?! You set aside the Holy
Writ?! I have said this to before
and...

ROGER

...And you'd better not say it
again!

There is a note in his voice that cuts Baldwin short at the
height of his fury. There is a pause and then Roger smiles.

ROGER (CONT'D)

We'd best not quarrel, Richard, for
then the Devil wins.

BALDWIN

"Thou makest us to be rebuked of
our neighbours ... to be laughed to
scorn.."

MARGERY

The forty fourth? But, Sir, is
there not a word in the eighty
ninth of Psalms?

Baldwin whips around and looks at her.

MARGERY (CONT'D)

"What man is there that liveth and
shall not see death" I take that to
mean, sir, that death is natural to
man.

A faint nod of approval from Roger.

BALDWIN
You've been well schooled,
Mistress!

ROGER
I cannot commit a woman until there
is proof of her power and its use!
That is my duty as a Justice.

Richard looks Roger in the eye.

RICHARD
If I've misjudged this, I will be
sorry for it.

ROGER
I must now, of course, seek the
Demdike brood and ask of them some
questions.

Jim Wilsey cuts in cheerfully.

JIM
Then we had better hie to the
Malkin Tower, as they will be
there, by now!

DICK NUTTER
Like enough!

Dick leads them back through the garden.

18

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE/BY THE PENDLE WATER - DAY

18

Roger and Wilsey are riding along deep in conversation, so
Margery pulls back. Baldwin trots up to join her.

BALDWIN
You'll know more of Holy Writ than
the Psalms, Mistress?

MARGERY
I trust so, indeed.

BALDWIN
Tell me what's commanded for a
witch in Exodus?

MARGERY
Thou shalt not suffer a witch to
live?

Margery looks uncomfortable, as if seeking evasions.

BALDWIN

And of such as this Demdike brood,
what does the twentieth chapter
say?

Margery is somewhat embarrassed.

MARGERY

I, the Lord thy God am a jealous
god visiting the iniquity of the
fathers upon the children until the
third and fourth generation of them
that hate me.

Baldwin is carried away with his enthusiasm.

BALDWIN

And wh.....

Margery tries to change the subject.

MARGERY

Whereabouts are we now, Master
Baldwin?

Baldwin points to a track in the valley, below.

BALDWIN

You see that track leading away?
That's for Wheathead. It brings you
to the mill where I have my work
and home.

Baldwin seems a little shy.

BALDWIN (CONT'D)

One day, Mistress, if you'll take
that ride, I'll be glad indeed to
meet you there, and so will my wife
and daughter, Grace.

MARGERY

Thank you. That, Sir, I'll surely
do and soon.

They ride up to Roger who is waiting ahead. He points ahead
to a semi derelict grey stone cottage set alone on a moor,
with no garden, trees, or animals around.

ROGER

So, Malkin Tower!

They speed up and canter down to the house.

19

INT. MALKYN TOWER - DAY

19

Roger's party is let into the cottage by a large, gangling youth. He is in tattered breeches and shirt, with a sack acting as a jerkin. These are covered in filth. As he kets them in, he lets out a great whooping laugh and stands staring at them with his mouth open. The youth is about late teens/early twenties. His eyes roll in his head. The men walk in shouldering the young man aside.

The interior is dirty and dark. There is a large, rough hewn table, some benches, a chest and a cot affair with straw and a blanket against the far wall. There are three women around the fire, in stools.

WILSEY

Get up!

The Demdike and her daughter and granddaughter get up as Roger sits at the table. As his legs go under it, there is a squeal and a small girl darts out from under the table, runs and collides with Margery. The child buries itself in Margery's cloak. The child only has on a thin, coarse, dirty smock and is terrified.

MARGERY

You needn't fear, child. There is none here will do you any harm. Now come and sit with me.

Margery sits herself on the chest and spreads he cloak around the girl, who nestles against her.

Roger gives a nod of approval to Margery and regards the girl, then giving her a smile. Margery hears the girl give a gasp of pleasure.

ROGER

You are well seated, little maid.

The Roger's face turns grave and he turns to the women.

WILSEY

Which first, Sir? Demdike, is it?

ROGER

If that's her true name. I've heard it's not.

WILSEY

Stand out, old one and tell Master Nowell how you are named!

The elder woman steps forward groping with her stick. She is very wizened, and weather beaten with small darting eyes. Her clothing is tatters, and the colour is worn out.

She speaks.

DEMDIKE

My name is Eizabeth Sowtherns

WILSEY

Is it Demdike, or Sowtherns?

DEMDIKE

Which you pissing please!

Squinting Lizzie spits into the fire.

WILSEY

You'll learn your manners, or your shoulders will learn them from my whip!

ROGER

We've all known you as Demdike, and so you will remain. What happened with Mitton?

DEMDIKE

There's been no bite in this house since yestere'en and so I had my granddaughter lead me down to Rough Lea to ask for a penny for some meat.

ROGER

What did Mitton say?

DEMDIKE

He called me a ditch drab and bade me be off.

ROGER

And what then?

DEMDIKE

I trudged back up' hill.

ROGER

What happened to Mitton?

DEMDIKE

He ran at my granddaughter and something felled him.

BALDWIN

Was it you?!

Roger looks threateningly at Baldwin.

ROGER

How came he to run at your
granddaughter?

DEMDIKE

I just saw him on his belly. She'd
best tell on that!

ROGER

She will. Now stand back, I would
talk with your daughter.

Roger turns to Squinting Lizzy.

WILSEY

Come out here and mind your
manners!

Lizzie slouches forward sullenly. She is very tall, and big boned with long black tangled greasy hair and a terrible squint with both eyes moving the opposite way. Her mouth is set in a malicious sneer and she seems very aggressive.

WILSEY (CONT'D)

Name?!

LIZZEY

Elizabeth Device (angrily).

WILSEY

Condition?

LIZZEY

John Device's widow.

ROGER

Why did you go?

LIZZEY

The old 'un hadn't come back.

ROGER

Then why did you just sit there on
the hill, watching?

LIZZEY

Doing nowt. Just sitting!

Roger turns to the youngest.

ROGER
Your name?

ALICE
(Late teens, about
Margery's age. Smaller
and slimmer than her
mother, with crafty
darting eyes and a thin
face. Similar filthy
clothes.)
Alice Device, sir.

ROGER
What passed between you and Harry
Mitton?

ALICE
I didn't say nowt, Sir!

ROGER
Did you fling dung....

A peal of laughter comes from near the window.

YOUTH
Hey, hey! Dung for the old...ugh,
He stops as Wilsey gives him a shove.

ALICE
It's just my brother, sir. He's
moon-kissed.

ROGER
So did you fling that dung.

ALICE
No, Sir, and if there's only one
agin me.

Alice grins insolently.

ROGER
You see her meaning, Richard? Only
one witness and I can't commit....

Richard is looking furious and slapping his whip against his
boots. Alice's grin gets bigger.

ALICE

If it's not a matter for the law,
could it be a matter for the church
and its wardens? I'll warrant there
is still some strength in your arm?

Richard grabs Alison by the clothes on her back and hustles her out and we hear her three shrieks. The girl is then thrust back through the door, muttering and cursing under her breath and twisting around trying to feel her back. Margery rises up and beckons the small child under her cloak, out of doors with her. The child obediently follows.

20

EXT. MOOR OUTSIDE MALKIN TOWER - DAY

20

Margery gets her bread and cheese out of her saddle bag and gives it to the little girl who attacks it like a starving dog. As she eats she clings tenaciously to what remains as if frightened that someone might take it off her again. Margery watches intently, surprised that the child is so starved.

The child, when finished, goes burrowing in the grass, snatching up crumbs and eating them. She then lies on her back, in the sun, with a satisfied grunt.

MARGERY

Is that better, little maid?

The child nods and sighs happily. Margery sits in the grass by her side.

MARGERY (CONT'D)

And what do they call you?

JENNET

Jennet.

MARGERY

Jennet what?

JENNET

Jennet Device.

MARGERY

So, Alison is your sister, then?

Jennet nods and sits up. She scrutinises Margery from top to toe.

JENNET

Who are you?

MARGERY

I am a cousin of Master Nowell,
come on a journey to visit him.

JENNET

I like you.

Margery smiles.

MARGERY

Oh, that's ve.....

Sudden voices by the door bring Jennet to her feet and she dives through the ragged bit of fence and runs off, like a hare. Roger and Baldwin are walking slowly to the horses.

ROGER

There's no profit in it. You know very well that where there's no confession, I must have at least two witnesses to commit for witchcraft.

BALDWIN

There's ways of getting a confession...

ROGER

Aye, ways enough! But I'm a Justice of the Peace in this county of Lancaster, not a Spaniard turned loose in the Low Countries. Let that be held in mind.

Baldwin is getting into his saddle.

BALDWIN

It stinks before the Lord!

ROGER

It's not my way, Richard and I'll not do it!

BALDWIN

On your head be it then, Roger!

He wheels around and canters off. Roger turns slowly to Margery.

ROGER

The fear of God is the root of some evils. It's a way fear has.

21 EXT. WHALLEY/HIGH STREET - DAY

21

Margery and Roger are riding up the road.

ROGER

In the old days, one Dobson was
Vicar when I was wed here, in
Whalley Abbey. A jovial fellow,
even if he was a Papist.

MARGERY

A Papist, Sir, in the King's
church?

ROGER

Aye and after him was a reading
parson.

MARGERY

Reading?

ROGER

He read what was in the Prayer Book
and then suffered us to leave. But
this rogue Ormerod who's plagued us
this six years, is not content with
that. He's got a Preaching Licence
and now we don't know when we'll
dine!

Margery laughs.

MARGERY

And how does this Master Ormerod
preach?

ROGER

Like a quinsied duck!.....

He points at the inn they are arriving at.

ROGER (CONT'D)

At least having to ride to our
parish church, we have to put our
horses up at the inn. So we can
comfort our throats before we heave
insults at the devil!

22 INT. WHALLEY ABBEY CHURCH - DAY

22

The puritan preacher is droning away in the pulpit and Roger
is sleeping, blatantly, next to her, in a new family pew.

The church is packed and Margery, in her orange-tawney habit, lets her eyes roam surreptitiously around.

She sees a chantry, nearby with the Nowell arms in its window. There are four women in black in it. One of these women was looking at her. Margery swings her head and dutifully looks at the preacher. But she suddenly feels all fearful and her heart is racing (sound of Margery's heavy, rapid breathing and she puts her hand on her heart. Sudden sinister music).

A little while later, Margery ventures to look around again and sees a very respectable looking woman in black taffeta and a white lace collar, white stomacher and plumes in her black beaver. The woman's face is finely chiselled with a pointed chin.

The woman turns quickly and stares full at Margery. Margery cannot look away. The eyes hold her. The eyes are deep pools radiating a frightening force, wave after wave. Margery's heart pounds and she is suddenly freezing.

Suddenly the sun shines through the window. The preacher says "The Lord go with you" and everyone gets up. The spell is broken. Roger takes Margery's arm and strolls out of the church, looking at the ceiling and enjoying everyone's interest in Margery.

23

EXT. WHALLEY ABBEY CHURCH - DAY

23

Roger stands outside putting on his gauntlets and the lady whom Margery has seen leaves her group and hurries over to talk. Her smile is charming.

ROGER

Give me leave, Ma'am, to introduce my cousin, Mistress Whitaker. She's my guest just now. Cousin, here's Mistress Alice Nutter of the Rough Lea.

Margery curtseys and it is returned.

ALICE

(In a deep, well modulated voice)
You are welcome to Pendle, Mistress. But the gossip runs that you have come alone: no woman with you?

MARGERY

Well, alone, but I am my cousin's guest.

Alice laughs (a little affectedly).

ALICE

We'll acquit you of the improprieties, Mistress and surely Master Nowell, too.

ROGER

(With a shade of irony)
Madam, my thanks.

ALICE

You've been already to my poor house, I am told. Please to come again soon and we'll try then to give you a friendlier welcome.

Turning to Roger.

ALICE (CONT'D)

What of these women, Sir?

ROGER

You may suppose, Ma'am that if there'd been anything against them, they'd have been committed.

Roger bows dismissively and Margery curtsies, but Alice outdoes them both with her charming smile and her perfectly graceful curtesy. Alice walks off down the path.

ROGER (CONT'D)

She's mighty civil. She's after something, I think ... well, the inn!

Roger and Margery walking along.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Did you mark the glass in my chantry?

MARGERY

Yes, Sir, of the Nowels.

ROGER

Indeed and paid for yearly by our family. I cam back from a holiday, however and found others using it.
(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)

These refused to return my holding to me upon my return and required cold steel before they understood my right. Alas, they then bade their ladies sit in it.

MARGERY

And what then, Sir?

ROGER

I then invited Alice to use it. She was irked at having no pew and having to share the nave with the commoners and gladly accepted my invitation. No man, or woman dares come near her and hers, strangely enough So then I found me a pew in a barn, tidied it up and stuck it in the main body of the church.

His silly, high eyebrows make Margery laugh. Roger stops by the door of the inn and suddenly looks grave.

ROGER (CONT'D)

You were not at ease with Mistress Nutter?

MARGERY

I'll not deny it, Sir.

Roger smiles again.

ROGER

Little cousin, you've a most excellent, good nose!

He turns and goes into the inn.

24

INT. ROGER'S HOUSE/HALLWAY - DAY

24

Margery in hall and Roger coming through to answer the door. Margery curtsies as a large, jovial well wrapped man in boots and spurs clomps in at the door. He is a few years older than Roger and very tanned faced.

MASTER NICK BANISTER

Lord of Grace, Roger! Is she your own?

ROGER

I've told you, Nick, my distant cousin, although I could wish she were nearer: Margery Whitaker.

NICK

I'll call her Margery, if she will give me leave, eh, lass?

Nick is smiling kindly at Margery.

MARGERY

Why, gladly, Sir!

ROGER

We'd best be getting on with the hearings, then, Nick! I will get some drink and food brought in for you, as we are running a little late.

They start to move off towards a door.

NICK

But what of your Margery? Is she to be banished from this?

ROGER

Do you know ought of law, my dear?

MARGERY

I have Latin, Sir, and a good hand...?

ROGER

An angel has sent us a secretary to save me from the pen and the blots!

They enter a room.

25

INT. ROGER'S HOUSE/JUSTICE ROOM - DAY

25

Roger and Nick are behind a big wooden table at one end of the room. Margery is at right angles to them, but at the table, with quills, ink horn, sand, parchments, etc. Richard Baldwin, the church warden is sitting against the wall at right angles and Wilsey is bringing in various prisoners.

Silent tableaux (with music) of three different prisoners coming and going with Roger and Nick issuing various sentences. A young embarrassed man; a mid twenties, slutty, aggressive female; a very scowling, dirty middle aged man.

Tom Peyton comes into the room and calls out.

TOM PEYTON

Widow, Anne Redfern of the Rough
Lee. Presented by Richard Baldwin,
church warden for that she came not
to the New Church for Divine
service the Sunday last agone.

He leans back out of the door, and gets hold of and draws in
a female in her thirties with blonde hair, and the same,
drooping mouth, shifty eyes and scowl of the Device family.

ROGER

Where we you?

ANNE

At 'oam, aseeing to ma mother!

ROGER

What ailed her?

Anne is rolling her eyes in exasperation and putting her
tongue to push out her cheek.

ANNE

Age, like enough! She'd a great
warch in her bones.

ROGER

Your daughter was home with you?

Anne looks insolently at Roger.

ANNE

And so?

Roger is becoming angered with her insolent stare.

ROGER

...SO..... she could have stayed
with your mother and her rheumatics
and you could have gone to do your
duty?

Roger nods to Margery.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Put it down as a full fine of
twelve pence.

ANNE

And HOW am I to pay this fine
then?!

ROGER
End of session! Constable!

Wilsey take Anne Redfern out. Roger and Nick go through the door to the house. As Margery gathers up her materials, Richard Baldwin comes up to her

RICHARD
You're schooled in more than scriptures, Mistress. My Grace can write a few words, but she'll no make a clerk. You'll be a pride to them as reared you.

MARGERY
My poor best, Sir.

ROGER
None so poor! Remember your promised Welcome at Wheathead, if you choose to ride over one day.

MARGERY
That I'll surely do and thanks.

Margery's smile secretly broadens as she walks through the door and into the hallway.

26 INT. ROGER'S HOUSE/PARLOUR - DAY

26

Nick, Roger and Margery

NICK
That Redfern woman is of the infernal sisterhood you keep in Pendle, egh?

ROGER
Our Witch brood? Aye, her and her chattering dam who the locals call Chattox. She is a Whittle however. Baldwin is hot against both broods who seem to believe that they have the powers to kill from a distance, for some reason.

NICK
Be nit at too great odds with Richard Baldwin, Roger, he could be a stout friend when their is such villainy abroad.

ROGER

You have the right of it, Nick, yet
Draining his tankard of beer.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I ask myself who'll pay the
Redfern's fine...it'll probably be
me, the anonymous, again.

Roger looks at Margery.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Miles Nutter is bringing some
papers from his father, tomorrow.
As he is going down to see his
uncle, afterwards, I asked him if
he would take you along and
introduce you. That way, you get
introduced to two of our neighbours
and you also learn the way to
Goldshaw.

MARGERY

Thank you, Sir. I'd like that.

27

INT. ANTHONY'S HOUSE/PARLOUR - DAY

27

Miles, Margery, Miles' uncle, Anthony, and Anthony's sister,
Margaret.

MARGARET

How lovely to meet you, my love! Now
that my nephew has met you, perhaps
he will bring you over more
often. Now have some more of my
apple pie.

Anthony wanders over to the window.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

It's not as good as Mistress
Nutter's famed pies, but it will
suffice.

MARGERY

Oh, thank you but no...I've had a
plenteous sufficiency!

Now, Miles, have you heard if
Mistress Holme is going to the
market and bringing that little bit
of ham I asked her to and.....

Her voice recedes as Margery gets up and wanders over to Anthony.

ANTHONY

Eh, it's nice to see your bonny face! It's been two years since my daughter died and she would have been your age.

MARGERY

I am sorry to hear this, Sir. Was this an accident?

ANTHONY

It was very sudden.....and we nine of us know for sure.

Miles suddenly speaking out from in front of the fire with his aunt.

MILES

I am afraid that I must away to the Mill, Margery, will you forgive me if I leave you to return along the track, yourself?

Margery looks a little surprised and 'put out'.

MARGERY

No, I am sure I will manage. Thanks you for your kind hospitality, Mistress.

They busy themselves with gathering up their outdoor clothes.

28

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE/BRIDLETRACK - DAY

28

Margaret and Roger riding along in smart day dress.

ROGER

As a justice, I think it wise that I should sometimes be seen at the Forest church, at New Church, instead of always at Whalley.

MARGERY

What is the vicar, Sir?

ROGER

He's only a curate. He still preaches, but not as vilely as Ormerod.

(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)

How did your ride go with Miles?
Did you like his aunt and uncle?

MARGERY

Very much, Sir, but what happened
to Anne Nutter?

ROGER

She died in bed of something
painful, I know not what, but the
rest of Pendle is sure they know..

MARGERY

And?

ROGER

They say by craft of witches.
Anthony and his sister are papists,
you know, so Baldwin might not be
too keen to hear that Miles and you
have been a visiting them.

They arrive at the New Church and Richard Baldwin ushers them
inside. Baldwin is wearing his church warden's gown.

Camera pans and zooms to the valley below.

29

EXT. OUTSIDE THE NEW CHURCH - DAY

29

Roger and Margery come out and Roger engages in conversation
with Dick Nutter. Wilsey comes out and grins hello to Margery
and then looks at the two groups emerging: the Devices and the
Chattox and her daughter, Anne Redfern. Baldwin comes up to
Margery.

BALDWIN

And what did you make of that
sermon, Mistress Whitaker?

There is a bustle in the crowd, suddenly. There is a yell of
fury from Alizon Device as Ann Redfern slaps her cheek.

ALIZON

You goddam bitch!

ANNE

Here's another!

She slaps the other cheek

ANNE (CONT'D)

That's for a whoring drab!

Roger comes up behind them and flicks his whip across Redfern's shoulders and she screams.

ROGER

That's enough, you alley cats!

ALIZON

Serves you right, you pissing cow!

She starts to run off when Roger's whip catches her on the thigh. She grasps her thigh, screams and runs off.

Baldwin looks furious.

MARGERY

There is a verse in the 78th
Psalm.....is there not?

Richard earnestly searches his memory and then a slow smile crosses his face and he chuckles.

BALDWIN

Well said Mistress!..."And he smote
his enemies in the hinder parts?"

30 INT. ROGER'S HOUSE/JUSTICE ROOM - DAY

30

Margery is scribbling at the off-side of the justice's table with Roger at the main side and the constable droning on. Margery looks up and sees Miles Nutter call at the house. A minute later, or so, he re-emerges, mounts and rides away.

31 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE/BRIDLETRACK - DAY

31

Margery riding in russet coloured homespuns: not as fine as her orange-tawny habit with the lace, and feather, etc. A young man comes cantering towards her around the bend ahead. It is Miles. He reins in immediately upon recognising her, and flourishes his hat. He is very handsome with dark curls and a tan.

MILES

Heyday! I'm enchanted, madam! But
may I know your purpose this day?

MARGERY

I ride out to view the moorlands.

MILES

May I view these by your side?

MARGERY

I shall be happy of your escort,
Sir.

They ride on.

MARGERY (CONT'D)

I saw you call, yesterday. You
stayed scarcely a minute.

MILES

(Embarrassedly)

I was somewhat hurried, I'm afraid.

MARGERY

I wonder, Sir, that you bothered to
visit at all!.....

Miles looks acutely uncomfortable

MARGERY (CONT'D)

Never mind, Master Nutter.
Now what is that, up there?

They ride on and eventually come to a turn.

MILES

Goldshaw is down here and a most
pleasant ride.

MARGERY

Oh, I ride for Barley and then for
Wheathead.

MILES

There is nothing at a Wheathead, I
do assure you.

MARGERY

By your leave, Sir, I wish to visit
at the mill, there. Do I have the
honour of your escort?

Miles looks very ashamed and heated.

MILES

Madam, I do be...er, it grows late
and...and I'd best be returning!

Miles turns his horse, and canters off up the hill out of
sight. Margery looks shocked and angry at such ill treatment.

MARGERY

Well! I never!

She rides on and arrives at the mill to be greeted by Richard Baldwin coming out with the tucked up sleeves of his dusty shirt, breeches and apron. Baldwin helps Margery to dismount, gives the bridle to a groom and leads Margery alongside the bank of the pool, into the mill.

32

INT. BALDWIN'S HOUSE/PARLOUR - DAY

32

A bonny young woman, of Margery's age hurries to greet them and curtsies.

BALDWIN

Here's Mistress Whitaker, come from Read, Grace. I grow proud of my daughter, these days, Mistress.

GRACE

From what I hear, Mistress, he's proud of his guest, too. Come through and you can dismantle.

MARGERY

Thank you.

They go upstairs into Grace's room.

GRACE

You will stay for lunch, Mistress, my father is depending on it?

MARGERY

Most willingly, but on the condition that you stop calling me Mistress.

GRACE

But you are kin of the squire!...

MARGERY

But only the daughter of a very poor divine!I shall be calling you Grace, anyhow. And do you have siblings, Grace?

GRACE

I have two brothers studying abroad and I had a sister.

MARGERY

"Had"?

Sinister music. Shadow passes over the window.

GRACE
Margaret's dead this twelvemonth.
It was talk of Pendle.

MARGERY
What did she die of?

Grace pauses and looks troubled.

GRACE
.....They say she died of witches'
harm. On her twelfth birthday.

33 INT. BALDWIN'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

33

People listening to grace at Baldwin's table. There are Baldwin and his wife and daughter, as well as Margery, above the salt. Below the salt, are two journeymen, two apprentices and two serving girls.

BALDWIN
...through the Lord Jesus Christ,
Amen!

ALL COMPANY
Amen!

The serving girls get up and start to side the worst of the dirty pots.

MISTRSS BALDWIN
You are to be envied, Mistress that
you know the Lord Archbishop.

MARGERY
I-I was no doubt..fortunate.

BALDWIN
Much to be respected and of sound
doctrine! He writes prolifically. I
greatly regret that such books are
hard to come by, in Pendle.

MARGERY
I have my brother's book, Homily on
the Justice of God with me...I
could lend it to you, if you wish
it...?

BALDWIN
(Eagerly)
I would wish indeed, Mistress!

MARGERY

..oh...just two, or three pages got
spoiled on the journey.....

BALDWIN

.....'tis of no moment and my
thanks!

There is a thundering at the door and the door opens to a
vast, merry man with a stuffed backpack.

GRACE

Oh, it is the chapman, Fat Jack!

MISTRESS BALDWIN

Thank the lord! I had just about
run out of all buttons and thread!
I believe that he has just come
from the Rough Lee.

GRACE

That's strange that Miles did not
say ought of him being there when
Miles came this morning!

MISTRESS BALDWIN

(Banteringly)
I suspect that he had his mind on
other things....or a person, dear.

GRACE

Mother!

MARGERY

Oh, so Miles was here with
you...indeed, I passed him.
I will leave you, Mistress, but you
and Grace must promise to send Jack
down to me, at Read, when you have
finished with him!

Grace jumping up and running to fetch Margery's mantle.

GRACE

We will Margery and you must come
back soon! I'll just fetch your
things.

Baldwin is on his feet shaking Margery's hand.

34

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE/BRIDLETRACK - DAY

34

Margery is walking the horse slowly, while deep in thought. She slows to a halt, slithers off, ties him to a tree and makes herself comfortable, lying on a bank. A minute later, there is a rustle and Jennet Device comes slithering down the bank and lands at Margery's feet.

JENNET

'Lo! I've been lookin'!

MARGERY

Looking at what, Jennet?

Jennet's eyes stray longingly to the horse.

JENNET

Just you.

MARGERY

I don't think there's any cheese,
today. Let's look, shall we?

They explore the saddle bag and find an apple, which Margery gives to Jennet, while they return to the bank.

JENNET

I saw you Sunday at Newchurch!
(sudden snorting laugh)
Alizon can't sit down!

MARGERY

Jennet!

JENNET

And Anne, too! They're all bad, the
Chattox. Even granny's afraid of
them! But Alizon's a bitch, too!

I saw you this morning.....
(She attacks the apple
ferociously)
Miller doesn't like them, either.

MARGERY

Why?

JENNET

He chased her and Granny off his
land. Granny said she's pray for
him!

MARGERY

She'd what?

JENNET

"Pray still and loud" was what she said.....she did, too.

MARGERY

What do you mean "still"?

JENNET

On and on she prayed for his family, for his children, you know, as she walked away.....

MARGERY

And what happened?

JENNET

A girl died, at Baldwin's.

Jennet shows a scar on her forehead.

JENNET (CONT'D)

Alizon threw a pot at me, when they buried the girl.

Suddenly she is off like a hare. Margery looks back down the track and around the corner come the Demdike and Alizon. Margery hurriedly mounts and trots swiftly away.

35

INT. ROGER'S HOUSE/JUSTICE ROOM - DAY

35

Margery and Roger are coming into the Justice room. They are alone.

MARGERY

...oh, and ink...and the fine sand...But I'm well for the quills.

ROGER

Remind me next time we're down the Friargate, in Preston. If the case is bad, though, I could always send someone to see what's to be had in Whalley.

Putting his gown in the back of his chair.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Well, the vestry finally elected a new constable, did I tell you?

MARGERY

No, Sir...?

ROGER

Yes, the fools elected a rank
papist! The fellow's well enough, a
yeoman, only there will be those
who object. I'm just about to swear
him in. Wilsey! Bring Hargreaves
in!

Wilsey brings in a very brown man. Brown eyes and hair, brown
leather jerkin and corduroy breeches. Margery is weighing him
up as the 'swearing in' drones on in the background.

HARGREAVES

Squire, I will get some sort a
training won't a'?

ROGER

Yes, yes! Wilsey will show you
what's done. Off you go!

Roger starts shuffling the papers he had brought in.
Hargreaves turns to Margery.

HARGREAVES

Mistress, Tony Nutter is my
neighbour up at Goldshaw. He said
to say that you would be most
welcome should you choose to ride
up their way, in the next day, or
so.

MARGERY

Thank you kindly, Sir. I shall most
certainly.

ROGER

Now, Hargreaves, I want you to
.....(voices fade out)

Margery gathers up her writing things and leaves the room.

36

INT. ANTHONY'S HOUSE/PARLOUR - DAY

36

Sitting around the fire with a small tea table are Margery,
Anthony and his sister, Margaret.

MARGARET CROOK

We're so glad you came. We wished
you to come..

ANTHONY

We expected you. Harry brought your
answer.

MARGERY

Harry?

ANTHONY

Neighbour Hargreaves, our new constable. Hargreaves holds to the faith of his fathers.
(looking straight at Margery)
and so do Margaret and I.

Anthony gets up and leans on the mantle with his ale

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

He's an odd choice for constable, though....

MARGARET

....I think he'll be a very proper constable. Everyone else will think so too, apart from a few sourfaces.

ANTHONY

What about our Alice? She's a sourface and a heretic enough?

MARGARET

Oh...I, I, ...Alice speaks fair of everyone..

ANTHONY

Aye, indeed,....so she..... speaks.
(Suddenly) What the devil?
Who's...?

He goes to the window.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

It's Miles!

Margery looks displeased.

Silent (music over) tableau: Miles is shown in. He has a drink and a chat and then leaves with Margery.

37

EXT. PENDLE/BRIDLETRACK - DAY

37

They ride together up the track away from Anthony Nutter's house.

MILES

(Tentatively and embarrassedly)
I owe you apology, Madam. I'm very conscious of it and most regretful.

MARGERY

(Haughtily)
If you had good reason not to ride
to Wheathead, you might have said
so with more frankness.....and
certainly a deal more courtesy.

MILES

I certainly erred.....but the
circumstances were very....(he
looks distressed). I am so
sorry....I'd no wish to...

He stares at his horse's neck. Margaret draws rein and faces
him squarely.

MARGERY

It's ill talking when there is
resentment to cloud the
conversation. If you wish to seek
me, when the moon is in its new
quarter, I'll no doubt have found
an answer to your strange
behaviour, by then. I bid you good
day, Master Nutter

She waves Miles away and trots off in unbroken dignity.

38

EXT. MOORLAND/BRIDLETRACK - DAY

38

Margery rides along and, presently, sees a coppice, down at
the bottom of a gentle, grassy slope. She turns off the track
and walks her horse down the slope to near the copse. She
dismounts, sits, rummages some cheese out of her saddle bag
and sits down to eat it. Margery throws off her hat and
shakes out her hair.

When she has eaten most of the cheese, she looks around
(sinister music begins) and looks uncomfortably at the copse.
She sees the deadhedging all the way around and the little
gap with just two diagonal sticks across it.

Margery gets up and enters the copse, seeing that it is a
small plantation of purpley green, straggly plants, with
purple berries. She notices the silence and absence of birds.
Margery squeezes a black berry and then wipes her fingers
disgustedly on her skirt. She then, seeing that they are not
clean enough, puts her two fingers into her mouth and
immediately, shouts out in disgust, screws up her face and
frantically spits, repeatedly, while looking at her hand and
backing out of the copse, heading for her horse.

Sleepy, harmonious music.

Margery and Roger sit in front of the fire. Roger has nodded off over his wine and Margery is still sipping it. She rubs her fingers together: they are still somewhat benumbed and she looks over at the bookcase.

(Music changes to sinister)

Margery suddenly gets up and fetches a book, bringing back to her seat. She fetches a candelabra for her side table and opens what we see is Gerard's Herbal. She flicks through the pages until she finds the page with he sought plants. Margery reads aloud under her breath..... and then she exclaims

MARGERY

Oh!

Roger jerks awake.

MARGERY (CONT'D)

You look like you've seen a ghost!

ROGER

I...I think I have!
What's the tale?

MARGERY

I found a small plantation in a
copse, down in a valley, the other
side of Goldshaw, today. The plants
had foul tasting black berries and
I looked them up in your herbal.
They were Belladonna Atropa. Very
poisonous!

Roger gets up, puts some wood on the fire and leans on the mantelpiece, looking at Margery.

MARGERY (CONT'D)

You die raving!

ROGER

Raving...not seeing what is there,
and twisting and ranting...I've
seen it!

MARGERY

With your eyes agape!

ROGER

Eyes big and wide...and I've seen
that, too.....here, in Pendle

He looks into the fire.

Margery leaves her seat and comes up to Roger.

MARGERY

You've seen these things in a dying
man?

ROGER

No, a little girl....Anne Nutter,
Anthony's daughter!

Roger takes his glass and raises it to Margery.

ROGER (CONT'D)

You have done well, little
cousin....very well. It will be
prudent, however, if we speak of
this to none, just now. We do not
want someone knowing that we know
their secrets?. But whose secrets?
That is the question.

He stares into the fire.

.....As October is upon us, now,
Margery, you will be oarticularly
busy as I have volunteered you,
with your skills in casting
accounts and record keeping, to
help our many neighbours with the
brewing of their October beers.Have
a care and watch that they do not
worm information out of you that we
would keep secret.

40

EXT. (SEVERAL)- DAY

40

Tableaux

Margery arriving, in horseback at a farmhouse and being
greeted.

Margery in a back room with a table full of papers and
writing with a quill.

Margery in a room counting barrels with a man.

Margery at Baldwin's mill pointing at sacks of grain to
Baldwin.

Margery sorting through the contents of Fat Jack's pack
examining ribbons

Margery up in her room, with a maid, trying on the partially
made skirt part of a flaming silk gown and the maid pinning
it.(The weather, through the window is lashing rain and grey
clouds).

41 INT. ROGER'S HOUSE/PARLOUR -EVENING

41

Roger, Margery and Nick Banister sitting around the fire,
sipping wine.

NICK

Getting out of his chair

Well, that coppice is in a lonely
spot.The nearest inhabitants to
that are our Pendle witch
brood...the Chattox crew.

ROGER

Who delved and planted matters
little.But who has knowledge enough
of this thing to order it..to know
about poisoning?

NICK

This poor girl, Anne Nutter, whom
did she speak of in her raving,
before she died?

ROGER

Chattox!

NICK

Humph!.....Well,that were a 'reet
grand' dinner and 'reet kind'of you
to ask me.It's hard work staying a
saddle and facing that cold wind
without a bite inside of one.I must
be off, now, though Roger. My
eyesight is none to good in the
dark.

ROGER

Roger sees Nick to the front door.

Nick has your horse ready for you.
God speed, Nick and see you next
week.

Nick claps Roger on the should and goes out of the door. Roger returns to the parlour.

MARGERY

I noticed that you have not changed for dinner, Sir. Is ought wrong?

ROGER

Do you know the eve, little cousin?

MARGERY

'Tis All Saints Day, tomorrow...?

ROGER

Or rather, it is All Hallows Eve, tonight! There are certain night in the year when the devil stirs our witches and foulness walks abroad. I must be ready to ride at short warning.

MARGERY

Will you take me? I was there, at Malking Tower and I found the poison coppice!

ROGER

Then saftey first! Go don the britches I gave you.

Margery rushes out of the parlour and reappears in ten minutes. They sit listening to the fire and the ticking of the clock. They are getting drowzy when, finally, Tom Leyton appears.

ROGER (CONT'D)

The double watch on, Tom?

He gets up

TOM

Aye, Sir!

ROGER

Come on! We ride! I'm not sitting here, just waiting for villainy!

He throws Margery's boots to her and grabs his own.

Margery, Roger, Tom and another servant are riding together at a brisk trot.

ROGER

Well, we've done New Church, Barley
and along a lot of Pendle Water,
what do you reckon we should look
at next?

TOM PEYTON

There's a country tale that the
devil sits astride those stones
this night o' the year.

ROGER

The Hoarstones! God's grace, Tom, I
think you have it!

They swerve right up a turning and break into a canter,
teaching the Hoarstones quite soon, when they stop and
listen.

ROGER (CONT'D)

It's silent enough, but I've a
plaguey feeling about this.

TOM

Heel's light! Who's that?!

A man is placing something upon one of the stones, he looks
up and runs off.

ROGER

Tom! Joe! After him!

The men gallop off after him. Margery has dismounted and is
bending to inspect the emplace bundle. She picks it up.

It's a baby, Sir!

ROGER (CONT'D)

Exposed to die!

Margery hands the bundle to him, jumps into the saddle, leans
out to take the baby back and puts it under her cloak.

I'm taking him home! Maybe there's
still a spark of life!

She takes up the reins and sets off at a gallop. Roger leaps
into the saddle and follows her.

43

INT. ROGER'S HOUSE/PARLOUR - NIGHT

43

Roger is sitting by the fire with a man before him. The man
is in his early thirties, dark haired and stocky, wet through
and with his clothes in disarray.

ROGER

That is a crucifix around your neck?

The man hastily grabs it and thrusts it within his clothing

ROGER(CONTD) (CONT'D)

And you are Southworth, the Massing priest?

SOUTHWORTH

I am of the English Mission

ROGER

Is it part of that mission to bring cold death the children?

SOUTHWORTH

I was baptizing him

ROGER

And you stayed, despite hearing us?..Grace, Man, I'll own your courage!

Southworth gives a big shiver

MARGERY

Despite being a papist, Sir, I do not think the man a rogue. Could I not offer some comforts?

Roger waves consent and Margery invites Southworth to her chair, gives him a glass of wine and puts her cloak around him.

ROGER

Why baptism?

SOUTHWORTH

Pendle harbours a vile brood of witches who murder babies for their fat which they season with herbs, which ointment can kill slowly.

ROGER

Wherefore came you upon this knowledge, sir papist?

SOUTHWORTH

In Bodin, Delrio, or Boguet...or best of all the Malleus Maleficarum.

(MORE)

SOUTHWORTH (CONT'D)

I would that I could get it to
you....Pendle has great need of it!

ROGER

Perhaps, Master Southworth, but,
meanwhile, it is treason for such a
one as you to enter into our
realm. Hanging and drawing is for
the traitor!

Margery looks horrified.

But how I will work it on a man who
has warmed himself by my fire, I do
not know.

SOUTHWORTH

(To Margery)

Whatever will befall me, Mistress, let me thank you for your
great kindness to me, this night.

Roger is opening the curtains and the window

ROGER

Humph!.....It is but six feet
from the ground. One night some
rogue will climb in here.

Roger comes over to Margery by the hearth.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Come, we had better find some paper
for the Mittimus

They leave the room. Returning in a little while, the room is
empty and, in top of Margery's cloak is a silver filigree
crucifix.

44

EXT. TRACK UP TO CONSTABLE HARGREAVES' HOUSE - DAY

44

ROGER

You'd best hide that cross within
your clothes, little cousin. That
silver filigree workmanship is of
no common sort and some people,
therefore, might recognise it. The
statute is severe for those who
comfort a Massing priest!

Margery hastily thrusts the cross inside her jerkin.

They rein in outside a small squat farmhouse and Hargreaves looks out from a nearby byre. His face lights up with pleasure.

HARGREAVES

Master Nowell! You are most welcome here, Sir! Step in awhile, step in! Try some of the wife's best ale!

Mistress Hargreaves come to the door, smiling and nodding, while drying her hands in her apron.

ROGER

That's kind of you Hargreaves, but I am only dropping in to tell you of last night and bid you look for parents, or at least a mother who mourns a child.

HARGREAVES

A child, Sir?

ROGER

A babe which was left exposed on the Hoarstones last night.

Hargreaves does not look surprised

HARGREAVES

'Twill be one of these limbs of Satan, sir. They should be burned out, root and branch!

ROGER

It's hanging that this law provides, but I'll not commit until you have furnished proof, Hargreaves.

HARGREAVES

I'd like to find proof about the whole damned coven, Sir.

ROGER

Well, bestir yourself! I must be off. There is much to do. (To Hargreaves' wife) Good day to you mistress! Another day, I shall try your October! (Mistress Hargreaves smiles and curtsies). Bid you good day, Hargreaves.

HARGREAVES

God go with you kindly, Sir!

Margery and Roger ride away.

MARGERY

Did you note that they already had this news, Sir and that they were most grateful to you for your kindly dealing with the priest?

45

INT. ANTHONY'S HOUSE/PARLOUR - DAY

45

ANTHONY

It warms me to see you here - both of you. I hope to see you many times

ROGER

Handsomely spoken Tony. To what do I owe this warmth?

ANTHONY

To yourself. Yourself, you kindle it

ROGER

My neighbours, I fear, seem to agree to take another view. What's this of a dead child?

Margery is arranging her self on the window seat and catches her breath at the trap. Anthony walks straight into it

ANTHONY

Child? Have you not heard...

ROGER

Have you?

Anthony now realising his mistake stops but manages to maintain his dignity

ANTHONY

Master Nowell, you know as well as any man that we who are of the old faith must needs keep an ear to the ground. Hearings keenest so.

ROGER

Thus distant hooves are heard, I'm told- especially flying hooves. But let it be!

(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)

Im not here to search your garrets.
But of this child Tony, who can
tell me its parents?

ANTHONY

I cannot. I've heard it
suggested...

ROGER

I'll not ask by whom. But what?

ANTHONY

That That this poor child was
some witch woman's bastard

ROGER

It could be.. But why?

ANTHONY

It would give two reasons for ...
For what was done

ROGER

The other being the rid of it?

ANTHONY

Just that

There is a silence, Roger sips his ale pensively, Margaret comes in with a cake, but catching Anthony's eye stays silent for once

ROGER

Death has some queer shapes in
Pendle

ANTHONY

Need you tell me that?

ROGER

I'm sorry. You meant your daughter.
I had not meant to remind you

Margaret breaks into the conversation indignant and very much alive.

MARGARET CROOK

You're not to talk of it to him,
Master Nowell. Its bad for him! Any
talk of Ann and he can talk of
naught else for the day, and he
goes to bed in a humour as black as
a pall.

(MORE)

MARGARET CROOK (CONT'D)

It's more then bad for him,so we
will have more cheerful talk by
your leave

ROGER

My most willing leave... How is
master Miles these days?

Margaret sets off talking an avalanche of words.

MARGARET CROOK

Miles is excellent, he visit us
once a week and never lets the
weather stay him, but that is how
he is. Oh speaking of visiting I
hope to see Mistress Margery
visiting together with Master
Miles,again.That was very proper,
and if they.....

Margery is obviously made uncomfortable about this and looks
to Rodger for help as the words wash over her. Rodger is also
getting impatient. These looks are not lost on Anthony who
dives in the moment his sister pauses for breath

ANTHONY

You are the soul of charity, my
dear, you give Miles all the
virtues. And truly he has at least
some of them.

Roger rise up and takes his cloak.

ROGER

We must be off and I thank you for
your kind hospitality.

Roger and Margery leave with Margery smiling, nodding and
murmuring her thanks.

46

EXT. BRIDLETRACK - DAY

46

Margery and Roger trotting along, half way down a long gentle
slope.

ROGER

The sun's still high and the horses
fresh, we'll ride to Wheathead and
bid Baldwin do his duty and take
order for the child's burial.It's
fairly in his...Hell and the devil!

Margaret looks up and sees, fifty yards in front of them, a tumbled down cottage and unkempt garden, walking out of which, to her fine, tethered horse, is Alice Nutter. Roger sweeps off his hat.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Good day to you, Ma'am!

Alice, in a hurry, dropping a minimal curtsey and head nod to Margery, mounts her side saddle, all smiles.

ALICE
Good Day Sir...Mistress

Margery and Roger accompany Alice down the hill.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Displaying her empty basket
We must look to the needy in their
days of grief!

ROGER
Whose grief?

ALICE
Eliza Howgate was lately brought to
bed...a sin, but women can be
weak. the gift of life was not
vouchsafed to that poor child,
however.

Roger stares at Alice

ROGER
Was the child born dead, or has it
become dead?

ALICE
Alice staring coldly at Roger
A stillborn child is not matter to
be blazed abroad. The child was
buried three days ago, but Eliza
is still abed.

Alice turns brightly to smile at Margery
Mistress, we still hope to see you
at our poor house, Miles and I.
Miles shall wait on you and fix a
day.

They have arrived at a road branch.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Are you for Wheathead?

ROGER
Indeed, Ma'am

ALICE
Then you will give me leave, Sir. I
have much to do today.

Roger sweeps off his hat and Alice trots away. They stand and
star after her.

ROGER
You think this babe one and the
same with ours?

MARGERY
It would be an odd chance if not!

ROGER
This Eliza's paramour is a bastard
of our Demdike and half brother to
Squinting Lizzy

Margery whistles

MARGERY
And Alice was in haste to point out
the early burial...she knew of the
babe on the stones....perhaps
whoever laid out that child stayed
hid to watch what befell. Perhaps
this person has contact with our
Alice.

Roger stares at Margery and speaks with a disgusted tone

ROGER
Your poison her and baby's
fat...and raving death....Anne
Nutter may have died so?

MARGERY
It.....has that look

ROGER
Alice is ambitios for her son. Tony
has made Miles his heir....now how
did that come about?

MARGERY

In a low whispering voice
Because Anne died....

ROGER

And that's not all. It comes back
to me now, that there was anothe
Nutter who died oddly and to the
profit of the Rough Lee.....I'll
go visit Tony and Margaret again.
They will know of it.....And you
get yourself to Wheathead, Margery.
Deal with Baldwin in the matter of
this burial.

Roger wheels his horse around
Get you gone and we'll talk at
supper!

Roger canters off

MARGERY

(Softly to herself)
And WHO had learning enough to
order that poison coppice...?

She rides on

47

EXT. BALDWIN'S FLOUR MILL - DAY

47

Margery arrives at the mill and sees Grace using her spinning
wheel and Miles lying in the grass by her side chatting
easily, as Margery reins in.

GRACE

This is a pleasure and not one we
expected. It's a month, or so since
we saw you.

MARGERY

Blame weather and witches, if you
please.

GRACE

I know how it is. Miles has missed
you, too.

Margery turning to Miles for the first time
I didn't know he'd sought me.

The door of the mill opens and Baldwin comes out

BALDWIN
This is a kindness which will
please us all.

MARGERY
I am afraid that it isn't a
kindness, but more our need. I have
messages from my cousin.

BALDWIN
Then come within, Mistress

Miles comes forward and takes Margery's horse as she
dismounts

MILES
Allow me

MARGERY
Thank you

Margery follows Baldwin into the house

48

INT. BALDWIN'S HOUSE/STUDY - DAY

48

There is a table, two chairs a bookshelf with dark, leather
tomes. Open on the table is Margery's copy of her brother's
homily. Margery, upon seeing it, turns hastily away to the
small fire and warms her hands.

MARGERY
Well, last e'en, All Hallows E'en,
as you know, my cousi....

Fade out, with camera looking into the flames. Replay montage
of rescuing the baby left on the stones, playing within this
flame surround. Music.

Fade into Richard's face set within this flame surround, and
then merely lit by the fire.

RICHARD
The pestilence that walketh in
darkness is also the sickness that
destroyeth in the noonday! I feared
there would be some vileness
yesternight!.....But can this child
be given decent burial? Hath it
received Baptism?

MARGERY
Our church permits baptism by the
laity when there is 'extremis'.

RICHARD
Who thought to baptise the child?

MARGERY
Does it signify?

RICHARD
I'll take that as an answer and
make you my compliments.....

Margery looks relieved at not being found out in a direct lie
Then the child can lie in the
ground of the Newchurch. Mr. Town,
there, is a well intentioned man,
but he is corroded with the
Arminian pestilence. His sermons
are rank with it and his
Infralapsarian heresies are.....

The door opens and Grace comes in

GRACE
Father, Mother sends to say that
you must let Margery to attend the
removal of her outer wear before
lunch.

RICHARD
Thank you, Mistress and I will see
you at our board, shortly.

49

INT. ANTHONY'S HOUSE/GRACE'S BEDROOM - DAY

49

The girls come in and Margery removes her hat and tidies her
curls. She looks around for a mirror, but there isn't one.
Grace's bedroom is a spartan one.

MARGERY
Thanks for that, Grace!

Grace laughs

GRACE
Listening to such talk can be
trying work.

MARGERY
(Laugh, as well) Well I have served
a deep apprenticeship in it, at
home!

GRACE

Sitting on her bed and pulling Margery down next to her
 Margery, will you let me tell you
 something about Miles?

Margery shrugs and looks uninterested

MARGERY

He'a nought to me, but fire away.

GRACE

Miles has been visiting me a while,
 now, and, but for his mother, our
 relationship would have blossomed
 into betrothal, I think. I would not
 have you angry with him for his
 seeming to neglect you.

Margery shrugs

MARGERY

How could he neglect me? He is not
 my husband, or kin!....Does your
 father regard him favourably, in
 his suit?

GRACE

Miles' father is of yeoman stock
 and both our fathers would be
 pleased.....

MARGERY

Looks interrogatively at Grace
 The problem being....?

GRACE

Alice, his mother. She wants him to
 marry into the squirearchy,
 and,....and..

MARGERY

...and...don't tell me...she's been
 sending him after me, yes?

GRACE

Yes! It's not that Miles doesn't
 like you! We all do! But it's no...

MARGERY

..yes, yes...I realize.....her own
 family! What a cunning,
 manipulative..

GRACE
She's evil, Margery!

MARGERY
What has she done?

GRACE
Well, Miles won't say ought against his mother, but, I know he suspects something...something not right...but I don't know what, Margery. Just stay out of her way, though.

MARGERY
Perhaps it would be best for the both of you, if I just refused his visits...?

GRACE
Oh, no! No! Do not do that! You do not know what it may drive her to!

Margery stands up and stretches out her hand for Grace to take.

MARGERY
Come! Let's get lunch. All this talk of witches and veiled threat is going to take my appetite away, if I do not get on and demolish one of your mother's lovely pork collops.

They leave the room

50 INT. ROGER'S HOUSE/PARLOUR - EVENING

50

Roger and Margery are sitting in arm chairs before the fire with their wine on occasional tables by their sides. Margery takes hers up and sips.

ROGER
You took order with Baldwin for that burial?

MARGERY
Yes....and there's more....from Grace...but (tentatively) it's secret...

ROGER

Country gossip's not among my faults, Margery!

MARGERY

Well..... Grace and Miles would fain become betrothed, but that Alice is sending Miles out to court me! Apparently, she wants for her family to ally with that of an esquire's.

ROGER

Here's a tale! She'd make you a creature for her advancement, would she? Aye! She'd link her lad with you, and through you, with me, and through ME with half the quality in Lancashire?! Was she drunk when she thought of it? Forbid the lad my house!

MARGERY

Grace is afeared that if we drive Mistress Alice to an extreme, she may do something ill to Grace, herself,.... or me. Also, Miles is our spy, in Mistress Alice's house.....? So I thought...

ROGER

Aye, aye...have it your own way, then, cousin. Be civil to the lad, if you wish, but limit his calls, to avoid gossip.....

Roger leans back in his chair

I, in turn have also learnt a couple of things.

Margery leans in to hear and looks around the room to ensure privacy.

ROGER (CONT'D)

First, just before poor Anthony's daughter, Anne, died, the Chattox and her infernal granddaughter, Alizon, came begging to Anthony's house. Grace was laughing with Alizon, in the kitchen and the Chattox would have it that Anne was laughing at HER.

MARGERY

And then?

Roger shrugs

Who knows, but the poor girl took ill, the next day and died a few weeks later.

MARGERY (CONT'D)

There is no profit to Alice, there.

ROGER

No, but Miles is now Anthony's heir, and the Chattox' dwell on Alice Nutter's land and pay no rent....Perhaps they pay in services rendered...?

Margery leans even further in

MARGERY

And the second thing?

ROGER

Dick Nutter's eldest brother, Robert, was clerk to Sir Richard Shuttleworth of Gawthorp Hall. He took sick and died on the way back from Wales with his master, so Dick and Alice inherited the family farm.

MARGERY

In Wales could hardly be The work of the Pendle Witches....?

Roger eyes her steadily and an odd smile lurks in the corners of his mouth.

There was one servant with Robert: Thomas Redfern, now dead. Thomas Redfern was husband of Anne Redfern and son-in-law of the Chattox.....who dwells on Alice Nutter's land.

51

INT. ROGER'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM - DAY

51

The door opens and Roger and Nick Bannister enter, followed by Margery carrying all of her writing materials and parchments. They are in high good humour. Roger sees that there is a guest waiting for them, at the laid table. The man gets to his feet and hands over some wrapped gifts to Roger. He is mid thirties, of heavy build and with a round, red face.

ROGER

Shaking Tom's hand and giving him a hug.
 Heh day! Tom, what a pleasant
 surprise! Margery, may I present my
 son-in-law, Master Thomas Heber
 married to my Anne....Nick, you
 know Tom!

Margery curtsies

NICK

Shaking Tom's hand
 I do, indeed. Good morrow to you,
 Tom.

TOM

Good morrow to you all, and a happy
 birthday to you, especially, father-
 in-law. I have just ridden over to
 bring you these gifts and carry
 Anne's best wishes to you. She bids
 me remind you that you and Margery
 are to be our guests at Marton over
 the twelve days of Christmas.

Roger laughs. He is opening his presents.

ROGER

Indeed! How could we forget? And I
 must see my grandchildren! Are they
 well grown!

TOM

Aye! Too big, too many, too loud!

ROGER

Laughing

That's as it should be!

TOM

Anne says you are fifty, today

ROGER

Ugh! I believe so. Give her my
 thanks for her kindness. Well, what
 with her scarves, Margery's gloves
 and Nick's tinder box, I shall not
 catch cold, this winter!..Come
 on, my friends. Ply the knives, for
 we still have an afternoon law
 session!

They start eating their cold collation and Roger pours the wine.

TOM

Swigging a lot of wine
You heard tell we caught a Jesuit?

ROGER
(Sharply) A what?!

TOM
One of your own folk, Sir. The
rogue's a Southworth, of your
Salisbury family.

NICK
Christopher Southworth?

TOM
Aye, we'd had warning he was at
large, and when some of us spied
him lurking in a coppice while we
were a fowling, we stayed him with
our fowling pieces.

ROGER
And then?

TOM
Why then, after he admitted
priestcraft and his name, we lodged
him safely and wrote to our
Lieutenant. Apparently, though, the
fellow's treasons being all in
Lancashire, your Earl of Derby is
to ask the first questions of him.
Did you ever hear o' that?

ROGER
It's not uncommon...

TOM
Pouring more wine
...Aye, but the Earl sent one of
his own gentlemen to escort the
rogue: a gay, young spark, all lace
and fripperies.....pshaw! A babe
at arms!

Tom swigs off a whole glass. Margery looks apprehensively at
Roger, who glances back.

52

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE/BRIDLETRACK - DAY

52

Margery is riding out alone, when she meets Miles coming around the corner.

MILES

Good Morrow, Mistress! And where do you ride, so early?

MARGERY

Good Morrow, Sir! I do but use errands between housekeepers as an excuse to visit your aunt: not but I require one, as she is ever welcoming.

MILES

(Looking awkward) Madam,..... did Grace explai....

MARGERY

...She did, indeed. Your strange behaviour is accounted for, and I forgive you your apparent rudeness.

She put out her hand and shakes with him
And, as we are to be friends, you can stop calling me Madam, and I shall just call you Miles....Now, I must on! Do you call at my cousin's?

MILES

Aye, I have law papers about land from my father, for him to help with.

They continue riding in their own directions and Margery calls back over her shoulder

MARGERY

Give my best to Grace, when you see her!

Margery rides on a little and sees that her small track joins the road, below, whereon are riding two pairs of men. The pair at the back are dark clad servants, and of the front pair, one is gaily glad in a green cloak and lace trimmed hat, and the other is the sombrely clad Christopher Southworth. Margery instantly recognises the group and look apprehensive about Southworth.

As the group enter the cutting in the road below, Margery, suddenly comes to a mental decision, and rides wildly down towards it, as if her horse has run away. Her horse hits the opposite bank of the road below, and stumbles. Margery sails over the horse's head and lands in a pile of autumn leaves on the opposite bank across the road. The wind is knocked out of Margery and she fights for breath in long-drawn, noisy whooping.

Her hands are suddenly seized, pulled up and out, and then they are driven hard into her stomach. This drives the remaining air out and lets her breathe rhythmically, again.

Margery looks up and sees the sky and then a tanned, young face, with laughing eyes and a cheerful grin. She gives a few more gasps and then rolls over as though in pain. She sees one servant gazing at her and the other catching her horse, while holding his own, and she begins to cough again and heave herself about.

GENTLEMAN

Pray tell me, Madam, are you
afflicted of St. Vitus' dance?

Margery rolls onto the other side to conceal her embarrassment and the gentleman prods her with his whip and placidly shakes out his cloak. Margery arises to her feet, spluttering with indignation. With relief, she sees Southworth galloping towards a belt of trees.

GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)

Lord of Hell!

He and his servants race off after their escaped prisoner.

53

INT. ROGER'S HOUSE/PARLOUR - EVENING

53

Margery sitting by the fire and Roger standing by the fireplace, drinking wine.

ROGER

....well, I've liking enough for
the seminary to have no wish to see
him gutted.....'Impudence in
petticoats' is what I would call
you, little cousin!

Margery smothers a smile

So this gentleman is around his
early twenties...and his
appearance?

MARGERY

Of good stature, broad shoulders
hair and eyes hazel and...

Roger grins, slyly, at Margery and moves off to look through the window, as the twilight is setting in

ROGER

...(Teasingly)He seems to have had
your best
attention.....(Suddenly)Did the
fellow ride a chestnut with a white
blaze?

MARGERY

Yes, and..

She runs to look out of the window with him and sees three men dismounting.She arranges her curls and looks wildly around for a mirror.

I'll just go and...

She starts away for the door, but Roger catches and holds her by the arm

ROGER

Oh, no, you won't ...the price of
impudence,Madam!

Knock at the door

ROGER (CONT'D)

Come!

He walks over to the door through which comes the gentleman, who pauses, bows and says

GENTLEMAN

Master Nowell, Justice of the
Peace, Sir?

ROGER

(Bowing)I have that honour

GENTLEMAN

Francis Hilliard at your service,
Sir. I serve the Earl of Derby and
have need of your help.

ROGER

Come take some wine and state your
need, Master Hilliard.

They step away from the door, towards the fire. Margery emerges from over the other side of the room, where she had been standing in the shadows.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Give me leave to introduce my most cherished cousin, Mistress Whittaker.

Margery comes forward and curtsies.

MARGERY

I am in your debt, Sir, for services rendered this day.

ROGER

My thanks go with hers, also, Sir.

Francis is surprised, but he quickly recovers himself

FRANCIS

I trust, Madam, you came to no hurt. My apologies for deserting you, but I had a pressing urgency.

MARGERY

Pray think nothing of it.

She hands him some wine she has just poured.
You'll see from this that I hold no resentment.

ROGER

So what do you require my help with, Master Hilliard?

FRANCIS

A prisoner I was escorting to the Earl, for questioning, has, unfortunately, just escaped, hard by. He is the Catholic priest, Christopher Southworth.

ROGER

If you could find nothing of him by day, you will find as little by night. Sir, you will rest our guest, here, while I instigate inquiries.

He rings a bell pull, near his chair.

FRANCIS

I thank you sir, and apologise for the trouble we cause you.

ROGER

Pshaw! I do but my job...and how come you to do yours, Sir?

FRANCIS

I was given the appointment of gentleman of the Earl's household, on the strength of a letter from a friend of my sister's husband, one Tom Covell, the gaoler of Lancaster Castle

ROGER

Hah! Old Tom!.....the rogue! Though...a letter from old Tom would stand anyone well with those of rank!

FRANCIS

Yes, he is a good friend of my sister's family, and has been kind to me. I am a younger son and must earn my way....and now I have lost my first charge!

ROGER

Fear not, Master Hilliard. I will institute search and enquiry and Mistress Whittaker here, who knows this Pendle area well, will conduct you to the various villages where you also may make enquiry, if you so wish.

There is a knock at the door and Tom Peyton comes in

ROGER (CONT'D)

Ah, Tom, escort Mister Hilliard up to his bedroom and billet his men, please.

TOM

(Carrying two candles, in portable holders)
Certainly, Sir. If you will step this way, Master Hilliard, please.

They exit. Margery starts to leave, as well, when Roger catches her arm.

ROGER

When you marry, I'll approve no husband who has not a stout arm, to keep you in a decent order!

(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)

Meanwhile, you are well placed in
Pendle.

He is lighting her candle from a candle on the mantelpiece

MARGERY

(Looking all innocence) Why in
Pendle, Sir?

ROGER

You weave enchantments.....

He hands her her candle

God keep you, Margery.

54

EXT. ROGER'S HOUSE/FRONT DRIVE - DAY

54

Margery is just coming out of the house towards the two
horses, where Francis Hilliard is adjusting the saddle
girths.

Miles Nutter rides up and hails Margery from his horse
back. Margery walks up to him

MILES

(Bowing) Good morrow, Margery. I
hope I don't intrude?

MARGERY

We have a guest, Miles. That is all.

MILES

Then I hope that you will forgive
me, but I come at the repeated
request of my mother, but more
especially, at the alarm of
Grace. Grace is afraid that if I am
not seen to be courting you and
bringing you to visit, my mother
will take it into her head to act
against us.

MARGERY

Oh, well! Needs must! I cannot have
poor Grace wretched. Come.

She walks away, over to Francis.

Master Hilliard, give me leave to
introduce Master Nutter.

Francis looks irritated, but bows to Miles, who responds,
courteously

FRANCIS
Your servant, Sir.

MARGERY
Master Nutter comes with an invitation to a morning visit at his Mother's house, in Rough Lee. It is up in Pendle Forest, near where your priest escaped, so folk there may have heard something. That is to your taste, I hope?

Francis helps Margery to mount and then mounts up, himself.

FRANCIS
I'll be guided by you.

The three people ride off at a walk, chatting.

55

INT. ROUGH LEE/PARLOUR - DAY

55

Alice Nuttterr enters, talking over her shoukder to her three visitors. She is dressed in black taffeta, with white, laced collar and white laced cap with a silver girdle and chatelaine. She is talking over her shoulder to her guests, as they enter.

ALICE
We have heard a deal about you from Miles and I have been asking him when we should have this honour.

MARGERY
Miles has been the best of guides. I am still learning this Pendle Forest.

ALICE
I am glad he has been useful. It is so kind of you to favour us with this visit.

Turning to Francis and smiling
Pray, Sir, do you stay in Pendle long?

FRANCIS
In truth, Madam, I know not. Would not have intruded upon you, had there not been an urgency.

Alice looks annoyed

ALICE

Oh, indeed? So this visit is not one of mere humdrum neighbourly kindness, then?(Smiling dangerously)

FRANCIS

No, indeed.

Margery looks annoyedly at him

I seek a priest who escaped from my escort under which he was bound for my master, the Earl of Derby.C

ALICE

(Coldly)I will make inquiry into this..

The door opens and a maid enters with a pies, plates, mugs of ale, etc. Conversation fades out with music over and montage while they eat, of Alice shooting covert, ill intentioned glances at Margery; Miles shifting uncomfortably, and looking at his Mother;Miles eating and chatting generally and then becoming uncomfortable when Alice starts shooting glares at him.Eventually, he rises to his feet.

FRANCIS

Abruptly and a bit awkwardly

I must thank you for your marvellous apple pie and kind courtesy, Mistrss Nutter, but I must continue with my investigations and Margery has promised to conduct me.

Margery rises, too (anxious to escape Alice's hostile scrutiny)

MARGERY

Thank you greatly for your kind hospitality, Mistrss Nutter. I have long wanted to visit.

ALICE

Rising

Well, now you have found us, you will, perhaps call again?

Margery and Francis lead the way out of the parlour.

56

EXT. TRACK COMING AWAY FROM ROUGH LEE - DAY

56

Margery and Francis are riding at a walk.

FRANCIS

Did you feel as uncomfortable with
that lady as I?

MARGERY

Oh, indeed!.....It seems that she
radiates waves of
hostility...of....hate, almost! How
poor Miles can live with her!

FRANCIS

(Nonchalantly) Miles is a good
friend of yours?

MARGERY

Yes....but a better of my friend,
Grace's, over yonder
hill(pointing).

FRANCIS

Yet still I envy his free and easy
speech with you...

Margery laughs

MARGERY

Then I absolve you from all
formality.

FRANCIS

Did your cousin say that it would
take him a couple of days to
institute enquiries?

Pointing to the place with down the track where Margery fell

MARGERY

I believe so....?

FRANCIS

Then I can see that I am going to
have a hard task:over two days, of
watching out constantly to prevent
the recklessnesses of feminine
riding!

MARGERY

I can see, Sir, why your mother
called you frank!

She hits the track and turns, cantering away from him, up the hill. Francis canters after her and they both pull up in the brow of the hill and slow to a walk.

A few seconds later, they hear the snap of a twig, and both turn to see Anne Redfern standing on the greensward a few feet behind them. She leers at them and then lets out a laugh, blatant with obscene suggestion. She then turns and ducks away through a hedge.

Margery puts out a hand on the arm of Francis, as he attempts to dismount and chase.

MARGERY (CONT'D)
 Leave her, Francis! She's not worth
 your arm! We've hatreds enough
 already, in Pendle!

57 EXT. TRACKS, COPSES, RIVER, PICNIC, MONTAGE WITH MUSIC - DAY 57

Margery and Francis riding out, as well as meeting people, out and about.

58 INT. ROGER'S HOUSE/PARLOUR - EVENING 58

Roger is lazing by the fire, as Margery and Francis come in from riding, laughing. Francis is opening and reading a letter.

MARGERY
 Good Evening, Sir! Francis has just
 received a courier's message from
 the Earl.

Francis looks grim. He hands the letter over to be read by Roger. Roger reads it, looks equally grim and hands it back.

ROGER
 You ride at dawn!

MARGERY
 Dawn?!

FRANCIS
 But why is he so angered?

ROGER
 That's to be learned at Lathom

Roger looks at the two of them and half smiles
 Other things apart, to obey orders
 is commonly the path of wisdom.

59

EXT. ROGER'S HOUSE/FRONT RIDE - DAWN

59

It is half light and there is a low mist. Margery is standing shivering and pulling her dressing gown around her tightly, as Miles finishes checking his saddle bags. His two men are somewhat off and ready saddled.

MARGERY

I want to know what befalls.

FRANCIS

You shall. Meantime, I've no wish to hear of you with a broken neck. Have some care of yourself.

Margery looks up at him and Roger walks out of the door.

ROGER

Just one word, Master Hilliard.....when you have leisure and can leave Lathom, you must make yourself our guest here, again.

FRANCIS

It pleases me mightily....that is,

He looks at Margery, as if a little doubtful
If Margery is of that mind, as well

MARGERY

(Trying not to seem too keen) I've no mind, but my cousin's.

Francis laughs

FRANCIS

That suffices. I'm your promised guest, then...

ROGER

It's something past dawn.

FRANCIS

Aye...I'll be off, Sir. God keep you both!

He wheels round (180 degrees) and canters off, followed by his two servants. Roger puts his arm through Margery's and heads towards the door

ROGER

You're early from bed, Madam.

He puts his hand up and rustles the forgotten curling paper in Margery's hair.

MARGERY

Agh!

Tearing paper out of her hair, as Roger laughs
Lord of hell!

ROGER

After breakfast, will you accompany me to the constable Hargreaves and then Tony Nutter's, who just happens to live near him? I am after words with his sister: Margaret.

MARGERY

Willingly, Sir, but why speak with Hargreaves?

ROGER

He was told to enquire about a massing priest and it is time I, too, showed some zeal that way.

MARGERY

Do you think he will have some news?

ROGER

Being a Papist, I am sure he won't, so a zealous magistrate may safely enquire.....

Roger slowly smiles at Margery and they enter the house.

60

INT. ANTHONY'S HOUSE/PARLOUR - DAY

60

Anthony leads the way into the room, followed by Roger and Margery removing their riding gloves.

ANTHONY

(To Margery) You are so very welcome here, Mistress!

Urging them to take chairs by the fire

MARGERY

You're gracious, Sir.

Margaret bustles in with a tray of food and tankards. She begins emplacing food on a larger tea table, then handing around side plates and then offering various titbits and tankards to the guests.

MARGARET

We're in your debt forever!Horses
are such dreadful things to fall
from and...

Margery looks embarrassed at such obvious gratitude for her presumed conniving at an escape. She glances at Roger, who intervenes

ROGER

....How is Master Miles?

MARGARET

Oh, he's well. I believe that you
have visited at Roughlee, Mistress?

ROGER

Margery is a bit shy of the
Roughlee, at present. She had an
encounter with the Redfern woman
who resented that Margery should be
on that land.

ANTHONY

Brother Dick's land!

MARGARET

And after poor Robert's death! He
tried to have them turned off, you
know, but his own grandmother who
owned the land would not have it.

ROGER

Why would a grandmother protect a
witch-brood against her own blood?

MARGARET

Because she was a witch herself!(To
Anthony)You remember she was trying
to get Robert to marry this Alice,
a girl just out of Trawdon whom the
Grandmother said was a far cousin?

ANTHONY

Aye, but my brother would have none
of her and he then had to go off to
Chester on my lord's errand.

MARGARET

Yes, but the old dame ensured that he took a Redfern manservant with him. Robert died, alone, of the sick stomach with only this very servant for company.

ANTHONY

The Redfern creature was rewarded for his work, however. He retched his way to hell, shortly after returning home.

Margery shifts uneasily and Roger draws a deep breath

ROGER

An odd sickness that.

ANTHONY

Yes.....Alice married Dick and before the year was out, my grandfather and then my father both died of the retching and rigours....Alice and Dick inherited the whole of Roughlee.

Roger gets up to leave

ROGER

I pray that God may keep us all safe!....You see the drift of my interest?....We must take our leave. Thank you for your hospitality.

Margery and Roger move out through the doorway.

ROGER (CONT'D)

(Under his breath) If I start to retch, prepare my broth with your own hands, Margery!

61

INT. ROGER'S HOUSE/MARGERY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

61

Margery is brushing her hair at her looking glass and thinking gloomily of the poor Nutter family in their youth, when the young Alice Nutter arrived at the house.

Tableaux

The Nutter grandmother gleefully curling her finger to bring the young Alice to her house. We hear her chuckle which continues throughout the ensuing tableaux.

The young Margaret clinging to her brother, Tony, as the shadows deepen around them.

Grandmother angrily ordering Robert to marry Alice and him saying 'No'.

Robert packing his horse and reading his orders from the earl, while, grandmother points and tells the Redfern man to go with Robert. Redfern smiles knowingly and shiftily looks at Robert.

Margaret shivers, blows out her dressing table candle and jumps, fearfully into bed. She looks fearfully around, blows out her bedside candle and burrows under her blankets. As she lies there, more images come unbidden.

The present day Alice sits in a stand chair, demure in damascened black with lace collar. She is staring fixedly ahead of her, as if she is concentrating on something happening at a distance. Waves of grey cold seem to emanate from her.

The chuckle of the grandmother is heard above the ensuing tableaux

Frank Hilliard is riding hard away from something, in the early evening, glancing fearfully over his shoulder.

Tony, at his present age, turns sadly away from a bedroom door closing it as he leaves. We glimpse a dead girl's body there as it closes.

Frank is seen running down a track, in the evening, half dressed (no cloak, or jerking), clutching a piece of paper and looking back fearfully, as he runs.

Margaret is holding her head and rocking to and fro on a chair by the fire in the evening.

Frank is seen in the wate, desperately trying to rescue a drowned girl, from a pool, in the evening.

The grandmother chuckle gets louder and morphs into Alice's laughter. Camera view of rear of chair with Alice on it. Camera comes around to the front and see her laughing horridly. Suddenly she stops. She realizes that Margery is watching her and she glares up, straight into Margery's eyes, with appalling hatred.

BALDWIN

Ah, she complains, does she? She got off lightly with just the odd stripe around her devilish shoulders.

MARGERY

It is just that Roger, of course has to look into all complaints, Sir.

BALDWIN

Indeed, Mistress. Squinting Lizzy was given food when she begged for it, but refused entry to the house. She waited until my people were busy, stole into the house and I came upon her entering the larder. She got off lightly with a couple of stripes and ran howling. That is all.

Baldwin suddenly smiles at Margery
Now, Mistress, I must thank you again for the fine homily of your brother's writing. You must stay to dinner.

MARGERY

Thanks you, Sir. May I join Grace?

Baldwin scowls.

BALDWIN

I give you leave to enter her chamber, Mistress.

MARGERY

Thank you.

She leaves the room, looking a little mystified

63

INT. BALDWIN'S HOUSE/GRACE'S ROOM - DAY

63

Margery's POV, as she enters Grace's bedroom. The room is cold and bleak. There is no fire and there is the click of the spinning wheel. Grace is sitting spinning by the window. She looks tired and cold. Grace looks up. She jumps up and comes to hug Margery, sitting her in a chair

GRACE

Margery! Oh, I hoped that it was you!

MARGERY

What was your offence, my dear?

GRACE

I asked permission to buy some lace of Fat Jack, but, in short, I got a sermon on the poms and vanities of life.

MARGERY

I know that sermon...and I warrant it was not short!

GRACE

No, but I was foolish and disputed it, and so have been her these three days.

MARGERY

What food?

GRACE

A little bread and water. I am getting dreadfully hungry.

MARGERY

Indeed, but I warrant it does not make you want some lace any the less!

GRACE

I have work which I must do each day.

Grace resumes her spinning.

MARGERY

My escape from these disciplines was my arrival in Pendle. Yours will be when you wed, Grace.

GRACE

How? How am I to wed? My father would give his consent, but Alice?....Never! She intends that Miles will marry into the gentry...not a miller's daughter! I shall have to sit here, until I'm grey.....You know, no one would mourn her if she passed...not even Miles! There are many people in Pendle whose lives would be sweeter if she died.....

The door opens and Richard Baldwin pokes his head in for a second. He smiles.

BALDWIN
Come to dinner..both of you.

Margery looks up, relieved.

64

INT. BALDWIN'S HOUSE/KITCHEN THEN OUTSIDE- DAY

64

Margery, already behatted, is standing in the open doorway, putting on her gloves and taking her leave of Grace. There is a sudden shouting and shrieking and both girls dash outside

The Demdike is standing with her granddaughter, Alizon, by the pool and standing between them and the house is Richard Baldwin.

BALDWIN
Payment? What madness is this?

DEMDIKE
My daughter helped you in your
house this morning and you'd best
pay up!

Alizon yelps a laugh

BALDWIN
Only a witch brood could call house
breaking and thieving a service to
be paid for.

Richard half turns towards his daughter and Margery who have come up just behind him.

Grace! Go fetch my whip and hasten!

Grace runs back to the house

BALDWIN (CONT'D)

He turns deliberately to Alizon
You shall be paid your due....and
in the coin that I paid your
mother!

Alizon turns white and then, hearing Grace come running with the whip, she turns tale and runs away.

BALDWIN (CONT'D)

To Demdike
Get from off my ground!....Payment?
(MORE)

BALDWIN (CONT'D)

To a witch and a whore? The only
payment would be to hang the one
and brand the other!...Get from my
sight, NOW!

The Demdike turns and shuffles along the wall of the pool,
until she is a little way off. She suddenly stops and looks
back over her shoulder.

DEMDIKE

I will pray for you and
yours.....I will pray loud and
still.

She chuckles and her stick goes tapping along the
wall. Richard stands rigid and suddenly he puts his arm around
Grace and calls, in a soft, agonized voice

BALDWIN

Margaret!

Grace looks up at her father and he looks down to her
If you had not been here to
see....I'd have killed her then!

Baldwin drops his arm and returns to the house.

MARGERY

(To Grace) Your sister?

GRACE

Yes.

65

INT. ROGER'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM - EVENING

65

Roger is peeling an orange and Margery is crumbling some cake
on her plate.

MARGERY

....As well as calling the Demdike
a witch, he called Alizon a whore.
Is this true?

ROGER

(Laughing) A June night and a dry
ditch!...That's our Alizon! They
were trying begging with a threat.
(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)

If he paid up, then they would
withdraw the complaint.....they
don't know our Baldwin,
though!.....Now early to bed with
you, little cousin!

A silvery bell is heard and talking in the hall
Your looks are too good to spoil.
You have had two bad days, and
nights too, I'll warrant.

Tom Peyton comes into the room

TOM PEYTON

Sir, Master Hilliard!

Francis comes in taking off his gloves. Margery leaps up and
shakes his hand.

MARGERY

You are come and so soooooon!

She leads him to sit at the table

FRANCIS

(Sombrely) Yes...so soon.

MARGERY

Well, you're very welcome here!
Most welcome!

She looks around at Roger for his confirmation

ROGER

(Gravely) What trouble is here,
Francis?

FRANCIS

I arrived at his lordship's house
yesterday early afternoon. I went
directly to his lordship's closet
but was told to wait in the
anteroom. The earl did not see me
until midnight, when he angrily
told me to go and not to come back
until I have found the
priest.....The only comfort I had,
sir, was the scope of the
invitation that you sent me off
with. I hope I am not...

ROGER
 You did well. You are more than
 welcome. Be at ease on that
 score.....

Roger looks to Tom, over by the door.

ROGER (CONT'D)
 I can never remember the name of
 that...what's Alice Nutter's
 nephew...you know, the one over at
 Lathom called?

TOM
 Potter, Sir.

ROGER
 Aye....Potter! A Clerk of the
 Closet....and hard by his
 lordship's ear!

66 EXT. WHALLEY ABBEY CHURCH - DAY

66

The congregation are leaving the church, including Roger, Francis and Margery. Francis is looking a bit sleepy, and Roger is openly yawning and stretching, as if he has just woken up.

ROGER
 A plague on the windy rogue! Wind
 enough for a May-Day
 bladder!....I'll get me a cloak
 with a higher collar

The three of them are walking down the path, with Margery in the middle.

FRANCIS
 I've never known why the Scold's
 Collar can't be fitted to a windy
 parson. There's many a woman bitten
 it for less!

Margery begins to smile

MARGERY
 It's the woman who commonly
 suffers...as this morning.

Roger turns to face her, whereby he is facing the church.

ROGER

How, madam?

MARGERY

I had to stay awake!

Roger roars with laughter and Francis laughs, also. Roger's laughter, however, is suddenly cut off and his face freezes into formality. Margery whirls around, to see Alice Nutter walk rapidly up to them. Roger and Francis remove hats and bow, while Margery curtsies. Alice curtsies back with great cat-like elegance.

ROGER

Half smiling and wholly assured
Your servant, Ma'am. We are all
your servants.

ALICE

In had not expected the pleasure of
seeing Master Hilliard here, this
morning.

FRANCIS

In truth, Ma'am, I am a little
surprised myself.

ALICE

Life brings surprises, Sir. Perhaps
it is best not to know what is in
store for us.

She turns to stare at Margery
Do you not think so, Mistress?

Power and menace shoot from Alice's black eyes. Margery is overwhelmed by a flood of terror. She wants to run away, fast. Suddenly, she hears her own voice as if from afar

MARGERY

It's most true for those that do
least heed it, Ma'am.

Margery sets her chin up and defies the woman

ALICE

(With a furious rasping voice) How
true you'll learn,
Mistress.....IF you live to be a
proper age!

MARGERY

I've certainly learned some
wondrous truths, since I've come to
Pendle.

ROGER

Life, Ma'am, can be most uncertain-
for all of us. As a Justice, I've
had cause to notice that.

Alice spins to face Roger, in seething fury, rising almost on
her toes. Then, suddenly, her forehead smooths, she backs down
and smiles, poisonously

ALICE

We grow earnest, Sir, for so fair a
day. But I must take my leave. Your
servant, Sir.

Her curtsy is acknowledged and she walks away to her horse
being held by a servant, near the gate. Roger and co start to
walk away

FRANCIS

There's more here than I
understand...?

ROGER

(Tersely) I nothing doubt it!

67

INT. ROGER'S HOUSE/PARLOUR - EVENING

67

Francis is getting up from his chair.

FRANCIS

I must write some account of the
Earl's anger to my father, but I am
no penman. I would welcome your
experienced help, Margery...?

ROGER

Sorry, Francis, I have need of some
talk with my cousin regarding the
state of the Pendle bench's
records.

FRANCIS

Ah, yes. Please do you both excuse
me a while.

Francis goes out, while Roger pokes the fire.

ROGER

Why did young Hilliard return here
in such haste from Lathom?

MARGERY

He was invited and had promised to
come.

ROGER

I rather think that you are the
attraction, Margery: your form and
features, your taste and talent,
your talk and disposition....?

MARGERY

(Looking uncomfortable) Wither does
this tend?

ROGER

Francis' return to favour depends
on his retaking Master
Southworth....He might hope to find
some pointer in.....your
company...?

MARGERY

What?! He would use me slyly?!

ROGER

He might have thought that you had
used him slyly.....?

Roger smiles

ROGER (CONTD) (CONT'D)

Now look, I believe Francis to be
an honest man....but the
possibility remains.....There must
be no giving of full confidence
regarding Master Southworth. On
that topic, silence can lose you
nothing, but chatter might lose you
all. Is this plain, little cousin?

Margery droops her head and looks a bit doleful

MARGERY

Aye, Sir. It's plain enough.

Camera zooms into the flames of the fire.

Margery is at her side of the bench and Roger and Nick are sitting. Baldwin is standing at the plaintiff's desk and the Demdike, Squinting Lizzy and Alizon are at the accused's desks. There are several people, including Tome Payne, ranged down the sides of the room.

BALDWIN

(Thundering and pointing his finger at the Demdikes) Since my plea for trespass has been refused, then I bring a plea for conjuring evil spirits with intent to hurt my soul and body!.....Plead my cause, Oh, Lord with them that strive with me: fight against them that fight against me..

ROGER

...Enough! This is not a Meeting House. Set that down!

Margery is sitting idle, agog. Roger slams his fist on the table and then stares at her. Margery realises that the order was for her and hurriedly starts scribbling.

BALDWIN

Grace and Margery will swear against the cursing, so it is three to two!

Roger leans over to Nick and they confer in whispers. Margery leans over to Grace, sitting near her.

MARGERY

I wish this had not come!

GRACE

If the Demdikes can harm us, they will...after this, they will!

Margery looks up to see the Demdike's not-so-blind-now eyes flickering suspiciously between Margery and Grace. Her eyes bore into Margery, who shivers.

ROGER

There is testimony that Demdike meant to invoke spirits, but none that she did, in fact, do so. We do not think proper, therefore, to commit to Assize on this. Master Baldwin, this will not get past the Grand jury.

Demdike's cane rings slowly and repeatedly on the floor, in applause. Baldwin shoots to his feet.

BALDWIN

I am answered! So I must put my trust in the Lord of Hosts, and in him only!

Grace runs to him and he puts his arm around her. The demdike's cane rapping gets louder and he whirls around to her, in fury, and points

BALDWIN (CONT'D)

Thou, oh God, shall bring them into the pit of destruction!

Baldwin stalks out, with Grace, as Roger stands up and throws back his chair, in anger at the affront to his court. Nick Banister plucks him by the sleeve and mutters something, so Roger calms down and sits down. Nick stands

NICK

Elizabeth and Alizon Demdike you have trespassed and shall sit six hours in the stocks. Constable Hargreaves, you shall set a paper, thereon having in great letters "Evil tongues make evil lives".

Nick and Roger leave abruptly, followed by Margery hastily snatching up her papers.

69

INT. ROGER'S HOUSE/PARLOUR - DAY

69

Margery comes in at the parlour, shaking her head in a negative and talking over her shoulder to Francis

MARGERY

I can't ride! I've to see Roger...sorry!

She comes in, pulls the door to, a little and sits down. Roger is leaning on the mantle with a tankard and Nick is in his chair.

ROGER

(To Nick)
He has a head stuffed with witches!
So, the Demdike curses...what's odd
in that?

NICK

Baldwin said it was a threat to
bewitch him. These are a sisterhood
from hell. I would not put killing
beyond them....what of the foul
tale of poisonous plants in that
hidden coppice? Baldwin will look
to his daughter. Look you to
Margery!

Roger puts his tankard down on the mantle, alarmedly.

ROGER

Margery?

NICK

Aye....they were witnesses to the
Demdike's cursing....she will not
forget this.

ROGER

God's grace, Nick! If she tr...if
harm comes to Margery!

Margery stands and goes to Roger who puts an arm around her

NICK

Then you begin to understand how
Baldwin feels....and he already has
a daughter dead.....from the
retching, too!

ROGER

I must forgive, him, then, for his
departure this day.....but I fear
the damage is done.

NICK

(Musingly) Perhaps..... our
little puritan can ride over and
make our peace tomorrow.....?

Nick smiles at Margery

MARGERY

Aye, Sir. I'll ride first thing.

Roger squeezes her shoulders abstractedly

ROGER
 WITH a guard.!...Young Hilliard
 should do.....

Looking meaningfully towards Margery
 But remember what I said, little
 cousin:keep your own counsel

MARGERY
 Aye, Sir.

70 INT. BALDWIN'S HOUSE/PARLOUR - DAY

70

Grace enters, leading Margery, followed by Francis Hilliard.
 Grace is animated and pleased to see them. She leads them to
 sit by the fire.

GRACE

Over her shoulders
 ...but a friend of Margery's is so
 particularly welcome, Sir. I am
 told you are new to this Pendle
 Hill of ours...?

Francis smiles at her

FRANCIS
 I'm learning

MARGERY
 (Sharply) Learning what?!

FRANCIS

Looking a bit irritatedly and challengingly at Margery
 That this Pendle weather and its
 people can be very changeable.....

MARGERY

Suddenly and to Grace
and your father?

GRACE
 (Gravely) He has taken it hard

The door opens and Baldwin comes in. Grace gets up and fetches
 tankards of ale, placing them on occasional tables to the
 side of each chair. When Grace offers Baldwin one, he remains
 standing and shakes his head.

BALDWIN

Ha! I thought I heard voices! You are most welcome, Mistress, and you, too, Master Hilliard.

MARGERY

I thank you kindly, Sir. I am actually come charged with a message from my cousin and from Master Banister.

BALDWIN

Looking coldly

What? More dispensations for witches, then?!

MARGERY

No, Sir.....indeed, Master Nowell was right glad of the whipping you gave to Squinting Lizzy. He says that he only gave the Demdikes the stocks, instead of commitment to the Assize, so that they would have enough rope to hang them selves with.

BALDWIN

Humph! There may be wisdom in that. Mayhap it is better to send them when we have more proofs of their evils, and thus they will hang for certain. Though....proof may have been had in the nearest river, an they were swum.

FRANCIS

Swum, Sir?

BALDWIN

It's a cleansing way with witches. An they float, they are guilty: an they sink, the world is well rid!

Baldwin turns to leave the room

MARGERY

And Sir?.....My cousin bade you have a care of Grace.

(MORE)

MARGERY (CONT'D)

Now the Demdikes have been in the stocks, they will be hungry for revenge.

GRACE

And Margery, you must take care of yourself. Miles has just told us that his mother is very angry that Master Hilliard has returned...you know her plans for Miles and you! Apparently, she harps on the escape of the priest and...

FRANCIS

Wha....?

MARGERY

(Alarmed).....We must be off, I am afraid! Must get off the hill before dark.Thank you Grace

Margery kisses Grace on the cheek, while, Francis looks on, a little puzzled, and disappointed by Margery's apparent secretiveness.

71

EXT. ROAD THROUGH AND OUT OF BARLEY - DAY

71

Margery and Francis rides out of Barley and follow the stream.As they come around a bend, on the track, they trot past the Demdike and Alizon. When they have passed, a little, Margery makes the mistake of turning around to look at them. They glare at her in hatred.

FRANCIS

And who the devil may those be?

MARGERY

Oh....they're just the women who were begging and tried to burgle Master Baldwin's house.

FRANCIS

Grace said something about them being related to that Nutter woman we visited and what was that that Master Nowell said about Mistress Nutter knowing something about Southworth's escape...?

MARGERY

Oh, it's nothing (dismissively)

FRANCIS

Ah....I'm just an outside poking
his nose where it is not wanted.

MARGERY

It's just....it's...oh, never
mind...ride on!

Margery canters off and Francis looking resentful, then
canters on after her.

As they arrive at Roger's house, Roger comes out to them,
waving a letter.

ROGER

Heyday, young cousin and Master
Hilliard! Wee have an invite to my
daughter's home in Marton for the
twelve days of Christmas. I have
accepted, and you are most
welcome,too, Sir!

FRANCIS

(Stiffly) You are too kind, Sir,
but I lack not kith, and kin and
must leave Read, tomorrow.

Roger looks curiously at Margery and goes to help her
dismount

ROGER

Looking blank, but civil
You must decide this for yourself,
Francis, but the invite
remains.Come in,now,the two of you,
the damps descend and the eve draws
in.

72

INT. ROGER'S HOUSE/PARLOUR - DAY

72

Margery is standing in her dressing gown, half in the parlour
doorway and Roger is standing just without:in the hallway,as
Francis is next to him, pulling on his gloves and heading for
the front door held open by Tom Payne.

FRANCIS

....again, my thanks, Sir. You and
your cousin have been more than
welcome. I leave my best wishes for
the season with you.

Francis bows
Sir

He turns to Margery and bows very low
Mistress

He goes out of the door. Margery returns to the parlour fire and Roger comes in behind her. She looks miserable and shivers as she stands by the fire.

ROGER
(Kindly) What ails thee lass?

Margery breaks down and clings to Roger, pats her head, rootles out a big handkerchief for her and lowers her onto a small stool, by his chair. Margery snorkles into the hanky, while sobbing. Roger pours out some hot ale from the jug by the fire, spices it, and gives her a tankard.

MARGERY
I kept silent, like you advised,
but, but..... he thought I was
being cold....an...and, now he's
gone...and I don't know where!

ROGER
North, to his kin, the Listers, in
Gisburn....a pleasant spot

Roger waggles his eyebrows mysteriously
.....just ten miles short of
Marton, on the road that we must
ride.....and.....Jane Lister is
my son in laws' sister.

MARGERY
She has stopped sobbing, but is still downcast, she sips her hot ale. She half smiles at Roger, to oblige him.

ROGER
Now, for the revels....do you think
Azure becomes me? I bethink me of a
new doublet.

Margery is shaken out of herself and laughs, despite her woes

MARGERY
Oh, not azure, Sir! Not with your
complexion and.....Oh!
Twelve days! But I will need a new
kirtle, or two...and evening
clothes, and...

ROGER

What colour the the kirtle?

MARGERY

Er...scarlet?

ROGER

Ah, the most expensive

MARGERY

Um, but one of the kirtles could be white and that hue is least cost!

ROGER

Of what weave?

MARGERY

Oh, I think white damask

ALEXANDER

Roger with wooden face

ROGER

White denotes innocence, does it not?

MARGERY

I...I believe so

ROGER

Hum....very proper for a young girl...but if the house be hot, for the velvet....?

MARGERY

Well, I suppose a good taffeta would do...?

ROGER

(Smiles, indulgently) Take list for both, along with caps, underclothing and such folderols. Enlist the aid of your Anne Sowerbutts, or the devil, if you please, but you must be ready to ride to Preston with me on the morrow. There you can harry the mercers like a plague from Egypt.

Margery is scurrying about collecting pen, ink horn, and paper. She pauses and kisses him on the top of his head,

MARGERY

Oh!....Thank you, cousin!

hugs herself, and rushes out.

73

EXT AND INT: TABLEAUX

73

Ext. Margery and Roger just coming into the outskirts of preston and Margery looking eagerly around.

Margery getting out lists and waving them in front of confused drapers' eyes

Roger drinking in the inn and Margery coming in waving lists and he gives her some coins. She is a little embarrassed and he roars laughing and waves her away.

Margery dithering in the drapers, holding different lengths up to herself, with yards of red coloured velvets and satins over the counters and the drapers looking a little harassed.

Roger and Margery arriving home and their poor servant and his horse laden with packages.

Margery trying a half made gown on with her maid, Anne Sowerbutts desperately trying to put pins in her, there and everywhere, according to Margery's exhaustive instructions

Margery (in a different riding habit) coming back in the door with a bundle of lace and shaking her head at the despairing drapers, while Roger stands in the door and laughs.

74

INT. ROGER'S. HOUSE/BACK PASSAGE - DAY

74

Margery is coming from the yard and passing the kitchen, when Jennet scampers up to her.

JENNET

'Lo!...You well, now?

Margery blinks in surprise

MARGERY

I've not been sick!

Jennet takes a huge bite of the apple tart in her hand and talks through the food

JENNET

Saw you...fell off yer 'orse!

MARGERY
When was this, Jennet?

JENNET
Martin's Day

All three kitchen maids are agog, with mouths gaping

MARGERY
Come with me, Jennet

Margery heads down the passage to the parlour and Jennet follows. The maids suddenly look miffed and shut out. Margery and Jennet enter the parlour .

MARGERY (CONT'D)
Sir, this is Jennet Device,
Alizon's sister

Roger looks at Jennet who continues finishing off the last of the tart, licking her fingers and wiping the syrup off her ears and onto her clothing rags.

ROGER
(Kindly) I remember you, little
maid. Do you have tart at Malkin
Tower?

Jennet shrugs

JENNET
No oven!

MARGERY
Jennet saw my fall

ROGER
Do you want your dinner here,
Jennet?

Jennet nods, eagerly

ROGER (CONT'D)
How many others saw the fall?

JENNET
Five! The papist, the gentleman,
the soldiers and Anne Redfern.

ROGER
Were you hid with Anne?

JENNET
No! Ugh! Pig dung's sweeter!

ROGER

Then where did Anne go after?

JENNET

Rough Lee, to tell our Alice!

ROGER

Do you go there to tell Alice things?

JENNET

No! She's got the evil eye! She can't catch me!

Roger gets up and leans against the mantle

ROGER

I think we know, now, how Mistrss Nutter got the information which she got whispered into the Earl's ear. (To Jennet) You just come here, when you are hungry, little one. (To Margery and smiling insinuatingly) We must keep her fee'd.....

Margery getting hold of Jennet and steering her out of the room

MARGERY

I'll do better than that....I'll keep her 'fed'!

75

EXT. BRIDLETRACK - DAY

75

Margery is trotting along a track with a slight decline, to her left. Suddenly, the saddle rolls right round and she is thrown off and rolls down the decline. The horse stands and eats the greensward and Margery, unhurt, but a bit startled, brushes herself off and climbs back up. Margery gets hold of the girth strap of the saddle and looks at it. The strap has been cut through. She looks outraged.

76

EXT. OUTSIDE TOM HEBER'S HOUSE - DAY

76

A different day. Margery and Roger attired in smart clothes with Margery in her tawny habit, arrive at Roger's daughter's home.

Anne Heber and her husband come out and are laughingly pleased to see them and six children also run out and inundate their grandad to cries of 'granda!' as he dismounts and sits in a bench by the door dispensing presents from his pockets and kissing them, while sitting a very little girl on his knee.

Tom Heber helps Margery to dismount, while Anne approvingly sizes up Margery and her appearance and comes to kiss her and lead her inside.

77 INT. TOM HEBER'S HOUSE/ENTRANCE-DANCING HALL - EVENING 77

Tableaux

About eighty people, a mixture of gentry and yeomanry, milling about the hall, parlour and dining rooms, in their party clothes. The house is decorated for Christmas and a small band of musicians are enthusiastically playing.

Margery walks down the staircase wearing a gown of flame satin. Everyone looks up at her with admiration and Roger comes forward, in his wine red velvet. He takes her hand and introduces her to the party. Margery curtseys and then giggles. There is an roar of approval and the dancing starts. There is a stately dance: a Galliard.

Next tableau: The dancing has become more excitable and the party are being very active, in the Branle/Brawl, where lots of timed, intermittent kissing occurs, everytime a male manoeuvres a female under the mistletoe swags.

Dining room. Lots of separate tables with a massive buffet on the sideboard. There is goose, hams, huge pies, etc. Everyone drinks out of tankards.

The mummers arrive, when everyone is back in the hall. The hobby horse collects money, the Lord of misrule beats people, including Margery, with his bladder and everyone then holds the horses tail and dances around in a big circle until they all fall over.

Everyone then clears out of the main floor of the hall and sits, expectantly on benches around the sides. The clock sounds midnight and they all look at the door. Shortly, there is a knock. It is answered to a vast, red faced, bearded jolly laughing man, who is greatly welcomed by all. Margery sees Roger laughing and recognizing the arrival. The man's great coats are removed and he is given a crown coin, and a tankard. The man shouts something out, which we cannot hear and rolls the coin out into the middle of the floor. All of the girls dive after it, showing a bit of underwear and leg!

Margery looks around. Roger and the man are no longer there.

78

INT. TOM HEBER'S HOUSE/ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

78

The house is now three quarters empty and people are laughingly wrapping themselves up and departing and the drunks are being helped out to their horses. Margery looks around for Roger, can't see him and so goes to a little room, down the passage. She walks in.

MARGERY

(Speaking as she enters the room
and opens and closes the door) Anne
said that she had given you this
room and I.....Oh!

Margery stops and stares as if surprised at the man seated
with Roger by the fire

Sorry! I didn't...

TOM COVELL

...No, no, ma dear! Delighted to
see you! No scraping now

Margery stops, mid-curtsey

Or I'll have to bow....and I'm too
fat for that!

Roger pushes out a little stool for Margery, near him and the
fire

ROGER

Margery, this is my old friend, Tom
Covell and good friend to Master
Hilliard. You'd best be seated,
little cousin. Covell's just called
in at Master Francis's sister's place
at Westby, on his way back home
from the Council of the North.

MARGERY

Good even', Sir. How is he?

TOM COVELL

The lad is sad and bitter. He has
decided to leave his sister and
travel away up North, to his
parents' home, tomorrow. I hear the
lad has left his heart
behind....and having met the lady,
I am not surprised.

ROGER

A letter sent at dawn could have
him here by nightfall.....?

TOM

Aye, there's just time!

Margery wriggles in her stool, embarrassed, but wanting to do something

ROGER

Looking at Margery

I think a letter of decent thanks
before he leaves this shire, would
be proper, do you think Margery?

Margery looking relieved and pleased and getting up to pounce
on paper and pen, on the bureau, nearby

MARGERY

Oh, yes!

ROGER

And then bed! Or you'll have heavy
eyes at tomorrow's revels.

79

EXT. TOM HEBER'S HOUSE/FRONT DRIVEWAY - DAY

79

Margery is standing by Tom Covell's stirrup, as he is
mounting, helped on by two servants who struggle with his
weight.

MARGERY

Thank you for your kind visit, Sir.

TOM

(Smiling at her) Deal softly with
the lad...and enjoy your
dinner! I'll miss mine, but must get
home to my wife and family, in
Lancaster, in time for tonight.

Tom and his two servants start to ride

MARGERY

(Waving) Farewell!

Tableaux

Margery walking up and down in her bedroom

Margery and Roger at the Christmas meal with sixteen around the table

Margery peering out of the parlour window

Margery walking out onto the front drive gravel and walking a little way up the drive, peering

Margery, at dusk, peering out of her bedroom window and seeing Francis ride up, in his sea green cloak. She opens the window, shouts and waves. He waves back.

80

INT. TOM HEBER'S HOUSE/MARGERY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

80

Margery excitedly and hurriedly discomposing her maid Anne, by trying and failing to help with the lacing of her white damask kirtle, in her hurry to try and get downstairs.

Then Anne has to pin the ruff onto the neck of the kirtle and Margery is quite despairing of the time.

Then Anne puts Margery's crimson gown over her kirtle and leaves her. Margery adjusts the furred collar of the gown, and straightens her sleeves.

Margery goes and lurks in the shadows at the head of the stairs. She lifts up her kirtle, to show the six inches of starred petticoat beneath. Margery listens to the music

She then straightens up her back, smiles and marches down the stairs to the rhythm of the dance.

81

INT. TOM HEBER'S HOUSE/HALL - EVENING

81

At the foot of the stairs, Roger, in black and gold, comes forward to take Margery's hand. His eyebrows go up and his eyes twinkle.

ROGER

What mischief do you brew, now?

MARGERY

Looking all innocence
Mischief, Sir?

ROGER

When a maid brings such fond
exactness to her tiring, it's
seldom to the sole glory of god!

Roger bows ironically and wanders off. Francis swoops down upon her and, when she offers her hand, kisses it and so she curtseys. Francis sweeps Margery into the dance.

FRANCIS

You keep your promise of a warm
welcome.

MARGERY

Was that not natural?

FRANCIS

You bewilder me.....and dazzle me!

MARGERY

Dazzle?

FRANCIS

Tonight, you would light up the
great hall at Lathom.

MARGERY

I take some pains, that is all

FRANCIS

And you give them!

He looks questioningly at her. Suddenly the Mummers all burst in and circle the room singing loudly. Everyone presses back against the wall. Margery takes Francis' hand and shouts over the noise

MARGERY

Come! Let's talk of this in
private!

She leads him out, squeezing into the passage. They go into Roger's allocated parlour.

82

INT. TOM HEBER'S HOUSE/ROGER'S PARLOUR - EVENING

82

Margery enters and sits in the elbow chair by the fire and Francis stands by the fireplace, leaning on the mantle.

MARGERY

You seem to have some complaint of
me, Sir....?

FRANCIS

When first we met and you lay
amongst the leaves, I forgot the
papist.....I forgot him because of
you.It was so when we rode in
Pendle Forest.It was so when I rode
alone to Lathom.

He is silent a while

MARGERY

And then...?

FRANCIS

There was a warmth in you,
then....and that warmth made me
hope.I was in hope when you bade me
farewell and I rode away to Lathom.

Margery is nibbling at the corner of her hanky
When I returned from Lathom, a
younger son, now out of work and
penniless, you were glad to see
me.....(Bitterly) Then I told
you of my condition and from that
day to this,your warmth has
gone.....Perhaps you feared that I
hunted your fortune: you,kin of a
wealthy squire!

MARGERY

(Wildly)No!What?No!I'm not kin! I
mean that I am not wealthy! I mean
Roger is just my cousin and he has
children of his own.I will not
inherit! My father was just a
penniless divine!

FRANCIS

Do you deny your coldness?

MARGERY

Not coldness! There were some
difficulties!

FRANCIS

Madam, on the day we met, did you
intend your fall, by way of
diversion? Did you know this
papist?

MARGERY

Why are you questioning me, thus?
Why the sudden suspicion?

FRANCIS

While I was at Westby, an extra maid came from Pendle to help in the dairy. She told my brother-in-law that you had done this fall as a distraction to me, and the whole of Pendle knew it. When I added it to your recent coldness, it seemed like it may be true.

MARGERY

Oh, Francis! I had indeed met this Master Southworth in one occasion, before, and helped him, because he was in distress of cold and wet. That is all. On that day we met, I wondered if it was perhaps him and rode near to look. I felt pity, I suppose...

FRANCIS

....Yes, I felt no small esteem for this man. Drawing is a vile thing!

MARGERY

You can acquit me of the fall, however, the beast fell and then you maltreated me some thing awful!

FRANCIS

(Laughingly) I did you no hurt, but why did you not tell me of these things?

MARGERY

Getting to her feet

How did I know where it would end?
And how did I know that an evil tongue would deliberately mistell this event.....I think I know who was behind it, too!

Frank puts his hand on her shoulder and speaks softly to her

FRANCIS

And so we are back as when...

MARGERY

...we rode in Pendle

Frank takes both of her hands in his

FRANCIS
In heart and mind,
but.....(despairingly) I am in no
position to wed!

MARGERY
Frank!What matters.....

Frank puts a hand under her chin and draws her face near his

FRANCIS
...Hush....Let's pray the world
will mend!

They kiss. Roger comes into the parlour, sees them, smiles
and withdraws silently.

83

EXT. TRACK LEADING AWAY FROM TOM HEBER'S HOUSE - DAY

83

Roge and Margery are riding away with Roger's daughter's
house some distance away in the background.

MARGERY
Oh, this wind is bitter!

ROGER
Aye, but after twelve days of
eating and dancing, I reckon I
prefer the peace and quiet.

MARGERY
You have a point Sir, but I shall
miss them.....all!

Roger widens his eyes and looks knowingly at Margery

ROGER
And one particularly, methinks!

Margery smiles and looks musingly

Flashback to: Heber's hallway and Frank coming down the
stairs towards Roger and Margery who are coming out of the
dining room into the hall.He is carrying an open letter

FRANCIS
My mother is ill and I suppose that
I must go...

ROGER

Yes, yes! Away with you lad. These things do not wait!

Francis looks painedly at Margery who nods encouragingly.

Frank rides away in the dawn mist with Margery waving from the door in her dressing gown.

Return to this scene: The wind is howling, Roger huddles into his vast collars and scarf, Margery is shivering on her horse and they both look up at the road which makes a long, slow ascent ahead of them promising yet more discomfort.

84

INT. ROGER'S HOUSE/PARLOUR - DAY

84

A maidservant comes in holding onto Jennet

SERVANT

Please Mistress, we have found this girl hanging by the kitchen an she don't half look starved!

She pushes Jennet towards Margery. Margery is appalled by the frozen, staved look of the poor girl. She leaps to her feet, puts her arm around Jennet's shoulders and sits her in an arm chair by the fire.

MARGERY

Maisie! Quick! Fetch me some apple pie, some hot sweetened milk and some cake. When you've brought that, fetch me some of Roger's children's old clothes from up in the attics. Hurray now!

Margery kneels down and puts her arm around Jennet's shoulders to help the girl stop shivering. They both look at the fire, as does the camera.

The maidservant returns with the food and clothes. She puts the former on the occasional table by Margery and the latter, on the larger tea table further away.

Margery gets up, and selects a blanket which she puts around Jennet's shoulders. She passes Jennet some hot milk which Jennet sips and then hands Jennet some apple pie which Jennet ravenously demolishes, whilst Margery sorts, and selects some clothes for the girl.

Margery then gives Jennet some cake, which she also demolishes, while drinking her milk. Jennet is dressed in a thin, torn slip with no shoes on.

When Jennet has finished the cake, Margery puts the new clothes over her head: an under smock, a petticoat and then an oversmock. Margy talks as she does this.

MARGERY (CONT'D)

You should have had the clothes for Christmas

JENNET

Thieving bitches would have nicked 'em!

MARGERY

Your mother?

JENNET

No! Them as came to visit.

MARGERY

Who was that?

JENNET

That Preston woman who swilled the dairy at Westby, for them, this Christmas, Mary, or some 'ink. The other was Mouldheels.

MARGERY

Why Mouldheels?

Jennet crinkles up her nose

JENNET

Feet stink!

85

EXT. NEWCHURCH CHURCH/PATH OUTSIDE DOOR - DAY

85

The wind is howling and it is very cold. Grace and Margery come out of the church talking.

GRACE

We did not know that you were back. How is it with your Frank?

MARGERY

Well enough, thank you.

GRACE

But. Heard that he had gone entirely from these parts!

MARGERY

Only to visit his mother

GRACE

He's coming back to you, then?

MARGERY

Why should you think not?

GRACE

Miles met my father and told him that Frank was not returning.

MARGERY

No doubt his infernal mother has doctored the tale to leave way for me...as it were!

MARGERY (CONT'D)

But have not you, yourself been seeing Miles?

GRACE

No his mothe has commanded that he hears service at Whalley and she has been keeping him busy with the Rough Lee revels.

MARGERY

Poor Grace! I.....

She catches sight of Roger who is already horsed and signalling to her to come and join him

Oh, there's Roger! Sorry Grace, I must fly. We will talk again soon.

Margery kisses Grace, hurries down the path and Roger's servant helps her mount her horse.

ROGER

The Rough Lee turned gay, it seems and held high revels for twelve days. Baldwin looks askance at Miles for being one of the revellers.

MARGERY

Apparently, Miles was also told, by his mother, that I was Frank-free and he is also being forbidden to visit poor Grace.

ROGER

Looks like Mistress Alice is forwarding her plans.

86

INT. ROGER'S HOUSE/PARLOUR - DAY

86

Margery is staring out at the day. It is grey and thunderous and the rain is lashing down. Margery exclaims in surprise, when she sees a man canter up. Roger comes to her side.

ROGER

What the devil?

They hear the man received in the hall and Tom Peyton brings the man in. It is Tony Nutter. He is wet through and carrying a parcel which he puts down on the table.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Tony, man! Why do you ride out in this weather? Is Margaret well?

TONY

Aye, she's fine. There is just an acquaintance of ours left something for you and I only just heard that you were back in Pendle.

Turning to Margery

Is your Frank Hilliard well?

MARGERY

Yes, but just visiting his mother who is sick.

TONY

Oh,....ah...just for a while then...?

MARGERY

Well, I certainly hope so

ROGER

Tony, thanks for the parcel. You are ever welcome here, but it turns to sleet and I am afeared it will be a blizzard. Get you home straightways, Man. You should never have come out in this weather. You know that you have weak lungs.

TONY

Aye, I suppose I had better. Margaret will be worriting. Good day to you my friends.

Roger shakes his hand and Margaret curtsies, while Tony hurries out.

Margery opens the parcel, removes a book and reads aloud

MARGERY
Discours des Sourciers

ROGER
Tis not Latin!

MARGERY
No, it's French, Sir.

ROGER
You have some French?

MARGERY
Some rags, Sir.

ROGER
Then you can stitch these rags up
and write out the content of this,
for me, in good clear English over
the next couple of weeks...

He turns and looks out of the window and then back at Margery
'twill give you something to do, as
it looks like we are about to have
a week's 'snow in'!

Roger looks out of the window again and says softly
God save our Tony

87

INT. ROGER'S HOUSE/TABLEAUX

87

Margery, in her bedroom, in her nightgown and hairbraid
looking out at the swirling snow

Margery, in dull daytime house clothes giving instructions to
the maid servant about lighting the fire and moving Roger's
chair, in the parlour, nearer to the fire.

Margery at the bigger parlour table, in the afternoon,
attempting to construe the witches book. Scraps of paper, and
pens everywhere, as well as half eaten biscuits, tankard of
ale, a hair ribbon, etc. She is having problems and looks out
at the snow.

Margery and Roger in the evening, by the fire. The wind is
howling and shrieking. They sip their port and huddle by the
fire.

Margery in the morning, in the dining room with papers spread out all over the table, struggling to understand the book and gnawing on her quill. She looks out of the window. It is now lashing down with rain, outside.

88

EXT. ROGER'S HOUSE/FORECOURT - DAY

88

Margery is getting on her horse, and Roger is struggling into his boots with the help of a servant, by the front door. It is a windy day.

ROGER

It's a foul day, to be out, little cousin. At least you are not riding in your gown, today, I am pleased to see. Cannot you wait until the wind has turned?

MARGERY

I must see how poor Master Nutter is. He was so kind bringing that book, but I fear it might have damaged his chest.

ROGER

Aye, poor Tony! Well, send my respects to them both. I will be gone when you return, but shall be back from the Preston Quarter Sessions, in four days, Madam. Do you have a care of yourself in this mud and don't go cantering about.

Margery's horse is a little restless and she is steering it around.

MARGERY

I won't! And do you have a care of yourself, too, Sir! Farewell!

She trots smartly off.

Margery arriving at Tony Nutter's house and Margaret meets her outside and we see her tell Margery about Tony being ill (miming coughing, touching her throat, etc, and indicating the upper window where Tony is).

Margery riding away

Margery in Margaret's parlour, speaking softly among themselves, and glancing fearfully over their shoulders, lest they disturb Tony. Margery offers help, but Margaret says no thank, but they don't need it.

Margery construing the witch book, at home, in the evening, in the parlour, by herself.

Margery riding away from Roger's house. She rides alongside the Pendle Water.

Margery riding away from Tony's house and looking depressed

89

89

Margery stands, questioningly, at the foot of Tony Nutter's stairs and Margaret comes downstairs, with a bowl in her hand. She is smiling at Margery and nodding. Margery smiles back.

90

INT. ROGER'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM - DAY

90

Margery and Roger have just finished their lunch. Margy pushes back her chair and stares at Roger.

MARGERY

Come! Have out with it, Sir! What is your problem?

ROGER

Cracking a nut and speaking absently
Huh?

MARGERY

You have hardly spoke five words together, poured salt on your pudding and trod your chair on poor Rex's foot. Nipper and Patch are now staying out of your way.

ROGER

Ah...yes!.....Well, I have to admit, I am become uneasy about Candlemas, tonight. Candlemas seems to be in the Witches' Calendar, although the Church no longer celebrates it. They are always up to something.....(musingly) and after the All Hallows murder, I begin to think I should spend the night riding about the Forest.

MARGERY

But cousin! You have only just recovered from that bad cold you had! Such a thing would definitely bring it on again. I do not want to lose you through a warch of the lung, or some such.

ROGER

Well, I suppose I could tell Hargreaves and his men to ride one way, and the warden, Baldwin, to ride the other.

MARGERY

We could be booted and spurred ready...?

91

INT. ROGER'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM - EVENING

91

Margery and Roger are in their riding clothes, sitting by the fire, instead of their evening clothes. Margery is in breeches and warmly dressed. There is the sound of a clock ticking and the wind howling. Margery is absently spooning some pudding into her mouth. Suddenly, she impatiently sticks the bowl down on the low occasional table, by her elbow.

MARGERY

Ugh! All of this waiting is giving me indigestion. I can't eat this syrup pudding and Hilda made it especially for me!

Margery addresses the nearest dog

Here, Nipper!....You eat this for me and then Hilda won't know!

She puts the bowl down and Nipper eats it.

Roger and Margery doze by the fire and Margery's book falls out of her hand.

The clock says midnight and then there is a knock at the door and Hargreaves comes in.

HARGREAVES

Master Nowell, Sir, I am just come to report that there has been no disturbance, tonight. All has gone well for the lads and I.

Roger shakes himself awake

ROGER

Fine, Hargreaves! So do you and
your men hie ye home to your
beds. The night is bad enough for
the devil! My thanks to you all.

Hargreaves nods and leaves. Margery and Roger fall asleep
again.

The clock says 3.00a.m. and there is another knock. Richard
Baldwin comes in.

BALDWIN

By God's grace, Sir, all has been
well tonight!

ROGER

My thanks, Tony...to you and your
men.

BALDWIN

The devil must have stayed warm in
Hell tonight.

ROGER

Indeed, I.....

Margery has just turned slightly and caught sight of Nipper
who is lying comatose, and at a strange angle of
limbs. Margery leaps up and goes to touch him.

MARGERY

...Oh! Nipper!

Nipper does not respond and Margery recoils from his corpse
He's cold!

Roger goes to touch Nipper, too, and then gets up, looking
serious

ROGER

He's dead!

92

EXT. ROAD APPROACHING THE NEWCHURCH - DAY

92

Margy and Roger are just approaching the church, on
horseback.

MARGERY

So you don't think it was poisoned?

ROGER

We mustn't get to seeing the work
of witches in everything, cousin,
or they win.....Poor Nipper was
getting on in years. It was
probably just his time, my dear.

They hear a noise coming from the churchyard, ahead.They look
up and see a bustle of people

ROGER (CONT'D)

The Devil?

MARGERY

After all.....

They dismount hastily and their servant tethers the horses.
There is the sound of a hubbub and a woman crying.The Warden
and curate come down the path towards them and Baldwin and
Hargreaves remain at the other end of the path, near the
church.

ROGER

(To the Warden)Whatever's chanced,
I'll not watch this...bawling and
squalling on God's day.Stir
yourself as Warden and bring these
folk to the decencies!

The Warden, Swyer, seems to come out of his bemusement

SWYER

Aye.....aye.Here's no behaviour!

He turns to the crowd and calls out
Profane not the Lord's Day with
your chatter.Get you within his
house and make prayer against what
has been done!

Harry Hargreaves, the constable moves quietly up by his
side.The crowd recognise their combined authorities and move
quietly into the church.The curate turns to Roger and speaks
as he starts to move towards the church.

MASTER TOWN THE CURATE

I will preach extempore, from
Exodus 22.

MARGERY

(Under her breath, to Roger)Thou
shalt not suffer a witch to live...

Roger rolls his eyes and nods his head to her

ROGER

Baldwin! Show me the cause of this!

Baldwin sets off ahead, down into the churchyard and Hargreaves and Swyer fall into step with Roger.

The graves have been dug up, and skulls have been removed and thrown on the path, with their teeth removed

ROGER (CONT'D)

Good God!

SWYER

Teeth for Devil's charms, Sir!

They approach a grave near the bottom and Hargreaves steps ahead and puts his hand on Richard Baldwin's shoulder

HARGREAVES

Richard! Let it be, man.....You've no call to look on that, again!

Richard stands aside and Swyer goes to join him. They have arrived at another grave. This time, the corpse is relatively new. It has been pulled out and is that of a small child with a dirtied small white smock on. The skin is all black and rotted and the head has been pulled off. The head has long hair and its teeth have also been extracted.

Margery claps her hand to her mouth, turns away and does a couple of dry retches.

ROGER

(Looking at Hargreaves) The same as the last?

HARGREAVES

Aye....but the last wasn't his!

ROGER

God's grace! Are you saying....

HARGREAVES

Here's his own girl! His Margaret that was.

Roger turns to Richard

ROGER

Richard, where is your wife?

BALDWIN

In Colne, with Grace.

ROGER

Thank goodness! Then get you to her
and stay a while.

Turning to Swyer

Swyer! Do you go with him!

SWYER

Aye, Sir

Swyer leads Richard away.

ROGER

These graves will
need.....Margery, go see what
Master Townsend is up to!

Margery hurries up the path and peeps round the church door. The curate is ranting and waving his arms around. There is an ominous buzzing of the congregation. Suddenly Margery hears boots and spurs on the path behind her. She turns and shakes her head despairingly at Roger. Roger enters the church with Hargreaves and Margery behind him. He halts half way down the nave and the buzz dies down.

Roger speaks out and resonantly

ROGER (CONT'D)

Master Townsend, my regrets that I
halt your sermon. However....

His eyes sweep around the church

He who kills a witch commits murder
and will be committed to the Assize
of Oyer and Terminer at
Lancaster. And the divine who has
urged him to murder will find that
that, too, is a hanging
matter!.....

Bring a proven witch before me and
I'll commit her. Do more, and I'll
commit you!

Roger turns on his heels and marches out

93

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE/BRIDLETRACK - DAY

93

Margery is riding alongside of Baldwin's millpond with a hedge hard by on one side of her. Suddenly, there is a shove from the hedge, Margery is unhorsed and she falls into the millpond.

After a cry, Margery, swims into the side, struggling against her sodden riding habit. As she starts to haul herself out, Richard Baldwin appears, reaches down and hauls her out.

BALDWIN

Good's grace, Mistress! Did your horse stumble?

Margery is squeezing bits of herself out, trembling badly with the cold, and is furious.

MARGERY

No! I was pushed! And if my brothers had not taught me to swim, I would be drowned!

BALDWIN

But who pushed you, Mistress? The hedge?

MARGERY

No! Someone behind the hedge!

BALDWIN

'Tis some evil here! Come into the house direct and get dry. Grace is inside.

94

INT. BALDWIN'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

94

Margery is in Grace's plain black clothes with her wet hair in a braid and she is settling a plain white collar on her neck, while warming her hands at the fire. Her wet habit is steaming, nearby. Grace is ironing at the table.

GRACE

Do excuse me, Margery, but we only got back from Colne, yesterday and so I am drowning in our linen...oh...sorry!

MARGERY

Don't worry, Grace. I am not drowned, despite someone trying to do it!

GRACE

Could it not just have been a bump in the track?

MARGERY

Grace!.....You are just like Roger who said my broken saddle girth was probably just wear and tear and that Nipper dying after eating my pudding was just due to his old age.

GRACE

The neighbours are saying that Master Nowell gives protection to witches, threatening any of us who would try and protect ourselves against them.

Baldwin comes in as Grace says this and listens to the girls while selecting from some papers on the dresser

MARGERY

My cousin wants witch work stopped as much as everyone.He only stays for proof...

BALDWIN

.....Proof he won't get! Meantime, this brood run free in Pendle!

Baldwin strides into his parlour and closes the door.

MARGERY

For sake of sanity, let's talk of something else!.....How is Miles?

GRACE

I do not know.His mother has sent him off to stay with his cousin, Master Potter,at Lathom.Now that she has got him away.....

Grace looks upset

There will be an end on it!I've told you before what Alice Nutter think of me.She is aiming high for her son....and I am dismissed as only a miller's daughter!

MARGERY

She can't keep him away for ever...?

GRACE

No, but when he's back, she'll have some other slyness ripe!

Grace looks despairingly at Margery

95

EXT. OUTSIDE WHALLEY CHURCH - DAY

95

Margery and Roger exit the church and Roger meanders off to join a group of men, while Margery wanders slowly along down the path. Suddenly, Alice Nutter accosts her from the rear.

ALICE
(Jeeringly) What,
Mistress....deserted?

Margery glances at Roger and gives a minimum curtsy

MARGERY
For the moment, only

ALICE

Threateningly saccharin
And have we seen the last of Master
Hilliard?.....He was wise to
leave Pendle. The climate here can
be so dangerous.

MARGERY
Indeed, Madam! I have heard of some
who died most oddly in this Pendle.

ALICE
And they were folk who were bred in
Pendle! There might be greater
hazard for foreigners.

MARGERY
Foreigners?

ALICE
Master Hilliard is wise to flee our
climate. He was not bred to it.

She lowers her voice and smiles even more threateningly
Nor were you, Mistress.....

MARGERY
Nor you, Madam!....But perhaps you
were bred in an equally treacherous
climate. You were no doubt prudent
to send Miles off to Lathom.

ALICE

There's no prudence in it. Miles is
in the (smugly said) Earl's
household by invitation!

Margery drawls aristocratically and ironically

MARGERY

Invitation? Ah, yes! One clerk,
Potter, I understand...?

ALICE

(Angrily) Pray remember that Master
Mathew Potter is my nephew!

Margy drops a low, ironic curtsey and smiles sweetly

MARGERY

Ahhhh! That explains all

Alice flushes furiously and looks for an answer. Roger comes
up, takes Margery's arm while sweeping a bow with his hat at
Alice.

ROGER

Ladies!

Roger walks Margery down the remainder of the path and out to
the horses

ROGER (CONT'D)

Careful, my cousin. That cat will be
out for revenge after your spirited
defence.

Margery tosses her head

MARGERY

Hah!..... I'm not her mouse!

Margery at Tony Nutter's in the parlour. Tony sitting weakly
in elbow chair and Margaret fussing with food.

Jennet in Roger's kitchen with Margery, cook cooking and maid
tidying. Jennet is scraping out a mixing bowl with her
fingers and eating it while chattering to Margery.

Margery in Roger's parlour, reading a letter from Frank who
has to remain with his sick mother. She looks despairingly at
Roger.

Margery in Tony Nutter's bedroom. Tony is back in bed looking pale, and Margaret is anxiously wringing her hands and earnestly explaining something to Margery.

Margery in Grace's kitchen. Grace is cooking and Margery is laying the table while Grace's mother is talking at both of them from the spinning wheel. They are nodding at her.

Margery is mounting her horse outside Roger's house and Roger is already mounted when Jennet, drenched wet, bursts through the shrubbery, panting

JENNET

Have you any cake? Master Nutter is dying! But apple pie will do! I like them both. He might last a day, or so, though!

MARGERY

Margery mounting with the servant's aid
Roger, I cannot come to Whalley,
but must away to poor Tony. (To
Jennet) Into the kitchen with you,
child! Tell them you're to be fed
and clothed, straightway! Hurry
now!

ROGER

Take care on the wet tracks, little
cousin!

She gathers up the reins and canters away

MARGERY

Farewell!

97

INT. ANTHONY'S HOUSE/HALLWAY - DAY

97

Margery knocks, quietly and then comes in at Anthony's door. She takes a couple of steps and then sees Margaret coming down the stairs with Master Southworth behind her. She is crying.

MARGERY

Margaret! How is Master Nutter?

MARGARET

He ails, Mistress! He is sick and
dying! (Sobs) Master Southworth has
just administered extreme unction
and is going to hear my confession
(sniffles)...

MARGERY

I shall sit with your brother,
Margaret, don't worry.

Margery hurries upstairs and Margaret and Southworth go into the parlour.

98

INT. ANTHONY'S HOUSE/TONY'S BEDROOM - DAY

98

Margery goes into Tony's room. He is ranting and his eyes are wide and staring with large black eyes. Margery looks, with horror at his poor, rigid face.

TONY

Anne! Anne, my dear! Oh, Anne! What
is it, my dear?..... Why are you
eyes staring so?.....Where is my
little daughter? Why is your little
body wracked so?.....Oh, Anne!
Anne!

Margery begins to cry at such suffering. She sits on the chair by the bed and picks up the candlestick and holds it, so that she can see his face better.

Suddenly, she starts and peers into his eyes more closely and her mouth drops open. She replaces the candle and dashes down the stairs, running into the parlour.

99

INT. ANTHONY'S HOUSE/PARLOUR - DAY

99

Margaret is on her knees before Master Southworth who is standing, muttering something in Latin and signing the cross before her. Margery breaks rudely in

MARGERY

What has he eaten!?

MARGARET

Master Southworth has taken
noth.....

MARGERY

No! Tony!

MARGARET

Oh!....Just a little barley water
and some syllabub from Alice and...

MARGERY
(Spits it out) Alice?!

MARGARET
She has been most kin...

MARGERY
Have you any left? Where is it?!

Margaret wanders out, through the kitchen, and into the larder, followed by Margery and Southworth.

100 INT. ANTHONY'S HOUSE/LARDER - DAY

100

MARGARET
It's just here, dear and...

Margery grabs the bowl, in the crook of her arm, dips her finger in and tastes it. Her lip curls up, as she recognises the bitter taste from the coppice and she hurls the bowl from her. Margaret shrieks and looks with horrified amazement at Margery.

MARGERY
Spitting and working her face in disgust, wiping her tongue on her sleeve
Poison!..... It's poisoned!

MARGARET
Oh, poor Tony! Poison!

MARGERY
Go to Tony. Do not leave him. He may only drink water from your well, and only that which you have tasted first, Margaret!..... I must get you both away from here.

Margaret hurries away to Tony.

.....and you, too must go, Master Southworth!

SOUTHWORTH
Yes, but the sickness was born of this venom?

Margery walks through into the hall

101 INT. ANTHONY'S HOUSE/HALLWAY - DAY

101

MARGERY

If not born, then certainly
nourished! I must ride for a
lit....

There is a knock and then the door opens and Francis stands
there. Margery runs to him and hugs him

MARGERY (CONT'D)

Frank! Where are you from?

FRANCIS

Coldly, while looking at Southworth
Home. I was eager to see you, but I
hardly thought I would see so much!

Margery looks from him to Southworth, and instantly realizes
what he thinks.

MARGERY

Frank! Don't jump to conclusions!
There is imminent death here and
Margaret called Master Southworth
for extreme unction, before I even
came!

FRANCIS

What? Tony?

MARGERY

Yes, and I have discovered that the
poor man has been
poisoned!.....Master Southworth!
Do you go! Your work is done here,
now.

Southworth looks questioningly at Francis

SOUTHWORTH

Your leave, Sir?

FRANCIS

Margery has this under command.
Better you be gone Sir, while none
hinders....Certainly I wish you
better than what is prepared at
Lathom for you!

MARGERY

And thank you for the cross and the
witch book!

SOUTHWORTH

You are more than welcome, Madam!

Southworth bows and leaves.

Margery turns to Francis.

MARGERY

I must get them away from this place! Tony and Margaret must come to Roger's.....oh, and their old servant. Could you ride and fetch a litter and Roger..... and some servants...horses!

Francis steps up and presses her to himself

FRANCIS

I am sorry I doubted you, my love. I will be back before dusk...by the time you have them dressed and ready.

Francis kisses her and then turns and walks away, but Margery runs back and kisses him, again.

MARGERY

Make haste, my love!

She runs upstairs

102

INT. ROGER'S HOUSE/PARLOUR - EVENING

102

Roger, Margery and Francis are by the fire with their after dinner wine.

ROGER

.....What does this tale amount to? That Margery thought she tasted some bitterness in the syllabub,- no more.

MARGERY

But Tony Nutter had all that the herbal said....the fever, the eyes, the rambling...

ROGER

Who will hang Alice from a herbal? The woman is no fool. She waited until he was already sick and then tried to help him on his way.

(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)

Mistress Alice Nutter is of wealthy yeoman stock and good standing in the community. She would escape conviction, if we tried to commit her, now.....we cannot risk that. Now let us talk of other things. Frank, how are things at Lathom?

FRANCIS

Well, Sir. I am not Milord's catchpoll, these days. I have news.....part of my Mother's illness was the knowledge of her brother's recent death. As my uncle had no children, he has left his estate to my mother, who has given it to me....my being the younger son. My brother, of course is heir to my father's estate.

MARGERY

Oh, Frank! Now we can....er, I mean, now you can....er will be comfortable.

Roger grins at her discomfort over her faux pas

FRANCIS

I shall ride over to Lathom and be quitted of my lord's service.

ROGER

You'd best ride to Lancaster, as he attends the Lent assize, there.

FRANCIS

In that case, I shall take the opportunity to visit our old friend, Tom Covell, as well.

ROGER

Say hello to the old scoundrel from me....and you can also say goodnight to this heroine, here. Take over her candle lighting for me, Francis.....

Roger reaches for his pipe and tobacco pouch, on the mantelpiece

.....I'm going to light a pipe

Francis takes up one of the candles from a side table and courteously bows and nods expectantly at Margery, who rises, smiles and curtsies back, leading the way out of the room, calling back

MARGERY

Bid you goodnight, Sir!

ROGER

Good night, Mistress and sweet dreams. You have done a good days work, today.

Margery smiles her thanks back at him.

103

INT. ROGER'S HOUSE/PARLOUR - DAY

103

Margery is settling herself with some sewing by the fire and Roger is standing by the window, looking out.

ROGER

Well, sorry to leave you for the day, little cousin, when Francis has had to go off for a while, too, but I must off to Craven..... though it looks like rain

He suddenly scrutinizes something out of the window
.....or, maybe not.....huh!

Roger sniffs in disapproval, which brings Margery to the window. Alice Nutter, wearing a pale grey velvet habit, with lace collar and a tall black copintank hat, with small black feather, is dismounting from a fine grey mare with an ostentatious black and gold embroidered saddle cloth. Alice enters the house.

ROGER (CONT'D)

She has obviously learned something of Sunday and is keen to learn more.

He turns to smile at Margery

We'll prick her arrogance, a little, shall we?

Alice sails in, shown by the servant and salutes are exchanged.

ALICE

(Impatiently) I hear that my brother is here, Sir!

ROGER
Your husband's brother, Ma'am

ALICE
I count it the same

ROGER
He doesn't

Alice's foot starts tapping insistently and her dark head
rears in defiance

ALICE
I am here, Sir, to pay him my
respects.

ROGER
You are most gracious, Ma'am. I
shall convey them to him.

ALICE
By your leave, Sir, I shall convey
them, myself.

ROGER
Alas, Madam. Master Nutter came
near to dying. He is delicate. To one
in his state.....visitors could be
dangerous.

Alice, rears her head and her eyes glitter. Margery looks on
apprehensively. Suddenly, Alice relaxes. She shrugs.

ALICE
If it must be so, I must not press.
Please convey my sympathies and
those of my husband, too.

Roger bows exaggeratedly

ROGER
Circumstanced as he is, he has the
sympathies of all of us.

Margery follows Alice out to the font of the house where her
horse is tied up and Alice mounts up.

ALICE
What ailed Tony?

MARGERY
We think it may have been the
effluxion of his pine trees

Alice snorts contemptuously

ALICE
Pine trees, indeed!

MARGERY
(Sweetly smiles) Or perhaps some
other plant that grows in
Pendle...?

There is a hissing slash and Margery leaps back, as Alice's horse whip just misses her face. Alice moves off at a smart trot.

ROGER
(Coming out of the house) Grief, she
just missed you!

MARGERY
No harm done.

ROGER
What a temper the woman has! In
this case, however, her bite is
worse than her bark!

He turns in at the door, gently steering Margery
Not just poor Tony....it's poor
Dick and Miles, as well. Rough Lee
must be a living hell!

Suddenly there is a cry and they both look up to see a wild-eyed lad galloping up the road, who jumps off his horse and runs in at the gate, running up the short bit of drive.

LAD
Sir! Sir! They're swimming a witch
in the miller's pool at
Wheathead!! The constable sent me,
Sir!

ROGER
Thanks, boy! Do you go into the
kitchen for a drink, now and we
will take care of things.

Roger turns into the house with Margery

Roger and Margery come galloping up through the rain, and slow to a walk when they come to the crowd of a hundred people, or so, by the pool. Roger pushes his horse through the crowd and Margery keeps close.

Baldwin and a fresh-faced, podgy man are standing by the low wall of the pool, and Alizon Demdike is there, at their feet in the mud. She is naked, scratched and bleeding and lying on her side with her right wrist tied to her left ankle and her left wrist tied to her right. Alizon's eyes are rolling and her lips are twitching in an extremity of terror. Roger and Margy dismount.

ROGER

Untie that girl! Go to your homes,
each one of you, and at once!

BALDWIN

Master Nowell, you'd best know...

ROGER

I mean to know!

He glances sharply at Margery to untie the girl. Margery starts to comply when there is a fierce hand clapped on her shoulder

BALDWIN'S COMPANION

You'll leave that

Roger whips out his sword and holds it tight against the man's neck pricking blood there.

ROGER

Do you stay your hands, or do I
slit your throat?

The man backs off

ROGER (CONT'D)

In the King's name, I do command
you that you do depart, all of you
peaceably to your homes.

Margery has got the ropes off the girl and thrown her cloak around her, while helping her to her feet.

Your home is the closest, Master
Baldwin, and as a parish warden, I
look to you to set the example.

Baldwin points

BALDWIN

By her hellish arts a man lies
maimed at Colne.

ROGER

Anthony, we will talk of this in
your home.

Margery breaks the impasse

MARGERY

May I come too, Master Baldwin? Is
Grace in?

Baldwin smiles

BALDWIN

Surely and welcome, Mistress

Grace and her mother come hurrying out with blankets and, whilst Margery goes in the house with Baldwin and the man, the women enwrap Alizon, and Roger gives instructions to Hargreaves to take the girl to his house, pillion, on his horse. The muttering crowd disperse in groups, disappointedly. None dare to look at Roger who is glaring at them.

105

INT. BALDWIN'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

105

Margery, Roger, Baldwin, and the stranger are sitting around the fire having removed their wet outer garments. The door opens and Mistrss Baldwin pokes her head around the door.

MISTRESS BALDWIN

Would you all like some....

BALDWIN

...Not now, woman!

She retires

So this Abraham Law's father, Fat Jack, as you know him told Alizon that he would not give her pins, for free. This hussy so cursed him that he hurries away from her faster than he could, with his great sack of goods. Only a furlong later and he fell down paralysed. He only just managed to drag himself to the nearest alehouse and they sent for me. This Alizon had bewitched him!

ABRAHAM LAWS

Though my father forgave this
witch, I pursued her to Pendle
where I was referred to Master
Baldwin and the whelp would have
got her reward had not you arrived,
Sir.

Roger, getting up, along with Margery

ROGER

I shall formally examine Alizon, on
the morrow....supposing her to be
recovered by then. Master Law, I
shall expect you at my enquiry and
Mast Baldwin, you are welcome to
attend, in your role of parish
warden.

106

EXT. ROAD BACK TO ROGER'S HOUSE IN READ - DAY

106

Margery and Roger are riding back, together with Tom
Peyton. Suddenly, Margery is struck by a thought and draws
rein. Roger, seeing her, draws rein too

ROGER

The devil?...?

MARGERY

Who sent that lad with the message
for us, this morning?

ROGER

Hargreaves, was it not?

MARGERY

No! He had been there, but three.
minutes when we arrived, he said!

Roger whistles

ROGER

God's Grace! What wits you
have!...Tom!

Tom rides up

TOM

Sir?

ROGER

Do you know the lad who brought the
message, this morning?

TOM

Yes, Sir. The pig boy, who is at
Rough Lee!

107 INT. ROGER'S HOUSE/PARLOUR - DAY

107

Roger is in his elbow chair, with Margery and Francis, across
the hearth rug.

ROGER

Well, Alizon was happy enough to
tell all. We have enough evidence to
hang Demdike, Chattox and Redfern
for the murders of Margaret Baldwin
and Anne Nutter.

MARGERY

Master Baldwin is happy

ROGER

But I'm not....we still don't have
any proofs against Alice Nutter.
She is the evil spirit behind these
murders including, of course, those
of poor Tony's brother, parents and
grandparents.

MARGERY

All died ranting and retching!

FRANCIS

Ranting and retching?

MARGERY

Poisoning by the Deadly
Nightsha.....Although the Demdike
rambled a lot about pins in clay
models and killing Margaret Baldwin
with the help of a dog spirit, when
you asked her about what physical
means she used to kill Margaret,
she clammed up, suddenly.

ROGER

Yes, she knows how the murders were
done.....Francis, do you keep
your ears open, tomorrow, when you
ride with our captives to Lancaster
castle.

Francis nods

FRANCIS

Sir!

ROGER

Oh, and Francis.....?

FRANCIS

Sir?

ROGER

Be pleased not to be far diverted
if some sightly wench should spill
from a horse.....!

They all laugh

108 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE/BRIDLETRACK - DAY

108

Margaret is enjoying a spring ride and she halts by the Sabden Brook. She suddenly sees a horseman coming quickly down her way. He waves his hat and trots up to her. It is Miles Nutter.

MARGERY

You're a stranger, Miles.

MILES

It's good to be back.

MARGERY

Well, my visit is still to make, at Goldshaw, but yours is evidently made.

Miles looks a bit embarrassed

MILES

Er, no. Truth is, I am lodged at my uncles and ride to see Grace, at Wheathead.

MARGERY

Oh, that is good! Poor Grace must be so pleased to see you again! I'll not hold you here. God be with you, then.

Miles bows and kicks on his horse. Margery calls after him

MARGERY (CONT'D)

And commend me to Grace!

She rides on, enjoying the fine weather. Margery eventually arrives at Goldshaw and pulls up outside the door. A man watches her from under the front door lintel, as she approaches. It is not Tony, but Dick Nutter. Margery looks surprised to see him and he comes forward to help her dismount.

DICK NUTTER
Good Morrow, Mistress!

Dick looks a little shamefaced
....yes, I am my brother's guest,
these days. So is Miles. Did you see
him, as you came?

MARGERY
Yes, we met by the brook.

DICK NUTTER
Tony and Margaret will be so
pleased to see you. Come you in.

They go into the house.

109

INT. ROGER'S HOUSE/PARLOUR - EVENING

109

ROGER
Margery and Francis are seated
together by the fire, talking and
Roger comes in. Dinner will be a bit
later, this evening, I'm afraid, as
I am a bit late. Sorry for this, I
have been drowning in papers for
the Craven Assizes. That's why I
have not seen much of you, two,
these last days.

MARGERY
Is there anything we can help with,
cousin?

ROGER
Well, you might turn your head to
this..... Alice Nutter came
here, as bold as brass, this
afternoon and laid an information
that there had been a meeting of
the witch-coven, last Friday!

FRANCIS
Witches?!

MARGERY

Why? Where?

ROGER

At the Malkin Tower, where they had beef, bacon and roasted mutton. This mutton was stolen from Master Swyer, by James Device.

MARGERY

James?

ROGER

The moon-kissed Jemmy! There were the Devices, the Bulcocks, the Howgates and one Hewitt, called Mouldheels. They met, apparently, to plot the death of Tom Covell and the escape of Old Demdike.

MARGERY

How does Alice pretend to know so much?

ROGER

Oh, she just happened to ride past and see them all through the window. Apparently, it took her a few days to find out what actually transpired.

FRANCIS

I imagine this Alice Nutter woman wants them out of the way, in case of their loose tongues.

MARGERY

What now, Sir? Do you commit them?

ROGER

If Alice schemes that I should, I ink that I shall hold off a while.

He turns swiftly to Frank

Will you ride to Altham tomorrow and bear word of this to Nick Banister? I'd gladly learn what he says to it. And Margery.....will you ride out around the Forest, tomorrow, and, should you fall in with Jennet, see what information you can find?

Margery and Frank nod.

FRANCIS
Gladly, Sir.

110 EXT. (SEVERAL)- DAY

110

Tableaux

Margery riding up a hill

Margery picnicking by a stream

Margery sitting in horse back, looking down over a valley

Margery riding by a wood and peering in

111 EXT. BARLEY/THE EXIT OF THE ROAD TO NEWCHURCH - DAY

111

Margery is riding out of the village, in the direction of New Church, when she hears a call and Miles canters up from behind her. He joins her for the slow pull up the hill to Newchurch.

MARGERY
Miles, why are you and your father
lodged in Goldshaw?

MILES
Um...um, it's my Uncle Tony...he's
been sick, you know.

MARGERY
Er, yeeeeeeesss....

MILES
(Briskly)Of course...sorry! We owe
you some thanks of that!

MARGERY
Soooooooooooo.....

MILES
If you must know...there were some
matters that had a reek...the
syllabub was just one.....
We liked them not, my father and
I.Then my father got to remembering
that this retching, ranting and the
dark eyes had been what his
oarents, his grandparents and his
brith all died o.....

He rubs his eyes and looks away distressedly

I'm sorry, Margery....it's not a thing that I can talk of!My poor father has gone out of Pendle and I know not where.

MARGERY
He has left you behind?!

MILES
Oh, no, he tried to take me, but....I stay for Grace!

MARGERY
Oh,.....you mean.....

Miles stares her in the eye

MILES
.....I stay for Grace!

MARGERY
You do well, Miles.

They have arrived at the foot of the hill and Miles turns his horse's head along Sabden brook, gathering up his reins.

MILES
My father has, however, given his formal leave for my betrothal to Grace....farewell

He canters off.

Margery arrives back at Read and Roger has come out to help her dismount. A courier gallops up and hands a letter to Roger.He opens and reads it, while Margery is dismounting.

ROGER
It's from Tom Covell, at Lancaster.....It's the Demdike..

Roger looks up at Margery
She's dead!

112 INT. TOM COVELL'S HOUSE/PARLOUR- DAY

112

Margery, Roger and Tom sitting by the fire and drinking.

ROGER
So what took this Demdike?.....Your gaol fever?

Tom looks with mock outrage

TOM COVELL

We change the straw every quarter,
now! Gaol is not what it was!
There's scarce one in three dies of
fever, now! No, she wilted, like a
salted slug, and was gone....soon
after the visitor, on Sunday.

ROGER

Visitor?

TOM

Aye, she bribed the turnkey.

ROGER

Her aspect?

TOM

A woman out of Pendle. A black-
visaged slut with a rolling squint
and a screech like a moonlit cat.

MARGERY

Squinting Lizzie!

Roger nods solemnly

TOM

She brought an apple tart for her
mother. The old dame guzzled the
tart and was dead within the hour.

MARGERY

Jennet said that there is no oven
at Malkin Tower

ROGER

There is an oven at the Rough Lee

MARGERY

Alice's speciality is fruit pies

ROGER

...and dead tongues don't
clatter.....So, it was for this
that Alice was at Malkin Towers on
the Friday.

MARGERY

Squinting Lizzy must have started
for Lancaster, on a borrowed pony,
on Saturday.

Roger stands up and bends to shake Tom's hand

ROGER

My thanks for this, Tom. We must
get back to Pendle with what speed
we can.

113 INT. ROGER'S HOUSE/PARLOUR - EVENING

113

Nick comes in the door ushering Roger and Margery in, with Frank following.

NICK

I kept the main of it back, at
dinner for fear of endangering
Mistress Margery's appetite.

They all sit down.

NICK (CONT'D)

While you were gone, the child
Jennet came here. She was half
starved and blue with the cold. Her
Mother had left her alone for three
days with no food, or fuel. So she
came here, in hope of these. I had
your women clean, and feed her. She
is abed, now.

Margery jumps up.

MARGERY

Oh, poor Jennet! I will just check
she sleeps well. My apologies,
gentlemen.

She exits the parlour.

NICK

The constable, Hargreaves, the two
wardens and I went up there,
entered the Malkin Towers and found
it deserted, as Jennet had said. We
saw a newly disturbed earthen
patch, in the corner of the house
and dug there. There we found all of
those teeth taken from the
Newchurch graveyard, together with
clay models with pins in them... I
have them still, Roger.

The door opens and Margery enters with Jennet.

MARGERY

Jennet was awake and wants to tell you about what has been happening. It seems that the daily beatings were bad enough, but at least she had the odd crust. Now that she hasn't even been given this, it seems she no longer has any loyalties to the towers.

Roger pulls out a footstool for Jennet.

ROGER

Sit down little maid, just for a while and tell us who was at the Towers, on last Friday.

Jennet sitting down and looking around

JENNET

All them I said, plus that Jennet Preston woman who then went to help the Listers at Westerby, in their dairy.

FRANCIS

Ah!....The fomenting of the tale against Margery!

JENNET

Then our Alice came and went outside with our Mam and she gave her someat....dunno what. Mam put it in her chest. She said someat about maybe visiting the Preston woman at Gisburn.

ROGER

This is well, Jennet...Margery, do you give her some warm milk and return her to her bed....

Margery and Jennet go out

We have her, gentlemen! We have Squinting Lizzy! The constables can ride for this Preston woman's house at Gisburn, tomorrow!

114

INT. ROGER'S HOUSE/JUSTICE ROOM - DAY

114

Roger and Nick Banister are at the table with Margery and her papers at the side of it.

Baldwin, Peyton and Wilsey are seated around the side of the room, along with Francis. Squinting Lizzy stands before the justices, along with Hargreaves, the constable.

ROGER

Your denial is of no use, woman. Your son, Jemmy, has confirmed that you did make clay models of this Robinson man and that you then did deliver a pie to his wife. This said Robinson did then die that night.

LIZZEY

Jem's a loose-tongued bastard!

ROGER

You should know, Mistress!

Lizzie struggles against her hand bonds

LIZZIE

Called me a ditching whore, he did!

ROGER

So you wrought him in clay and gave him a pie....and then he died?

LIZZIE

I was meet with him for it!

ROGER

(To Margery) Set that down.....Now, Mistress Demdike, I believe that Alice Nutter was at your Friday revels. Tell me, did she give another pie to you for your mother, in Lancaster gaol?

Lizzie shrugs and rolls her eyes

LIZZIE

I thought that pie were good and sweet! Why would I want to hurt th'auld bitch?

ROGER

Then why did you flee to Jennet Preston's

LIZZIE

Wasn't fleeing! Went there to help her with her troubles about York Assizes!

ROGER

(To Hargreaves) Take her away.

Hargreaves takes Lizzie out, while she struggles and kicks him.

Are we any nearer, Nick?

NICK

They can hang Lizzie over this
Robinson and Redfern over Anne
Nutter, but the moving spirit
behind these deaths, as well as the
deaths of Margaret Baldwin, and the
grand parents, parents and brother
of Dick Nutter is, as we all well
know, Mistress Alice Nutter...

MARGERY

....as well as three attempts on my
life and one attempt on poor
Tony's!

ROGER

It seems so, now, my
cousin....thank the lord you are
still with us!.....This woman gets
past bearing. Come, Nick-let's to
horse!

NICK

Whither?

Roger looking grim

ROGER

Rough Lee!

115

INT. DICK NUTTER'S HOUSE/STEWARD'S ROOM - DAY

115

Roger comes in, pulling off his gloves, with Nick, Margery,
Baldwin and Francis following.

ROGER

(To Nick)...keeping that woman and
her whelp outside, in case of the
needs of cross examination.

BALDWIN

Looking around

Well..... as none gave us entry
and none give us hospitality, we
must make shift for ourselves.

Baldwin bends and lights a fire, pre-laid in the grate. Roger and Nick sit at one side of the table and pull it back to make way for a defendant. Suddenly, Alice sweeps into the room, in black velvet, with silver embroidery. She looks icily around.

ALICE

What's this? I had almost thought
beggars were come to town!

ROGER

Not beggars, Ma'am, but the King's
Justices.

ALICE

Indeed, Sir! May I know why?

ROGER

We've some questions to ask.

Alice sweeps over to a chair and seats herself, uninvitedly.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Madam, we have witnesses who aver
that you were the provider of pies
to certain people who then died,
immediately after consuming these
pies.

ALICE

There is no proof that these pies
were the cause of their deaths,
Sir. Also, several of my cook
servants were involved in the
baking of these pies. Would you hang
all of my cooks?

ROGER

Your brother-in-law nearly died
after consuming a syllabub which
came from your house, Madam!

ALICE

I can be proved to have been at
church, when my husband brought it
to his brother.

ROGER

But you gave it to your husband,
before you left!

ALICE

I deny it!..... Dick stood to
inherit!

(MORE)

ALICE (CONT'D)

Dick and Miles took the syllabub
over to Tony's and Dick has now
fled the scene. I challenge you to
prove your ridiculous assertions!

Alice gets up and walks in a stately manner to the door. She
opens it and then turns over her shoulder.

If you carry on with your probing,
you will only end in hanging my
husband!

She goes out and closes the door. Roger scrapes back his chair
angrily and slaps his hands on the table.

ROGER

Grace of God!

NICK

A woman of parts. She's a
murderess, no doubt, but...

ROGER

She's a poisoner and a damned witch
and should have been so committed!

NICK

I doubt of our getting proof of it.

MARGERY

(Softly and insinuatingly) What? Of
being a murderer.. (she
smiles).....or being a witch?

They all gape at Margery

ROGER

God's Grace,
woman!...Yeeeeesssss.....she was
there, with them, at the Malkin
Tower. You put it squarely, Nick. We
dare not commit on murder, in case
of acquittal.....but
witchcraft...!

Returning to his customary briskness
Who'll be Judges of Assize this
August?

NICK

Altham and Bromley.

ROGER

A pretty pair! Either would hang a
witch for tuppence!...Bring
Elizabeth and Jemmy in

Baldwin goes out and he and Hargreaves return with Squinting
Lizzie and Jemmy.

ROGER (CONT'D)

You are already committed for the
murders of Mitton and
Robinson. Whose spirit sat on theirs
besides yours and your
mothers?.....Was it Alice Nutters'?

Lizzie is stubbornly silent and sticks out her jaw.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Leaning forward towards her
Who gave you the pies..... and
then laid information about your
coven, on Friday?

Lizzie starts furiously whispering to herself

ROGER (CONT'D)

And who, do you think, told us that
you had fled, to Westby?

Lizzie's eyes and mouth widen

LIZZIE

The poxy lying trull!

ROGER

So.....WHOSE spirit sat with yours
in league against those men?

LIZZIE

(Spits it out) Hers did! Alice
Nutter's!

ROGER

And who led the plotting of the
coven, last Friday, at Malkin
Tower?

LIZZIE

Alice Nutter! Blast her eyes!

ROGER

You swear to this?

LIZZIE
Swear and be damned!

Jemmy whoops and jumps about

JEMMY
Swear and be damned! Swear and be damned!

ROGER
Take them out.

Looking at Margery
Add that to their depositions

Margery scribbling furiously

MARGERY
Aye, Sir!

ROGER
Bring Alice back

Baldwin and Hargreaves leave and return with Alice. Holding her by her arms.

Madam, you are formally indicted for witchcraft and will be arraigned for this at the next Assizes at Lancaster.

ALICE
(Screeches) Good God! What's here?

ROGER
Matter to hang a witch!

ALICE
(Screams) I was not there!

ROGER
(Yawning, boredly) At which of the particular murders?... Take her away

Hargreaves and Baldwin remove her struggling, scratching and shrieking imprecations. Roger says to Margery
Make out the Mittimus!... Come, Nick, we had better see them horsed.

He leaves with his men. Margery finishes scribbling and throws the pen down. She shudders and looks at her hands. She gets up and throws the quill into the fire and stares at it. Francis comes around the table and takes her in his arms. He kisses her and she clings to him.

Roger and Nick return and stand in the doorway

ROGER (CONT'D)
(Staring) God's Grace!

NICK
(With his hand on Roger's
shoulder) Surely!

EPILOGUE

Tableaux

Margery is teaching Jennet to read, by her knee, near the fire. She, but not Jennet, looks up and sees the witches and the guards riding off to Lancaster, along the lane, past the bottom of the lawn.

The camera comes up the hill and enters the Malkin Tower. It pans around slowly upon the poverty of the Demdikes' abode: their pathetic beds, the messy bits of cooking implements by the dead fire, the empty, open, broken chest.

The camera then emerges backwards and withdraws up into the air, slowly becoming a very wide shot which also, finally takes in the gloomy shape of Pendle, in the approaching dusk.

