

BARKSKINS

Episode 2 - "The Turtle King"

by

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Based on the novel "Barkskins" by Annie Proulx

EXT. SETTLEMENT OUTSIDE OF WOBİK -- DAY (END OF PILOT)

TIGHT ON the Jesuit Priest FATHER CLAPE whom we last saw amid the burned out remnants of the settlement. Haggard, eyes gaunt with all that he has witnessed, Clape sits on the furrow of the child's grave, naked save for a dirty breechcloth.

HAMISH GOAMES and YVONNE stands over Clape as they realize he's gone mad.

Clape stands and points to something coming out of the woods at them...

FATHER CLAPE

...Do you see it?

CLAPES' POV as he looks and sees the first black wolf slink out of the woods followed by a six-legged DEVIL with great crab pincers for arms, the head of a cricket...

FATHER CLAPE (CONT'D)

Azazel sprung from the abyss...

HAMISH GOAMES

Come Father...

Clape looks back to the woods and blinks -- the devil is still there wielding a gang chain over the six black wolves, pincers snapping.

Clape rises from the grave furrow and begins walking to meet the devil, incanting.

Goames nods and Yvonne clomps Clape on the side of the head with his axe, KNOCKING him out as we...

REVERSE to reveal: No demon -- nothing but a starving COY-DOG cringing out from the bush.

The dog turns and weasels back into the forest. Goames follows, musket out, wary.

Goames and Yvonne follow the dog into a small ravine and then into a clearing where there is a single bent spruce tree standing in the middle of the beard grass.

Goames looks up and sees something in the tree, a tattered dress and the skinny arms of a YOUNG GIRL clinging to a crook in the tree. Alive as we...

END OF TEASER

EXT. WOODS -- DAY

TIGHT ON CHARLES DUQUET, freshly escaped from Trepagny's indenture.

He runs down a narrow forest path, convinced the Beast has scented him out...

He shimmyes up a tall spruce trying to gain a vantage over the vast green forest but no matter how high he climbs he remains flocked by the endless sea of trees.

The wind rocks the tree back and forth nearly pitching him to his death but he clings, praying as the wind subsides.

Duquet opens his eyes and spies a bird's nest swaying on a nearby branch and inside the nest, THREE BLUE EGGS. Food.

He stretches out along the branch reaching for the eggs and manages to grab one. He quickly pops the egg open and drinks it.

He reaches for another when the wind suddenly rises up against him and his foot slips and he tumbles down through the branches and lands with a dead thump on the ground beneath the tree.

DUQUET'S POV as he stares up through the tree branches and sees the blue sky for a second as his sight dims and he passes out and we...

EXT. TREPAGNY'S DOMA -- NIGHT

CAMERA FINDS RENE SEL as he tops the hill in the rain, having been out searching for Duquet all day.

He dashes into the small cabin.

INT. SEL'S CABIN -- NIGHT

Sel shakes the rain from his oilskin and then quickly banks his fire up to a roar.

Before Sel can warm himself up Trepagny pokes open the cabin door and BARGES in. He's dripping wet and has the relaxed and drunken tilt of one too many brandies...

SEL
Monsieur Trepagny...

TREPAGNY
Bonsoir, Monsieur Sel. I came to have a word as you've been all about, round and round my Doma and I should like to know what you have found? Speak.

SEL
Nothing, sir. No sign of him.

Trepagny crosses to the fire and POKES the tip of his walking stick into the coals, watching as it catches fire.

Trepagny plucks the now SMOLDERING walking stick from the fire and brandishes it at Sel...

TREPAGNY
I would like a full accounting of your search Monsieur Sel.

SEL
Duquet is nowhere to be found.

TREPAGNY
Of course Duquet is gone. We have already established that very fact as you have, I am confident, affected a proper and thorough search.

SEL
I have sir.

TREPAGNY
Then I ask again -- what have you seen? I will have the all of it.

Trepagny moves the SMOLDERING STICK to Sel's eyes, threatening him.

Sel is sure he was seen spying on Trepagny and Mari in the manor in the woods...

TREPAGNY (CONT'D)
What sort of man are you Monsieur Sel?

SEL
I don't know what you mean...

TREPAGNY

You vouched for Duquet -- gave your word on his character. And I, in return, took him here to my Doma and showed him the path to become a free and landed man. How does he repay my charity? He elects to flee his contract of indenture. Leaving me to suspect what lurks in your secret heart, Monsieur Sel?

(then)

I will have you know that should you abandon our agreement like your compatriot Duquet that I will weigh two-fold on your hide the fair and proper punishment due your ilk.

SEL

I am a man of my word. I will serve out my three years with gratitude.

TREPAGNY

You had better or I will set you in the dark waters to rot.

Sel pushes the stick aside.

TREPAGNY (CONT'D)

I can see the whole of the world. I can even see through trees, into the hearts-wood so do not think you can hide your intentions from me...

Trepagny collapses into a crude chair made of spruce boughs, his feet inches from the fire pit.

TREPAGNY (CONT'D)

I know of the ram.

(off look)

Mari confessed it out. Your friend Duquet also knew of the ram and what its insides spoke.

SEL

Duquet said nothing to me--

TREPAGNY

-- That is because it augured of the great black gears and ancient beings sprung from cracks in the earth. I have seen such creatures and we have no dominion over them. That is what the ram augured. Surely, it is no coincidence that Monsieur Duquet took his speedy leave after bringing that cursed ram here...

Trepagny stares at his sodden boots giving off steam as they roast in the fire, on to another drunken thought as Sel watches the flames take hold on the stick, threatening to climb over to Trepagny's trousers.

TREPAGNY (CONT'D)

I have loosed something into the world I will soon regret...

SEL

What is that?

TREPAGNY

Duquet -- a cunning creature who if he does not find his death will prosper as frog to pond, rat to rot. Duquet is a clever one Monsieur Sel, clever, clever...

SEL

Duquet is afraid of the woods.

TREPAGNY

He will overcome that fear because he is a rat and he will prosper. Mark my words. I have seen this...

SEL

I will take up the search again tomorrow.

TREPAGNY

It's no use. You will return to your duties Monsieur Sel. It is important we stay on track with the Doma lest the woods win a day.

(then)

Now if I may avail myself of your fire. Just for a moment...

SEL

Of course.

Trepagny's head tilts back and he dozes off.

The smoldering walking stick falls from his grasp and Sel retrieves it and extinguishes it in a puddle as he regards Trepagny and we...

EXT. WOODS -- NIGHT

TIGHT ON DUQUET as his eyes flutter open. His face obscured by thousands of mosquitoes and gnats.

He bats them away and for a second he sees the distant shimmer of stars through the gap in the trees.

Duquet puts a hand to the back of his head. It comes away wet with blood and dead spruce needles.

He stands and starts walking, feeling his way through the dark wood...

... DOWN a brush covered hillside, ears cocked, eyes peeled as he stumbles and bats at the dark branches, the dull glow of a quarter moon the only light to navigate by. But something keeps him putting one leg in front of the other -- hunger, fear of the Beast and the pure animal drive to find something besides trees and bugs and the endless night.

Duquet stops as he smells something carrying on the wind -
- SMOKE, which means fire...

He follows the scent of smoke, crawling through brambles, down into dark muddy sloughs and up impenetrable vine choked banks.

At the top of one of these small rises he sees something -
- the orange glow of a banked FIRE in a small clearing.

Next to the fire sits the charred remains of butchered-out deer bones. Beckoning.

He waits a long time staring at the coals in the ash-pile dimming, wondering if this is some sort of trap.

And then he hears it -- the faint tap of something in the canopy above. Rain. He looks up and drops hit his face. If he waits the fire will be lost.

He scurries out of his hiding place to the dying fire and blows the bed of ash away to reveal glowing embers and for a moment he warms his hands over them -- a small comfort...

But the rain starts to come down harder, turning the ash to a fine gray paste as he frantically searches the surrounding area for a dry branch.

Duquet rips a spruce bough free and shoves it against the coals. He tries to fan it to flame. But the bough is too green and so he races off and grabs a handful of spruce needles.

He drops the spruce needles on the embers and blows and then finally a flame curls to life.

He builds those small flames into a fire.

Duquet dances in celebration as the fire burns brighter, pushing away the gloom of his predicament.

But then the sky flashes with lightening, followed by a deep boom of thunder. The rain comes down heavy and the fire sputters and within minutes Duquet finds himself lord of a muddy pit.

A LONG BEAT as he takes stock. It's dark. He's soaked to the bone, bloody and bedraggled, starving and lost.

He lets out a whimper, presses that hole in his tooth as he crawls over to the deer carcass, cracks a rib off and gnaws on the dried gristle as the rain washes over him and we...

EXT. TREPAGNY'S DOMA, MARI'S CABIN -- NIGHT

MARI opens the door to find Sel standing in the rain.

SEL

Master Trepagny has passed out in my cabin.

MARI

That is a good place for him.
(off look)
Come in and eat.

SEL

No, I have food of my own.

MARI

Don't stubborn me. You will eat
and then we will see about
Trepagny.

She pulls his oilcloth off and sets it by the hearth to
dry and then turns back to Sel who is standing stiffly by
the door.

MARI (CONT'D)

Did Trepagny ask of your day?

SEL

Yes. He wanted to know what I
saw...

MARI

You do not need to worry, Rene. I
did not tell him of your visit to
the grand manor.

SEL

I saw nothing there and that is
what I will tell him if he asks.

MARI

It can be our little secret...
(then)
Would you like to have a secret
with me?

SEL

Yes...

MARI

Secrets are good Rene. Tomorrow I
will show you another secret.

The idea thrills Sel, but then...

SEL

No, I must work.

MARI

Of course you will but Trepagny
has plans to go to town and when
he is gone I will show you.

She motions Sel to sit at the table as she pulls a cook-
pot from the warm ledge and moves it closer to the fire.

Sel sees JEAN-BAPTISTE, Mari's son, asleep under a heavy
blanket in the corner.

Mari portions him out some food and hands it to him. She plucks a fine crystal brandy decanter from a cupboard and pours him a glass.

Sel hesitates, knowing that this is Trepagny's brandy, his woman, Mari...

MARI (CONT'D)

Please...

Sel accepts the food and brandy and obliges himself. Mari watches him eat, fingering the ribbons in her hair...

SEL

How did the manor get there?

MARI

It's his secret. He calls it Le Triomphe.

SEL

Who built it?

MARI

Men like you. Many men.

SEL

What happened to those men?

MARI

I don't know. He does not speak of them.

Sel considers this, then...

SEL

Why doesn't he stay in the manor?

MARI

I have asked him the same thing. He says he is waiting for something grand...

Sel wolfs the food down quickly, swallows the brandy and stands to go, nervous.

SEL

Perhaps now you would assist me with returning Trepagny to his bed.

MARI

His bed is here. And he has
already been in it -- twice. I
will have him no more, not when he
has been into the brandy.

Sel looks away, embarrassed.

SEL

It is my duty to see him to bed.
(then)
You promised...

MARI

Yes, I know. He is asleep right?

SEL

Yes, but...

MARI

He can sleep a little longer.
What is the harm in that?

Sel finds himself parried as Mari crosses over to a pile
of Trepagny's belongings and pulls out a leather bag.
From the bag she removes several letters, sealed with
wax.

MARI (CONT'D)

I would like you to tell me what
these are.

Sel examines the letters, sees Trepagny's florid seal...

SEL

I shall not intrude on another
man's business.

MARI

Then I will.

She takes one of the letters to a candle and holds the
seal over it until it is loosed. She unfolds the parchment
and then hands it to Sel.

MARI (CONT'D)

You can read?

SEL

Yes.

MARI

Good. Then you shall read this to me and I will not tell Master Trepagny of your travels outside the manor and of your spying on our private time.

SEL

Then will you help me return Trepagny to bed?

MARI

Yes. I give you my word.

Sel nods, smiling at her cleverness in bending him to her will.

Sel takes up the letter and reads it -- It's a marriage proposal. Trepagny asking a French Aristocrat for permission to wed his daughter, MELISSANDE.

Mari watches Sel read the letter...

MARI (CONT'D)

What does it say?

SEL

Nothing...

MARI

You are lying. Even I can see the words. They are to a woman -- Melissande. Is that not her name?

(then)

He puts them on ships and waits for letters back.

Sel looks at her as he puts it all together the grand unoccupied manor, the letters and Mari staring at him knowing she is on the short end of things with Trepagny and thus there is only one thing for Sel to do...

SEL

No it is about land, Mari. A business dealing. Melissande holds property for him in France.

(then)

Now please before he discovers us.

Sel hands the letter back.

Mari doesn't quite believe him but she folds it back up and sets about re-heating the wax seal as we...

EXT. WOBİK -- NEXT DAY

We find the DRUNK TRAPPER we saw MATHILDE thwack with an axe handle slumped up against the alley wall, blood leaking from an ear, eyes swollen as TOM MCBOGLE (Dud's boy) and his buddy CHUBBY PETE investigate...

CHUBBY PETE

He's done for. Go on and give him
a poke Tom...

Tom pulls out a small knife, sneaks up on the Trapper and pokes him in the leg.

The Trapper doesn't move. Tom pokes him again -- this time on the arm. Still nothing.

He hands Chubby Pete the knife.

TOM

Your turn.

Chubby Pete stands over the Trapper and PLUNGES the knife into his leg.

The Trapper yowls awake and snatches Chubby Pete by the throat.

Chubby Pete struggles to free himself but the Trapper has a firm grip on him as Tom hesitates. Not sure what he should do -- The Trapper is choking his friend to death.

Tom darts in and tries to grab the knife but the Trapper kicks him into a puddle. Tom pushes himself up and starts for the Trapper again when CONSTABLE BOUCHARD strides up.

He stands over Tom, watching Chubby Pete twist and fight the Trapper's grasp to no avail.

BOUCHARD

Hell of a thing to watch your
friend die.

TOM

Do something, please.

Bouchard waits. Chubby Pete begins to sag and gasp, his face purpling.

Just as he draws one last breath, Bouchard pulls his club and KNOCKS the Trapper DEAD.

Chubby Pete falls back gasping as Tom wipes foul street mud from his face.

Bouchard regards the Trapper as two of his DEPUTIES arrive on the scene.

BOUCHARD
(to Tom and Pete)
Get out of here and say no word.

Chubby Pete takes off running. Tom holds his ground as his knife is still stuck in the dead Trapper.

Bouchard menaces him with the club, red-faced. Hungover.

BOUCHARD (CONT'D)
Do you need a knock, son?

Undaunted, Tom pushes past Bouchard, grabs the KNIFE still stuck in the Trapper's leg and tries to free it.

BOUCHARD (CONT'D)
Move aside.

He wrenches the knife clear, wipes it clean on the Trapper's trousers and hands it back to Tom.

BOUCHARD (CONT'D)
Aim for the soft parts next time.
Your father should be able to
guide you in that science. Now
git.

Tom takes off.

Bouchard searches the Trapper's pockets and finds a flask. Bouchard uncorks the flask, and tests the contents. Horse piss. He dumps the rest into the mud, pockets the flask.

He signals to his Deputies...

BOUCHARD (CONT'D)
Fetch him over to the Hairlip's.
Tell him he fell off a log wagon I
reckon.

The deputies bear the Trapper away as Bouchard hears a commotion in the street behind and goes to investigate.

EXT. WOBİK, MAIN STREET -- DAY

Bouchard emerges from the alley to see Hamish Goames carrying the LITTLE GIRL over his shoulders and Yvonne dragging Father Clape by a rope.

Clape, clad in dirty breechcloth, struggles against the rope praying, stark raving mad, the girl limp with the horrors she's witnessed...

CLAPE

*.... Omnis fallaciae, libera nos,
dominates. Exorcizamus you omnis
immundus spiritus Omnis satanica
potestas, omnis incursio,
Infernalis adversarii, omnis
legio, Omnis and congregatio secta
diabolica.*

Bouchard pushes through the crowd of curious town folks whispering about the sudden and dramatic appearance of Hamish Goames and Yvonne with the survivors...

BOUCHARD

What's this?

HAMISH GOAMES

Survivors from the settlement near the creek.

BOUCHARD

There were no survivors.

HAMISH GOAMES

That's where we found them. In plain sight for all to see.

BOUCHARD

I conducted a thorough search.

HAMISH GOAMES

Not thorough enough it seems.

BOUCHARD

My deputies can give you an account of our search as well.

HAMISH GOAMES

I shall have it later.

(then)

Do you know who she belongs to?

Bouchard reaches out and pushes the hair from the girl's face, revealing a strange, FOX-SHAPED BIRTHMARK on her neck.

A woman in the crowd GASPS as the birthmark is revealed...

BOUCHARD

No, but she has the mark of the Devil.

Goames pulls the girl away.

A beat as he tries to rub the birthmark away, but it is not dirt and so he covers it from the prying eyes of the crowd.

HAMISH GOAMES

It's just a birthmark. Nothing more.

(to the crowd)

Now move away.

BOUCHARD

Mister Goames you shall hand them over and so that I may see to their care and recovery.

HAMISH GOAMES

We will manage without your assistance, Constable. Now step aside.

Yvonne passes by dragging Clape who stops to hurl his anti-demon prayer at Bouchard only to be jerked away.

Goames leads the party up to Le Grand Inn...

INT. LE GRAND INN -- DAY

Goames, the Girl, Yvonne and Father Clape enter to find FRANCIS GEFFARD, the inn-keep blocking their path to the upstairs chambers. Chest puffed out.

Clape falls to the carpeted floor in a muddy heap.

FRANCIS

I do not house the ill of mind.
One guest one room. That is the policy.

Goames reaches into his waist coat and pulls a COIN PURSE out and drops it on the desk.

HAMISH GOAMES

Apply what is owed and if I find
I've been gouged I will settle
that with you in a manner not to
your liking.

Francis opens the purse, sees the shine of gold and lets
Goames pass.

Yvonne attempts to rouse Clape to no avail.

FRANCIS

... the priest can have a slot in
the stable until he comes to his
senses.

MATHILDE enters with an armload of soiled linens to find
her husband standing, clutching Goames' coin purse.

She SNATCHES the purse away from him, smiles to Goames.

MATHILDE

We shall see to your needs.

HAMISH GOAMES

Perhaps it would best to keep out
the curious.

He points to the crowd gathered on the porch outside the
Inn.

Mathilde springs into action, hanging the linen across
the front door.

FRANCIS

I won't have my business suffer
Mister Goames.

MATHILDE

Hush Francis.
(then to Goames)
I will draw a bath for the girl.

A beat as she puts a hand on the Girl's foot, sees the
tattered and BLOODSTAINED SHIFT she's wearing.

MATHILDE (CONT'D)

And fetch Veronique's dresses from
the chest.

FRANCIS

I will not, Mathilde...

MATHILDE

They are of no use to us. You
will fetch them for me now.

FRANCIS

No...

Mathilde comes at him and he suddenly finds it in himself
to obey.

EXT. TREPAGNY'S LAND -- DAY

Sel stands atop the grand clearing in the woods felling a
large tree. His axe bites and he stops to drive a chock
into the opening. The tree begins to shimmer in
anticipation of its demise as he sinks the axe into the
heartwood.

The trunk splinters and the tree arcs down to earth.

Trepagny finds him and bangs his walking stick on the
fallen tree...

TREPAGNY

I'm away to town and shall return
before sundown. A dozen trees and
you are good on the day, Monsieur
Sel.

SEL

Shall I take up the search for
Duquet again?

TREPAGNY

No you shall not. We will endure
without the rat's presence.

Sel nods and watches Trepagny depart, noting the leather
bag from which Mari withdrew the letters last night.

As Trepagny vanishes down the trail, Sel's gaze travels
east down to Mari's cabin where he sees smoke from a cook
fire but no sign of her.

EXT. RIVER BANK -- DAY

A muddy slack water eddy where long trapped out beavers
have flooded a section of the woods into ponds that have
now gone to smooth mud ovals.

An ODAAWA HUNTING PARTY saunters about the area having
traveled to trade with the French fur trappers.

A SQUAW is hunched over an overturned snapping turtle, scrapping meat from the shell.

A few of the men sit on a fallen tree discussing the lack of beaver and pointing at something in one of the nearby mud pools.

While two other men circle an explosion of DUCK FEATHERS on the bank.

They circle the feathers, reading the scene, discussing and then pointing back out to the mud pool and some faint tracks leading into it.

The LEADER pulls a lance and crosses over to the mud pool where he sees a few more duck feathers floating atop the mud.

ANGLE ON the mud pool as we see the faint outline of Duquet in the mud, his mouth and eyes just visible -- hiding.

The Leader pokes Duquet with the lance and he springs up from the mud and tries to run but falls.

This is a source of great amusement to the Odaawa who watch the pitiful scamper of Duquet. He makes it across to the other side of the mud pool, tries to dash into the brush but is stopped short when an Odaawa brave steps from the trees brandishing a long knife.

Duquet flaps back into the mud pool, hands up, pleading. He sits in the shallow pool.

DUQUET

Please, please -- I mean no harm.

The Odaawa laugh some more and discuss. THE FOLLOWING IN ODAAWA...

LEADER

He is French. We could maybe trade him.

BRAVE

The French bring sickness. Leave him to die.

The Leader nods. This is true.

One of the women throws a rock at Duquet. It plinks him in the head.

DUQUET

Mercy...

The Odaawa laugh at his misfortune -- this Frenchmen brought to this low and groveling creature.

The Leader motions that one of the women should bring him some turtle meat. She does and he puts the meat on the ground and PISSES on it.

The Leader takes the piss soaked meat, skewers it on his lance and holds it out into the mud pool for Duquet.

Duquet resists but the Leader rears back the lance as if to run him through with it.

Duquet cowers and prays, causing more laughter as he understands the choice being offered and takes the turtle meat. He swallows it to a hale of a Odaawa laughter.

The Woman walks out to Duquet with the turtle shell and places it on his head like a helmet.

Duquet endures this. He is not dead yet and for that he is grateful. He even manages a smile as the Odaawa go about striking a fire and setting camp.

We see several Odaawa disperse into the woods, while others still cache their bale of beaver and lynx pelts under a tree and set a child and dog to guard them.

Meanwhile Duquet sits in the mud pool, inching closer to the shore, shivering, sick with tooth rot but still alive.

LATER a large cook fire roars. The Leader stands and motions Duquet to join them.

Duquet hesitates but then he sees the food being prepared, the warm orange crackle of the fire and he slowly crawls out of the mud pool and sits warily by the fire, wondering when they might kill him.

The Odaawa keep their distance lest Duquet spread the sickness that has wiped a quarter of their kind from the north woods.

As the mud bakes and hardens Duquet into a skinny grey statue the Odaawa laugh and eat.

The Leader pulls a skewer of deer meat from the fire and hands it to Duquet on the lance. No piss this time, a small blessing.

Duquet devours it, surviving minute to minute as we...

INT. COOKE & SON, OFFICE -- DAY

ELISHA COOKE sits across a long table from the GASQUET BROTHERS, HERVE & PIERRE trying to hammer out a deal on some land.

Cooke's office is well-paneled, a fine rug sits under a burled walnut table, a window framed with red drapes overlooks the muddy main thoroughfare of Wobik.

A beat as Cooke watches the crowd gathered outside the Inn to get a glimpse of the girl and the priest...

Much to Cooke's annoyance Herve sits whittling a PINE KNOT, littering the floor and table as his bother, Pierre, attempts a parley.

COOKE

... a full and fair offer. Can we agree on that at least?

PIERRE

We have told you our price.

COOKE

And I have told you mine and thus it is up to us to seek a favorable middle ground.

Herve stops whittling and blows the wood curls across the desk at Cooke. We might notice the carving taking on a profane shape...

PIERRE

Middle ground -- is that where you stick it to us, Mister Cooke?

COOKE

Your land is swamp at best. The timber twisted. Good for posts perhaps.

PIERRE

You've seen the land?

COOKE

My partner Dud McBogle assayed it. We are partners in this.

PIERRE

My brother believes Jim Weston will offer twice your price.

COOKE

Then go with Jim Weston by all means, though everybody knows it is his wife Bettina, who holds the purse. And she holds that purse even tighter than she holds Jim Weston's bawbels. But if you say her offer is better than mine -- then I bid you good luck.

PIERRE

We didn't say that. We only wish a fair price from you.

COOKE

If you mean profit. Not every man can profit just as not every man wins. But in the interest of concluding this transaction I shall offer two hundred additional and in return you shall deed me from the trail to this fine creek.

Cooke crosses to desk and pulls out a plat of the land in question and points.

PIERRE

Three and not the timbered hill to the west.

COOKE

What use have you for the hill?

PIERRE

A house for ma mere.

COOKE

I deal in whole parcels. I believe I was quite clear on that point.

PIERRE

Ma mere fancies the view from the hill.

COOKE

Your mother will be taken and violated by Iroquois. Does she fancy that?

Herve stops carving and turns the knife to Cooke and thinks of cutting this grinning Englishman's throat and watching his blood spatter all over his plat.

PIERRE

We hold the land, still. And you will apologize for bringing me here into this.

COOKE

You may sit and attempt to wring value from your parcel or deal it away to that ponce Tim Weston and his wife. Either way is fine with me. My offer stands.

Pierre looks to Herve who has finished carving. They share a look -- this guy is trying to fuck us.

Pierre stands. Herve tucks the carving KNIFE into his beard, stands and brushes his whittle waste to the floor.

COOKE (CONT'D)

Do not come back. I have offered my best middle ground and you have seen fit to waste my valuable time.

PIERRE

Oh we shall be back and shove this up your ass on your middle ground.

Herve sets down his CARVING -- it is of a large cock and balls.

INT. COOKE & SON, STAIRWELL -- DAY

The Gasquets pass DUD MCBOGLE coming up the back stairs. They refuse to let him pass the narrow stairs.

MCBOGLE

Move off.

The Gasquet brothers continue down the stairs, forcing Dud to reverse course.

Dud does not like ceding ground but Herve Gasquet is large and fearsome and there is that knife tucked into his thick beard and so he cedes but gives them a good dogging before clomping up the stairs to...

INT. COOKE & SON, OFFICE -- DAY

Dud barges in to find Cooke still at the window, now watching the Gasquets cross the street near the Le Grande Inn where a small crowd has gathered.

MCBOGLE

They found some survivors out near the crick settlement.

(off look)

Better you hear it from me first.

COOKE

Bouchard said there were no survivors. You have the facts wrong.

MCBOGLE

No I don't. It wasn't Bouchard, it was that Hudson Bay Agent and his halfbreed scout who found 'em.

COOKE

And what were they doing out there?

MCBOGLE

Prospecting for the whereabouts of their man who went missing.

COOKE

Mister Cross...

MCBOGLE

That's the one.

COOKE

That can be none of our business, Dud.

MCBOGLE

The missing Hudson Bay Man is not. I sent him to see Trepagny as you asked and that was the last I heard of him.

COOKE

And the girl and the priest?

MCBOGLE

They will damned sure be our business when they find their tongues.

COOKE

You told me the job was done.
That none survived.

MCBOGLE

Aye...

COOKE

Then how is that they found
survivors?

MCBOGLE

I do not know. You asked me to
clear them out of there and that
is what I did.

COOKE

Don't get it twisted Dud. I
expressed an interest in that
parcel. You proposed a fix, the
details of which, I remain gladly
ignorant of.

MCBOGLE

I did the job you asked.

COOKE

And now it seems it has been
bungled. Explain how that has
come to pass?

MCBOGLE

I delegated it to Henry Marth.

(then)

They must have hid. Don't worry,
Elisha, I will fix it.

COOKE

It is too late for fixes, Dud. A
priest and a little girl. This
cannot land on my doorstep.

MCBOGLE

It won't...

COOKE

How is it you know that, Dud?

MCBOGLE

I will make sure of it.

COOKE

That is what you told me last
time. And yet...

Cooke comes away from the window and grabs a small horsehair BRUSH and ASH BUCKET and hands it to Dud.

COOKE (CONT'D)

I would like this mess cleaned up.
Can you at least do that for me?

He indicates the mess left by the Gasquet brothers.

MCBOGLE

I'm not your fucking chamber maid.

COOKE

Or shall I call on Marth do it for me as it seems you have added a partner to our dealings I was not aware of.

MCBOGLE

We're in this together, Elisha.

COOKE

No we're not, Dud.

Dud accepts the brush and begins to sweep up the wood curls.

Cooke points out a few that he's missed as he takes the dick-shaped pine knot and sets it on a shelf behind his desk...

INT. LE GRAND INN, BASEMENT -- DAY

Mathilde pulls the young Girl from the steaming tub and dries her.

A beat as Mathilde notices the birthmark on the little girl's neck that resembles the head of a fox...

MATHILDE

What is that?

She examines the birthmark, but the girl shies away and stands staring at her tattered shift on the floor.

Mathilde sees this and grabs the dirty shift.

MATHILDE (CONT'D)

I shall burn it. That is the fix.

She tucks the dress into an ash scuttle and returns to administering to the Girl. She palms the Girl's matted hair from her face.

MATHILDE (CONT'D)

My Veronique had poor hair.
Course and unruly. You, my dear,
are truly blessed as you have most
beautiful hair.

The Girl stares at her feet, shivers, gone somewhere
inside as Mathilde holds forth two dresses for her to
choose.

MATHILDE (CONT'D)

Which one do you fancy?

The Girl doesn't look up.

MATHILDE (CONT'D)

Very well we shall start with the
blue. It will favor your eyes.

She pulls the dress over the Girl's head as we...

INT. LE GRAND INN, STABLES -- DAY

Goames and Yvonne have settled Clape into the tack room.
He's still muttering Latin incantations and naked save
for a breechcloth.

Yvonne sets a basin of water before him. Clape puts his
face to it and drinks like a dog.

HAMISH GOAMES

Stand guard over him. He will
come back into his soul on his own
accord.

YVONNE

Should I send for one of his own?

HAMISH GOAMES

No the black robes will bring him
to their bosom and we will not get
his full account of what occurred
out there.

YVONNE

And the Constable?

HAMISH GOAMES

I shall head off that fool
Bouchard.

Yvonne nods as Goames exits and we...

EXT. TREPAGNY'S LAND, TRAIL -- DAY

WE FIND Mari leading Sel down the trail, past the bone pile up a ridge and to a stand of aspens that collect the light in a pleasing manner.

She stops him, waits for him to enjoy the light. He remains impassive.

SEL

Is this the secret?

MARI

No it is not. But the light is beautiful. The way it comes through the trees.

She steps beneath one of the aspens and the light hits her and she glows. Sel smiles.

MARI (CONT'D)

Now you see?

SEL

I see you. Yes.

She smiles, takes him by the hand and leads him through the aspens down to a SMALL LAKE set like a jewel into the crook of the small valley.

EXT. TREPAGNY'S LAND, LAKE SHORE -- DAY

She leads him to the shore of the lake. Fish rise for mayflies and dapple the surface and the sun shoots through the trees casting the entire place in an Edenic glow.

Even Sel sees this as he walks down to the rocky shore of the lake and stares at his reflection in the clear water.

As he stares at his reflection in the water he sees Mari pull off her dress and jump past him, diving head first into the lake.

MARI

Come on.

Sel peels off his clothes, cups his balls and wades into the water, unsure of what awaits him with Mari.

She swims out to the center of the lake and beckons him.

He swims out to meet her.

We hold on the two of them in the center of the lake as they take in the splendor of it all.

MARI (CONT'D)

This is my secret...

Sel looks at her, still unsure as to her meaning.

MARI (CONT'D)

A man could have everything he needs here.

SEL

Trepagny owns this, does he not?

MARI

He has a piece of paper that says he does.

SEL

It's beautiful.

MARI

My family used to make camp on that shore in the fall and work fish baskets, take the bark off the spring saplings for snares.

SEL

Does it have a name?

Mari laughs at the thought.

MARI

No it does not. Why would it have a name?

SEL

Everything in the world has a name.

MARI

It is just a lake. There are more just like it over that rise. Hundreds. But this is the land you should ask Master Trepagny for when your term is finished and you are granted your land and leave.

With that she slips under the water.

Sel waits for her to emerge but she doesn't. He thrashes about looking, thinking some door has opened in the bottom of the lake and sucked her away.

Mari emerges on the far bank, pinned against the aspens, beckoning to him.

Sel swims to her, dashes up on the shore only to find her gone again. She has left behind a single red ribbon in the mud. He picks the ribbon up and looks into the aspens...

SEL

Mari...

Nothing but the wind in the trees as we...

EXT. ODAAWA CAMP -- DAY

The Odaawa Leader and his men pace around several shiny new axes, some knives and bundles of tobacco displayed on a deer skin as French fur traders led by a wild-haired man LAURENT GAGNEAUX watches with this men.

Odaawa Leader agreeing to a trade nods to one of his men who disappears into the brush and returns with two bales of beaver pelts. Gagneaux examines the pelts, puts forth three axes, several skinning knives and a bundle of tobacco. They shake on the deal.

One of the Odaawa women pulls the Leader aside and gestures at a tin of sewing needles not included in the trade. The Leader motions to Gagneaux that he would like to trade Duquet for the needles.

Several Odaawa show Duquet to Gagneaux.

Duquet stands before his fellow Frenchmen, covered head to toe in mud, turtle shell on his head.

LEADER

French...

Intrigued, Gagneaux circles the creature formerly known as Duquet, wary this may be some sort of trick.

DUQUET

Charles Duquet.

GAGNEAUX

D'où êtes-vous?

DUQUET

Je suis né à St. Germain...

Gagneaux turns to the Leader who indicates he wants to trade Duquet for the tin of needles.

Gagneaux, agrees and hands over the needles...

DUQUET (CONT'D)

Merci...

GAGNEAUX

(to his men)

Trouver une rivière pour le roi
des tortues...

The Trappers roar with laughter as we...

EXT. WOBİK DOCKS -- DAY

Trepagny watches men unlade a freshly arrived supply boat -- tinned food, sundries and so on and a large brass bell wrapped in canvas.

He's whistling to himself as he watches the dock workers struggle to unload the bell. They manage it across the gangway and then drop it on the nearby bank in front of three Jesuit Priests.

TREPAGNY

Just what this land needs.

He raps the bell with his walking stick and notes its dull toll as he follows a YOUNG BOY dragging several bags of post off to an awaiting MAGISTRATE who sits inside a three walled shack.

Trepagny approaches the Magistrate who looks up from sorting the bags and pouches of letters.

MAGISTRATE

Nothing today I'm afraid...

TREPAGNY

Yesterday?

MAGISTRATE

Boat took on water up river,
faltered in the rapids. I am
waiting on the loss report.

TREPAGNY

Was there post among the lost
goods?

MAGISTRATE

Again, I do not have the report.
They lost a paint mule, a barrel
of gunpowder and some Rush pills
and that's all I've heard tell.

TREPAGNY

But no report?

MAGISTRATE

Do you wish to post or not?

A disappointed Trepagny opens his satchel and removes a fresh bundle of LETTERS, among them the one we saw Mari open the night before.

He sets a copper coin beside them and waits as the Magistrate logs the letters.

EXT. LE GRAND INN, BACK ENTRANCE -- DAY

Dud McBogle sneaks around back to the kitchen entrance. He snags two chunks of stove wood and enters without knocking.

INT. LE GRAND INN -- DAY

Mathilde stands over the stove tipping hot honey cakes onto a plank to cool. She turns and finds Dud standing there with the wood, held club like in one hand.

She stiffens as Dud gives her a look, sees the honey cakes, the overall spring in her step.

MCBOGLE

Where are they?

MATHILDE

I don't enjoy being snuck upon.

Dud crosses to her...

MCBOGLE

I don't enjoy hearing news second hand, Mathilde.

Dud raises up the wood as if to smack her with it but then REACHES across and opens the burn chamber and drops it in.

Dud looks at the cakes and grabs one. It's hot and he drops it to the floor.

MATHILDE
Serves you right.

MCBOGLE
I want to know about the girl and
the priest.

MATHILDE
The priest is mad...

MCBOGLE
And the girl?

MATHILDE
Mute.

MCBOGLE
By choice or circumstance?

Mathilde puts the remaining honey cake on a tray and
pours some fresh buttermilk into a glass.

MATHILDE
You would do well to stay clear of
this, Dud.

MCBOGLE
And you would do well to stay out
of my business.
(then)
I want to speak with her. Bring
her to me at the mill.

MATHILDE
Mister Goames is seeing to her
recovery. He is not one you wish
to tangle with, Dud.

MCBOGLE
I'll see about that.

With that she takes up the tray and leaves Dud standing
there.

INT. LE GRAND INN, PARLOR ROOM -- DAY

Mathilde passes through the parlor bearing the tray. She
pauses to find Bouchard at a table with Goames, the two
men talking, low.

They pause at her presence. She smiles, collects
herself.

HAMISH GOAMES

How is she?

MATHILDE

The same.

She continues past as we linger with Bouchard and Goames.

BOUCHARD

... no sign of your missing man --
what was his name again?

HAMISH GOAMES

Mister Cross and you know that
full well.

BOUCHARD

That's right.

(then)

Did you manage to find sign of him
out there?

HAMISH GOAMES

None so far but we shall be
returning for a more thorough
search of the area. There are
dead yet to be properly seen into
the ground.

BOUCHARD

I would advise against that.

HAMISH GOAMES

Why is that?

BOUCHARD

I searched, as did my deputies and
Dud McBogle and his men. There
were still savages about and a
plan was struck to return and see
to the remains in a proper manner.

HAMISH GOAMES

You saw Indians about?

Bouchard looks about, busies himself with a sip of
brandy. But Goames regards him with an unnerving
stillness one might reserve for a worm drowning in a
puddle.

BOUCHARD

Yes...

HAMISH GOAMES

How many?

BOUCHARD

It was night, mind you and they were all about as they do, hiding and slinking, waiting for us to separate out so that they could pick us off.

HAMISH GOAMES

How many?

BOUCHARD

I don't recall, a handful perhaps.

HAMISH GOAMES

I should like an exact number, Constable.

BOUCHARD

No more than six...

Bouchard pours more brandy, tips it down.

HAMISH GOAMES

And the priest and the little girl did you see them?

BOUCHARD

No, I did not and if I did I can assure you they would have been well-rescued.

HAMISH GOAMES

Have you a theory why they were out there?

BOUCHARD

The Priest could have been with the Savages. Bringing them to God as is their fever. Ask him and I'm sure he will tell you as much.

HAMISH GOAMES

He's not well of mind.

(then)

What of the girl's family?

BOUCHARD

Could be she's an orphan smuggled out or escaped from some trapper's camp.

(off look)

(MORE)

BOUCHARD (CONT'D)

If she weren't already an orphan she is now. Them Savages are thorough in their slaughter. She was in a tree you say?

HAMISH GOAMES

Aye, I wish to discover her name.

BOUCHARD

I shall ask around but it would perhaps help if I could talk to her and get a proper account.

HAMISH GOAMES

That's not necessary. She's had her fill of unfriendly faces.

(then)

When you wish to tell me the truth of what happened out there I will be ready to hear it, Constable.

BOUCHARD

I don't answer to you, the English or the Hudson Bay Company, Mister Goames. I know what the lot of you are up to down there and I'll have you know that you are in Wobik and this is New France and I serve King Louis.

HAMISH GOAMES

I know what you answer to Constable.

(then)

Coin and drink and sloth.

Goames stands, leaving Bouchard to finish the brandy.

EXT. LE GRAND INN, PORCH -- DAY

Goames steps out to see a small crowd of townsfolk waiting outside.

Behind them he sees several Jesuits carting the church bells through the muddy street as he ducks back inside to check on the Girl.

INT. LE GRAND INN, ROSE ROOM -- DAY

Goames looks in at Mathilde with the little Girl, now in a dress, bathed and staring at a honey cake and glass of buttermilk. There is a rag doll at her feet.

The Girl stares past the food and taps her heel on the floor boards.

HAMISH GOAMES

The crowd has lessened...

Mathilde rises, crosses to Goames.

MATHILDE

She will need to be watched over.

HAMISH GOAMES

She seems comfortable with you. A mothering presence...

MATHILDE

Of course, but that is not what I meant.

(then)

There are some who may wish to...

Mathilde stops herself.

HAMISH GOAMES

Say it, Mathilde.

MATHILDE

Dud McBogle came to see her.

HAMISH GOAMES

What for?

MATHILDE

He wouldn't say and so I sent him away.

(then)

I would feel better if a man with your skills was at hand.

HAMISH GOAMES

Yvonne is in the stable with the priest and I am just down the hallway should you need my assistance.

She returns her attention to the girl as Goames exits...

EXT. LE GRAND INN, STABLES -- DAY

Goames finds Yvonne bent over Father Clape, a bucket of hot coals with several HOOF PICKS nestled into the coals on the ground next to him.

Yvonne pulls a heated hoof pick and holds it over one of dozens of FAT TICKS imbedded in Clape's back.

The tick wiggles free. Yvonne smashes it.

Clape stares over the stable bar into the next stall where a horse looks on.

Yvonne coaxes another tick free.

HAMISH GOAMES

Has he taken food?

YVONNE

Broth. Nothing more.

Yvonne removes another tick from Father Clape's back, crushes it dead, the priest's blood spatters across the straw.

Goames bends to have a look at Clape...

HAMISH GOAMES

I should like to know what happened out there, Father?

Clape continues to stare at the horse in the nearby stall.

Goames steps between his view of the horse. Clape becomes agitated and thrashes about knocking the coal bucket over.

Yvonne stamps out the coals.

Goames looks back at the Inn, toward the window of the Rose room. He sees MATHILDE'S FACE in the window.

It recedes as Goames looks about, unsettled.

EXT. WOBİK, MAIN STREET -- DAY

Trepagny stands outside a small wooden house. A single red lace curtain hangs across the window. The shadow of a woman crosses the window.

Trepagny steps towards the house, shaking. He stops short and pulls a crucifix and then looks up to the sky as the sun sets over the dim line of trees shrouding Wobik.

He mutters a prayer and stops.

A WOMAN appears at the door.

TREPAGNY
Is Saro available?

WOMAN
Busy...

TREPAGNY
Eileen?

WOMAN
Womb fever. I am not occupied.
Come closer so that I may set a
price on you.

Trepagny steps closer. The Woman steps out into the dim light. Mutual appraisal.

Trepagny shakes his head and continues on down the street.

INT. BREWHOUSE -- NIGHT

Trepagny enters and finds Bouchard playing aluette at a table with his deputies.

TREPAGNY
I wish to report an escaped man.

Bouchard eyes him. Drunk and unsure how this connects.

TREPAGNY (CONT'D)
Charles Duquet has vacated his
indenture to me. I suspect he
will find his way to town.

BOUCHARD
You still have the other man?

TREPAGNY
Rene Sel. Yes.

BOUCHARD
All is not lost.

Bouchard stands and tosses his cards...

BOUCHARD (CONT'D)
Walk with me...

He pulls Trepagny away from the table...

BOUCHARD (CONT'D)

I'll look into it. Now I need to know about that Hudson Bay agent. Randall Cross.

(off look)

There's a colleague of his in town asking questions.

TREPAGNY

And how is that my concern?

BOUCHARD

I know he's been to your Doma and I also know that he's not been seen since.

TREPAGNY

Aye, I remember him. Talkative fellow.

BOUCHARD

That's not what I'm after, Trepagny. This man they sent after him, Mister Goames. He's the implacable sort. All you have to do is see his boots and you'd know that. Rigid in his thoughts and actions. Thickly barked. A company man. Hudson Bay through and through.

TREPAGNY

If he finds his way to me I will tell him of my interaction with his colleague Mister Cross and I will also share with him what I think of the bloodsucking Hudson Bay Company.

BOUCHARD

Oh, he will find you, that is to be sure.

(off look)

He is finding all sorts of things that aren't supposed to be found. Priests. Mute orphan girls...

(off look)

West of town. By the creek. What will he find on that land of yours?

TREPAGNY

Trees.

BOUCHARD

He's not after trees.

TREPAGNY

I shall ready my account for him.

BOUCHARD

See that I am not included in it.
The Hudson Bay Company is in
league with the English and they
would love nothing more than to
push us French to the frozen north
waters.

TREPAGNY

Then you best stand for your job
and Crown.

BOUCHARD

If I come upon your missing man?

TREPAGNY

I do not want him returned. The
stocks seem a fitting end for him.
Now adieu, Constable.

With that Trepagny strides off toward the path out of town as Bouchard looks across the street toward the Le Grand Inn.

EXT. WOODS, RIVER BOTTOM -- NIGHT

We find the French Fur Traders around a campfire smoking. A few doze.

Gagneaux is cleaning traps and checking the supply of castoreum, used to bait the traps.

He looks past the fire to the woods and turns to one of his men, THOMAS, dressed in furs and poking at the fire with a branch...

GAGNEAUX

Has the Turtle King slipped free
of us?

THOMAS

There is no place for him to slip
off to. We should take him to
Wobik and leave him.

GAGNEAUX

Surely he must be worth something...

THOMAS

Not that I can see.

GAGNEAUX

A man can be taught to be useful. Thomas.

THOMAS

I have my doubts.

GAGNEAUX

He shall repay the trade on the needles at least. After that he can make his own way in the world.

Just then Duquet STUMBLES out of the dark dragging several green aspen limbs. He's been washed clean in the river and dressed in ill fitting furs.

He drops the limbs beside the campfire, looks to Gagneaux for approval.

Gagneaux flips him a hatchet. Duquet looks at it unsure...

THOMAS

He knows nothing of work. Another useless belly to carry.

DUQUET

Show me. Please.

Gagneaux picks up the hatchet and quickly shapes the aspen limbs into sharp trap stakes.

He hands Duquet the hatchet back and watches as he struggles to put a point on the stake.

He fashions one stake and holds it for Gagneaux to inspect. Gagneaux nods.

GAGNEAUX

A dozen more and you will have earned your ration for the night. A dozen past that I shall pass you some applejack.

Duquet takes up the hatchet and gets to work as we...

EXT. WOBİK, COOKE'S LAND -- NIGHT

Dud strolls toward a large campfire where several of his men lay passed out on the ground. There is a cripple sawing on a fiddle and in the b.g. the outline of several canvas wall tents...

Dud approaches the fiddle player.

MCBOGLE

Where is Marth?

The cripple points to a wall tent nestled back in the trees. A small fire burns outside the tent. Dud stomps over and kicks at the tent walls.

MCBOGLE (CONT'D)

Come outta there.

HENRY MARTH slithers out the tent flap, he's sweating and naked, his massive back giving off steam in the night as somebody else moves inside the tent behind him.

MCBOGLE (CONT'D)

Get dressed. We have a job to do.

MARTH

What job is that, Dud?

MCBOGLE

The job I paid you to do. The creek...

MARTH

Aye, that bloody job.

MCBOGLE

You didn't finish it.

Marth steps to Dud, his thick shoulders rolling as he fixes him with his dead gaze.

MARTH

I finished every last one of them. The woman in my arms went out lively. Other things too that shouldn't be talked about...

Marth points to an INFECTED BITE MARK on his shoulder...

MARTH (CONT'D)

I finished them to the last, so don't you tell me I left a job undone.

DUD

They found a little girl and a priest out there. Alive. They're in town right now, fetched back by an agent from the Hudson Bay.

MARTH

Nobody saw. Dog maybe, though I killed plenty of them too.

MCBOGLE

And you're sure of that?

Marth grabs his cock and waggles it at Dud.

MARTH

No more jobs Dud. Kick my tent again and I'll decorate that tree over there with your insides.

Marth grunts and slithers back inside the tent, leaving Dud at loose ends as he turns and looks down the hillside at the dull glow of Wobik in the moonlight.

Dud thinks a bit and then crosses back to the main fire, rummages through the supplies and finds the GREASE BUCKET.

He sets the bucket close to the fire, heats it up and then pokes a BARREL STAVE into the fire until it catches.

He trudges back to Marth's tent and dumps the grease over the canvas walls...

Dud touches the barrel stave to the canvas and the FLAMES catch, engulfing the tent.

Marth roars forth out of the tent, the grease soaked and aflame tent coming with him like a cape as he runs into the woods.

Dud watches a trail of flames follow in his wake as he bellows and then the bellowing ceases as we...

EXT. TREPAGNY'S LAND -- NIGHT

Sel walking on the path as he hears something and steps off the path...

A beat as he hides...

SEL

Mari? Is that you?

Nothing. He turns and finds he's lost the path.

He tops a small rise and sees the moon reflecting off a round black bog pool in a clearing.

He stumbles down to the bog and sees the remains of an old reed torch...

He looks out into the bog and sees something glinting just below the surface. He moves to have a closer look and that's when he sees a pale dead HAND bob to the surface.

Spooked, he DASHES away from the bog and back into the woods.

EXT. WOBİK, MAIN STREET -- NIGHT

Trepagny finds several Jesuits attempting to winch the bell to the roof of their crude wood and stone church.

They apply themselves to the block and tackle as the bell swings off the muddy ground.

It suddenly CATCHES on the corner stone and crashes into the side of the church, punching a hole in the clapboard and knocking one of the Jesuits over.

Trepagny crosses over and helps the priest to his feet.

TREPAGNY

Are you all right, Father?

PRIEST

I am fine. The bell..

Trepagny thumps it with stick. It rings out.

TREPAGNY

It is not cracked. And your arm?

PRIEST

It is fine.

TREPAGNY

Well you're a man short, I shall lend you a hand raising this.

Trepagny removes his jacket and as he does the Priests see his CATHAR CROSS.

They react, recoil almost.

TREPAGNY (CONT'D)

Do you not want the help?

(off look)

A bell is a bell and I shall like
to hear the Lord's tone sound over
this wilderness...

Trepagny tucks the cross inside his shirt and untangles
the block and tackle.

The Priests fall in beside him and begin to hoist the
bell skyward...

EXT. TREPAGNY'S MANOR HOUSE -- NIGHT

Sel, still spooked from his encounter at the bog emerges
from the nearby woods to find the manor house.

He crosses through the gate to the door. He looks in the
window. All is dark except for the moonlight.

He pushes open a window and enters.

INT. TREPAGNY'S MANOR HOUSE -- NIGHT

Sel cases through the house...

SEL

(softly)

Mari...

No answer. He opens a large double-hung door and enters
a narrow gilded room.

INT. TREPAGNY'S MANOR, SANCTUM ROOM -- NIGHT

Moonlight pours in from a transom above illuminating an
elaborate altar with a silver Cathar cross atop a rough
hewn cabinet.

Written across the front of the cabinet in Latin is a
Cathar maxim: "*Wheresoever two or three are gathered
together in my name there I am in the midst of them.*"

He opens the cabinet. Inside he finds a CHARRED LOG
riven in two as if by lightning and a brass bowl full of
HAIR.

Sel quickly closes the cabinet as he hears somebody
outside the window. He looks out and sees Jean-Baptiste
pointing at him.

Spooked, Sel dashes from the room...

INT. LE GRAND INN, HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE ROSE ROOM -- NIGHT

Goames sits in a chair outside the door, book propped open on his lap, musket against the wall.

He shuts the book, paces down the hall and looks out the window to the street. The wind rattles the glass. It's quiet -- too quiet.

He paces back to the other end of the hallway to a landing that overlooks the stable. He sees Yvonne sitting inside with Clape who is asleep under a wool blanket in the corner.

Goames paces back to his chair and book. He opens it, tilts it toward the light and then shuts it again. He goes back to the front window and looks out -- a reflection catching his eye.

He goes down to the reception desk and finds the fire out in the stove and Francis gone from his post.

On the desk is a cup of tea. Goames tests it with his fingers and finds it still warm...

HAMISH GOAMES

Francis...

No answer. He crosses behind the desk and into the back offices and finds no sign of him.

He spies an open window. He crosses and shuts it as we...

EXT. ALLEY WAY ACROSS FROM LE GRAND INN -- NIGHT

We find Dud crossing back from the Inn. He stops, wipes some BLOOD off his knife and pockets it as he hisses...

MCBOGLE

Tom...

His son, Tom steps from the shadows and Dud pulls him behind a stack of fish barrels.

Dud POINTS to the dimly lit room where the little Girl is being watched over by Mathilde and Goames.

A beat as he sees Goames come to the window and look out. Dud leans in and whispers to Tom, pointing...

MCBOGLE (CONT'D)

Aye, she just needs your help.
She's in danger.

TOM

What is her name?

MCBOGLE

That's none of your concern.

TOM

How will I get her to come with
me?

MCBOGLE

Tell her you will take her to her
mother.

TOM

I will?

MCBOGLE

No you will bring her to me and I
will bring her to her mother.

TOM

Why do they have her?

MCBOGLE

They wish to do bad things to her.
Do you don't want that to happen
do you Tom?

TOM

No I do not...

He pulls Tom across the alley to the shadowed side of the
Inn where a stove pipe runs up to the second floor.

Dud PRIES open a section of the stove pipe and slips some
soaked rags inside, down toward the joint that runs
inside to the stove.

Thick GRAY SMOKE begins to issue out of the pipe seams.
PAN UP to see that it's also filling the Inn.

MCBOGLE

Do you have your knife?

Tom shows him that he indeed does have the knife.

MCBOGLE (CONT'D)

Good boy. If anybody tries to stop you -- stick them and remember to pull back hard and stick again.

TOM

Yessir.

MCBOGLE

Now go and wait for my sign. We will meet on the path by the rapids where the dead elm stands...

He wraps some damp rags around Tom's hands and helps him up to the stovepipe.

As Tom climbs Dud creeps back around toward the stables, low, keeping to the shadows.

He sneaks up behind a horse in a stall -- it's the same horse in whose gaze that Clape has found comfort.

The horse whinnies at his approach. Dud pulls a shriveled apple from his pocket and feeds it to the horse.

As the horse eats Dud runs his hand down its leg and NICKS a vein with his knife. The horse rears back and spooks out of the stall with a ruckus...

Dud looks back at the Inn and sees Tom scampering up the stovepipe to the Rose room and pulling himself inside the window as we...

INT. LE GRAND INN, PARLOR ROOM -- NIGHT

Goames searching the back rooms for Francis, finds him in the kitchen doorway, throat slit. He turns and sees smoke rolling up against the ceiling.

He calls out...

HAMISH GOAMES

Yvonne!

He starts outside as the bleeding horse charges by him, spattering blood in its wake.

He stops, realizing he has left Mathilde and the Girl untended and dashes back inside and up the stairs as we...

INT. LE GRAND INN, STABLES -- SAME

Dud sneaks over to where Yvonne was standing guard over Clape as he hears Goames shouting from inside the Inn.

Dud enters the horse stall and approaches Clape, knife tucked against his wrist.

Dud stops and turns just as Yvonne roars out of the nearby stall, hatchet swinging.

He clips Dud hard, broadside on the ear and he goes down in a heap as Clape rises, speaking in Latin as we...

Inside the Inn guests begin to stir and shout 'fire' with the arrival of the smoke.

INT. CHURCH TOWER -- NIGHT

Trepagny and the Jesuits have just hung the bell from a rafter and they step back to admire their work.

Trepagny stares out over the town of Wobik and then follows the trace of stars over the forest to where his Doma sits hidden in darkness as the Jesuits bow their heads in a prayer of thanks. The bell is seated...

Trepagny picks up an iron spud and raps the bell. It rings out, loudly as we...

INT. LE GRAND INN, ROSE ROOM -- NIGHT

Tom scampers through the window and sees the Girl sitting on the edge of the bed.

Mathilde comes at him.

MATHILDE

What are you after?

Tom rushes to the Girl and grabs her hand and tries to tug her toward the door, but Mathilde blocks his path.

Just then we hear a bell tolling out over Wobik. Mathilde looks away for a second, spooked by the strange and beautiful SOUND OF THE BELL.

Tom pulls his knife and POKES Mathilde twice in the belly. She shrieks and falls to the floor as we...

INT. LE GRAND INN, STABLES -- NIGHT

Yvonne hears Mathilde shrieking. He looks and sees Dud in a bad way on the stable floor. He motions to Clape that he'll be right back and runs toward the Inn...

The bell continues to toll.

INT. LE GRAND INN, ROSE ROOM -- NIGHT

Goames runs down the hallway now filled with thick smoke. He's coughing and has to crawl as he finds the door ajar. He sees Mathilde on the ground holding her stomach, blood everywhere.

The Girl and Tom are nowhere to be seen, slipped away in the commotion and smoke.

Yvonne arrives.

GOAMES

They've got the Girl. The Priest?

YVONNE

They came for him too, but I got one.

Goames crosses to Mathilde and checks her wounds...

MATHILDE

It was Dud and his boy Tom. Came right through the window.

She reads something in Goames.

MATHILDE (CONT'D)

Is it bad?

HAMISH GOAMES

You will be fine.

(then)

Francis. He's dead.

Mathilde pulls herself to her feet, bleeding -- not seemingly mourning the murder of her husband.

MATHILDE

I'll find my way down -- find the girl.

Gomes pulls her out of the room and down the stairs. She shoves him...

MATHILDE (CONT'D)

Go...

Goames DASHES down the stairs and into the night as we...

EXT. LE GRAND INN, STABLES -- SAME

Yvonne arrives back to the stall and finds Clape gentling the cut horse.

HAMISH GOAMES

Where is he?

YVONNE

He was done for. I was sure of it.

Goames examines the blood-stained straw and sees the patter of still more blood indicating a direction. He begins his track as we...

EXT. WOBİK, MAIN STREET -- NIGHT

The townsfolk have spilled out into the street to stare at the Inn, billowing with smoke. There is talk of fire and gathering of water from troughs...

Goames searches the crowd for any sign of the girl but she is lost to him.

EXT. RIVER BANK -- LATER, NIGHT

By the light of the moon we find Trepagny down by some rapids, searching the banks for debris. He finds the PAINT MULE hung up on the rocks, dead.

In the b.g. we see a large dead elm tree in a small clearing next to the shore.

Trepagny stoops to examine a busted shipping crate floating at water's edge. He pulls the top off and finds neatly packed tins of Dr. Rush's Pills...

He continues his search and finds several SOGGY LETTERS pasted to the rock...

Trepagny rises and turns toward the tree and the trailhead when he hears something moving in the brush nearby.

TREPAGNY

Who is it?

He hears a muffled cry and goes to investigate.

Trepagny paces toward the trail and that's when he hears it again, the soft whimper of a Girl...

He finds Tom clutching the Girl, knife to her side.

TREPAGNY (CONT'D)

What is this?

TOM

Go away, Mister. We are all fine.

TREPAGNY

I will not go away.

TOM

My father will be here soon and you don't want him in your business. Leave us be.

TREPAGNY

What are you doing with that girl?
A knife...

TOM

I said move away Mister.

Trepagny does not move away. Instead he THUMPS Tom in the chest with the stick. Tom clutches at his chest and then falls over.

The Girl stares up at Trepagny as he puts a hand out to her and we...

END OF EPISODE