

UNBOUND (EXCERPT)

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INT. DEIRDRE'S COTTAGE - LATE DAY

The wind moans and rustles through the leaves in the trees. Deirdre is frantic as she throws a shawl around her shoulders and gathers a bundle of her belongings together.

DEIRDRE
(under her breath)
Brian, where are ye?

She walks over to the mattress where her twin still lies prostrate, eyes open but unseeing-- unaware of the chaos around her. Deirdre tries to rouse her.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)
Come on, darlin'-- ye must get up! We
have to leave!

Diana remains still, her senses dead to the world.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)
Please, Di! Please! We must get out o'
here!

No response. She slips her hands under her sister's arms and uses her own weight to lever her from the bed.

Deirdre steps over to the window, propping Diana against her shoulder. She sees the MOB that has formed outside. She recognizes some of the faces from the village. They watch her, torches and weapons in hand.

The rafters shake as the door flies open. The minister reaches out to her. Richard's father, HENRY MAITLAND, stands next to him, his eyes burning into her with hatred.

REVEREND CAMPBELL
Come.

Deirdre freezes for a moment, at a loss. She struggles to keep Diana from sliding into a heap on the floor.

REVEREND CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
Ye'll come wi' us. We've prepared for
yer execution.

A desperation comes over her.

DEIRDRE
Without a trial?

HENRY MAITLAND

There's no need. Yer guilt is obvious to all. Ye cursed the babe and killed me son.

Her shoulders fall in resignation.

DEIRDRE

What will happen to my sister?

Reverend Campbell gives what he believes to be a merciful smile.

REVEREND CAMPBELL

I believe that God has already seen to tha', don't you? He has struck her both deaf and dumb for her sins. She won't be a harm to anyone.

DEIRDRE

I don't care about anyone else! What will ye do to my sister?

He shrugs.

REVEREND CAMPBELL

Tha' mute, Caleb, can take care o' her.

She moves Diana back to her bed and seats her there, gently propping her against the pillows and taking her hand. She brushes aside a few stray curls from her twin's forehead. Tears threaten to spill from her eyes as she begins to speak.

DEIRDRE

I don't know if ye can hear me, Di, but I want ye to know that I love ye. Wherever I am, I'll be watching over ye.

She kisses her sister's cheek.

The minister thrusts out his hand.

REVEREND CAMPBELL

Come!

Deirdre ignores him. Instead, she realizes that Diana has been aware of everything when she SEES that her sister is looking into her eyes. A tear breaks away and rolls a path down Diana's cheek.

Deirdre gently dries it with her sleeve, but the attempt is futile, as her own tears rain down upon her twin.

Again, the minister commands her to come.

REVEREND CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

I'm warnin' ye...

Deirdre whips around and gives him a look of cold fury.

DEIRDRE

What are ye goin' to do-- kill me? I thought that was the plan anyway. Now either end my life at this moment, or leave me in peace to say goodbye to my sister!

He takes a step backwards, clamping his jaw shut and casting his angry glance elsewhere.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - DUSK

BELLS peal thunderously in the church tower. A funeral pyre has been constructed and a stake stands in the center, surrounded by planks of wood. Deirdre stands in front of this, her hands tied together in front of her, her back straight. A CROWD has gathered in anticipation of the proceedings.

The MAGISTRATE and Minister step forward.

REVEREND CAMPBELL

Deirdre Lamb, are ye ready to repent for yer sins in yer final bid fer salvation?

She levels a look of disgust at him.

DEIRDRE

I can't repent fer sins I didn't commit.

Reverend Campbell's face turns a purplish-red and he looks as if he might explode. He takes a step forward as if to slap her, but Deirdre no longer cares and is prepared for the blow. He realizes this and backs off when the magistrate grabs his arm.

Deirdre looks at the other faces watching her. Few of them look sympathetic to her plight-- indeed, they appear almost eager for her blood.

Deirdre isn't finished with them yet.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)

Ye all believe me to be a witch wi' out any proof of my guilt.

(MORE)

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)

How can ye, in good conscience, stand in judgement upon me or anyone else? I could be any one of ye! Yer playin' into their hands!

REVEREND CAMPBELL

Tha's enough, witch! Ye should be wearin' the scold's bridle. We don't need any further proof o' yer guilt. Yer magic killed Richard Maitland, just as yer pact with the devil turned yer sister's baby into a beast! I saw it wi' me own eyes!

DEIRDRE

Yes! Right before ye killed it!

The SKY DARKENS as it seems to fill with a malignant mass of ravens. Feathers fall to the ground like black snow as the SOUND of hundreds of beating wings fill the village square.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM

Doctors and nurses work frantically to save Sarah. Matt presses his hands against the window in the hall, watching anxiously as she fades in and out of consciousness.

Sarah looks as if her lungs are constricted. She turns blue and begins to convulse. Tears of BLOOD roll down her cheeks.

One of the doctors shouts.

DOCTOR

She's gone into cardiac arrest!

Someone wheels over a monitor and set of paddles. The doctor presses them against her chest.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Clear!

A jolt of electricity rips through her system.

SARAH'S SPIRIT spins from her body in a ribbon of silver and hovers over the scene below.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Clear!

The paddles again.

No response. A high electronic screech resonates around the room.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Too late.

A horizontal line stretches across the screen of the EKG.

A NURSE shouts to someone.

NURSE

We got a flatline!

Another NURSE checks her watch and scribbles something onto a chart.

SECOND NURSE

Time of death-- 6:17 p.m.

FIRST NURSE

Better get another chart. We lost the baby too.

Matt's face twists in agony at the window.

MATT

Nooooooooooooo... !

The doctor turns to the team.

DOCTOR

Who let him in here? He shouldn't have seen this.

EXT. SCOTLAND - VILLAGE SQUARE

Deirdre stands with her head held high and her gaze direct. The EXECUTIONER takes his place behind her.

DEIRDRE

(whispering)

Brian...

A ligature is secured around Deirdre's neck, over the amulet still suspended from its chain. The strap is tightened until it ruptures her muscles and tendons. Her body is lashed to the stake and small flames start to lick at her feet.

The souls of Sarah and Deirdre leave the body in a silver ribbon of light and spiral up to the sky, where they transform into doves, unnoticed by the crowd below. Each bird settles on a branch to watch as the scene continues to unfold beneath them.

The crowd watches in hushed fascination as the smoldering flames slowly burn higher, charring the flesh at Deirdre's knees.

Reverend Campbell turns to the magistrate.

REVEREND CAMPBELL
Why isn't it burnin' faster?

MAGISTRATE
I don't know. Perhaps the wood is wet.

REVEREND CAMPBELL
Well didn't anyone check?

The magistrate shrugs.

MAGISTRATE
Who had time?

The minister curses and tilts his head, looking at the sky. Storm clouds are forming rapidly.

A MAN rides up to the scene on a horse, the animal's sides heaving with exertion. He jumps down and shoves his way through the crowd, coming out in front of the funeral pyre. It's Brian McLean.

BRIAN
Deirdre!

He collapses to his knees, agony in his eyes as he sees what they've done to Deirdre.

He struggles to stand, gaining his balance only to stare in despair at Deirdre's melting form.

The crowd watches in horror as Brian staggers forward and joins Deirdre in the flames. Closing his eyes, he embraces her, ready to join her in death. Black smoke billows over them as the flames lick higher, beginning to engulf them.

A VOICE IN THE CROWD begins to wail.

As Deirdre and Sarah hover over the scene, the sun breaks through the clouds, blanketing the ground in an unearthly light. In spite of this, thunder crashes and a driving rain begins to fall, drenching the crowd and quickly dousing the flames.