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EPISODE 3 - "SISTER GENEVERIE"

EPISODE 3 - SCENE 1

INT. SISTER GENEVERIE'S MEMORY - VARIOUS

[We open with just birdsong. Then Geneverie's Theme plays.]

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

You have no right to judge me,
outsider. Have you er'lived in
shadow, or have you er'walked
where my steps took me, or have
you er'et the thin food of the
mountainside? The world is not how
you reckon it is. The world is
wild and fools believe it tame.
You build a house within the
wilderness and turn your back upon
the wild outside? You think your
cities a refuge from it, for there
are more of you, gathered,
huddled. Do you believe your
comforts you safe? The land is
wild and it has e'er been thus. A
house built in darkness dwells in
darkness. And always shall. Only a
fool thinks ought. They ran the
electricity out here in years
past. Put a light out in the
street. As if that light could
keep out the evil. The evil dwells
within the world itself. Was made
with it, as herbs crushed
together. O, how d'you reckon
you'll keep all that out?

EPISODE 3 - SCENE 2

INT. CHURCH KITCHEN - DAY

[Forest sounds. Fire. Pots and pans. Chopping of meat or herbs.]

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

Geneverie, they called me, at my birth. Then Sister, after mother schooled me true. I learned the deep truths, all the healing herbs, the way of living, the way of dying, the marks of power, prayers to Mothers three, the old language spoken by day and night. To be a Sister is an honored place, and that hard taught, hard won, meant for the strong. It marks a body, as sharp knives mark flesh. Such sacrifice and such solitude, astride the path between the world of men and the world of truth. And all else there is. O, you can't know the dire and dreadful things that I have seen in years as Sister here. What judgement think you can lay upon me? What understanding do you have of me? If you but knew, you'd fall upon your knees, humility and thanks upon your lips for what I do to keep my people safe and keep the darkness away from your door. And you do not know all that I have lost.

[Clink of earthenware.]

MOTHER

What's this?

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

Mother.

LAVINIA

Yarrow.

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

And Lavinia. Bright Lavinia. Oh
sad sister of mine. My sister who
was to become Sister, taught true
and right, there at our mother's
knee.

MOTHER

And this?

LAVINIA

Our-Lady's-Thistle.

MOTHER

These?

SISTER GENEVERIE

(Younger self)

Elderberry!

LAVINIA

I was going say that!

MOTHER

(stern)

Be still, Geneverie. Get back to
work.

SISTER GENEVERIE

(Younger self)

But Mama, I know the healing herbs
too!

MOTHER

Tis not your business to know the
herbs. Get to the church, see to
the floors. Lavinia and I go to
the Eastern ridge and will be back
ere dusky dark. See to our supper.

SISTER GENEVERIE

(Younger self)

I want to be a Sister, too! I--

[Slap. SISTER GENEVERIE gasps.]

MOTHER

You mind your tongue. Lavinia is older and it falls to her. She will dare to walk in the thin places as I do, to care for Kilruane and its people, and bargain with the dark. It is a hard life, but your sister was born for it. Look at her. Strong, quick minded and beautiful, as I was. She gonna need all her gifts to survive it. It is full of dangers neither of you girls right reckon, yet. You should be grateful I spare you it, Geneverie. Now get you back to the church and do as I say. Lavinia, get your medicine poke and come along, ere it get too late.

[SFX: Scrape of chair as MOTHER rises. Footsteps away.]

SISTER GENEVERIE

(Younger self)

... yes, Mama.

LAVINIA

(quietly, to GENEVERIE)

It's alright, little bird. I'll tell you everything I learn today when she's gone to sleep.

SISTER GENEVERIE

(Younger self)

She loves you best.

LAVINIA

Don't say that. Being a Sister is important. The safety of the whole mountain depends on it. She just demands a lot from both of us.

MOTHER
(Calling, a little ways
off)
Lavinia!

LAVINIA
Bye, little bird.

[Birdsong.]

EPISODE 3 - SCENE 3

INT. GENEVERIE'S DREAM - DUSK

[Over the course of the following paragraph, the sounds change from the previous scene to the new location. Simple, ominous music punctuates the story of Papa's end. Then it turns to crickets.]

SISTER GENEVERIE
(VO to us again)
Mother was the strongest woman I
knew. Stronger than I. Stronger
than Lavinia. When our Lavinia
grew to courting age, my father,
cursed be his name, came for her.
Mother was away, you see,
gathering herbs. Lavinia and I
tried to fight him off, but he
used his fists, broke my jaw and
then took what he wanted from her
anyway. So Mother saw us both to
the doctor and when we returned,
Papa was stone dead. A heart
attack, is what the doctor said. I
recollect Mother being so calm,
just a-sipping her tea with the
Sheriff. He soon left, and that
was the end of that. (pause) We
build our house in darkness, but
the darkness, it still remains.

EXT. KIRUANE CHURCH - DUSK

[Pause. Music changes. Chorus of frogs and cicadas.]

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

It was a year and a half after
Papa's death when he took her.

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

She came home late, after dark,
Midsummer. The nights were filled
with song: catamount's howls, the
chorus of frogs and of cicadas. Of
course, we drew the marks, and
said the prayers, the same as
always, same as ev'ry year. Get
home before dark in the
summertime. Lavinia should have
known better than most. We let our
guard down. We grew complacent.
You never take your eyes off of
evil. (pause) It's my own fault. I
should have seen the signs.
(pause) Lavinia came in breathless
and pink-cheeked, something wild
and excited in her eyes. After she
had said sorry to Mother, we went
to bed, she told me 'bout him.

INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - DUSK

[Night sounds. Banked fire.]

LAVINIA

I met someone, little bird.

SISTER GENEVERIE

(Younger Self)

Someone?

LAVINIA

A man.

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

We knew all the men and boys of
Kilruane. Plenty were sweet on
pretty Lavinia. She had her eye on
one or two of 'em, but hadn't done
anything about it.

SISTER GENEVERIE
(Younger self, etc.)
From where? Kibkibbney?

LAVINIA
I don't know.

SISTER GENEVERIE
Didn't you ask?

LAVINIA
No. We never got around to it.

SISTER GENEVERIE
Where did you meet him?

LAVINIA
At the fallen mansion, up to the
ridge. I was gathering holy basil,
and he was standing there, under a
black oak. His hands and feet were
bare and dirty, like he'd been
digging in the soil. But his
trousers were pressed, his shirt
looked new.

SISTER GENEVERIE
Like he had money?

LAVINIA
Maybe. And he was handsome. So
handsome, little bird. The sun was
going down but I could still see
him. Strong arms and full lips, a
voice so soothing and sweet. I
could spend a month of Sundays
watching the bob of his throat and
the dance of his mouth as he
spoke. Red hair...

SISTER GENEVERIE
Red hair is bad luck!

LAVINIA
Maybe. But I don't care.

SISTER GENEVERIE
Well, did... did you do anything
with him?

LAVINIA
We just talked. I love the way he
talks to me.

SISTER GENEVERIE
What did you talk about?

LAVINIA
So much I can hardly remember. He
knows these mountains, and he told
me about secret places he goes,
about how the land has changed.
And he asked about me, and we
talked about how I was to become a
Sister. I told him about how I
like to press flowers, and how I
love music, and that I'm a good
dancer, and I asked if he might
want to go to Black Log one
weekend and I'd show him.

SISTER GENEVERIE
You didn't!

LAVINIA
Oh I did. I did. He said he'd
study on it. And then I talked
about how I love the summer
because the morning sun comes
through our window and right on my
bed, so I can wake up feeling warm
and alive before it goes behind
the mountain. He said he admired
how my schooling brought me closer

to the world. He said I was pretty. He said most women are dull and stuck in place, but I was ... free. My soul was free. And he liked that. And ... I liked it, too.

SISTER GENEVERIE

What's his name?

LAVINIA

... I ... I don't... I don't remember. I don't think I asked.

SISTER GENEVERIE

How can you have talked to this man for so long but not have asked his name?

LAVINIA

Oh, it's not like that sort of talk. Courting or socializing under watchful eyes, with all the rules and 'how-d'you-dos'. It was... real, Geneverie. He talked to me like I was real. He was the most beautiful thing I've ever seen, and all we did is talk.

SISTER GENEVERIE

This doesn't sound right. A stranger up near the ridge? We're not even supposed to go up there. And Mama is going to want to know his name.

LAVINIA

I'll find out when we meet again. But you have to swear not to tell her until I'm ready.

SISTER GENEVERIE

You're going to meet him again?

LAVINIA

Tomorrow at dusk. But swear to me,
little bird. Swear.

[Birdsong.]

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

I swore, God and Mothers curse me
for it. And as the days passed by,
she would come home long after
dark. Smiling. Always smiling. Her
eyes were far away, left behind
her from wherever she had been all
day long. And she would giggle and
whisper to me about the handsome
man up in the woods, the places
they walked, the things they
talked about: the poetry of nature
and the wilds, of secret songs
a-carried on the wind, of
blush-tinged, sweaty yearnings and
longings, of the tyranny of
obligation and being true to one's
more fickle heart. I asked her
what she did with him up there, by
the ruined mansion, so late and
long, and she would only laugh a
secret laugh, or shake her head,
twigs still in her long hair, and
say I couldn't ever understand.
Then gradually, she become
distracted. Her mind was crowded
with her thoughts of him. Mother
grew angry with her carelessness,
and no amount of whipping brought
her back to the here and now for
very long. She slept til noon,
laden with heavy dreams. I could
not wake her, though I tried and
tried. Mother thought it was a
sickness at first, tried the
remedies and the medicines. She
e'en took her to the slip'ry
Doctor, who, of course, could do
nothing good for her. I would wake

at night and find my sister
kneeling on the bed, her nightgown
cast off, her hands pressed to the
bedroom window, staring out at the
dark. Smiling. Waiting.

EPISODE 3 - SCENE 4

EXT. KILRUANE CHURCH - MORNING

[Dawn sounds.]

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

One morning, I awoke to find her
gone. Her bed was empty. Her
things left behind. So, sick with
guilt and fear, I broke my vow. I
told my Mother about the man, and
the things he and Lavinia talked
of. And Mother knew, right then,
what had happened.

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

The men of the town helped us
search the woods. We found her the
day next, in her nightgown, her
feet and hands cut from branches
and stones. The poor child, she
had gone to look for him. But he
left her. He had abandoned her.
(pause) I can't say if that was
more cruel or not. We took her
home, tried to help her, soothe
her. We did our best with what he
left behind. Like heavy clouds
passing before the sun, she would
suddenly weep with such
heartbreak, but then just as
suddenly it would pass. She'd
smile with hope convinced he still
loved her, and wander the woods

once more to find him. Mother
locked her down in the root
cellar, posted the witch marks all
about the town, and prayed to the
mothers every day.

[Pounding on a wooden door. LAVINIA wailing.]

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

But Lavinia was inconsolable. She
thrashed against the door for
hours on end. The days turned to
weeks. She never got well. The
doctor gave her laudanum to help,
but there was nothing more for us
to do.

[Pounding turns to scratching, then gets quieter, and
stops.]

EPISODE 3 - SCENE 5

EXT. KILRUANE CHURCH - AFTERNOON - AUTUMN

[Wind through fallen leaves. Birdsong.]

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

So it was the week before
Lughnasad and Mother went to
Kibkibbny alone. I was tending the
graves outside the church. Behind
the mountain, the sky was
cloudless, the sun bright and warm
in the afternoon. Then my sister's
laugh carried on the wind.

[LAVINIA's distant, disoriented laugh.]

I thought it was some strange
birdsong at first. I looked up, up
beyond the church, and more, up

along the sheer face of naked
rock, above the town, the top of
Heartsore Drop. O, there she was.
My beautiful sister, in her ragged
shift and with bloodied hands. In
her zeal to open the cellar door,
her fingernails got caught within
the wood and she carelessly tore
them all out. It fell to me to
clean them up, after. Lavinia felt
no pain in her fingers as she
stood on the ledge. She only felt
the pain within her heart. Lavinia
held out her arms...

LAVINIA

Catch me, beloved.

[LAVINIA's soft cry of "Hhhhaaah!" getting louder and
louder until she hits the ground with a smash.]

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

... and she fell. I watch her body
plummet like a stone to break upon
the ground next to the church. My
beautiful sister ruined. Riven.
Her still-warm blood feeding the
silent graves. Her head lays
unnatural-like, looking up. At me.
And then her last bubbling breath
pushes her lips into a lost and
vacant smile.

[Birdsong.]

EPISODE 3 - SCENE 6

INT. CHURCH KITCHEN - DAY

[Music change. Montage of sounds. Matches striking, fire
crackling, mortar and pestle grinding, nails, wood

chopping--feverish activity as MOTHER puts up wards all over town, a feeling of anxious vigilance.

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

Many have fallen from Heartsore
Drop's heights. Many have bled
upon the churchyard's stones.
Mostly women, bodies mangled,
smiling. Their dead eyes still
searching for their lost love. My
mother changed after Lavinia fell.
More than bodies break in the
mountain's shade.

MOTHER

This one.

SISTER GENEVERIE

(younger self)

... A-Amaranth.

[Smack of a stick against flesh. GENEVERIE gasps in pain.]

MOTHER

Which?

SISTER GENEVERIE

(younger self)

Green amaranth!

MOTHER

And this?

SISTER GENEVERIE

(younger self)

B-bitter ash bark.

MOTHER

Also called?

SISTER GENEVERIE

(younger self)

B-Bleeding heart.

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO to us)

My mother prayed in church
unceasingly. Performed the old
rites, of meat and spilt blood.
Filled the church with incense on
holy days. What little kindness
the Mountain hadn't taken from
Mother died with Lavinia. Her
beloved daughter dead in her time.
The one to take her place as our
Sister. And I was left to stand
where she once had. A poor
replacement and cause of her loss.

MOTHER

You must be quicker, Geneverie.
You must e'er be vigilant. A poor
watch let him creep close, a poor
watch took Lavinia from me. This
is what failure means. Now, draw
me a cross-not mark.

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

She taught me all the lessons my
sister was to have. And ones I did
not expect.

[Hammering. MOTHER and GENEVERIE are a little breathless
from work.]

SISTER GENEVERIE

(younger self)

Mother, can we not kill him? Drive
him away? Banish him?

MOTHER

Who?

SISTER GENEVERIE

(whispered)

The Gancanagh

MOTHER

(pause)

... Can you kill the moon? Banish
a storm? No. The best you can do
is protect yourself and all of us.

SISTER GENEVERIE
Can we bargain with him?

[Pause.]

MOTHER
But what would be the cost?
(pause) Geneverie, would you give
yourself to him to have your
sister back?

SISTER GENEVERIE
(younger self)
Yes.

[Pause.]

MOTHER
Would you give some other girl to
him, to have your sister back?

[Pause.]

SISTER GENEVERIE
... yes.

MOTHER
(evaluating)
Why?

SISTER GENEVERIE
Because... not every girl is as
good as Lavinia was.

[Pause.]

SISTER GENEVERIE
Mother?

MOTHER
... get back to work.

[Hammering fades. Creepy forest sounds.]

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO to us)

She prayed to Mary, Bridgit, and
Eostre, and she recalled the rites
of Midsummer. And to save the good
bright girls of Kilruane, we
brought back Hiding Day on the
mountain. The first did not go so
well.

[Dreamlike: A girl panting and running through the woods
near tears. A monstrous scream sounds in the distance.]

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

But mountain folk understand
sacrifice. (pause) Mother never
slept all that well again.

[We hear MOTHER, muttering, paranoid, shuffling about,
checking locks, striking matches, etc.]

She'd start awake in the heart of
the night to peer out of the
windows with wide eyes, wander
through the church and check all
the bolts, relight all the incense
that had gone out. Some days, she
would sink into a silence, staring
at the wall for many hours. Some
days, she would fly into a strange
rage and punish me for my many
mistakes until I bled and she was
exhausted. She grew old faster
than she ought to have, her hair
turning white long before its
time, the world beating wrinkles
into her face.

EPISODE 3 - SCENE 7

EXT. KILRUANE MOUNTAINSIDE - WINTER - EARLY MORNING

[Hushed, cold wind, trickle of snow runoff.]

MOTHER

Geneverie, get up. Get dressed quickly.

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

One morning, unexpectedly, Mother showed me Kilruane's darkest terr'ble secret. Winter was finally passing into spring, though the mornings were still bitter with cold. New shoots pushed up through the rocky soil. John Doyle waited for us outside the church, his hat in his hand, looking pale and sick. John Doyle was a hard man, scared of nothing on the mountain that walked in the daylight.

[Several sets footsteps in the cold, hard ground. Spooky forest sounds continue.]

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

John Doyle had quiet, terse words with Mother, and then he left us, his duty discharged. We took the winding trail toward the ridge, away from Kilruane and toward the bald. Its cries carried through the fog-clouded air.

[Mewling wail like a toddler.]

SISTER GENEVERIE

(Younger self)

Mother, what is it?

MOTHER

The mountain has given us another child.

[Another mewl, rustling of leaves.]

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

It was a... girl. Naked. Perhaps two years old. At least... most of her was a ... child. There were sores on her body that erupted with stiff hairs and ran with yellow pus. The child's arms were shriveled, deformed, ending in two fingers only that curled like worms. She wobbled on bowed legs. There were wounds all over her body. I think animals had taken little bites of her, but then given up at the taste. And the smell of her. Rot. Pus. Soil.

[Crying, snapping of twigs, getting closer.]

SISTER GENEVERIE

(younger self)

Mother!

MOTHER

Stand your ground, child.

[The CHILD shrieks, wetly, crashing through underbrush, getting closer.]

SISTER GENEVERIE

(younger self)

But... it's coming!

MOTHER

Get the blanket. Stay alert, girl, she will bite you if she can.

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

The... child... was blind. But it could hear us fine. Where her eyes should be instead were two craters

of wet blackness that oozed down
her ruined and split-open face.

[Crying intensifies. Wet clicking sounds. Baby's footsteps
getting closer.]

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

And her mouth. Her jaw was
unhinged. It had to be. Otherwise
there was no room for the
twitching, sharp mandibles to come
out.

[Shrieking. The CHILD is almost atop SISTER GENEVERIE]

SISTER GENEVERIE

(younger self)

Mother!

MOTHER

Now!

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

I swallowed my sick and did not
vomit. Mother wrapped it in a
heavy blanket and when it began to
thrash, she bound it with leather
belts until it could not move.

[Muffled crying.]

MOTHER

(a little breathless)

This is one of a Sister's most
important duties, Geneverie.
Children of the mountain will
appear, from time to time. We find
them.

SISTER GENEVERIE

(younger self)

We kill ruined animals born like
that. Why do we not kill this one?
Surely it would be a mercy.

MOTHER

Because they are still children of God. You bring the child to the Doctor. If he can help them, he will. If not, they die. But those that live become our charge. We care for them as best that we can, give them what life they can manage. And we do not speak of this.

SISTER GENEVERIE

(younger self)

Where do they come from?

MOTHER

(pause)

From the same place as the Gancanagh, and all evil things that live where our backs are turned.

[Music change.]

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

That girl did not live. But there's always more. When Mother died her duties fell to me. The Doctor was always eager to help. That man. He looks down upon the old ways, even as he benefits from them. But we don't speak of the mountain children, except when I bring another to him. Boys and girls. Some almost human, but for protruding teeth, hard scales or split toes or a wrecked spine, a missing leg, bleeding eyes. Most died within days. Some lasted longer. I looked after them in the nursery. Within our Church, I made for them a home. This is the task given to the Sisters--to care for our lost children. All of them.

The mountain children could not be controlled. They bit and raged. Broke things and soiled themselves.

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

I did what I had to. My scars are proof of the cost of my oaths to the Mothers. The children only answer to the rod. But I did my best to give them a life for the few years before their bodies failed. I had to keep them in the root cellar, when whole, unspoiled foundlings needed my care. So when Catherine came to stay with me I had not had a mountain child in years.

EPISODE 3 - SCENE 8

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

[Healthy toddler crying, turns to softer, contented sounds. We gradually shift to INT. GENERAL STORE]

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

It's not uncommon to find orphans here. Hard lives lead to hard choices. Or neglect. But we sisters take in all needy children, not just the ones the mountain sends to us. Word came from the Doctor that Clement Powell had found an orphan and brought her to him. He had been seeing to her for a week, but thought it time a Sister took her in. A healthy, red-haired girl, of almost two, so we reckoned by her size and her teeth. We asked in

all the hollers and the towns, but could not find who her parents might be. And she was calm and quiet, like a stone. She seldom cried. Kept watch upon my day, staring at me, moving soft as shadow. No one came for her. None asked after her. Red hair is bad luck, and none wanted her. So I named her Catherine. Made her mine. And since I had no children of my own, I thought, perhaps when she had come of age, I would teach her to be Kilruane's Sister.

[Clink of metal tools, buzz of General Store. SISTER GENEVERIE is shopping.]

CHARLES PUGH
Anything else, Sister?

SISTER GENEVERIE
(VO)
But she proved to be a difficult child.

SISTER GENEVERIE
A pound of sorghum flour. Sugar, too.

[Scrape as little REN picks up a machete.]

SISTER GENEVERIE
(VO)
Destructive. Willful. And unrepentant. Took the firmest of hands to make her mind.

CHARLES PUGH
Your red-hair has a machete, there.

SISTER GENEVERIE
Catherine, put it down or I'll whip you.

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

She never smiled. She never
laughed.

[Smash of glass jars as REN swings the machete. Things go
spilling.]

CHARLES PUGH

What is she doing to my store!
Give me that!

SISTER GENEVERIE

Charles, watch out!

[Thunk as REN strikes him in the hand. CHARLES screams in
pain.]

CHARLES PUGH

My arm! Aaagh!

[SISTER GENEVERIE slaps REN repeatedly. Machete clatters to
the ground.]

SISTER GENEVERIE

You vicious child! You unwanted
foundling!

CHARLES PUGH

Get her out! Aaagh. Don't you
bring her back to my store,
Sister!

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

She watched his blood run down his
wounded arm. No remorse. Only
curiosity.

[GENERAL STORE sounds fade.]

EPISODE 3 - SCENE 9

EXT. KILRUANE CHURCH - DUSK - AUTUMN

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

There's a hole in that girl. Empty and cold. Abandonment was why, I reckoned then. How many nights had she spent alone, out there in the shadow of the mountain? Other old evils than the gancanagh keep watch upon us from the thin places. I had hoped to give her a Christian life.

[Church door bangs open. Wind through the trees.]

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

But it seems he had already found her.

SISTER GENEVERIE

(emerging from the church)

Catherine?

[SISTER GENEVERIE's footsteps across the church yard gravel, crunch of leaves.]

SISTER GENEVERIE

Where are you, girl? Answer me.

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

Autumn. The shadows were growing longer as they stretched toward winter and Samhain. The churchyard was covered with fallen leaves. A late wind kept blowing the candles out.

SISTER GENEVERIE

Don't leave the church door open, girl. You hear? It's nearly on to dark, we must go in.

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

You are never truly safe in
Kilruane, but the gancanagh sleeps
in the winter.

SISTER GENEVERIE

Don't make me get the strop,
child. Catherine?

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

But it wasn't winter yet.

[Music. LT call, loud and nearby.]

SISTER GENEVERIE

(gasps) Catherine! O, child, get
you in the church!

[Running footsteps. SISTER GENEVERIE cries in alarm. Thrum
of insect wings, tense music.]

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

She stood in the church yard, just
four years old, in the little blue
dress I made for her. The dry
leaves whirled and danced around
her feet, the mountain's trees
swayed in rhythmic prayer, but she
only saw him. There at his feet.

LT

Are you going to beat this child,
Sister of Kilruane?

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

He moved to me, his fingers
caressing her red curls as he
passed. Mothers, help me. Mary,
Brigid, and Eostre, stand with me.
He was so tall and broad, thick
with muscle, skin red-brown, like

forever stained with mud. He was naked and unashamed of it. His eyes shone like a bright, silver river running for miles until it found the sea. The devil. The Love Talker. Gancanagh. As he approached I felt a flush of heat pass through me, full of fear and of desire. His voice was like little tongues my ear. I was afraid. I was captivated. But I kept thinking of sweet Lavinia, all broken and cold at my feet. Smiling. And so I faced him, and I held my ground.

SISTER GENEVERIE

Get thee behind me, Satan.

LT

What is your name, girl?

SISTER GENEVERIE

I will not treat with you. I will not listen. I will not deal with you.

LT

You will if I wish it. *What is your name, girl?*

[His voice purrs and echoes.]

SISTER GENEVERIE

N... nn...

LT

It's just a name. A little thing. It's not even yours. Someone gave it to you when you were born. Easy enough to give back.

SISTER GENEVERIE

Stop.

LT

Don't you think you're
overreacting? Just give me your
name.

SISTER GENEVERIE
(struggling)
G... G... Ge...

LT
That's it. *Open your mouth* and let
it out.

SISTER GENEVERIE
(VO)
I didn't want to. I fought to say
no. But he makes it feel so good
to give in.

SISTER GENEVERIE
Geneverie.

SISTER GENEVERIE
(VO)
Except for after, the shame and
disgust boiled up in my throat.
Weakness. Betrayal.

LT
There. Not so bad, is it? We're
just talking, right?

SISTER GENEVERIE
There's another name you should
know. Lavinia.

SISTER GENEVERIE
(VO)
For a moment, there's nothing in
his eyes, no flicker of
recognition. But then...

LT
... yes. She had clear skin,
pretty dark hair, a curious mind.
She is kin to you?

SISTER GENEVERIE

My sister.

LT

How is she?

SISTER GENEVERIE

... dead. Fallen from the mountain
over her love for you.

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

He gives no sign of feeling at
this news. The only concession he
makes is...

LT

Pity.

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

My hunting knife rests deep in my
pocket. My hand closes around it.
I step close.

SISTER GENEVERIE

Devil, there is no pity for you
here.

[She cries out as she swings.]

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

He's so fast. My knife cuts naught
but the air. He strikes me, a blow
I don't see coming.

[She grunts as she's hit, she falls, sound of clattering
knife.]

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

I am cut and bleeding. It feels as
if I have been struck with a
thorny tree branch.

LT

Now that was unnecessary. I'd only come to talk, Sister of Kilruane.

SISTER GENEVERIE
(in pain)
Leave this place!

LT
No, let's talk a while, now. We need to come to an understanding. That's a handsome knife. Antler handle. Someone brought down a deer for that. You use arrows and guns and sometimes even your bare hands to take prey like that. But no matter what you use, it's always bloody in the end, isn't it? Pick up the knife, Geneverie. Go on. *Pick it up.*

SISTER GENEVERIE
(VO)
I do as he asks. And why shouldn't I?

[Scrape of knife on stone.]

LT
Good girl. That's a sturdy blade, too. It's clever, taking the metal from the earth, learning how to shape it. It's carried you beyond your station, but y'all have about reached your limit. You're not built to have that much imagination. Is it sharp?

SISTER GENEVERIE
Sh-Sharp enough to gut you.

LT
I'm sure. Tell me, Geneverie. Have you ever lain with a man?

SISTER GENEVERIE
Wh-what?

LT

I take it that's a 'no.' Do none of the men here find you worthy? A woman of some power and authority... not enough? Well, who could compare to beautiful Lavinia.

SISTER GENEVERIE

Cursed by God. Get back to Hell.

LT

You live a solitary life. Have you ever wondered what it felt like? To be taken by a man? As you lay alone in your little room in the back of the church, your body aching from the day's work, your heart aching from loneliness. I bet you've wondered. And you know, if you took that knife and ran it slowly in and out of your belly, or your chest, or your throat, why, *I bet it would feel just like that.*

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

Holy Mothers, help me. Save me. Please. The knife shakes in my hand. I raise it up.

LT

Go on, now. *Put the tip of it against your throat.* You've always wanted to know. And it's going to feel good, isn't it?

[SISTER GENEVERIE is breathing heavily.]

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

I lift the blade. The tip cuts my bare skin. It's a little hot ember of pleasure, even as the blood

pools around the wound. O, I want to push. I want to push deep. But looking past him, I see Catherine, the dark-eyed child standing in the dead leaves, watching me with her solemn, callous eyes. I think of how I saw Lavinia die. What child should endure such a thing?

SISTER GENEVERIE

Please. Please don't. Not in front of the girl.

[Pause.]

LT

Well, then. For her sake, put the knife down.

[Knife falls to the ground. Sister gasps.]

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

Shall I tell you what haunts me to this day? That even after I had let it go, that even after his warm words had cooled... I did not want to drop the knife at all. A small part of me would have eagerly pushed it in, over and over, and over, not stopping when I fell among the graves and this world's light forever left my eyes. And this is the evil of our mountain.

LT

And since it is for her sake that we're still talking, I want you to take better care of her. I am interested to see what this girl grows into. So I am going to be checking up on her. And you. You have my attention now, Geneverie. See that you take care.

[Music fades, insect wings fade, leaving only wind in the leaves.]

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

And he walked out, blending with
the darkness 'til there was no
telling which part was him.
Catherine watched him go. Cold.
Calm. Curious.

EPISODE 3 - SCENE 10

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - WINTER

[Previous scene fades to winter wind.]

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

After the first snow, when I
thought he slept, I found a home
for her down in Saltville. I sent
her away. I had to, you see. She
drew the devil to the church. And
to me. The gancanagh always
threatens Kilruane, but we had
found a way to coexist, our gifts
to him, our respect for his world.
But with his eyes on Catherine and
me, he walked our streets, came to
our very doors. I do not know what
he wanted with her. But that he
did could only cause evil. To
protect the town I sent her away,
knowing that come spring, I would
pay the price.

INT. GENEVERIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - SPRINGTIME

[In SISTER GENEVERIE's room, at night. Night sounds. Window
creaks, outside sounds grow louder. Bed creaks.]

SISTER GENEVERIE
Who's there?

[Nothing but night sounds for a few seconds. Bang of window shutters. Scraping of claws on wood.]

SISTER GENEVERIE
(VO)
The smell of soil is carried on the breeze, coming through my window, filling my room. And then he is there, oh God, he is there, over me, perched on the foot of my bed. He's naked and powerful and muddy, his bright eyes a-burning out of the dark. A wind fans the embers in the fireplace. He doesn't speak, only stares, accusing.

SISTER GENEVERIE
She... she's gone. (pause) She died. Took sick over winter, caught pneumonia. I did all I could to save her. But it was not meant to be.

SISTER GENEVERIE
(VO)
Can the devil tell when you are lying? I'm sure with but a few words of his own, he could make me tell him, well, anything. But he just stared, his beautiful face mad... and for a moment... hurt. Somehow, lonely. And then, like the wind itself, he returned to his woods, and his night, through my window.

[Sounds fade.]

INT. KILRUANE CHURCH - NIGHT - SAME AS E2 S4

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

I haven't seen him since. Just his
hunger. He still takes what he
wants from all of us. Our Hiding
Day gifts sometimes don't suit
him. Careless girls go missing
every summer. They've forgotten.
They stay out after dark. They
don't cover their bodies from his
eyes, they don't renew the witch
marks on their homes. O foolish
girls who get themselves ensnared.
It's their own fault. You can't
stop the devil. You can only take
precautions and pray. Sixteen
years since last I saw gancanagh.
I had begun to think, that I could
put the matter of Catherine behind
me.

[We hear REN's voice outside the church, same as E2 Sc4,
from SISTER GENEVERIE's perspective.]

REN

(shouting)

Leave me alone. I'm warning you
motherfuckers. I am not some hill
bride you can mess around with.
I'll rip your goddamn balls off.

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

But I am a fool. And she has
returned. And the devil draws near
to us once more. Hear her fouling
holy ground with her shouts? Her
profanity will bring him to us.

REN

(outside)

I swear to fucking Christ I will
rip open your bellies and strangle
you with your own guts!

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

Foolish girl. And foolish
Geneverie.

[SISTER GENEVERIE's quick footsteps across church floor.
Church door opens. Slap.]

SISTER GENEVERIE

(Calm)

You shall not blaspheme here, on
holy ground. Or have you lost your
lessons, Catherine?

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

Her return means something, though
nothing good. I need time to find
out why she has come back.

REN

... I go by Ren, now.

SISTER GENEVERIE

Oh, not to me. But you should come
inside. The night is unfit for
homecomings.

[Church door closes, locks.]

SISTER GENEVERIE

(VO)

A house built in darkness dwells
in darkness. Stranger, I am a
Sister of Kilruane. I walk in the
thin places of the world. I know
the marks of power and the deep
truths. Never doubt that I know
what evil is. You cannot judge me.

[Credits.]