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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.]

EPISODE 3 - SCENE 11

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.]