

TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS (INTRO)

Written by

Connor Wilson

INT. THE JOLLY CARDINAL - MAIN FLOOR - DAY (1692)

DIGGORY, 40s, with as much scruff as troubles, peers over the faces of drunken crowd and fast band music plays.

DIGGORY
Try to find the old man

SUSANNA, 30s, too fair for her status, breaks her attention from the music and nods.

SUSANNA
How long has it been since you last
saw him?

Diggory gives a subtle smile.

DIGGORY
I don't think I saw him since I
came home, my dear.

As he finishes, he notices CHRISTIAN, 60s, handing drinks from the counter and cheering with the crowd.

Diggory makes a nod to Susanna.

DIGGORY (CONT'D)
There he is.

They shuffle through the crowd and a man smacks Susanna on the butt.

Instantly, she turns, grabs his arm with one hand and his hair with another and thrusts them into the table. He struggles in vain to escape.

The man doesn't hit the table, but instead, his arm is through the table, and his face is stuck inside of it.

The other MEN at the table stand up and draw knives.

The music stops and cheering men turn their attention to the action.

MAN 1
Oh, you're fucked now.

The man goes to swing but the blade finds itself in the table, with the handle at her throat.

The man looks in confusion, pulls back the knife, and the blade reforms as he pulls.

Another man tries to take a swing while Susanna is distracted, but Diggory lightly kicks his knee, breaking it and causing him to collapse

The other two point their knives, their hands shaking.

MAN 2

Witches! We need a hunter!

The men drop their knives after they become white hot. Christian approaches the men with a grin on his face.

CHRISTIAN

Alright, alright. Let's all relax here.

The men ready their fists, their faces showing absolute fright, yet focus on Diggory and Susanna,

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

You lads need to show some respect to the lady. And if you, ma'am wouldn't mind--

Christian scans their faces and his eyes light up.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Diggory? You son of a bitch, come here!

He hugs a confused Diggory. The other men drop their fists and look at each other with just as much confusion.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

And you must be his little Susanna he always told me about. How are you two?

Thuds from the stuck man interrupt the moment.

SUSANNA

Oh.

Susanna pulls on the man from the table. He quickly stands up and prepares himself.

CHRISTIAN

Boys, boys. Look, you must calm yourselves. If you apologize to the lady, the next rounds on me.

The men look at each other for affirmation.

MAN 2
Yes, sir. Sorry, miss.

MAN 1
I really do apologize, miss.

CHRISTIAN
And shut up about the hunters.
There's enough trouble as it is.

MEN
Yes, sir.

The men slump back into their seats and drink quietly.
Christian returns to Diggory and Susanna with a huge grin.

CHRISTIAN
So! What brings you, old friend?

DIGGORY
My son.

The smile fades from Christian.

CHRISTIAN
Come with me.

He invites them behind the counter and into

INT. THE JOLLY CARDINAL - BACK ROOM - DAY

Susanna gives Christian a mean look and speaks before he can.

SUSANNA
(quietly)
You're rewarding them?

Christian's serious eyes catch her off guard.

CHRISTIAN
Look, in these times, you have to
be careful. Before these...trials,
I'd be more than happy for you to
show them a thing or two.

Susanna grins.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
But now, our type are dying. We
gotta do what we can to live.
Thankfully I've built my reputation
before revealing myself.

Christian returns his attention to Diggory.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
Tell me about your son.

Diggory's fists clench.

DIGGORY
He was killed almost a year ago now. All I remember is that no matter what I did, I wasn't fast enough.

CHRISTIAN
I don't mean to sound crass, but I've seen you leap an entire battlefield. You weren't fast enough?

DIGGORY
Yes.

Christian's eyes turn down.

CHRISTIAN
I'm...terribly sorry.

DIGGORY
I need your help to find the hunter that did this, and why our son was killed.

Christian pauses in thought for a moment.

CHRISTIAN
The world is too dangerous for me, with the witch hunters loose. I can stop a few rowdy folks, but other superhumans. I just can't.

Diggory looks to Susanna, to find her eyes meeting his.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
I do know of a man who's been staying here. Supposedly, he's an ex-witch hunter. I haven't had the stones to talk to him, but maybe you can.

Diggory nods.

DIGGORY
Thank you, old friend.

INT. THE JOLLY CARDINAL - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Diggory and Susanna leave and scan the crowd. Amongst the cheering folk and bustling music, Susanna spots JAMES, 30's, sitting in a booth by a window.

SUSANNA

I think that might be him.

They approach the booth to see only one eye staring them down.

JAMES

Saw your little charade over at the other table. Interesting stuff.

James motions to the seat across.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Please, have a seat. I don't bite.

Diggory sits, but Susanna remains planted.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Not too trusting is she?

DIGGORY

You are a witch hunter.

JAMES

I'm resigned.

DIGGORY

Resignation or not, I think she has fair enough reason.

JAMES

Fair enough.

DIGGORY

I'm going to be quick here. I need information. A man killed my son. I have reason to believe he was a witch hunter.

JAMES

Y'know, there's just so many of us.

Diggory grabs the man's arm and squeezes.

James flinches and taps Diggory's hand.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Stop! I'll help you.

Diggory releases his grip and James rubs his arms.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Actually, there's a group of us ex-witch hunters just outside of town. Come with me.

SUSANNA

And why should we trust you?

JAMES

I didn't do anything when you showed those guys what for.

Susanna nods in acknowledgment.

SUSANNA

Let us not waste time.

JAMES

I like her. And by the way, I'm James.

SUSANNA

Susanna.

DIGGORY

I'm Diggory.

They shake hands. James polishes off his drink and motions them to the door, giving Diggory a grin.