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Day of Wrath

By Unknown

DAY OF WRATH:

Day of Wrath, dreadful night,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning,
And the sun beset by dead of night.
That Day of Wrath, that sulfurous day
When flaming heavens together roll,
And earth's beautiful castle shall pass away.
Day of Wrath, when we shall
Awake from clay to judgment
And be brought to our enchanted hour.
Day of Wrath, the mighty trumpet's tone
Calls forth the living and the dead
And shall rend each tomb's sepulchral stone.
Day of Wrath, by God unleashed,
Behold Satan's ghastly abacus
Shown before the Judge's gaze.
The Day of Wrath, that judgment day,
Then shall be heard with universal dread
The sins revealed as they are read.
Day of Wrath, O, see them stand
Before His Throne, small and grim,
Clad in shame and rancid sin.
Day of Wrath, for pity take
My sins away from Satan's grasp
And bear up my soul to Heaven at last.
And whereas the said Herlof's Marte
is denounced as a witch
by three respected and worthy citizens,
we rule that she be seized
and brought before the Court.
If only it helps!
It is sure to.
They're herbs from under the gallows!
It's strange they have so much power.
There is power in Evil!
Who are they hunting now?
She'll be put on the stake,
She'll be put on the stake
And shall burn. And burn
With smoldering flesh
She'll be put on the stake,
She'll be put on the stake
And shall burn. And burn

With smoldering flesh
Open up. Open up, Herlof's Marte
Put these away.
Absalon, Martin should be here soon.
The ship has just come in.
I'll be there right away.
Have you the key to the loft?
May I have it?
In this house
I carry the keys.
I am Absalon's wife.
But I am his mother.
It is not easy for an old dog
to learn new tricks.
Nor is it easy for a young wife
to come into an old household.
You are too hard on her.
I want her to be a good wife to you.
She is.
When your first wife was alive...
She is not alive anymore.
No, but her son is alive.
And now he's coming home...
home to a new mother
many years younger than he.
What does it matter?
Matter?
I think it is... scandalous.
I'm going out to meet Martin.
Is Master Absalon at home?
No, he has gone to meet his son.
I am his son.
Are you his son?
Are you his wife?
It seems I've seen your face before.
Where would that have been?
Perhaps in my thoughts.
I have thought about you
many, many times...
wondering what you would say
to so young a mother.
I promise to be a good son to you!
Yes... you are my son now.
And you, my mother.

My grown son.
What is keeping father?
Here comes father now.
Anne, shall we surprise him?
I'll hide.
Didn't Martin come with you?
Hasn't he come yet?
He'll be here soon.
Yes, he probably will.
What's this?
It's Martin's songbook.
Here is the song of
the Maiden and the Apple Tree.
A Maiden
sat in an apple tree high.
A lad chanced to pass by.
She stretched, the bough it bent.
Within his arms she landed.
This is so nice. Don't you want
to give your mother a kiss?
Shall we go to my study?
Yes, father.
You're bleeding!
It's nothing.
You must help me, hide me!
They will burn me if they catch me!
Have they denounced you as a witch?
I helped your mother.
She too was denounced as a witch.
My mother? It's not true.
It is true! She was set free
only because you were her daughter.
You cannot send me out to my death...
Get firewood for the oven.
And Bente, clean the fish.
Where are you going?
Nowhere.
Is that cupboard to remain open?
Grandmother. Grandmother.
Why are you so quiet, Anne?
We are looking for Herlof's Marte.
Here?
In the rectory?
Some children saw her come in here.

But that is impossible... then we must...
Have you seen Herlof's Marte?
If she is here, she must have sneaked in...
Yes, look for her.
Bloodstains... Over here.
Is there another entrance to the loft?
Yes, by the other staircase.
Tell Hans and Henrik to go up that way.
The Lord have mercy upon us!
And this should have been a day of joy!
I order that the Notary of the Chapter
the Reverend Absalon Pederssn
take the said Herlof's Marte
to confession.
He shall diligently exhort her
to confess the full truth
that she may not die without
penance, but her soul be saved.
Help me, Absalon.
Save me from the stake.
Only God can help you.
You can. If you want.
I ask only that you do for me
what you did for Anne's mother.
What do you mean?
You spared her.
Do not say more than you can answer for.
I know what I say.
You knew she was a witch,
but you kept silent...
You lie!
You kept silent for Anne's sake.
Come here.
Kneel.
I'm begging for my life.
You shall not beg for your life.
You should pray for your soul.
Confess the truth.
What shall I confess?
That you are a witch.
A witch? I knew of one...
She was Anne's mother,
and you set her free.
Be quiet.

I am so terribly afraid... to die.
Come with me.
Day of Wrath. Day of Mourning.
See fulfilled the prophet's warning
You're here.
I came to listen to the singing.
Day of Wrath that...
Day of Wrath...
Why are they learning that?
To sing when Herlof's Marte is burned.
I hear her screams all the time.
Come, let's go.
Oh what fear man's soul renders
When from Heaven the Judge descends.
The old one's giving in.
Will you confess?
Yes.
Finally.
Release her.
Thereafter she consented
to a confession.
Tell us how you entered
the service of the Evil One?
Answer!
So you will not confess...
She hasn't had enough.
I have.
Answer me then.
Where did you first meet the Devil?
Under the gallows?
You had to trample on the cross?
He forbade you
to receive the Sacrament?
You had to abjure God and Christ
and sell your soul
to the Devil for eternity.
Have you anything more to confess?
No.
A fine confession!
She is difficult.
Ask her if she knows of others.
We haven't finished yet.
Do you know any other witches?
No.

Have you known any?
Is there anyone you can denounce?
She is dead now.
Who was she?
Who she was... who she was?
Well, who was she?
Give me her name.
I do not remember.
But I'll remember you!
How's that?
Send me to my death...
and yours will follow!
Your threats don't move me.
You'd better tell me her name.
I'll say no more.
I have said enough.
You better loosen your tongue...
That's enough.
I will speak to her myself.
Save me from the stake!
I know... you will stand by me.
I beseech Thee, O Lord,
that this woman may repent
and that she may turn to Thee
and seek her salvation.
Take courage... be strong.
Take her away.
Come with me.
She named no one?
Perhaps, put to the question again.
All will be made known
in God's own good time!
Herlof's Marte was subjected
to painful interrogation
after which she made
a full voluntary confession
in the presence of
the assembled clergy.
June 14, 1623
Absalon Pederssn - Jrgen Ravn
Gathering firewood already?
No, wood for the stake.
I have come to prepare you...
for death.

So you have failed me.
No, I have not failed you.
I have thought of you
these many days.
How I could secure for you...
Life Eternal.
Stop all your prattle.
I fear neither Heaven nor Hell.
I am only afraid to die.
I spared Anne.
And you fail me.
No, Marte.
But it is not too late.
Anne shall suffer as I suffer.
If I burn at the stake, so shall Anne.
No, no...
If they burn me...
If they burn me...
I don't want to be burned.
I don't want to.
I don't want to.
Go.
Go! Get out!
She'll be put on the stake,
She'll be put on the stake
And shall burn. And burn
With smoldering flesh
She'll be put on the stake,
She'll be put on the stake
And shall burn. And burn
With smoldering flesh.
Are you leaving?
I cannot stand this.
Stay here with me.
I want to speak to Absalon!
What for?
I want to speak to Absalon!
Do you want to denounce someone?
I want to speak to Absalon.
The condemned would like
to speak to you.
Free me from the stake.
Otherwise...
Have no fear.

The Lord is merciful.
He will open your eyes
and turn your soul from sin.
I will denounce Anne,
do you hear me!
You'll suffer for this!
The Devil will get you,
you hypocrite, you liar!
You liar. You liar. You liar.
Day of Wrath. Day of Mourning
See fulfilled the prophet's warning
Heaven and earth in ashes burning
Oh what fear man's soul renders
When from Heaven the Judge descends
On whose sentence all depends
Wondrous sounds the trumpet sings
On this beautiful day,
Herlof's Marte was successfully
burned at the stake.
Glory be to God.
Lord, I beseech Thee with all my heart,
help me in my hour of need!
I have been a faithful servant,
and have kept Thy commandments.
Yet now my innermost soul
is shaken by gnawing doubt.
O Lord,
let thy light shine upon me...
that I may find my way out
of this terrible darkness.
Do you want something?
Yes.
Something is tormenting you.
What is it? Tell your mother.
Mother, I have sinned.
Sinned against God.
I have lied to Him.
How? Tell me.
I'm your mother, aren't I?
Yes.
But this is a fight I must fight alone.
You've changed since
Herlof's Marte was arrested.
And now she has burned at the

stake. You've become so strange.
Did she...
denounce another?
And you're keeping it secret?
She denounced no living person.
No living person?
No one living.
Have you ever looked into
Anne's eyes?
Have you seen how they burn?
I am thinking of her mother.
Her eyes burned in the same way.
Why are you saying this?
The day may come when you must
choose between...
Between what?
Between God and Anne.
You say that because you hate Anne.
No, out of love to you!
Goodnight, Grandmother.
Goodnight, Martin.
Goodnight.
Goodnight, father.
Goodnight, my son.
Anne, there is something
we must discuss.
It concerns your mother.
My mother?
Is it that... that mother?
You know?
Yes... But is it true?
She confessed it.
What did she confess?
That she had the power of invocation.
She could call up
the Living and the Dead.
And they had to come.
If she wished someone dead,
he died.
Is it true you spared her
to marry me?
Do you blame me for that?
For being kind to mother? No.
But?

Were you also kind to me?
Have I not been a kind husband?
Yes, you have.
Did you ever ask me if I loved you?
You were so young,
just a child.
But did I love you?
It is strange...
I never thought of that.
No, I suppose you haven't.
Absalon, hold me.
Hold me and make me happy.
I must look into myself.
I have much to speak to God about.
Goodnight, Anne.
Look into my eyes.
Your wonderful eyes.
So childlike.
Pure and clear...
Goodnight.
How was it with my mother?
She could call
the Living and the Dead.
And they had to come.
Was that it?
Why do you ask?
I think it strange that...
with the power mother had...
A human being can have such power...
I can do it. I can do it.
Anne, you're crying.
I see you through my tears.
Tears that I wipe away.
No one has eyes like yours.
What are they like?
Childlike?
Pure and clear?
No, deep and mysterious.
But in their depths I see
a trembling, quivering flame
which you have kindled.
Let's go to the birches.
How happy I am!
Just to say "I love you".

And to know...
That you and I...
You were always in my thoughts.
And you in my dreams.
Here's the spring.
Come here.
More?
Water? No.
Of what then?
Drink.
Hear how they whisper.
It's the grass humming.
Humming what?
A song about the two of us.
The song of your love.
And of yours.
Hold me tight. Make me happy.
...so that we may wander decently
and securely in the sight of God.
Through this Your most Holy Name. Amen.
May I read a little
from the Song of Songs?
Yes, please do.
I am the rose of Sharon,
and the lily of the valleys.
As the lily among thorns,
so is my love among the daughters.
As the apple tree among the trees
of the wood, so is my beloved.
I sat down under his shadow.
We have heard enough.
Will you stop it!
Wretched woman.
Grandmother?
I meant it.
Martin, what have we done to you?
You seem so far apart from us now.
Both from me and your father.
Promise me to think of your father
and do not cause him grief.
Martin, would you help me?
Yes, of course.
Grandmother does not like you.
What does it matter -

if you like me?
If you love me.
Anne, how will this all end?
Kiss me.
Then I'll kiss you.
There you are.
Shut the door.
It's the first time I hear Anne laugh.
How she's changed.
Even her voice is different.
Yes... she is changed.
When I see those two together
I feel for the first time how old I am...
And how young she is.
It is good Martin came home.
I will join them
and be young with the young.
It was nice to hear you laugh.
We were just going.
Where to?
To the river.
I wanted to ask you to read
through my sermon.
With pleasure, father.
Oh, can't it wait,
I had so looked forward to this.
I would be the last
to deprive you of any pleasure.
Go now.
It's the chaplain.
A message from Master Laurentius.
He is dying!
He asks you to come and prepare him.
I've brought the Holy Vessels.
I'm going.
How alive your hands are.
Your fingers.
Your wrist.
I can feel your pulse beating.
Beating for you.
The sun is coloring your cheeks.
Not the sun, happiness.
Happiness?
How long will it last?

Forever!
Anne, where will we end up?
Wherever the stream leads us!
One day.
Don't think about it.
So much can happen.
I see my father before me all the time.
I see only you.
Here I lie.
Soft and snug as in a mother's arms.
Herlof's Marte did not forget me.
What do you mean?
She promised me death.
She deserved her punishment.
I suppose so.
Anne, let me go away.
Go away?
Yes, let's separate for a bit.
Separate?
Separate.
How could we two separate?
Think of all we've given to each other.
Look at that tree.
Yes, it bows in sorrow.
No, in longing.
It grieves over us.
It yearns after its own
reflection in the water.
As those two can never
be torn asunder.
Nor can we ever separate.
My body... is of this Earth.
And to the Earth I again submit it.
My soul... I have from God.
And unto God I surrender it.
Give me your hands.
Here, you have them.
That I may hold them
till mine grow cold.
It will not be long before I follow you.
You seek to comfort me.
I often feel Death approaching.
But I go to meet it with courage.
And hope!

"Whosoever believeth shall live,
though he die."
If we could die... together, here.
Die? Die?
Why?
To atone for our sin.
Sin? Is it a sin to love?
Don't speak,
don't think anything except...
That we two belong together!
"As the apple tree among
the trees of the wood,
"so is my beloved..."
"I sat down under his shadow..."
What weather!
We will hear of some misfortune
after such a storm.
Does one hear of anything else
these days?
Did you remember Absalon's beer?
No, I forgot.
Accept this body of Jesus
who gave you life
for you and your sins,
to strengthen you in faith
for all eternity.
Accept this cup poured for you
as the covenant in his blood,
to strengthen you in faith
for all eternity.
No, you can't look.
Oh, let me.
Can you make it out?
A pear tree.
A pear tree!
Anyone can see it is an apple tree!
And here is an apple blossom.
Only one?
Yes, my apple tree has only
one blossom.
I hope Absalon won't come
across the bog.
If I knew the way he was coming,
I'd meet him.

If you go through the bog,
he may go around it.
And if you go round it,
he may walk through it.
You must understand. Anne
wants you to stay at home.
But Anne is right.
It is no use wandering about in the dark.
It is better to wait here for father.
Then we'll all wait.
You too?
Then I will go to bed.
God have mercy on those at sea!
And on those not at sea!
You are thinking of Absalon?
Yes. And of you!
There is nothing so quiet as
a heart that has ceased to beat.
You should get yourself a wife.
There's no hurry.
There is no one in the world whom
I love as much as your father.
In him God gave me the son
I had longed for.
And I shall defend him until
the day I lie in my grave.
Grandmother, why don't you like Anne?
I have never done her any harm
that I know of.
But you don't like her?
No, I do not like her.
I hate her.
Father's wife.
The only grief your father ever
caused me
was bringing her into this house.
How can you talk like that?
Because it is the truth.
A small, innocent woman.
Innocent?
I've had my say.
I shall go to bed.
Goodnight, Martin.
May the Lord have you in His keeping!

My Anne.
Yes, yours.
Yes... But my father's wife!
Wife, yes - I never loved him.
Nor he me.
Do you never think of him?
I often think, if he were dead...
Do you wish him dead?
I think only if he were dead.
Are you ill, Master Absalon?
I felt as if Death had just brushed by me.
Death?
Yes, let's just go.
We will have a small house by the sea.
Every morning I shall wake...
my head on your shoulder.
With a kiss I'll wake you.
Then we hear from his cradle
a little Martin crying.
I pick him up.
And as I found life at your breast
he'll find life at mine.
The tenderness you gave to me
I give back to him.
While I hum for him
a song about us two.
Isn't it lovely to think about?
Yes. It is only a dream.
What does it matter?
So long as it is a beautiful dream?
Haven't you gone to bed yet?
No, we waited up for you,
Martin and I.
Good evening, Father.
Good evening, Martin.
You were away a long time.
How is Master Laurentius?
God gave him a mild death.
Would you like some beer?
It's been near the fire.
Thank you for waiting up,
both of you.
Father, you are tired. You should rest.
I am tired.

But I don't think I can rest.
I come from a man
who died in piety.
But otherwise,
if I think of all the sighs
from other deathbeds I have sat by,
I see only sin... and sin... and sin.
The pleasure of the moment.
The secret sin.
Oh, Lord...
What lives men lead.
You speak so strangely.
That is because I felt
a strange uneasiness.
Out there, earlier.
I felt as if Death held me by the hand.
I heard nothing.
I saw nothing.
But in my innermost soul I felt
my death had been decided.
You are tired.
You are ill.
I am not ill.
But I am tired.
Go to bed now.
Goodnight, my son. Sleep well.
I wish I could ease your heavy thoughts.
You have yours to think about.
You should not think so much of death.
You are right, Anne,
but I cannot get away from the thought.
My death has been decided!
Who would want you dead?
Who would?
Anne, have you never wished me dead?
Why should I?
Because
I did you a great wrong.
I never asked you if you wished
to be mine... I took you.
I took your youth.
That is a wrong for which
I can never make amends.
Yes, it is true.

You took my youth.
My joy.
I burned for someone to love.
I dreamed
of a little child to hold in my arms.
Not even that did you give me.
You asked if I ever wished you were dead.
I have wished it hundreds of times.
I wished it when you were with me.
I wished it when you left me.
But never did I wish it so hard
as since Martin and I...
Martin? And you.
Yes. Martin and I.
Now you know.
Therefore, I now wish you dead.
Dead!
Father. Father.
What is it?
Shall I keep vigil now?
No. Martin will keep vigil tonight.
Why are you so quiet?
Say something.
Did he know?
What do you mean?
Did he know that you and I...
You told him.
He knew.
That's why he called out to me.
I am cold! Keep me warm!
I still hear his voice.
Father. Father.
Are you weeping for him?
Or me?
For myself.
Why?
I wish I were dead.
Everything, everything is over now.
No, Martin. It's only the beginning.
Not for me.
For us.
Why should he die?
I believe he died for our sake.
I am afraid for you.

I am afraid for the one I love.
Are you going?
Have you no thought for me?
My only thought now is for him.
I'll stay and keep vigil.
Shall I keep vigil with you?
No, I'd like to be alone.
You shun me.
I shun mostly myself.
We should be on our knees
asking his forgiveness.
I don't need to ask
forgiveness for anything.
But I know he would have forgiven us.
He stands before God
and accuses us.
No, Martin.
He is interceding for us.
For he sees how we suffer.
Do you remember what you said:
"If he were dead..."
You wished him dead.
I only thought if.
You did wish him dead.
But did you wish, compel him to die?
Have you the power
to wish his death?
Answer me.
You are driving me to the stake.
Had you the power to wish his death?
Come to your senses. Martin!
I love you.
I love you.
That's my only crime.
You wished him dead.
Don't make me crazy, Martin!
You must believe me!
I am not the cause of his death.
Say it before his coffin.
I am not the cause of his death.
Do you believe me now?
Yes.
Shall we ever find each other again?
Who could prevent it?

The dead.
It's not the dead we should fear.
You mean Marte.
I love you.
And you love me.
We have sinned together.
And we must also stand together.
If Marte accuses me,
will you stand by me?
I promise.
You'll not let go of me?
We are tied together so closely,
we can never be parted now.
I believe happy days will come again.
Even if we cannot see them now.
As the son and
heir of the dearly departed.
I stand here, by his coffin
and offer you
his mother's, his wife's and my
own thanks for coming here today.
My heart is so full of grief that
God gave me a father
greater and better than most men.
Father.
You were such to me
that all my days
I ought to express it in word and in deed.
Now that you have passed away,
I am tormented by the grief I caused you.
If you were alive now
I would be a much better son to you.
Forgive me
for letting my feelings
have the better of me.
One word more.
A word, on behalf of the relatives.
According to custom,
I bear witness before God and man
that my father's sudden death
can be laid at the door
of no man or woman.
His wife was with him
when Death came for him.

And his mother and I were
with him when he expired.
Let us bless him who lies here.
Wait. I will speak now!
If his son will not tell the truth,
then his mother must.
My son lies on his coffin murdered.
And she who murdered him
sits there!
I claim a life for a life.
Don't believe her. I answer for his wife.
She is not responsible.
Every word I have said is true.
Believe me. Would I let my father
lie unavenged if...
Yes, you would.
For you are under her spell yourself.
With the aid of
the Evil One she ensnared you.
With the aid of the Evil One
she killed her husband.
I denounce her as a witch.
Let her deny it if she dares.
Gentlemen, let's look into this matter.
With the aid of the Evil One?
You heard the accusation.
So that the full truth may be known.
I demand...
That you lay your hand upon the dead
and take an oath.
Are you ready and willing for such a test?
I swear.
I testify... I testify...
So you have your revenge.
I killed you
with the Evil One's help.
And with the Evil One's help
I lured
your son into my power.
Now you know. Now you know.
I see through my tears,
but no one comes
to wipe them away.
Day of Wrath, for pity take

My sins away from Satan's grasp
And bear up my soul to Heaven at last.
Day of Wrath, hear our bidding,
Sorrowful, heavenly flood of tears,
Save us, Jesus, with your blood.