

The correctly formatted adaptation of a selected text for visual media.

The following newspaper article was found in a Carmarthen newspaper from the 1800s, and this is what I chose to adapt in the following script.

Word Count 1676

THE SIN-EATER IN WALES.

Some years ago, an account of the sin-eater appeared in a London periodical. The function of this person was to attend funerals, and eat the deceased's sins with cakes, swilled down with nut brown ale on the coffin. It was alleged that sin-eating took place at Llandebie in 1852. The Rev. Daniel Silvan Evans, the lexicographer, made enquiries and found there was no foundation to the story, and that the sin eater was a myth. I lived at Llandebie in that year, and never heard of such a superstition. Have any of your readers heard of this superstition in other parts of the country?

Cardiff.

J. ROWLAND (Giraldus).

INT. PUB - DAY

Fades in from white as CADOG walks through door of pub. Three siblings stood near coffin, watch as wild mountain man comes in. Camera looks at him from behind three siblings as CADOG goes to bar. Muddy boots, old coat, grubby Tesco canvas bag for life.

CADOG
House Ale please, not too much
top(beat)Aye, that'll do.

CADOG sips, wipes froth moustache from his own with back of dirt hand. BROTHER walks to him.

BROTHER
Cadog?

CADOG
Ydw, spoke on fon? Dew, long trip aye,
coffin there? Aye?

BROTHER
Aye, can I get you anything?

CADOG
No, no Boy. Got what I need.

CADOG pulls warn, vintage ice-cream tub out of bag.

CADOG
Brought my own cakes, I'll be over
there.

Motions with his glass of ale. takes bag and walks towards coffin.

CADOG
I'll be by here, I'll let you know
what the jobs done.

BROTHER
Thank you, come and see me when you're
done.

BROTHER walks to SISTERS.

MARY
So that's him?

BROTHER
That's him.

MAY
He looks like they said.

MARY
He must be legit.

MAY
He must be legit

BROTHER
I think he's legit.

MAY
God knows father needed him.

BROTHER
Poor old Dad.

MARY
Poor old Dad.

Look back at CADOG now sitting on the open coffin, open box of cakes, dropping crumbs as he does, taking a bite and a swig of ale.

CADOG
(pats coffin)
Da iawn, aye, da iawn.

Camera looks back towards SIBLINGS looking at him.

MAY
So he comes from Bala?

MARY
Yes, he comes from Bala, in a cave?

BROTHER
Not in a cave, in a house.

MAY
He's not that weird.

MARY
Are we weird?

MAY
Why do you say that of us?

MARY
Well because of him.

BROTHER
'Him' being here for poor old Dad.

MAY
Poor Old Dad.

MARY
If Dad wanted it, the blame of weird
doesn't like on us.

BROTHER
No, the blame isn't on us.

MAY
He'll see his sins gone quick enough
and he'll be on his way.

MARY
And Poor Old Dad will be Dear Old Dad.

BROTHER
Yes, when all his sins are ate and
drank away.

MAY
Strange Old Chap.

MARY
He got the bus down?

BROTHER
Yeah, 4 hour trip.

MAY
How much was the bus?

MARY
Free on Sundays.

BROTHER
Oh is it?

MARY
Yeah.

MAY
How much are you paying him?

MARY
Me?

MAY
No, you.
(Nudging BROTHER)

BROTHER
Me? No, no, no. This is on you.

MARY
No! This is not on me and was not my
idea.

MAY
Was not my idea!

MARY
Was too your idea!

BROTHER
Can we all pay a bit?

MAY
No!

MARY
How much does he want?

BROTHER
Well not much.

MARY
Yes, but how much.

MAY
£30.

MARY
£30?

BROTHER
Yes, only £30. But I don't have £30.

MAY
Nor me. Not after all this!
(Raises hands palms up to point at
funeral)

MARY
Well I'm not paying it and don't look
at me you.

BROTHER

We all pay £10 and that's that.

MAY

Fine.

MARY

Fine.

BROTHER

Right.

Camera turns back at CADOG who is just about finishing with his first drink who then brushes the crumbs off his front and hops down very carefully from the coffin, as to not hurt his old knees and to not wobble the coffin. Door opens and florist comes through with a huge trolley with flowers.

MARY

At least she has been paid.

MAY

Come on then.

Camera following SISTERS as they walk to FLORIST and camera carries on to BROTHER walking to bar as CADOG walks to bar also.

CADOG

Same again, boy.

BROTHER

Same again for me too, please.

CADOG

Ah, yes, jobs coming along nicely. Old tradition em, see.

BROTHER

Aye, we have heard this Sin Eating tradition has been going a long time.

CADOG

Ah cakes is what I meant, recipe mam-gu, see?

BROTHER

Ahhh, I see.

Camera turns to SISTERS and FLORIST who are lifting a huge vase onto a stand and tracks closer to them. Camera moves

around to look at MARY'S face. She is helping lift and move the vase but is thinking of something else and looks distracted, staring off at the coffin out of the corner of her eye, V.O of her internal thoughts.

V.O MARY

Is it bad to think that I am glad he is dead? No I don't think it is bad he is dead. He wasn't a very nice person. Then why should we be here spending money on this fucking thing? This whole thing is awful.

Not paying attention, MAY nudges MARY with her shoulder and nods at the vase to insinuate her to carry on. Camera moves from MARY to MAY. MAY looks at MARY out of the corner of her eye, and then back at the flowers.

V.O MAY

This whole thing is awful. I wonder what MARY is thinking. Does she hate this too or does she love it. I wonder what BROTHER is thinking, well this was all really his idea. Not mine. Not mine. I would not have done this. This whole thing is awful. And why the hell did Dad want this crazy man here? Good thing he's gone, he was bloody mental! What time is it?

MAY finishes helping moving the vase and looks at her watch which says 11.30am.

MAY

It's eleven thirty. It's nearly time.

MARY

Nearly time.

MAY

(Raising her voice at BROTHER)
It's eleven thirty. It's nearly time.

Camera turns from MAY to look at BROTHER.

BROTHER

Right, okay, thanks.

CADOG

Right, jobs nearly done.

Camera follows CADOG and moves behind BROTHER to be a P.O.V shot from BROTHER.

FLORIST leaves walking past BROTHER and SISTERS sit down on chairs in rows near the coffin. Camera moves slowly up behind BROTHER and then moves around him and looks at his face. He is looking concerned at sisters in a loving way.

V.O BROTHER

Poor girls. Poor girls. Poor Dad. Why poor dad. Dad was horrible. Do the girls know how horrible dad was. I want to tell them how horrible he was, this whole thing is awful. I didn't like him and hadn't spoken to him in years, but this is the kind of thing you do, isn't it? You have to have funerals, don't you? I suppose you do, maybe you don't, not everyone does. Some people don't. Some people get put on boats and get sent off in boats in lakes, with arrows on fire and the poof, gone, body done. In the water, gone. Would that be cheaper? Is that legal? Don't be so stupid. Oh god, I hope Mother isn't late. I hope she is. Maybe I hope she doesn't turn up at all. I don't want to be here.

Camera cuts for the first time and is looking at the SISTERS with BROTHER in the background, to show it is the same time that he is thinking and his V.O runs. SISTERS look at each other, smile and take each others hand closest to each other.

MAY

I can't say I am looking forward to this.

MARY

I can't say I am.

MAY

Is it awful if I say I hope Mother doesn't turn up.

MARY

I am glad you said it first.

A small bang noise raises both of their attention to CADOG on the coffin, dropping a cake in half as he takes it out of the box. Camera moves to him and then moves back to SISTERS. Both

laugh a small laugh and look at each other again briefly and then look down a bit sad.

MARY

I'm worried about BROTHER. It's been so long since I saw him last.

MAY

It's been a long time since we all saw each other.

MARY

Since we were all in the same place together.

MAY

A long time.

MARY

I don't think she will show up.

MAY

I hope she won't show up but I think she will.

MARY

A few more hours and we will be heading back home.

MAY

Far away from here.

MARY

Really far.

MAY

I wish we had known BROTHER more.

MARY

I do too, but he was grown up already by the time we could..

MAY

..Could really speak, and no we never really knew him.

MARY

I wish we could.

MAY

It feels like there is something.

MARY
I feel it too.

MAY
That he keeps from us?

MARY
I feel it.

MARY squeezes her hand and turns to BROTHER behind them.

MARY
Not long now and we can go home.

BROTHER
Not long now, sisters.

He smiles at them both lovingly. Camera cuts to CADOG taking the last swig of his drink, putting the cake lid back on the box. Dusting the crumbs off his front he gets down slowly and carefully. Cut to shot from back of room. SISTERS in view, BROTHERS in view, still and motionless, just waiting. CADOG passes the SISTERS and they both give him the £10. He carries on walking through the middle of the chairs and towards BROTHER, who when reaches him passes him £10.

CADOG
Aye, you're a good son. Those are good daughters.

Pauses and checks that he has everything.

CADOG
Yes, well. Job's done, da iawn. And not my place to say, but I think I know, as is the matter of my job that he was not a good man. Look after your sisters now te. Good boy.

He pats BROTHER on the back as he walks past him, towards camera and out of church. Light shines in on the back of the SIBLINGS as the door opens, and just as the the door is about to close another shadow appears next to CADOG's.

CADOG
Sorry, Bach.

CADOG's shadow passes and there is one left in the door opening. The SIBLINGDS turn to look. As the SISTERS see who it is they look back forward and lower their black vales across their faces.

BROTHER

Mother.

MOTHER

My darling boy, come give mummy a hug.