

THE SEVENTH

"Pilot"

Written by
Katherine DiSavino

OVER BLACK

A TEA KETTLE WHISTLES.

INT. WALDRON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

ED and JANE WALDRON (late 40s) stir - the incongruous tea kettle cutting through the quiet of night.

JANE
(mumbling)
What is that?

Ed glances at the clock -- **2AM.**

He bolts upright --

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

A narrow, desolate beach -- a sharp cliff to one side and the churning Atlantic to the other.

Ocean worn rocks in place of sand. Waves lap over the small pebbles, which glisten in the moonlight.

A beat --

NORA crosses into frame. 17, long brown hair tied back into a low pony tail. She walks with such purpose that we probably don't clock that she's wearing pajamas at first - and if the tiny stones of the beach hurt the soles of her bare feet, her face doesn't show it.

But her footsteps leave behind a small trail of blood on the pebbles...

Her eyes are fixed ahead - on A LIGHTHOUSE in the distance.

She has to get to it.

INT. WALDRON HOUSE - NORA'S BEDROOM

The sound of the whistling TEA KETTLE continues.

A teenage girl's room - soccer trophies, homework scattered over the desk, posters of Paris and London on the wall.

The bedside light is on.

Ed PUSHES the door open - confirming what he already knew.

The bed is empty.

KITCHEN

Ed runs to the stove --

ALL SIX BURNERS ARE LIT.

Steam BILLOWS out of the screaming kettle.

ED
Shit shit shit -

He snaps off each of the burners.

Grabs a set of CAR KEYS by the back door --

EXT. BEACH

Nora hesitates -- the lighthouse is closer now, and she realizes it's not connected to the beach. It's on an island.

The beam of light sweeps across her face at steady intervals.

She frowns, studying it. How can she reach it?

But then --

A noise. Maybe the sound of something heavier than the ocean waves shifting the stones on the beach.

Or perhaps it's the sound of water slowly dripping off a body as it rises from the surf...

Whatever it is, it's unsettling. Nora's body tenses. She turns to look behind her.

A beat --

Her eyes widen with fear.

She turns and starts to RUN --

INT./EXT. ED'S CAR

Kansas landscape. Flat and never ending.

Ed white-knuckles it down the rural country road.

He knows where he's going.

EXT. BEACH

Nora SPRINTS down the beach, her feet sliding on the slick pebbles. She almost falls - but catches herself.

She risks a glimpse over her shoulder, and this time, we FOLLOW HER GAZE --

EXT. CORNFIELD

--and see a cornfield. Harvested. Stumps jut out of the hard, dry ground.

Nora blinks. Confused. She looks down - her bare feet are covered in dirt and blood.

ED (O.C.)
Nora, honey?

Nora looks up - towards the voice. Her eyes re-focusing -

NORA
Dad?

Ed approaches - slowly. Cautiously. Unsure if Nora is still sleepwalking -

ED
It's okay -

He gently puts an arm around her -

NORA
I - where am I?

ED
It's okay. It's all gonna be okay.

Ed guides Nora back through the field - towards his car in the distance.

INT. WALDRON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Nora sits at the island counter, dark circles under her eyes. She pokes at the oatmeal in front of her.

Jane and Ed busy themselves on the other side of the counter - loading the dishwasher, packing lunches - but both of them keep stealing glances at Nora, concerned.

Nora, eyes still fixed on the cold oatmeal in front of her --

NORA
I'm fine.

ED
Of course -

JANE
We know! But - you don't have to -

NORA
I want to go to school.

This throws Jane --

JANE
...Sure. Of course.

ED
We're also worried about -

NORA
My feet are fine.

Ed and Jane exchange a look.

NORA (CONT'D)
And yes. I got enough sleep.

Nora stands, annoyed. She grabs her backpack.

JANE
Okay, but we have -

NORA
MOM. I know. 4pm. I'll meet you
there.

She feels bad for snapping. Leans in to kiss both parents on the cheek.

NORA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I scared you last night.
But I'm fine. We don't have to talk
about it anymore.

Nora leaves.

Jane stares at Ed.

JANE
"Talk about it anymore"? How about
at all. Ed. What is going on -

A beat.

ED
Hormones?

Jane runs her hand over her face.

Ed pulls Jane in for a hug. As Jane presses her face against his chest --

JANE
(a whisper)
What if it was all true? What she told us before the car accident?

ED
We'll figure it out. Together.

Jane hesitates.

NORA (O.C.)
Mom? Are you driving me or what?

JANE
(calling back)
Be right there!

Jane steps away from Ed --

JANE (CONT'D)
4pm. Be there?

Ed nods.

JANE (CONT'D)
Great - now I just need my -

NORA (O.C.)
They're by the sink! Let's go!

Jane looks at the sink. Her glasses are, indeed, there.

She puts them on, and smiles at Ed, trying to hide how unsettled she is.

JANE
(calling to Nora)
Grab my purse and let's go -

She exits the kitchen. The front door slams.

A beat.

Ed grabs the tea kettle. Fills it with water. Puts it back on the stove - but he doesn't turn the burner on.

Instead, he scoops up his briefcase and leaves.

EXT. GRAVEPORT MARINA - DAY

A grab-bag marina - expensive yachts at one end, which give way to rows of well-loved sail boats and, finally, working class boats: trawlers, centre consoles, motorized dinghys and a handful of house boats that have seen better days.

BERNADETTE "BERNIE" HANLON - 60s, as salty as the ocean - stomps down the main dock, towards her office. She's mid-argument with JACKSON MARTELLE - 19 and soulfully tough, in a James Dean kind of way. He hurries in her wake, trying to make his point --

JACKSON

And the rentals would pay for the upkeep for the rest of the year!

BERNADETTE

We got enough damn tourists taking out private boats from here and making my life hell. I'm not investing in a fleet -

JACKSON

Three boats! THREE.

BERNADETTE

- and fielding all their bullshit calls about the galley not being big enough or the head backing up -

JACKSON

Fine. What if we offer a coastal lighthouse tour during the season? Bernie - the tourists are *loaded*. Let's get some of that money. Run a day cruise, show off the coast, rake in the cash. Nobody else is doin' it. We'd have the market cornered and -

Bernadette wheels around. Jackson almost runs into her -

BERNADETTE

You're under the impression I want more people here. I don't. Don't like 'em. Don't want 'em or their money.

She yanks open the door to her office -

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

Now if you're done pretending to be
some sort of business savant - Mr.
Jenkin's boat is on the dry dock
and there's a butt load of
barnacles for you to scrape off.

SLAM.

Jackson stares at the closed door.

A beat.

JACKSON

(yelling)

So is that a no?

INT. GRAVEPORT MARINA - BERNADETTE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

It's basically a shack -- there's enough room for Bea's desk
(with a computer from 2005) and a chair.

Which is currently occupied by WEYLAND BOUCHER (50s), his
weathered face bears the scars of a few too many fishing
accidents. His cheeks and nose are bright red. His eyes,
slightly unfocused.

He clumsily stands when Bernadette enters, respectful.
Nervous.

WEYLAND

Bernie -

Bernadette slaps her clipboard down on her desk.

BERNADETTE

Go home, Weyland.

WEYLAND

I gotta talk to you -

BERNADETTE

You smell like day old fish and bad
whiskey.

WEYLAND

Her birthday is comin' up -

Bernadette starts ushering him towards the door -

BERNADETTE

Leave. Now.

He grabs her arm -- desperate.

WEYLAND

They're gonna do something. I know
it.

This is a warning. He isn't talking about a surprise party.

His fervor gives Bernadette a moment of hesitation -

WEYLAND (CONT'D)

(a whisper)
Warn her.

A beat. They stare at each other.

Then, coldly -

BERNADETTE

I don't know what the hell you're
talking about. Take your ranting
down to the pub where it belongs.

She opens the door, pushes Weyland out --

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

Try not to fall off the dock. I'm
not fishing you out.

INT. SALINA PARK HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Nora and her FRIENDS walk down the hall, laughing. Chatting.

She's clearly popular. She looks happy and at ease ...She
also looks tired as hell. But she's pushing through it.

INT. SALINA PARK HIGH SCHOOL - AP HISTORY CLASSROOM

A TEACHER lectures enthusiastically about the War of 1812.

Slightly less enthusiastically, Nora takes notes.

She blinks, heavily, struggles to keep her eyes open...

She digs her pen into the paper...

Her handwriting slows...

Her head droops...

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The same beach. A high, jagged cliff on one side. The ocean to the other.

Ahead of her - Nora sees THE LIGHTHOUSE.

In the light of day she can see it's painted with blue and gold stripes.

She starts walking towards it. She doesn't seem to notice the ocean waves rushing over her feet.

The tide is coming in. Quickly.

Soon she's ankle deep in water. It's harder to walk.

She looks down - a disembodied HUMAN HAND holds her ankle. The skin is covered in algae, almost a greenish gray.

Its grip is tight - relentless. Nora cannot break free.

Off her panicked face --

INT. SALINA PARK HIGH SCHOOL - AP HISTORY CLASSROOM

THE BELL RINGS.

Nora snaps awake, looks around. No one noticed she dozed off.

Relieved, Nora grabs her notebook. And sees that she kept writing in her sleep --

FIND ME FIND ME FIND ME FIND ME
 FIND ME FIND ME FIND ME FIND ME
 FIND ME FIND ME FIND ME FIND ME
 FIND ME FIND ME FIND ME FIND ME
 FIND ME FIND ME FIND ME FIND ME
 FIND ME FIND ME FIND ME FIND ME
 FIND ME FIND ME FIND ME FIND ME
 FIND ME FIND ME FIND ME FIND ME

She snaps the notebook closed.

Off Nora - the panic creeping back in.

EXT. HANLON MANOR - EARLY EVENING - ESTABLISHING

A large Victorian farmhouse, perched atop an ocean bluff.

Bernadette's beat-up, green 1990s RAV-4 pulls into the empty driveway.

INT. HANLON MANOR - KITCHEN

Bernadette plops into her chair at the breakfast table with her microwavable dinner tray.

She looks around her - at the massive kitchen, largely unused.

She studies the empty chairs around her for a moment - and we realize the breakfast table is big. Too big. It seats 10, easily.

A large family lived here, once.

But not anymore.

It's just Bernadette now.

She turns on the small TV set that is her only company at the table.

She starts to eat.

INT. WALDRON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

Ed gets ready for bed.

Jane enters from the bathroom, angrily brushing her teeth --

JANE
(unintelligible)
We need a new GP -

Ed looks at her blankly --

ED
Come again?

Jane pulls the toothbrush out of her mouth, but still has a mouth full of toothpaste (some drips out) --

JANE
(still unintelligible)
He's a quack -

Ed shakes his head --

ED
Honey, you're getting toothpaste -

Jane storms into the bathroom.

A beat. Water runs.

She stomps back into the bedroom --

JANE

We need a new doctor for her. We're not going back there -

ED

Jane, c'mon. Doctor Bradley is the best GP in town -

JANE

He's an old fart. He shouldn't be practicing medicine -

ED

He said she's fine. Why are you freaking out?

JANE

Because sleepwalking yourself two miles down the road until your feet are bleeding is not *fine* - it's not a "phase" -

ED

I thought it was comforting that -

JANE

Well I didn't. And giving our teenager sleeping pills?

ED

It'll stop the sleepwalking -

JANE

Might. Might stop the - were we even in the same room?

Ed angrily pulls back the sheets.

ED

Great. Now I'm worried again! Happy?

JANE

Yes. Good. Get on my level -

They both climb into bed.

JANE (CONT'D)

Let's take her to a therapist.

Ed frowns, shakes his head -

ED

No, you know how I feel about that.

JANE

I know. But I think a second opinion is warranted. And she has seemed - different the last week. Not just the sleepwalking.

Ed hesitates --

NORA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nora lies in bed, staring at the ceiling.

ED (POSTLAP)

(reluctant, worried)

She has seemed different -

Nora rolls over, looks at the PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE of sleeping pills on her night stand.

JANE (POSTLAP)

But there's a logical reason. We just have to find the right doctor.

Nora grabs the bottle. Opens it. Shakes out a pill.

ED (POSTLAP)

Just for a second opinion?

Nora pops the pill in her mouth. Swallows it dry.

JANE (POSTLAP)

Just a second opinion. That's all.

Nora snaps off her bedside light.

The room is swallowed by darkness.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

The moonlit Atlantic. The high, jagged cliff. The smooth, ocean-worn pebbles beneath her bare feet.

And the LIGHTHOUSE. In the distance. Beckoning.

Nora takes it all in - her eyes fixated on the beacon in front of her --

But she resists the call of the light. Something is *wrong*. She shouldn't be here.

She takes a step BACKWARDS --

NORA
(a whisper)
Wake up -

Another step. But she can't look away from the lighthouse --

NORA (CONT'D)
Wake up -

Another step. And another. And another.

She stumbles but keeps going until she finally musters the strength to TURN HER BACK to the lighthouse --

EVERYTHING GOES BLACK. Nora panics. We hear Nora's ragged breath and then -- something else. A deep, unsettling GROWL, but not from any animal Nora's ever heard of. It's feral, almost alien... and it's right by Nora's ear.

Nora SCREAMS --

EXT. CORNFIELD - CONTINUOUS

-- and finds herself staring at a SCARECROW.

She whips around.

She's in the middle of another cornfield. Pajama'd. Bare footed. Mid panic attack.

Something still feels *wrong* --

And that's when she hears the SIRENS.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Red flashing lights illuminate the cul-de-sac.

So does the flickering of FLAME.

FIREFIGHTERS battle the blaze that has completely engulfed a two story house.

Neighbors stand out on the sidewalk, huddled together against the chill of the night -- and the fear we all have. That this could happen to us.

Nora RUNS towards her house - breathless, horrified --

A FEMALE FIREFIGHTER catches her - pulls her back.

NORA
My parents! My parents are --

The Female Firefighter holds her tight. We don't need to hear what she says. We already know.

Ed and Jane are dead.

Nora SCREAMS once more. But there is no waking up from this nightmare.

TITLE CARD: THE SEVENTH

EXT. COASTAL HIGHWAY

A one lane highway hugs the rugged Maine coast.

The only car in sight is a YELLOW TAXI, speeding along the black asphalt. Like it's trying to outrun the STORM CLOUDS building behind it in the distance.

EXT. GRAVEPORT - ESTABLISHING

The Yellow Taxi zips through the sleepy Maine village. Tidy. Not quite a tourist destination, but it's trying.

We catch a glimpse of Nora's face in the Taxi's backseat --
THUNDER RUMBLES.

EXT. HANLON MANOR - DRIVEWAY - MORNING

The Taxi pulls into the driveway.

Nora emerges from the car - stares cautiously at the massive house in front of her.

The front door opens. Bernadette stands in the frame.

BERNADETTE

Planning on standing there all day?

Nora looks over at her --

NORA

Maybe.

Bernadette crosses to the taxi - hands a few bills through the window to the driver.

BERNADETTE

Okay.

Bernadette turns and walks back towards the house, leaving Nora standing in the driveway.

NORA

You're Bernadette Hanlon?

Over her shoulder --

BERNADETTE

Sure am.

Nora stares after her --

Fat drops of water begin to fall from the sky.

INT. HANLON MANOR - ENTRY WAY - MOMENTS LATER

Nora pushes open the door - a duffle bag in hand.

NORA
Hello?

No answer.

She shuts the door behind her. Puts the duffle bag down.

NORA (CONT'D)
(annoyed)
Hello?

Nothing. Then --

LAUGHTER. Children's laughter. From a room to Nora's right.

FEMALE CHILD (O.S.)
You're it, Elle!

Nora slides the pocket door open and peeks into the --

LIVING ROOM

But no one is there.

All the furniture is covered in white cloths - and the cloths are covered in dust.

NORA
What the hell?

BOOM! A crack of thunder!

Nora FREAKS, jumps backwards -- into SOMEONE! Oh shit!

She whirls around to face --

BERNADETTE
Grab your bag.

SMALL BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bernadette steps into the room, followed by Nora.

It's small. The bed is just a twin. There's a night stand, and a dresser, and that's it.

No paintings or pictures on the wall - just the ghost lines of where frames used to be.

It's underwhelming.

Bernadette pulls open one of the dresser drawers --

BERNADETTE
Clothes go in here.

Nora stares at her. Obviously clothes go in the dresser.

An awkward beat. THUNDER rumbles outside.

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)
You can call me Bernie. Or
Bernadette. No "Aunt" anything.

NORA
...okay ...

BERNADETTE
And I don't cook. Not well.

NORA
Me either.

Bernadette nods. Ok. That settles that.

BERNADETTE
Fresh towels are in the bathroom at
the end of the hall.

A beat.

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)
I think that covers it.

Nora stares at her.

NORA
That *covers* it?

BERNADETTE
...yes? What else is there?

NORA
Um. I dunno. Just a couple little
things. Like, do I have a curfew?
Am I allowed to borrow the car? If
you're my aunt, why have we never
met before?
(a beat)
Stuff like that.

BERNADETTE

Curfew is 11, and keep your hands
off my car.

She turns to leave --

NORA

What about -

Bernadette is already out the door --

A beat.

Nora follows her --

INT. HANLON MANOR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

NORA

Why weren't you at their funeral?

Bernadette stops walking. Turns to face Nora.

BERNADETTE

That's not the question you want to
ask. What you want to ask is why
you're here. With me. A stranger.
And I don't know. I don't know why
your parents named me your
guardian, but they did. So I'll
feed you, and keep a roof over you.
But I won't answer questions meant
for the dead.

She walks off.

EXT. HANLON MANOR - LATER

Sheets of rain pound down from the sky.

Below the sharp drop of the cliff, the Atlantic Ocean roils.

More THUNDER. And lightning.

REVERSE ANGLE ON --

INT. HANLON MANOR - SMALL BEDROOM

Rain POUNDS against the windows.

Nora kneels on the floor of her room, in front of the small
dresser. Her open suitcase beside her.

She unpacks slowly. Each piece of clothing holds a memory of her life before this. A T-Shirt with KANSAS STATE FAIR emblazoned on it. Her field hockey jersey. A hand knit sweater, lumpy. Too large. Made by someone who loved her.

These clothes don't belong in this shitty dresser. They don't belong *here*. *SHE* doesn't belong here.

Nora throws the sweater she's holding into the drawer, angry. Reaches into her bag for another handful of clothes, **THROWS** them in the drawer, too.

Again, and again she takes her clothes from the suitcase and **JAMS** them into this stupid fucking dresser and before she knows it, tears are running down her face and -

BOOM!

A monstrous clap of thunder outside. Nora startles at the noise, turns to look at the windows.

The bedroom door **OPENS** --

BERNADETTE

I'm going into town to pick up
dinner for us.

Nora wipes her face quickly and turns to face Bernadette.

NORA

I'll come with you.

A stand off. Bernadette wasn't asking for company, and Nora isn't asking permission.

INT./EXT. BERNADETTE'S CR-V

Bernadette's beat up car speeds along the narrow main street. Windshield wipers work over-time.

Bernadette grips the steering wheel tightly. Annoyed.

Nora fiddles with the radio. There's only a handful of stations, and she cycles between them.

Bernadette sighs. Loudly.

Nora ignores her. Keeps changing the station.

The car stops at a red light.

Bernadette knocks Nora's hand away. Snaps the radio off.

Nora frowns at her. Sinks back in her seat, and turns to face the rain-streaked window.

The light is still red.

They wait in silence.

AT THE CROSSWALK - Weyland watches, his scarred face partly hidden by the hood of his black fisherman's slicker.

The light turns green. Bernadette drives through the intersection.

Nora SEES Weyland. He stares at her. It unsettles Nora.

INT. HUBER'S MARKET - MOMENTS LATER

Bernadette pushes an empty cart. Nora trails behind her.

NORA

I thought you said you don't cook.

BERNADETTE

I don't.

Bernadette turns into the --

FROZEN FOOD AISLE

And pulls up next to a case of TV dinners.

BERNADETTE

Take your pick.

Nora looks at Bernadette for a long, hard beat.

NORA

Mac 'n cheese.

BERNADETTE

That's a side dish - it's not -
pick a *meal*.

NORA

My parents just died.

Bernadette frowns at her, then yanks open one of the freezer doors and grabs FIVE frozen MAC N CHEESE trays.

Nora smiles triumphantly, then looks up to see a MIDDLE-AGED MAN staring at them. His WIFE is about to turn down the aisle, but he puts a hand on her arm, and steers her away.

Nora looks at Bernadette - that was weird, right?

But if Bernadette saw it, she's not letting Nora know. She has her head buried in the freezer case.

HUBER'S MARKET - CHECKOUT - LATER

Bernadette and Nora unload their cart onto the small belt.

Canned soup. Bread. Deli meat. A fuck ton of frozen meals.

The CHECKOUT WOMAN (30s) keeps glancing at Nora.

NORA

Is there something on my face, or-?

Bernadette turns to Nora.

BERNADETTE

Grab us bananas. And apples.

NORA

...are you gonna say please?

BERNADETTE

No.

Nora frowns at Bernadette. Bernadette frowns right back.

Nora sighs and - with a last disconcerted look at the Checkout Woman - heads off to the produce aisle.

Bernadette GLARES at the Checkout Woman -- who clears her throat and goes back to scanning items.

PRODUCE AISLE

AN UNKNOWN POV watches Nora as she weaves through the produce section. The CAMERA is hand-held. A little shaky. This should feel CREEPY and INVASIVE.

Nora grabs a bunch of bananas. Out of the corner of her eye --

-- A DARK SHAPE MOVES BEHIND HER.

Nora spins around. Eyes scanning for whatever caused that sudden movement. But nothing is there.

She hesitates, then cautiously moves towards the apples.

She reaches for a Gala.

JACKSON (O.S.)
Bernie hates those.

Nora whips around, and finds herself face to face with JACKSON -- We've seen him before, but Nora hasn't - and he looks very nice with rain soaked hair and a damp shirt that clings to his muscular upper body.

NORA
What?

JACKSON
Gala apples. She says they always taste mealy.

He grabs a Pink Lady. Hands it to Nora.

Her fingers brush his accidentally as she takes it.

NORA
Thanks.

Jackson shrugs. With a conspiratorial smile -

JACKSON
She's a real pain in the ass.
Thought I'd save you some grief.

Nora can't help it. She laughs. Nods.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
I work at the Marina with your aunt. I'm Jackson.

NORA
Nora.

JACKSON
I know who you are.
(then)
See you around.

Nora, flustered, watches him walk off.

EXT. DENNISON FARM - COW BARN - NIGHT

CALLIE DENNISON (17), purple streaks in her hair (self-dyed), walks towards the barn carrying a bucket of feed. She slides open the barn door.

CALLIE
Evening, ladies! Hungry?

Callie steps inside --

INT. DENNISON FARM - COW BARN - CONTINUOUS

Callie drops the bucket in horror. The corn feed spills all over the BLOOD SOAKED floor of the barn.

The cow barn has become a literal SLAUGHTER HOUSE. Dead cows, in almost every stall, their THROATS SLIT.

Callie SCREAMS.

INT. HANLON MANOR - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

Bernadette drinks her coffee at the kitchen table. The Graveport Tribune spread out in front of her.

SPLASHED ON THE FRONT PAGE:

DENNISON HERD FOUND SLAIN IN BARN:
Animal attack suspected.

Nora stumbles in. Dressed for school, but she looks ROUGH.

BERNADETTE
Did you sleep at all?

Nora stares at her. Is she fucking kidding?

NORA
(sarcastic)
Like a rock.

Bernadette grunts, turns back to the paper.

BERNADETTE
Coffee's in the pot.

A beat as Nora searches for where Bernadette keeps the mugs.

Bernadette offers no help. Nora refuses to ask for it.

She finally finds the mugs. Pulls one down - but accidentally drops it. It shatters on the floor.

NORA
Oh - sorry!

Bernadette sighs. Turns the page of the newspaper (disapprovingly).

Nora now has to search for a broom. Once again, Bernadette offers no help. Nora refuses to ask for it.

Nora checks under the kitchen sink. Nothing. She sees a DOOR - tries the handle, but it's locked.

This gets Bernadette's attention. She turns around -

BERNADETTE
(sharply)
What are you doing?

NORA
Looking for a broom -

Bernadette points.

BERNADETTE
Pantry. Right side.

Nora jiggles the locked door handle again.

NORA
What's in here?

As she goes back to reading the paper --

BERNADETTE
Not a broom.

Off Nora, giving the locked door one last look before heading to the pantry to get the broom.

EXT. GRAVEPORT HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

A small, charming high school.

Kids stream into the building - laughter, chatter, shouts.

Bernadette's car pulls up behind one of the school buses unloading students.

Nora hops out -

NORA
Thanks for the ride.

BERNADETTE
It's fine. But you have to find your own way home. I gotta be at the marina until late. Think you can manage?

Nora nods. Closes the car door.

Bernadette drives off.

Nora turns to look at her new school.

...only to find a group of STUDENTS staring at her.

Caught, they all turn away and walk hurriedly into the building, whispering.

INT. GRAVEPORT HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - LATER

Nora, distracted, studies her class list and tries to figure out which room she's supposed to go to.

A STUDENT knocks into her - her books go flying.

For a second, we maybe think this is stereotypical new-kid hazing. That she was knocked into on purpose. But then --

STUDENT

I'm SO sorry -

And he scrambles onto the floor, to pick up her books.

And it would be nice -- if the kid weren't so clearly AFRAID of Nora.

STUDENT (CONT'D)

It was an accident - I swear.

He hands the books up to Nora - like a penitent making an offering to a deity.

Nora takes her books, freaked out.

NORA

Uh - it's fine?

He stands, kind of half bows, backs away, and runs off.

FINN (O.S.)

Everything okay?

FINN LOUGHRY (17, clean cut) joins Nora in the hall.

NORA

(re: the freaked out student)

You should ask him.

Finn laughs, looks at the slip of paper with her class list.

FINN

Yeah - you should be a floor up for Mr. Martin's class. I can show you.

NORA

That would be amazing -

They smile at each other, and Finn starts walking -- only to stop a second later.

Because PRINCIPAL AILEEN LOUGHRY (50s, all sharp edges) towers over them. Finn's mom. The woman could make a Catholic Saint feel guilty.

AILEEN

Finn, you should head to class.

FINN

Just doing my part for the welcoming committee, Mom.

AILEEN

I can take it from here.

She holds out her hand. Stares at Nora. Nora hands her the class schedule.

Finn gives Nora an "I'm sorry" look before he disappears into the nearby stairwell.

AILEEN (CONT'D)

(studies Nora's class list)
AP Bio? Smarter than your mother,
at least.

NORA

My mom?
(confused)
...Are you from Kansas City?

AILEEN

Lived here my whole life.
(then)
This way.

She starts walking. Nora hurries after her.

INT. GRAVEPORT HIGH SCHOOL - BATHROOM - LATER

Clean. Maybe one or two noticeable spots of mildly rebellious graffiti. And seemingly empty but for the voices floating out of the stalls --

GIRL IN STALL 1 (O.C.)
 --all that blood.

Callie enters the bathroom (remember her? From the barn with the dead cows?).

Today Callie has an intricate drawing (in pen) on her left forearm. The drawing is of a disembodied hand, rising out of a cloud, holding a stick. It's fucking cool as hell.

Callie goes to the sink and starts scrubbing her hands, which are covered in paint from art class.

GIRL IN STALL 2 (O.C.)
 I know! And I heard their throats
 were slit -

Callie frowns and tunes into the conversation.

GIRL IN STALL 1 (O.C.)
 But I thought it was an animal?

Nora enters the bathroom --

GIRL IN STALL 2 (O.C.)
 What kind of animal slashes the
 throats of 30 cows but doesn't eat
 any of 'em?

Nora reacts to the gruesome conversation she's overhearing:
God this town is so fucking weird.

Nora heads into an empty stall. Shuts the door.

CALLIE
 (in response to the gossips
 in the bathroom, coldly)
 Sometimes wolves kill for sport.

FLUSH.

GIRL IN STALL 1 emerges. Sees Callie and pales.

GIRL IN STALL 2 (O.C.)
 The Dennison's are totally whacko.
 Maybe they just did it for
 attention -

GIRL IN STALL 1
 (starring at Callie)
 Uh, Laney -

GIRL IN STALL 2 (O.C.)
 But my mom thinks it's because
she's back. The curse.

FLUSH.

GIRL IN STALL 2 emerges, then stops when she sees Callie.

CALLIE
 (to Girl in Stall 2)
 Any more theories about my "whacko"
 family or some bullshit curse?

Girl in Stall 2 defiantly straightens up, goes to the sink,
 washes her hands, primly.

GIRL IN STALL 2
 You don't have to be so defensive,
 Callie.

CALLIE
 And you don't have to be such a
 bitch, Laney, but here we are.

FLUSH.

The two gossips go wide-eyed as the third stall door opens
 and Nora emerges.

They lock eyes with Nora in the bathroom mirror.

Girl 1 and Girl 2 then turn to each other, horrified, then
 skitter out of the bathroom, laughing nervously --

Nora goes to the sink. As she washes her hands, Callie leans
 against the wall near her.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
 We're not all assholes. I promise.
 (then)
 Hey, you have a pen?
 (re: her tattoo)
 Mine ran out in history.

Nora can't help it. She cracks a smile. Nods and pulls a pen
 from her bag. Hands it to Callie.

NORA
 Yeah --
 (re: the tattoo)
 It's really cool.

CALLIE

Ace of Wands. My favorite Tarot.
 (then)
 I'm Callie Dennison, by the way.

NORA

I'm -

CALLIE

Nora. New girl. Dead parents.
 (conspiratorially)
 I hear you're cursed.

NORA

That's the word on the street...
 it's news to me.

Callie nods, starts finishing in the lines of the tattoo on her arm. Unfazed.

CALLIE

Cool. Well. Some of my dad's cows
 got murdered, so everyone's being
 weird with me, too.
 (then)
 Sorry. About your parents.

NORA

(awkward)
 Thanks?

CALLIE

Shit. I made it weird. I was trying
 to seem nonchalant and cool. Which,
 BTW, I am neither of those things.
 So instead I made it weird. Ugh.

NORA

Honestly? This is the most normal
 conversation I've had in days.

CALLIE

Wow.

NORA

Tell me about it.

CALLIE

C'mon, new girl. I'll walk you to
 class. Maybe your curse will
 protect me from having to talk to
 these assholes.

NORA
 You said not everyone here is an
 asshole.

As Callie loops her arm through Nora's.

CALLIE
 (with a grin)
 I lied.

INT. HANLON MANOR - KITCHEN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: plastic being ripped from a steaming TV dinner.

Bernadette slides a film-free tray in front of Nora, then
 sits and joins her at the table.

Nora watches her for a beat.

Bernadette shovels a few bites of food into her mouth.

NORA
 Bunch of cows were killed.

Bernadette nods. Keeps eating.

BERNADETTE
 Wolves.

NORA
 And everyone thinks I'm cursed.

Bernadette's fork hangs in mid air. She looks up at Nora.

NORA (CONT'D)
 Which - if I'm being honest - maybe
 I am? I mean, my parents did die in
 a house fire that was my fault. So -

Her casual tone is almost more unsettling than if she were
 showing emotion.

Bernadette puts her fork down --

NORA (CONT'D)
 It's just. I don't think they're
 talking about the Kansas fire. It's
 something else.

A beat. Bernadette and Nora stare at each other. Bernadette
 doesn't volunteer anything. Nora plows ahead --

NORA (CONT'D)

And my principal thinks she went to high school with my mother.

Bernadette rubs a hand over her face.

BERNADETTE

I'm tired, Nora.

NORA

Which is impossible. Because my mom went to high school in Kansas.

A beat.

BERNADETTE

No. She didn't.

NORA

Yes she did. She was born in Kansas City. She went to college in Georgia and then she moved back home with my dad and -

BERNADETTE

Your mother was born here. In Graveport.

NORA

I used her birth certificate to write her obituary. Jane Levings was born in 1971 at Kansas Heart.

A beat.

Bernadette leans forward in her chair, runs a hand over her face. Takes a breath. Then --

BERNADETTE

Jane Levings and Ed Waldron weren't your parents. Not... biologically.

Nora stares at Bernadette. Her stomach dropping. Because a part of her knew this was what Bernadette was going to say. But the confirmation is still horrifying.

NORA

You're lying.

BERNADETTE

Believe me or don't. It doesn't change anything.

NORA
 It changes EVERYTHING.
 (then)
 What was her name?

This is painful for Bernadette --

BERNADETTE
 Elle.

NORA
 And my dad?

BERNADETTE
 Peter.

NORA
 What happened to them?

BERNADETTE
 They died. And I'm done talking
 about this, Nora.

NORA
 "Done talking about this?" Are you -
 are you KIDDING ME? How did they
 die?

BERNADETTE
 Nora -

NORA
 HOW DID THEY DIE?

BERNADETTE
 Your father died in a car crash.

NORA
 A crash? A - what else? What
 happened? What -

BERNADETTE
 Do you want the grisly details?
 Should I tell you all about the
 twisted metal or the smell of his
 burning flesh?

NORA
 My mom wasn't with him?

BERNADETTE
 No.

NORA
So how did she die?

Bernadette stands.

BERNADETTE
You are incredibly selfish.

NORA
SHE WAS MY MOTHER.

Bernadette slams her hand on the table.

BERNADETTE
You didn't even know her. She was
my baby sister and I had to put her
in the ground. I DO NOT WANT TO
TALK ABOUT THIS.

They stare at each other. Emotional. Spent.

A beat.

Then -

NORA
Can I - I want to see a picture of
them. At least. *Please*.

BERNADETTE
I burned my photos 17 years ago.
(then)
I'm sorry.

An uncomfortable beat.

NORA
(softly)
Am I cursed?

BERNADETTE
When horrible things happen, people
need someone or *something* to blame.
So they can believe that a horrible
thing won't happen to them.

Bernadette grabs her half-eaten TV tray.

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)
But they're wrong. Horrible things
happen to everyone, eventually.

She leaves.

INT. HANLON MANOR - VARIOUS - LATE NIGHT

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY -- Nora pokes her head out her bedroom door. Listening. Nothing.

LIVING ROOM -- Nora searches the bookshelves and end table drawers. She plucks a PHOTO FRAME out of one -- only to discover it's empty.

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY -- Nora notices the nail holes on the wall, and the shadows of picture frames left on the paint.

Then, LAUGHTER. Children's laughter. Like what Nora heard when she first arrived to the manor.

From the far end of the hall, Nora hears the pitter-patter of SMALL FEET running towards her, then past her. Nora gasps. It's like she could *feel* a child running by her. Maybe we even see her sweater move, as if someone brushed past her.

In a nearby room, MORE LAUGHTER. Nora, shaken but determined, follows the sound, into --

BERNADETTE'S HOME OFFICE -- Empty. And silent.

Nora sees a BIG DESK.

UP CUT to Nora as she empties every drawer in the desk. She lifts up the ink blotter mat and finds an OLD FASHIONED KEY. Hesitates - then GRABS THE KEY.

KITCHEN -- Nora tip-toes towards the locked door. She pulls out the Old Fashioned Key she found in Bernadette's office. Inserts it into the lock and IT TURNS...

INT. HANLON MANOR - BASEMENT

The lights FLICKER ON.

The stairs CREAK as Nora descends - her bare feet kick up a layer of dust.

The basement is PACKED with a variety of junk: broken furniture, wood, storage bins, at least 10 bicycles, and crates of children's toys.

Nora stands at the edge of the junk heap - trying to make sense of *all this stuff*.

That's when Nora sees it -- in the far corner of the basement, partly covered with an oil cloth. A beautiful, glossy cherry-wood TRUNK.

She moves towards it, slowly. Tentative. Kneels in front of the trunk and slides the cloth off it.

The trunk has hand carvings around the sides and on the top.

Around the latch, in a circlet of ivy are the initials: E.H. Nora traces her fingers over the initials.

NORA
Elle Hanlon.

Nora takes a breath. Opens the trunk...

But it's empty.

She exhales her disappointment. **SHOVES** the trunk away from her angrily.

THUMP-THUMP. Something **HEAVY** in the trunk shifted.

She opens the lid again, reaches in, starts feeling around. Searching for a false bottom - or *something*.

She **SHAKES** the trunk again. **THUMP-THUMP**. There's definitely something in there. Somewhere.

She starts feeling around the outside edges of the trunk - her fingers skimming underneath, in the small gap between the bottom of the trunk and the cement floor of the basement.

And that's when her fingers find it -- a **LATCH**.

Nora presses the latch, and a **HIDDEN DRAWER SPRINGS OPEN** from the side of the trunk.

Inside -- a **LEATHER BOUND BOOK**.

Nora lifts the book and brings it into her lap.

Engraved in the leather cover: a **GNARLED TREE**. The branches stretch towards the sky. The roots slither into the ground.

On the tree trunk: **AN EYE**.

Nora opens the book to a random page --

CREAK.

Nora's body tenses.

CREEEEEEEAAAANK.

Nora **SNAPS** the book closed. Turns to look at the stairs --

No one is there.

She closes the hidden compartment in the trunk, tucks the book under her arm.

AN UNKNOWN POV watches from behind an overturned table as Nora DISAPPEARS up the stairs. The lights SNAP OFF.

CLICK. The sound of the basement door shutting.

The Unknown POV remains still. Bathed in darkness.

INT. HANLON MANOR - SMALL BEDROOM - LATER

Nora sits on the floor of her room. Back pressed against the door. The leather bound book in her lap, closed.

She hesitates - then lets the book fall open.

A HAND DRAWN SKETCH of an old woman - sagging breasts, hunched back, stringy hair -- but in place of a face, there is only a GAPING MOUTH, with ROWS OF RAZOR SHARP TEETH.

On the page opposite the image - WORDS in a language Nora doesn't understand.

Horrified, Nora turns the page --

ANOTHER DRAWING: a deformed man with two heads - one HUMAN, one with curved ram's horns splitting through his skull.

She turns the page again --

ANOTHER DRAWING: A female torso with EIGHT SPIDER'S LEGS.

NORA

What kind of freaky shit is this?

What the hell was her mother into? She rubs her eyes - fighting sleep.

Turns another page of the book --

EXT. DENNISON FARM - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

A sprawling dairy farm on the edge of a dense, still woods.

Red barns. Rolling pastures. And a gorgeous farmhouse, its windows all dark -- save for one, nestled in the eaves of the third floor. A warm, golden glow is the only pin prick of light in this bucolic landscape.

INT. DENNISON HOME - CALLIE'S ATTIC ROOM - NIGHT

Callie sits curled up at her desk, an open notebook in front of her, big headphones on, sketching.

The lamp on her desk flickers. Then goes out.

Callie looks up, her room now dipped in darkness.

She clicks the switch on her desk lamp a few times. Nothing.

She huffs, annoyed, and stands to lean forward and fiddle with the light bulb. Still nothing. But now that she's standing, her eye line is level with the window. And in that moment, something catches her eye --

CALLIE'S POV: A dark shadow moves towards the barn. Fluidly. Almost like it's slithering. Inhuman.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

The same beach as always. A high, jagged cliff on one side. The ocean to the other.

Nora steps carefully. Bare feet press against the wet rocks.

THE LIGHTHOUSE is in front of her. The ocean between them.

The ground RUMBLES. The pebbles on the beach start vibrating and then -- as if some magnet is directing them -- they move out onto the water. And form a walkway. To the lighthouse.

A path just for Nora.

She hesitates. Something feels *off* - like a thought she can't remember. But the pull of the Lighthouse is too strong.

She steps onto the path.

EXT. DENNISON FARM - COW BARN - NIGHT

The door is partially open.

Callie approaches cautiously, a shot gun in hand. She may be a weird artsy kid, but she was raised on a working farm. She knows her way around a gun.

She pushes the door open further and quickly steps inside --

INT. COW BARN - CONTINUOUS

And comes FACE TO FACE with DEAN DENNISON (50s). Her father. But his eyes are ALL BLACK. Almost demonic.

Callie stumbles backwards -

CALLIE

Dad?

And just like that, his eyes look totally normal. Was it a trick of the light? He grabs the gun away from Callie, gruff -

DEAN

You trying to scare me to death?

CALLIE

(uneasy)

I saw something - I didn't want the rest of the herd to get hurt.

(she studies his face)

Are you okay?

He puts a protective hand on her shoulder.

DEAN

It's late and we're both seeing things. I just checked, and there's nothing here. C'mon, Cal.

Dean gently steers Callie out of the barn.

EXT. HANLON MANOR - BACKYARD - NIGHT

The farmhouse looms at the edge of the ocean bluff -- below, the Atlantic crashes against the rock face of the cliff.

The back door opens.

Nora steps into the yard. Barefoot. She looks behind her --

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

-- towards the shoreline.

At least 100 feet away from where she stands on the mysterious path.

Far. A lot farther than she realized.

And just as the anxiety begins to hit her -- the path begins to vibrate.

Nora's eyes go WIDE.

The path is collapsing back into the ocean. As suddenly as it appeared. Like a row of dominoes falling away - starting at the shoreline and moving rapidly towards where Nora stands.

Fuck.

There's only one way to go. Nora spins around, faces the lighthouse and --

EXT. HANLON MANOR - BACKYARD - AS BEFORE

--Nora SPRINTS across the grassy backyard.

Straight towards the edge of the cliff.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

She's almost to the lighthouse! But the path's destruction has reached her --

As the ground underneath her disappears, Nora JUMPS for the island's shore --

EXT. HANLON MANOR - BACKYARD - AS BEFORE

-- Nora JUMPS for the edge of the cliff. Airborne.

But her body is YANKED backwards. Inches from the edge. Inches from death.

REVEAL: Bernadette. A handful of Nora's t-shirt in her fist. She's breathing heavily. Her neck is bright red -- but her face is drained of all color.

BERNADETTE

Are you out of your mind?

Nora, awake and horrified, has no idea how to answer.

INT. GRAVEPORT HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - AFTERNOON

Nora paces the length of one of the long tables and plops her tray down towards the lesser-populated end.

THREE FRESHMAN GIRLS a few chairs down from Nora nervously pick up their trays and move away.

Nora ignores them -- she's too tired for this shit.

She digs in her backpack for a textbook. But can't find the one she's looking for.

Her search goes from frustrated to frantic. She pulls out the contents of her bag and stacks it on the table in front of her -- including the LEATHER BOUND BOOK that once belonged to her mother.

CALLIE (O.S.)
Looking for this?

Nora looks up. Callie holds out a spiral bound notebook.

Nora immediately relaxes. As she takes the notebook --

CALLIE (CONT'D)
You left it in Mr. Martin's room
after you fell asleep.

NORA
Oh my god. Thank you.

Callie puts her lunch tray down and slides into the chair opposite Nora.

Nora tries to hide her surprise that someone is joining her for lunch - Callie clocks it.

CALLIE
(playful)
Were you saving this seat for
someone else?

NORA
Oddly enough, I haven't met my fan
club at this school yet.

Callie laughs.

CALLIE
Yeah, me either.

Nora takes a bite of her food, then starts to repack her bag.

Callie catches sight of the Leather Bound Book and gasps --

CALLIE (CONT'D)
Oh my god, this is SO cool!

She grabs the book off the table, her fingers trace the engraved tree on the front --

CALLIE (CONT'D)
 What symbol is this? Is it Celtic-?
 (she flips the book open)
 Whoa. What the hell?

Nora quickly takes the book back. Embarrassed.

NORA
 I dunno. It was my mom's.

CALLIE
 Nora. That shit is fucking creepy.
 (a beat. Then -)
 I LOVE it. Can I see it again??

Nora hesitates, then hands it back to Callie who eagerly starts paging through it.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
 Oh *man* -

NORA
 I know. Right?

Nora studies Callie as she looks over the book. Callie is completely absorbed.

NORA (CONT'D)
 Do you know what language that is?

Callie studies a few pages -

CALLIE
 Some of this looks like Latin? But -
 this page? Some of these words are
 French. Or, like, French-ish.

NORA
 French-ish?

CALLIE
 Yeah. Kind of in the same way
 Middle English is English-ish.
 (she shrugs)
 "Les Dents" means teeth in French -

She holds up a drawing - it's one of the ones Nora saw the night before. A naked old woman with a gaping mouth filled with rows of teeth --

NORA
 Well, that *does* make sense.

Callie laughs and nods.

Finn approaches from a neighboring table, puts his hands on Callie's shoulders.

FINN
Gruesome. Getting inspiration for
your first tattoo, Cal?

Callie playfully flips Finn off.

Finn smiles at them. Casually --

FINN (CONT'D)
Where'd you get this?

CALLIE
It's Nora's -

FINN
Oh? Cool. I mean, VERY weird, but
also cool. Just don't let my mom
catch you with that. She hates
occult shit. You'll be scraping gum
off the bottom of desks for months.

Callie sighs and shuts the book. Hands it back to Nora.

CALLIE
Your mom is a total fascist, Finn.

FINN
Raising a bunch of boys and running
a school will do that to you.

Nora slides the book into her backpack, just as Principal Loughry enters the cafeteria.

Finn catches sight of his mom. To the girls --

FINN (CONT'D)
See you around.

He touches Nora's shoulder as he leaves.

Callie grins.

NORA
What?

CALLIE
(still grinning)
Nothing!

NORA
Shut up.

Callie laughs and offers her fries to Nora. Nora smiles, takes a few.

INT. GRAVEPORT HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - LATER

Nora dials in her locker combination and opens the door.

A folded note falls out. She picks it up, reads:

That book isn't safe.

Meet me at the post office at 3.

I'll try to explain.

Finn

Off Nora, processing --

EXT. POST OFFICE - AFTERNOON

A one story, white wooden building with a peaked roof and a front porch that sags ever-so-slightly in the middle.

Nora walks up to the door. Tries it.

It's locked.

The sign in the window lists the business hours:

7am - 1pm

She peers in the window --

NORA'S POV: Dark inside. A few displays with cards and packing materials. A door that leads into the back mail room. A counter with an old fashioned till.

-- Something behind the counter moves.

Nora taps on the glass.

NORA

Finn?

FINN (O.S.)

Yeah?

Nora spins around to face Finn.

NORA

I thought --

She glances behind her, at the window again.

NORA (CONT'D)
Um. This place is *closed*. Why did you wanna meet here?

Finn glances around --

FINN
It's closed. So. Nobody's here.

Nora sighs, shoves her hands in her jacket pockets.

NORA
Ah. Right. Can't be seen with the town freak.

FINN
It's not that - it's --

Finn looks behind her. At the window. His eyes narrow.

FINN (CONT'D)
C'mon. Let's walk.

He starts off.

Nora looks in the post office window one last time, then follows after him --

EXT. ONE LANE ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The edge of the small town. No houses or businesses in sight. Just a thick woods on either side of the road. Towering Firs and Beech trees, their leaves signaling fall with blazing reds and yellows.

Nora and Finn walk side by side in the middle of the road. Silence. Then --

NORA
You taking me out in the middle of the woods to murder me?

FINN
What? Are you - What? No.

NORA
Cool. Then what the fuck is going on? Why are you having me meet you at abandoned post offices and telling me books are dangerous and -

FINN
-Not all books. Just - *that* book.

NORA
You wanna get more specific? About -
like - anything?

Finn grabs Nora's hand.

FINN
C'mon. This way.

He pulls her onto a dirt trail that cuts through the woods.

EXT. DIRT PATH - CONTINUOUS

FINN
You know how some towns have - uh -
historical societies? Or clubs?

Nora stares at him. Completely lost.

FINN (CONT'D)
Like - Daughters of the American
Revolution? Shriners. Rotary Club.

NORA
...yeah...?

The woods is thinning out. The dirt beneath their feet
becomes stones. Then pebbles.

FINN
And you know how some are, uh -
more exclusive than others? And,
maybe, more secretive?

And suddenly, they're walking on --

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

NORA
You're kind of freaking me out.

FINN
There's... kind of a society here.
A secret society. It's been around
for centuries. And if they knew you
had that book --

NORA
 (sarcastic)
 They'd kill me?

A beat. Finn doesn't answer.

NORA (CONT'D)
 Are you fucking serious right now?

| | |
|--|---|
| <p>FINN They need that book. There's something in it -</p> | <p>NORA (CONT'D) This is insane. You're insane.</p> |
|--|---|

Nora turns away from him, and for the first time, she takes
 in their surroundings.

They're standing on a beach.

Pebbles instead of sand.

FINN
 But they think it was destroyed.
 Years ago -

A high cliff on one side. The turbulent Atlantic on the
 other. It feels so familiar.

...and there. On an island in the distance...

FINN (CONT'D)
 Nora?

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

The Lighthouse from her dreams.

Holy. Fuck.

It's real.

Nora stares at it, transfixed.

NORA
 I need to go --

FINN
 Wait! That book can't exist.

Nora finally looks away from the lighthouse. She snaps her
 gaze to Finn, accusatory.

NORA
 You know a lot about this "secret"
 society. How is that, again?

They stare at each other.

Finn weighs his options, then, purposefully --

FINN
You should destroy it.

Nora stares at him, furious. He wants her to destroy the only thing she has that belonged to her biological mother.

The intensity of her gaze makes Finn uncomfortable.

Without a word, Nora turns and walks back to the forest path.

FINN (CONT'D)
(calling after her)
Where are you going?

NORA
(without turning around)
I need a boat!

INT. GRAVEPORT MARINA - BERNADETTE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Bernadette sits at her desk, staring Nora down.

BERNADETTE
Absolutely not.

NORA
Why?

BERNADETTE
Have you ever driven a boat before?

NORA
...no?

BERNADETTE
Do you have boating insurance?

NORA
...no...

BERNADETTE
Are you in possession of a Boater
Education Card?

NORA
Now you're just making shit up.
(then)
Is that a thing?

BERNADETTE
Get out of my office.

EXT. GRAVEPORT MARINA - SECONDS LATER

Nora STOMPS down the main dock, away from Bernadette's office. Fuming.

Jackson is aboard one of the expensive looking yachts. Scrubbing the deck. Shirtless, despite the chill in the air.

He watches Nora with a smirk.

JACKSON
You and Bernie hitting it off that well, huh?

Nora stops, looks up at him. Thinking.

NORA
Hypothetically. If I told you I would be interested in borrowing a very small boat tonight, for, like, two hours - but Bernie can't know about it... what would you say?

Jackson smiles at her -- mischievous.

JACKSON
I'd say you'd owe me.
Hypothetically.

NORA
I'd be fine with that.

JACKSON
Okay then.

Jackson goes back to hosing down the deck of the yacht.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
(over his shoulder)
See you tonight.

EXT. GRAVEPORT ISLAND LIGHTHOUSE - AFTERNOON

The lighthouse looms tall at the center of the small island -- at least 80 feet high. Its blue and gold stripes are precise and vibrant up close.

An enclosed walkway connects the lighthouse to the small Keeper's Cottage -- the only other structure on the island.

It's beautiful. And isolated. And lonely, all at once.
The front door of the Lighthouse Keeper's Cottage opens.
Aileen Loughry storms out.

Weyland follows her, but stops just outside the front door of the cottage.

AILEEN

You're going to get us all killed.

WEYLAND

Have a better attack plan the next time you ambush me at my house.

AILEEN

I was simply here to have a rationale, private conversation.

WEYLAND

You were here to bully me, Aileen. Just like you bully everyone else.

AILEEN

If you can't see sense, there are other ways to handle this.

WEYLAND

Are you threatening me?

AILEEN

There are *rules*. I can call for a vote, Weyland --

Weyland laughs, pulls a flask out of a pocket of his well-worn sweater. Takes a swig.

WEYLAND

Okay. Good luck with that.

AILEEN

I'm not alone in my thinking!

WEYLAND

Only because you're trying to terrify the others into seeing these bullshit omens of yours --

AILEEN

The omens are real. And the only reason you can't see the truth is because of your obsession with Elle. The past is blinding you. And it'll be the death of us all.

WEYLAND

Get the hell off my island.

Aileen squares off with him, livid.

AILEEN

This won't be your island for much longer, Weyland. Enjoy being a Keeper while you can.

Weyland takes another swig from his flask, steps inside his house, and shuts the door in her face.

Aileen's shoulders sag ever so slightly. But she straightens right back up, turns, and heads towards the small floating dock, where her boat is tied up.

INT. HANLON MANOR - KITCHEN - EVENING

Nora and Bernadette eat in silence. Meatloaf TV Dinners.

A long beat.

BERNADETTE

You planning on jumping off a cliff again tonight?

Nora stares at her.

NORA

Was that supposed to be funny?

BERNADETTE

It *was* funny.

Bernadette shrugs, takes a bite of food.

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

Besides. It's nothing I haven't seen. Your mom used to sleepwalk.

Nora's fork freezes halfway to her mouth.

Carefully. Desperately --

NORA

She did?

Bernadette nods, lost in a memory.

BERNADETTE

We put bells on her door. So we'd hear it if she left her room.

Nora can't contain her curiosity. Like a dam bursting --

NORA

Did she *always* sleepwalk? Did anyone else? Or is it just us? And is there a way to make it stop or --

Bernadette pushes her chair back.

BERNADETTE

Bells. That's what you need.

Bernadette stands, tosses out her TV tray.

NORA

But --

BERNADETTE

Or I could just lock you in your room? But that feels a little too Dickensian, even for me.

Nora stares at her again, deflated.

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

That was also a joke.

Bernadette pauses at the kitchen door --

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

Your mom grew out of it. Once she turned 18. Never did it again.

She leaves.

Off Nora, slightly hopeful.

EXT. HANLON MANOR - BACKYARD - NIGHT

The farmhouse sits on the bluff, dark and silent.

A figure walks around the side of the house, from the driveway. Leather jacket. Dark jeans. It's Jackson.

He waits by the back door. Checks his phone.

Then -- a window on the second story opens, above him.

He looks up as Nora emerges from the window, and shimmies down a nearby drain pipe.

She hops onto the ground, and brushes her hands off on her pants, perfunctory.

Jackson watches her, bemused.

NORA
(by way of explanation)
There are bells on my bedroom door.

JACKSON
What?

NORA
Nevermind. Where's your car?

JACKSON
Down the road, didn't want the engine to wake Bernie. She's a light sleeper.

EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Jackson and Nora walk towards a MOTORCYCLE. A rebuilt 1970s Triumph Bonneville, to be exact. Maroon paint job. Black leather seat. It's fucking sexy.

Jackson hands the helmet to Nora, who hesitates.

NORA
You said you had a car.

JACKSON
No. You said I had a car.

NORA
My mom told me to avoid guys with motorcycles.

Jackson gets on the bike. Smiles at Nora.

JACKSON
Sounds like your mom knew what she was talking about.
(then)
I'll take it easy. Promise.

Nora sighs, takes the helmet. Puts it on.

Jackson reaches out and pulls her towards him. Nora's breath catches as they lock eyes.

He adjusts the strap for her, then clicks it in place.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Okay. Let's go.

EXT. GRAVEPORT MARINA - PARKING LOT - LATER

Jackson's Bonneville roars into the Marina parking lot.

Nora hops off the back of the bike and takes off her helmet. She's smiling. So is Jackson.

JACKSON
Told you, you'd like it.

As she hands the helmet back, still grinning.

NORA
It was fine.

EXT. GRAVEPORT MARINA - BOAT SLIP - MOMENTS LATER

Jackson stops in front of a small boat with an electric outboard motor.

NORA
This one is Bernie's?

JACKSON
Did you expect her to have a yacht?

NORA
I expected her to have a canoe.
This is great.

He laughs and holds out his hand. Nora takes it, and steps into the boat.

Jackson has the key in his hand, but hesitates --

JACKSON
Why do you need this again?

NORA
No questions. You promised.

JACKSON

How about, no questions, but I come with you?

Nora shakes her head.

NORA

No way. You could lose your job.

JACKSON

I took Bernie's teenage niece on a motorcycle ride at 2am. I think my job is already on the line.

Nora reaches out and takes the key from him.

NORA

I won't tell if you don't.
(then)
Cast me off.

Jackson bends down and unties the boat from the dock cleats. He throws the line into the boat with Nora.

JACKSON

You grew up in the Midwest. Do you even know how to -- ?

Nora starts the engine and heads out of the slip in response.

NORA

(calling back to him)
There are lakes in Kansas, Jackson.

Jackson watches from the dock as Nora steers the small boat out of the marina and into the open waters of the Atlantic.

When she's out of sight, Jackson pulls out his cell. Scrolls through his contacts. Selects a number.

JACKSON

(into phone)
She's coming your way. Alone...
Jesus, I know. I couldn't convince her. I'm sorry.

He hangs up. Stalks back towards his motorcycle, frustrated.

EXT. OCEAN - LATER

Nora's "borrowed" motorboat flies over the water. Wind whips Nora's hair back.

Her eyes are fixed on the lighthouse. She's almost there.

EXT. GRAVEPORT ISLAND LIGHTHOUSE - DOCK - MOMENTS LATER

Nora guides the boat next to the floating wooden dock.

She cuts the engine and stands, a little unsteady as the boat bobs in the water.

She finds her balance and steps over the GAP between her boat and the wooden dock --

A WEBBED HAND reaches out of the water and GRABS her ankle.

Nora SCREAMS. The back of her head SLAMS into the side of the dock as she is PULLED --

UNDERWATER

PITCH BLACK, only illuminated when the lighthouse beacon FLASHES overhead. (NOTE: We can never really see the creature in full - just its hands, arms and black, hateful eyes.)

FLASH: Nora VIOLENTLY SCRATCHES at the greenish hand pulling her down. Scales peel off.

FLASH: Nora's drawn blood. The creature shrieks in surprise, lets go of Nora.

FLASH: Nora desperately swims upwards -- she's almost at the surface!

FLASH: The WEBBED HAND grabs her ankle again -- boney fingers digging into her flesh. Nora struggles weakly -- she's almost out of air.

FLASH: Nora's body goes limp. Just as the water starts PULSATING. A low, intense sound wave encompasses them --

FLASH: The creature RECOILS from the sound, releases Nora, swims downwards -- further into the ocean depths.

FLASH: The sound wave intensifies. The water starts vibrating and swirling around Nora in a spiral pattern, sweeping her upwards, towards the surface --

FLASH: HANDS reach through the surface of the water, grab Nora under her arms, and HAUL her out of sea and onto --

GRAVEPORT ISLAND LIGHTHOUSE - DOCK

Nora rolls onto her side, coughing up water. A cut on her forehead bleeds profusely. She's barely conscious.

NORA'S POV: Her vision swims. She searches for the person who saved her from the water. She turns her head and sees --

A WOMAN (40s, slender, beautiful wavy brown hair that reaches below her shoulders) is crouched next to her. She frantically SCRATCHES something onto the wood of the dock.

NORA
(weakly)
Thank you.

The woman points to her carving. Two words etched deep into one of the sea-weathered slats of the dock --

F I N D M E

The Woman seems to flicker. Like a light bulb about to go out. And then -- in the blink of an eye -- she is gone.

Nora passes out.

INT. HANLON MANOR - SMALL BEDROOM - MORNING

Morning light filters in through the open window.

Nora stirs, opens her eyes.

She's in her bed.

...how the fuck is she in her bed?

Nora bolts upright. Her hand immediately goes to her head - where the cut was. But... she doesn't feel anything.

She jumps out of bed -- she's in sweatpants and a t-shirt. Not what she was wearing last night.

Disoriented, Nora moves to the mirror on the wall. Checks her head for the gash -- but nothing is there.

KNOCK KNOCK.

NORA
Yeah?

The door opens -- accompanied with the sound of the jingling bells that are tied around the hallway-side knob.

Bernadette pokes her head in.

BERNADETTE

I have to get to the marina early,
so I ate the last banana. There's
nothing for you for breakfast.

Nora gapes at her aunt, utterly bewildered.

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

Don't look at me like that. I left
some money on the kitchen counter.

NORA

What time is it? Am I late for
school?

BERNADETTE

...it's Saturday. Are you feeling
alright? You look... weird.

NORA

No - I - I'm fine.

Bernadette narrows her eyes. She doesn't buy it. But she just
shakes her head and leaves -- shutting the door behind her.

Nora sits back down on her bed. Draws her knees up to her
chest --

The leg of her sweatpants lifts up slightly... and that's
when she sees it.

On her ankle: a bruise that wraps all the way around... and
the bruise is in the shape of A HAND.

EXT. GRAVEPORT ISLAND LIGHTHOUSE - DOCK - MORNING

Weyland walks down the wooden dock towards his boat.

But something catches his eye and he stops short --

F I N D M E

Scratched into one of the boards at his feet.

He glances around nervously.

Then crosses to his boat, rummages around for a minute and
returns to the dock with a tool kit.

He kneels down at the graffiti'd plank, and pries the board out. He flips it around, so the message is water-side-down. Then secures the board back in place.

INT. THE FLAPHOUSE - LATER

A kitschy restaurant, lots of 1940s paraphernalia on wooden shelves, and pictures of pinup girls (mostly cooking or maritime themed). Local clientele. Delicious pancakes. You know the place.

Nora sits in front of a huge stack of flapjacks and a carafe of coffee.

But she's hardly touching either of them, lost in thought.

Her phone BUZZES. Breaking her reverie. She looks at the screen [note: texts are in *italics*]:

CALLIE (TEXT)
*WHERE R U? NEED 2 SHOW U
SOMETHING!!!!*

NORA (TEXT)
Flaphouse. What's up?

CALLIE (TEXT)
Meet me @ library!

Nora thinks for a moment -- then flags down her waitress.

BUZZ!

CALLIE (TEXT) (CONT'D)
BRING PANCACKES.

INT. GRAVEPORT LIBRARY - BASEMENT - LATER

Nora and Callie sit at one of the enormous reading tables, books and old newspapers stacked around them.

Callie cracks open the takeout container Nora brought --

CALLIE
Oh my god yes. I love Flaphouse --

NORA
Are we allowed to eat in here?

CALLIE
Um. No. But --

Callie gestures around the extremely empty basement --

CALLIE (CONT'D)
I think we'll be okay.

She takes a bite, chews happily. Nora watches her, bemused.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
Sorry. Right. So. I came to see if they had a medieval French dictionary. So we could translate some of your mom's book.

Nora leans forward, excited --

CALLIE (CONT'D)
They don't. But, the Portland library does. So, I had Gina request it.

Callie takes another bite of pancake, savors it.

NORA
Cool? Was that it, or --?

CALLIE
Well, I started to wonder why your mom - your biological mom - would have a book like that. And then --
(she pauses)
Nora, how much do you know about your family?

Nora shakes her head.

NORA
Nothing.

Callie stands up. Grabs Nora's hand, pulls her over to a nearby Microfiche machine.

CALLIE
Sit.

Nora sits in the chair.

Callie leans around her, cues up a news article from the 60s.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
Read.

NORA
It's a birth announcement. About my mom. Why are you -- ?

Callie excitedly points at the end of the article.

CALLIE

"Elle Hanlon is the seventh female child to Bernard and Dorothy Hanlon. Dorothy herself was the youngest of seven girls..."

Callie makes an OMG face.

Nora stares at her blankly.

NORA

I mean, that's a lot of kids.

CALLIE

Your mom was the Seventh Daughter of a Seventh Daughter!

NORA

So... my family was Catholic?

CALLIE

Dude. No. I mean. Maybe. I don't know. That's not the point.

NORA

Okay. And the point is --?

Callie pulls out a HUGE BOOK she had tucked behind the microfiche machine for just this moment. Slams it down on the table. Opens it up to a marked page.

She clears her throat and reads:

CALLIE

"In Ireland, the Seventh Son of a Seventh Son is said to have healing powers. In Italy, "Ciarello" - the first mythical Seventh Son - spoke to snakes, and was immune to their venom. Some thought his abilities were directly linked to the gods. In Native American mythology, Seventh Sons are said to have the gift of sight - an ability to see not only the past and future, but to peer between the worlds."

Callie shuts the book, triumphant.

NORA

But that's about sons?

CALLIE

Because the patriarchy owns everything. Even mythology.

(then)

If your mom was a Seventh daughter... is it possible that she, like, *had powers*?

Realization dawning on Nora --

NORA

Maybe that's why she had the occult book? She was trying to figure out what was going on with her?

CALLIE

Exactly. But that's not all --

Callie takes the microfiche slide out of the viewer. Swaps it out for another slide.

Nora scoots over as Callie finds the next article. From 17 years ago.

It's a picture of Nora's mother, ELLE, in a hospital bed. Holding a baby.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

(points to the baby)

That's you.

Elle is surrounded by Nora's father, and *six* other girls - of varying ages...

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Those are your SIX sisters.

Nora hungrily takes in the photograph. She leans closer to the screen. She's barely breathing.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

You're a third generation Seventh. The Seventh Daughter of a Seventh Daughter of a Seventh Daughter... in unbroken female lines. Do you know how freaking rare that is?

Nora stares at the photograph of Elle. Beautiful, wavy brown hair. Slender, even in an enormous hospital gown.

It's the same woman who pulled Nora from the ocean. Who left Nora a desperate message on the dock before vanishing.

Nora looks up at Callie, her face pale but determined.

NORA
I've seen her before.

Callie gapes, confused but earnest.

CALLIE
How is that possible? When?

A beat. Then, the truth --

NORA
Last night. She saved my life.
...my *dead mother* saved my life.

As the two girls stare at each other in shock, we --

END PILOT