

RAVENSWOOD

by Evan Enderle



The face of a DEAD WOMAN fills the screen. Damp blonde hair halos her face. Eyelids ringed in ice blue. Purple lips silent.

...Until a slow GROAN fills her throat, a raspy croak that erupts until it is deafening and we

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Our heroine, LUCY MOORE, 20s, wakes, startled. Blinks her wide brown eyes. She is beautiful, sharp and serious. Used to these kinds of visions. She whispers to herself:

LUCY
It isn't real.

Realizes her surroundings: the wide river races by the window of her passenger car. She smiles at the WOMAN across from her and her young DAUGHTER. They look at her with concern.

WOMAN
Are you alright, miss?

Lucy composes herself.

LUCY
Yes, ma'am. Forgive me. I didn't mean to startle you and your daughter.

The woman's face clouds with puzzlement. Sadness.

WOMAN
(voice trembling)
Daughter?

A PORTER, passing, wipes the screen and we see now that the **WOMAN SITS ALONE**. *There is no daughter*. Lucy clenches her jaw.

PORTER (O.S.)
Arriving at Tarrytown!

LUCY
I'm- I'm so sorry.

Lucy grabs her tattered leather valise and handbag and hurries out of their compartment. Leaves the woman shaken.

EXT. TARRYTOWN TRAIN PLATFORM - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy descends the steps from the train to the bustling platform. Rich men and women disembark and push past her in the finery of the 1930s.

A NEWSPAPERMAN shouts above the fray:

NEWSPAPERMAN

*Clyde Darrow and Parker woman shot
dead! Dust storms sweep Oklahoma!
Read it all here!*

She passes an OLD MAN, empty sockets where his eyes should be, winding the handle of an ancient organ. A POOR MOTHER hides in the shade of the station with a cart of apples - her CHILDREN, in tatters, dart through the crowd to hawk them.

The disparity between rich and poor is stark. It rattles Lucy as she gains her bearings.

INTERLOPER (O.S.)

Where you headed?

She startles. Grips her bag. Tries to move past an INTERLOPER (60s), a grizzled man in a threadbare suit. He gives a grin filled with smoke-grey teeth.

INTERLOPER (CONT'D)

Give you a hand?

He tries to take her bag but she pulls it away. He circles her, disorienting her.

LUCY

No, thank you.

INTERLOPER

Everyone needs help these days.
Especially us.

LUCY

Us?

INTERLOPER

The poor. Have to help each other.
These days.

She has homed in on the exit and pushes through the door onto the

EXT. TARRYTOWN STREET - CONTINUOUS

She looks around uncertainly - it's just as bustling out here.

INTERLOPER
Headed that way, ain't you?

LUCY
What way?

INTERLOPER
Ravenswood.

Lucy hesitates, pushes past him.

INTERLOPER (CONT'D)
I seen lots of our type head there.
Poor folk. Don't last long, I
reckon. Next week there's a new one
headed that direction.

LUCY
Which direction is it, sir?

INTERLOPER
I'll take you.

LUCY
I'll hire a car.

INTERLOPER
Like a lady. Hail one for you.

And he does. Pulls open the door of a DeSoto and shuts her in. Through the window:

INTERLOPER (CONT'D)
(to the CABBIE)
Lady's headed to Ravenswood Manor.
(to Lucy)
Serves you to ask for help when you
need it, miss. These days.

He DISAPPEARS into the crowd. The CABBIE looks back at her.

CABBIE
Fifteen cents. Up front.

She pulls open her pocketbook: EMPTY. She's been robbed. She searches the crowd for the Interloper.

LUCY
That man--

CABBIE
 (turning around)
 Ain't running a charity here.

Lucy sighs. Gathers her bag.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

Lucy carries her bag down a remote, wooded lane. Tired but determined. It's eerily silent. The light is starting to fade.

EXT. RAVENSWOOD - TWILIGHT

A great grey Gothic Revival manor, Ravenswood crouches on a hill high above rolling fields as far as the eye can see.

Lucy stops for a moment to take in its immensity. Shivers in the night air. Picks up her bag and carries on.

INT. RAVENSWOOD - GREAT HALL - MOMENTS LATER

She waits, dwarfed by the soaring ceilings reflected in the shining marble floors. She takes a few tentative steps, surveys the sweeping grand staircase.

All is silent except for the soft POP of logs burning in the impressive fireplace. A YELLOW CAT watches from the shadows.

A voice booms from the landing above:

MS. CROWNE
You're late, girl.

Lucy startles and turns as the black, spindly figure of MS. CROWNE, 50s, begins to descend the steps, gliding like a ghost in uniform stride.

LUCY
 I'm sorry- I meant to take a cab--

MS. CROWNE
 That is none of my concern. My concern is that you are late.

LUCY
 Yes, ma'am.

MS. CROWNE
 Late for a job inquiry. A fine impression.
 (MORE)

MS. CROWNE (CONT'D)

(beat)

What is your name?

LUCY

Lucy. Moore.

MS. CROWNE

Miss Moore. I am Ms. Crowne - head
of staff here at Ravenswood.

Crowne has reached the foot of the stairs, appraises Lucy like a displeasing cut from the butcher. Everything about her is military neat, her features severe.

Lucy is uncertain what to say.

MS. CROWNE (CONT'D)

(impatient)

Your references, miss.

Lucy scrambles in her handbag, hands her a slip of onion paper with a meager list. Crowne scans it critically.

MS. CROWNE (CONT'D)

You've been a domestic servant
before?

LUCY

No, ma'am.

MS. CROWNE

And the employ office thought fit
to send you with no experience? Is
this a prank?

LUCY

I have experience, ma'am. Running
houses.

MS. CROWNE

Whose?

LUCY

My family's. I ran it in my
mother's stead. She cares for my
brother who is poorly.

Crowne takes a reflexive step back, covers her mouth.

MS. CROWNE

You won't do. After the Spanish
influenza the lady of the house is
petrified of contagion .

LUCY

No, ma'am. He is lame. Unable to walk.

MS. CROWNE

All the same, you are late and with insufficient qualification. You will see yourself out? And tell your employ office--

As Crowne begins to turn:

LUCY

Please, ma'am. I must work. My mother cannot.

MS. CROWNE

Your father?

Lucy casts her eyes down, embarrassed - clearly he's deceased. Mrs. Crowne softens just a bit for her gaffe.

LUCY

I learn quickly, ma'am.

MS. CROWNE

You'll need to. I'll give you a week to transcend your credentials.

She turns and crosses the expanse of the Great Hall before she STOPS. Doesn't move, doesn't speak.

Lucy hesitates, then realizes she's meant to follow. She grabs her belongings and SCURRIES AFTER.

INT. HALLWAYS - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy follows Crowne up a dark, curling staircase paneled in dark wood, draped in shadow.

MS. CROWNE

These are the servants' stairs. You are not to use our masters' stairways. Domestic are to be seen and not heard - like children.

As they pass the second floor landing we glimpse a lush hallway papered in blood-red velvet.

At the end, doors open onto an opulent drawing room where we briefly glimpse an old woman we'll later come to know as MRS. DYER - the lady of the house - haloed in a cloud of smoke.

MS. CROWNE (CONT'D)
The masters' quarters.

They continue up the stairs, reach a landing at the top floor.

MS. CROWNE (CONT'D)
Servants' quarters.
(beat)
You shall have no visitors at Ravenswood. The lady of the house allows us no followers.

LUCY
Followers?

MS. CROWNE
Suitors, miss. Is that a problem?

LUCY
No, ma'am. I have none.

Crowne studies her, disbelieving.

MS. CROWNE
One imagines a girl of your attractions is just waiting to be plucked by some... forager.

They arrive at the end of the hall at a door, smaller than the others. Crowne opens it, motions Lucy up stairs beyond that disappear into blackness.

MS. CROWNE (CONT'D)
Your quarters.

Lucy ascends into the dark.

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

An expansive space with rotting beams, something from Dickens, nearly. A sole hexagonal window at the end of the room lends the only natural light.

A few beds line the sloping roof, stripped of sheets but for one.

MS. CROWNE
I'm afraid the rooms below are occupied by senior staff. You'll share lodging here with another girl. I'll send Butler with linens. Are you hungry?

LUCY

Ma'am.

MS. CROWNE

He'll bring food as well.

(beat)

You'll need to stay in your room until morning. I'm quite firm on this point. It is a Sunday. New staff is not permitted out Sunday nights until...

LUCY

Until?

MS. CROWNE

Until you are *qualified*. We detest nosing about here. God doesn't punish stickybeaks as justly as we do at Ravenswood.

LUCY

Yes, ma'am.

MS. CROWNE

Well, then.

Crowne starts to go. Lucy looks frail, swallowed by the massive attic. Off this:

MS. CROWNE (CONT'D)

There is no need to be frightened.

LUCY

(hardening)

I am not given to fright, ma'am.

MS. CROWNE

Good. You're like me. Strong. Self-reliance is a virtue, Miss Moore.

Lucy fakes a smile. Crowne does not offer one in return. She leaves. The door below *CLACKS* shut, echoes through the spare attic. Lucy is alone.

LATER:

Lucy sits on the bed when the metallic *clack* of the door shatters the silence. FOOTSTEPS on the stairs and a skeleton of a man appears - the BUTLER (70s, Indian).

He brings a tray rattling with silver to her bed and sets it there. A lump of meat, limp greens, a glass of water. Linens.

She holds his vacant, dark eyes for a moment. He says nothing. Turns and heads back down.

CLACK.

INT. HALLWAYS - LATER

The tray sits empty outside the door to the attic. The halls are dead silent.

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

She has made her bed. Her things are unpacked, a photo of a woman and young boy with her same wise eyes sits on a plain side table next to her.

GRAVEL CRUNCHES outside. MUFFLED VOICES.

She walks to the window. Finds footing and pulls herself up to peer out.

Outside, a fine automobile shines in the moonlight.

An old woman and man in expensive clothing make their way to the *porte cochere* below. We hear them being admitted as another car makes its way up the drive.

She notices a BIRD'S NEST tucked into the corner of the window outside. Lowers herself down.

LATER:

Lucy sleeps. Moonlight pours through the window.

CLACK.

Lucy wakes. The YELLOW CAT is curled at her feet, purring.

FOOTSTEPS creep up the stairs. Lucy watches as a figure (GERTRUDE, 20s) appears, crosses the attic on tiptoe. As she nears, we see she is beautiful with pale, delicate features.

Lucy blinks against her weariness.

GERTRUDE
I'm Gertrude.

LUCY
Lucy.

Gertrude smiles, begins to slip out of her uniform.

GERTRUDE
We'll make friends tomorrow. Go
back to sleep, Lucy.

Gertrude slides under her covers. Lucy drifts off. The Yellow Cat is GONE.

INT. BARRIO - FLASHBACK/DREAM

A swarm of HANDS tremble above a YOUNG BOY's pale chest. A ritual of some sort. Crying THUNDERS in our ears and we QUICK CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC - MORNING

Lucy's wakes with a GASP. Immediately calms herself.

LUCY
(sotto)
It isn't real.

GERTRUDE (O.S.)
You're awake. Good.

Lucy sits. Gertrude pulls a uniform from a bureau.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)
Yours. Best not be late - those who
vex her highness receive the worst
tasks at breakfast. Up up.

She removes a second uniform, Lucy's, and hangs it on the door. It is plainer than the one Gertrude tugs on.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)
Drab, I know. It's how they know
you're the lowest of the low.

She ties a ruffled white apron over her dress. Lucy stares at her in the inlaid mirror.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)
I'm a lady's maid - you can tell my
esteemed position by my frills.

Lucy is hardly listening...

FLASHBACK

*The pale FACE of the DEAD WOMAN. The eyes flash open and we realize - **it is GERTRUDE.***

END FLASHBACK

Gertrude notes Lucy's dazed look as she slips an expensive looking HAIRPIN near her temple.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)
What is it?

LUCY
(collecting herself)
It's- your hairpin: it's fine.

GERTRUDE
It was my mother's.

She gives a sad smile to her reflection, takes Lucy's uniform down. Hands it to her.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)
Servants' washroom downstairs, end
of the hall. Scurry, Lucy.

Lucy shakes off the vision. Takes the dress, heads for the stairs.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Lucy enters the great white kitchen in the uniform of housemaid. Gertrude follows.

The meager number that make up Ravenswood's employ drops their hushed conversation upon the new girl's arrival. Crowne looms at the head of the dining table where they've gathered.

She watches imperiously over her cup of tea as the girls sit. Sets the cup down with a brittle *clang*.

MS. CROWNE
This is Miss Moore. She joins our
ranks on a provisional basis.

The others STARE: MISS GREEN, a nervous Black woman in her mid-20s; the Butler from last night; the COOK (50s, Chinese) sets the table with bowls and a tureen of porridge.

MS. CROWNE (CONT'D)
You'll find our staff meager but
capable, Miss Moore. You've a long
way to go to secure your post.

She opens the brass-jacketed notebook at her side.

MS. CROWNE (CONT'D)
October Seventeen. Reynolds:
dusting, East Wing including
Morning and Night Rooms. Miss
Green: waxing, hallways, first
floor - and, really, Miss Green
this must be completed in toto
during Mrs. Dyer's afternoon repose
otherwise the lady of the house
will be trapped in her drawing
room. Is that clear?

MISS GREEN
Ma'am.

MS. CROWNE
Miss Lock, we'll need the washing
by teatime. Perhaps you might
assist Miss Green in waxing while
the lady rests?

Gertrude nods assent.

MS. CROWNE (CONT'D)
Mr. Zheng, you've a delivery from
the greengrocer and grease traps to
be emptied for pickup - you know
about this, of course. And Miss
Moore...

Lucy straightens at her name.

MS. CROWNE (CONT'D)
...scullery detail.

This seems to freeze everyone.

GERTRUDE
All of it, ma'am?

Crowne closes her book. Raises a brow at Gertrude.

MS. CROWNE
Is there a revision you care to
suggest, Miss Lock?

GERTRUDE
It's only... it's an awful lot.

MS. CROWNE
Miss Moore is eager to prove her
mettle. I find the task fitting.

Gertrude bites her tongue. Crowne checks her timepiece.

MS. CROWNE (CONT'D)
To your duties, then.

She takes down the rest of her tea. Rises. The others follow suit, leave Lucy alone at the table.

She gathers the DISHES, transports them to a great washbasin in the corner. She puzzles over the surroundings. Then, cranks the handles. SKREEK - with a burble and a cough, steaming water pours into the sink.

Lucy takes a large cube of soap, places it in a metal cage with a handle under the water. Shakes some soda in. Begins.

LATER:

Just as she nears finish, Cook sets down a tower of grease-slathered pans and utensils from cleaning. She eyes them.

COOK
When you done, you scrub the floor,
Ms. Crowne says.

LATER:

Lucy on her knees with a brush scrubbing the stone floors with red knuckles.

The rest of staff arrives for lunch, stepping through the wet, clean areas. Crowne pauses, PEERS DOWN at her, unsatisfied.

MS. CROWNE
This was to be completed before
luncheon, Miss Moore.

Gertrude appears, steps carefully past. She glowers at Crowne for her treatment of Lucy.

Lucy scrubs as the others sit to eat in b.g.

LATER:

Lucy withers under the weight of a rack of beef as she wrestles it into the meat locker.

She returns to the mountain of dishes, tired and struggling. Gertrude appears in b.g.

GERTRUDE
She really is a witch, that Crowne.

Gertrude shuts the door to the dish pit. Unties her apron. Slides her dress over her head. Stands in a dainty slip.

Lucy stares.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)
The lady is resting. Scoot over.

She joins Lucy at the sink. Notices Lucy's raw, red hands have begun to crack.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)
You dear - you've used too much
lye. I've a salve for them tonight.

Gertrude starts in on the dishes.

LUCY
But you've your own work.

GERTRUDE
I can do both. We are all the same
here, Miss Lucy. All the same.

Their hips touch, sensuous. Lucy smiles for the first time.

LUCY
Thank you.

LATER:

Gertrude re-ties the sash of her apron. Swishes away with a smile over her shoulder to Lucy.

As she exits, Crowne rounds the corner into the kitchen. Notes the pile of clean dishes with a frown.

MS. CROWNE
Well. Go help with the floors,
girl.

Lucy nods. Exits. Crowne seethes.

EXT. RAVENSWOOD - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The moon crests the roof of the mansion. Wisps of silver clouds drift past.

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Lucy, exhausted, climbs the stairs to their room. Gertrude smiles when she sees her.

GERTRUDE

There you are. Survived your first day at Ravenswood.

Lucy flops down on her bed. Gertrude crosses, unties her apron.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)

Off with it. You don't want it rumpled for tomorrow - Crowne will have a conniption.

Lucy rolls over, submits to Gertrude's assistance.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)

Where are you from, Lucy?

LUCY

Arizona. But we moved to Brooklyn so my father could find work.

GERTRUDE

(pleased)

My family is from Brighton Beach! Kismet. When we're done with Ravenswood we can visit one another. Arms up.

(beat)

Arizona, hm? I didn't think you looked like a Northerner.

LUCY

My mother...

GERTRUDE

Is Mexican? So that's where you get your beautiful skin.

She lifts the uniform over Lucy's head. Crosses to hang it in the bureau. Brings back her nightgown.

Lucy turns demurely as she slides into it. Gertrude darts back across the room.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)

I've something for you.

She returns with a tube of salve and a small teacake.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)

To celebrate your first day. Swiped it from Mrs. Dyer's tray.

Lucy smiles at it, bashful.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)
(teasing)
This is when you say 'thank you'.

LUCY
Thank you.

GERTRUDE
You're a quiet one, Lucy Moore.

Lucy blushes.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)
What?

LUCY
You're so kind.

GERTRUDE
And?

LUCY
It's rare these days.

She uncaps the salve, takes Lucy's hand. Massages ointment into the cracked skin.

GERTRUDE
People like Crowne always need
someone lower to make them feel
superior. That's the way of the
world, I think. Yet we're all of us
servants, really. *I think.*
(beat)
You truly don't speak much, do you?

LUCY
I suppose not. I much prefer to
look.

GERTRUDE
And what do you see, Miss Moore?

LUCY
I- I don't know.

GERTRUDE
Oblivion? Angels and devils?

Something about this disturbs Lucy.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)
Oh, my. What have I said? Tell me.

LUCY
It's nothing.

GERTRUDE
I've upset you. My big mouth. Only
now I must know what you're hiding.

Lucy has clammed up. Pulls her hands away.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)
Come - you tell me your secret and
I'll share mine. Then we'll truly
be friends.

She takes Lucy's hand again. Smiles persuasively.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)
Go on. Tell Gertie.

Lucy looks at her apprehensively. Gertrude winds her fingers
through Lucy's.

LUCY
I... I don't like to talk of such
things. Devils. My grandmother...
she was a seer.

FLASHBACK

*The soft murmuring, crying. Those shaking hands over the pale
chest we saw in the dream.*

*In profile, we see Lucy's GRANDMOTHER (Mexican, 60s). She
stares in ecstasy toward heaven with WILD EYES.*

END FLASHBACK

LUCY (CONT'D)
Her-- her ability killed her. The
things she saw... I'm afraid to see
them, too.

GERTRUDE
You poor dear. Don't be afraid. I
think to see would be a gift.

LUCY
Not a curse?

GERTRUDE
Not for the right eyes.

She smiles at her. A moment of *something* between the two
girls they cannot name.

Gertrude hurries away to dig under her bed. From the stairs, a *CREAK* rings out. Lucy snaps in the direction of the sound but Gertrude hops back into her bed.

She pats the pillow and both girls lie back. She presents a leather-bound NOTEBOOK. Opens it.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)
I see things, too.

Inside, beautiful pencil sketches. Flowers. Birds. Faces.

LUCY
Oh, Gertie.

GERTRUDE
Do you like them?

Lucy nods. A drawing of a man.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)
My father. Isn't he handsome?
Mother used to say I had his nose.

LUCY
Is she...?

GERTRUDE
Afraid so. Spanish flu. Now it's
just father and I. He can't work.
Injured on the docks. So here I am
on the dole at Ravenswood until...

LUCY
Until?

GERTRUDE
Until Providence strikes. What
brings you to the esteemed manor?

LUCY
Same, mostly.

GERTRUDE
"We are all the same here, Lucy
Moore."

LUCY
"All the same."

They giggle softly. Gertrude lands a KISS on Lucy's cheek. She blushes.

GERTRUDE

Friend.

They return to the book. Sketches fill the screen as we
DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ATTIC - MORNING

Lucy's eyes flutter open. Gertrude is standing on a chair,
peering through the window. She turns, beckons to Lucy.

Lucy crosses, climbs next to her. Outside, a scarlet CARDINAL
has burrowed in the nest. The girls grin.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Crowne watches with hard, inscrutable eyes as Lucy and
Gertrude enter. ANGLE ON their linked pinkie fingers. They
unlace them, drop smiles as they join the table.

The moment that Lucy sits:

MS. CROWNE

Miss Moore. Coal man's arrived. Go
meet him.

Gertrude swallows a protest. Lucy nods. Exits without
breakfast.

EXT. RAVENSWOOD - MOMENTS LATER

A truck covered in soot stands in the drive, a pile of black
rocks laid at its tail. A wheelbarrow next to it.

A COAL MAN equally slathered in black grit LEERS at Lucy as
she approaches, a METAL PAIL at her side.

COAL MAN

You're not Butler.

LUCY

I am sent in his place.

COAL MAN

Big job for such a little thing.
Wish I could help you. My back.

LUCY

Where is the--

COAL MAN

Thataway.

He points towards the side of the house.

QUICK CUT TO:

Lucy struggles to push a barrowful of coal over dewy grass. Beyond, overgrown gardens tumble off toward patchwork fields.

She reaches the iron door of the COAL CHUTE. Lifts it up with a loud *SKREEK*. Stares into the black chute. An eerie draft SIGHS from its depths.

Grabs the SHOVEL from the pile and begins to toss it down the chute. It's backbreaking work but she is tenacious, determined. Another shovel. Another.

Behind her a FIGURE appears, out of focus. Human. A hushed *creaking* sound accompanies it, metallic. Soft enough that she does not notice. It just stands there, eerily still.

If you squint hard enough you'd notice it is **HEADLESS**.

In reverse we watch as Lucy tosses the shovel back in the wheelbarrow. The scabs on her knuckles crack and bleed again.

As she marches off, we see the FIGURE is GONE.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy enters to find Crowne sits alone. Sips her tea. The remains of breakfast lie on the table.

MS. CROWNE

Scullery again today.

LUCY

Ma'am.

Lucy nods. Crosses to the sink and turns on the faucet. Returns to the table to gather dishes. Crown notes her bleeding hands.

MS. CROWNE

Not for long, though. I admire your fortitude, Miss Moore. I've decided you should stay.

The two manage strained smiles at one another. Lucy returns to the sink. Plunges the soap cage into the water, WINCES as the water stings her wounded knuckles.

MS. CROWNE (CONT'D)
I know you'll forgive my directness
with what I'm about to say, Lucy:
be prudent with your liaisons at
the manor. I see everything.

Lucy stiffens.

LUCY
Ma'am?

MS. CROWNE
I only mean that Ravenswood would
not miss Gertrude Lock. She's...
recalcitrant. A spoiled child. Not
like you and I - people who pulled
ourselves up by the bootstrap.

Crowne rises, gathers a few plates.

MS. CROWNE (CONT'D)
I was much like you, girl. From
humble means to head of home for
one of our great American families.

She brings the dishes to the sink. Draws uncomfortably CLOSE
to Lucy. She can see the tea stains on Crowne's teeth as she
takes hold of her hand.

MS. CROWNE (CONT'D)
Yes, you and I are very much alike.

Traces the rivulets of blood that run down Lucy's fingers.

MS. CROWNE (CONT'D)
Poor thing.

Lucy pulls her hand away too quickly. Crowne hardens.

MS. CROWNE (CONT'D)
I'd hate to see you follow where
Miss Lock is headed. Careful.

She turns, marches out. Lucy turns the screaming faucet off.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lucy wipes her hands on her apron. The kitchen is spotless.
Crickets *whirr* outside the window. Workday is done.

INT. HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

She unties her apron wearily as she passes along the servants' hall.

ANGLE ON the YELLOW CAT, resting in a pool of light cast by a scone near the end of the hall. It purrs as she passes.

As she nears the end of the hall, a BLACK DOG crosses behind her and into the shadows. Its collar TINKLES.

Lucy opens the door to the attic.

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Her smile fades as she summits the stairs - the room is empty.

MOMENTS LATER, Lucy slips her nightgown over her head when the SOUND of an engine climbing the drive catches her ear.

She pulls a chair over to the window and stands on tiptoe to look out. A sleek black car slides into the blanket of golden light cast from the main hall into the night.

She watches the Butler assist *someone* from the car but her vision is obscured by the porte cochere below. Helps them with their luggage. The car drives off.

Lucy climbs down. Casts a glance at Gertrude's empty bed before pulling the covers back on her own.

LATER, the sound of footsteps on the stairs. Gertrude appears, her face drawn and pale.

LUCY

Gertie. It's so late. Where have you been?

She doesn't respond. Walks silently to her bed. Sits and buries her face in her hands. Muffled sobs.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Gertrude? What is it?

Lucy crosses to her friend. Crawls next to her on the bed.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Tell me. What's happened?

Gertrude clasps her hands as if in prayer. Her eyes strain to heaven.

GERTRUDE
...forgive me, Lord.

LUCY
What is it...?

GERTRUDE
I have done something terrible
tonight, Lucy.

LUCY
What do you mean?
(beat)
Tell me.

GERTRUDE
There are things we must do, Lucy.
Servants at Ravenswood. Secret
tasks. I did not know until
tonight. One day, you will, too.

LUCY
What is this? Where have you been?
Gertie.

GERTRUDE
There is a place in this house-- a
room. Where the dead come back to
life.

LUCY
...There is no such place.

GERTRUDE
You don't know yet, dear Lucy...
Ravenswood is evil.
(she hesitates, swallows)
The night room--

A sharp CRACK of the floorboards sends Gertrude upright, eyes
peeled on the door.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)
*They're listening. I'll be
punished.*

LUCY
No one is listening, Gertrude.
You're having hysterics.

Gertrude shakes her head. Grips Lucy's hand. Her eyes are
wild.

GERTRUDE

Please, Lucy, we must run away.
Tonight.

LUCY

We can't do that, Gertrude. Our
families will starve.

GERTRUDE

Please, Lucy.

LUCY

Shhh. There, now.

She holds Gertrude in her arms while she cries. After a
moment:

LUCY (CONT'D)

Will you not tell me?

GERTRUDE

I cannot tell anyone what I've
done...

LUCY

Whatever has happened, nothing is
ever so bad in the morning. Why
don't you rest? Everything will be
alright then.

GERTRUDE

It won't be.

LUCY

If you feel the same way at
sunrise, we'll gather our things
and run away.

Gertrude smiles through her tears.

GERTRUDE

Yes?

Lucy smiles. Nods.

LUCY

Tell that old buzzard Crowne to
stuff it.

GERTRUDE

Where shall we go, Lucy?

LUCY

Home. To Brooklyn.

GERTRUDE
To father?

LUCY
Yes.

Gertrude twists in Lucy's arms, reaches under her mattress and pulls out a small silver LOCKET. Pries its clasp open to show a handsome man inside. Lucy smiles.

LUCY (CONT'D)
You do have his nose.

GERTRUDE
Do you think so?

Gertrude considers this as she stares at her father's image.

LUCY
We will run away, Gertrude. Once we've made enough money here, we'll go back to New York City. I'll come visit you in Brighton Beach--

Gertrude sniffles and looks up to her friend.

GERTRUDE
And what will we do for money?

LUCY
You'll sell drawings on the Boardwalk. And I'll--

GERTRUDE
Tell fortunes. Like your grandmother.

LUCY
(frowns)
No.

Gertrude places a hand on Lucy's cheek.

GERTRUDE
Now you're afraid.

LUCY
Nonsense. Come, show me more of your drawings. They're lovely, really.

Gertrude wipes her nose and retrieves her sketchbook, placing the locket back under the bed as she does. She flips it open to a watercolor of a robin.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Oh, Gertrude... how handsome.

The girls cuddle into one another and stare at the book, flipping through sketches.

GERTRUDE
There's Father. And--

LUCY
A hummingbird.

GERTRUDE
Mhmm. And Father again.
(pauses)
Promise me. We leave together.

Lucy looks to her friend. With grave seriousness:

LUCY
We leave together. I promise.

Gertrude smiles, comforted. To the sketchbook again.

Dreamy pastel lines of people, animals, flowers float by as we FADE OUT.

INT. EL BARRIO LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK/DREAM

The ticking of a clock. A boy lies on a table, pale with death. A YOUNG LUCY approaches. A dark crowd wails around her.

*The boy **GASPS** back to life as a GOLD POCKETWATCH BURSTS OPEN.*

INT. ATTIC - BACK TO PRESENT

Lucy startles awake. The attic is bathed in morning light.

She sits, groggy. An indentation in the sheets from where Gertrude laid next to her. The sketchbook lies open on the pillow. Puzzled, Lucy rises.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

The staff drops their hushed conversation upon Lucy's arrival. Ms. Crowne looms at the head of the table.

LUCY
Good morning.

The other staff tuck into their food. Lucy hesitates, and:

LUCY (CONT'D)
Has Gertrude been down already?

Silence.

MS. CROWNE
Gertrude departed Ravenswood this morning.

LUCY
(beat)
But her belongings are still here...

MS. CROWNE
She wishes to send for them later. It seemed she was in a hurry to be off.

LUCY
Where?

Ms. Crowne sets her china teacup down with a brittle *CLACK*.

MS. CROWNE
I wouldn't be at liberty to say even if I was the keeper of such advisement. The more pertinent issue is staff is already meager at Ravenswood and Gertrude's departure has reduced our ranks exponentially.
(beat)
Mrs. Dyer wishes to sit with you this morning. To discuss your prospects as her lady's maid.

Lucy hesitates - something is not right.

LUCY
But-

Ms. Crowne PAUSES, teacup mid-air.

MS. CROWNE
(quiet, cruelly firm)
Oh, dear. No. I'm afraid I won't engage in a parley. Especially with one who might refuse a meal ticket when so many are starved. I'd hate to think you injudicious, Miss Moore. Or ungrateful.

She sips her tea and burns the air between them to cinders with her black eyes. Lucy bows her head.

INT. MRS. DYER'S DRAWING ROOM - LATER

Clouds of opium smoke dance in the hazy light that filters in to illuminate MRS. DYER. Lucy nervously holds her gaze.

She is a grand woman of 60, wrapped in an ocean of a dressing gown. She pulls imperiously at a pipe while a portrait of her late husband, Archer, frowns down from above the fireplace.

The dials of a RADIO glow in the corner and a VOICE crackles over the airwaves: *"The unemployment rate climbs to twenty percent for the first quarter of 1935..."*

MRS. DYER

My husband said it is the great obligation of the rich to give work to the poor.

She draws on her pipe. Eyes Lucy through the smoke.

MRS. DYER (CONT'D)

We once employed a thousand people. Damned Roosevelt couldn't save any of our factories. He's only interested in the workers. But the factories provide the work. I say, does that make any sense to you?

LUCY

I-- I wouldn't know, ma'am.

MRS. DYER

If the rich haven't any money then neither will the poor, my dear. And here we are, relegated to our country home to wait out the storm. Like peasants.

The radio: *"Police shot and killed two workers on the docks of San Francisco today as union walk-outs halt production--"*

MRS. DYER (CONT'D)

Oh, turn it off!

Ms. Crowne steps to the radio, clicks it off.

MRS. DYER (CONT'D)

(shakily)

The whole world has lost its mind.

(MORE)

MRS. DYER (CONT'D)
It's no blame to Archer for wanting
to leave it.

The woman's face crumples a bit and she begins to sob
quietly. Crowne's eyes are dull to the display.

LUCY
(beat)
I'm sorry, Ms. Dyer.

The old woman stops, surprised at Lucy's warmth. It's clear
the old woman receives little sympathy from staff.

MRS. DYER
(beat, hardens)
Mrs., dear. Ms. is a widow. My
husband is still here, you see.

In the silence that follows, a dog collar TINKLES softly
somewhere in the dark room.

MRS. DYER (CONT'D)
For my lady's maid there are the
usual duties: bathing, dressing,
meals, light correspondence. In
these I require singular
performance.

LUCY
Yes, ma'am.

MRS. DYER
There are other duties, however...
On Sundays, I receive visitors in
the *night room* - Archer's old
office... And there we look for
him.

Lucy stiffens.

MRS. DYER (CONT'D)
Does the spirit realm frighten you,
girl?

LUCY
No, ma'am.

Dyer cocks her head, intrigued.

LUCY (CONT'D)
My grandmother fancied herself a
seer.

MRS. DYER
Is this talent in the blood?

Lucy hesitates.

LUCY
No.

MRS. DYER
For shame.

The old woman pulls on her pipe, studies Lucy.

MRS. DYER (CONT'D)
You hesitate to accept the
position.

LUCY
Ma'am?

MRS. DYER
It's plain across your face. Say.

Lucy gives a fearful look to Crowne.

LUCY
I only wonder at the sudden
departure of the girl who held the
position before me... Gertrude.

Crowne shoots daggers at Lucy.

MRS. DYER
As do I. But, then, the behavior of
a thief is always unpredictable.
(beat)
Your friend stole from me. Little
things at first and then... my
sapphire ring. Right from under my
nose as I slept.

LUCY
(beat)
Gertrude wouldn't do such a thing.

MS. CROWNE
(sotto)
Girl.

MRS. DYER
So she said. And yet she was the
only attendant in the room.
(MORE)

MRS. DYER (CONT'D)
I let it go but I won't be so
charitable should I find belongings
sprout legs again. Am I quite
clear?

LUCY
(nods)
Ma'am.

MRS. DYER
Well, then - is it settled? Or
would you like to see my references
before accepting the position?

A hint of amusement has entered the proceedings. A trace of a
smile curls the corners of Lucy's mouth.

EXT. MRS. DYER'S DRAWING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Crowne closes the door with a taut *click* and follows Lucy
down the hall.

MS. CROWNE
You'll be relieved to know your
friend returned for her belongings.

LUCY
Did she leave word for me?

MS. CROWNE
I'm afraid she shows a kindred lack
of regard - you might have been a
bit more gracious at Mrs. Dyer's
benevolence, young lady. Now to
your duties. Your new position
commences in the morning.

She marches past Lucy, obscuring any light coming from the
small window at the end of the passage.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Lucy studies their emptied quarters: The sketchbook is gone
from the bedside table. The bed neatly made. It's as if
Gertrude never existed but for the dark uniform of lady's
maid hanging alone in her closet.

Lucy, struck by a thought, rises and kneels next to Gertie's
bed. Reaches under the mattress. **Pulls out GERTRUDE'S LOCKET**
with a soft gasp.

LUCY
(sotto)
She'd never have left this...

She begins gathering her things, preparing to escape whatever fate befell her friend. In her haste, the locket tumbles from her grasp and FALLS OPEN to the photo of her Father.

Lucy picks it up, studies it for a moment. Clicks it shut.

LUCY (CONT'D)
(sotto)
We leave together.

Next, QUICK CUTS: a hand pokes through a sleeve, a zipper slides up her back, apron strings are tied at her waist.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Lucy appears before Ms. Crowne in lady's maid uniform. The head of staff appraises her from below an arched brow. She can find no fault.

Lucy's face bears a determined expression - inscrutable but jarring to Crowne, who pulls a ring of keys from her waist...

LADY'S MAID MONTAGE:

...Crowne unlocks the door to Mrs. Dyer's chambers, swings doors wide as Lucy looks upon the lavish appointments. Crowne unlocks a cabinet, unlocks a door within to reveal Dyer's opium kit.

...Lucy draws the curtains open in Mrs. Dyer's dark bedroom, waking the old woman.

...Steaming hot water barrels into a tea cup.

...Steaming hot water barrels into a warm bath.

...Lucy picks opium tar from beneath Dyer's nails as the old woman reclines in the tub with a rag over her eyes. The tea cup rests beside her.

...Lucy wraps her in her dressing gown.

...Lucy struggles with a wheelbarrow of coal across the yard and to the chute.

...Crowne supervises imperiously as Lucy prepares a breakfast tray in the kitchen.

...Lucy sets the tray in front of her in the dining room, stands behind and watches as she pecks at her breakfast.

...Crowne unhooks a smaller ring of keys from hers, hands it to Lucy with a withering look before turning down the hall.

...Lucy covers her with a blanket and takes the pipe from her hand as old Dyer dozes in her drawing room. She turns the knob of the radio to off as the woman falls into a hazy sleep.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. MRS. DYER'S DRAWING ROOM & HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy closes the door carefully behind her as she exits and proceeds down the hallway, carrying a rubbish can.

In the faint light from the tiny window at the end of the passage, something stirs...

She squints at the dark form. We hear the familiar jangle of a dog collar and the hind quarters of a BLACK DOG come into focus. It stands, muscles tensed. Senses her.

Lucy stops. The dog's front half is obscured by the turn in the hallway and we see its tail wag once, twice and it is off.

She smiles. Follows after into the shadowy passage.

The dog, so black as to be nearly imperceptible in the dark of the hall, continues several paces ahead of her, its collar tinkling all the while. She clucks her tongue after it.

LUCY

Here, boy...

At the next turn of the hall, it stops, nudges a door open and disappears into the...

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Lucy pushes the door all the way open and steps in. Scans the environ for the animal but only the sound of its heavy, rattling BREATH comes.

LUCY'S POV: she finds the library empty until - there, behind the armchair, a TAIL sticking out like a black arrow.

Lucy grins and approaches.

LUCY

There you are. Don't be afraid.

From behind the chair a strange, bubbling WHINE. The tail wags quickly as she draws a step away. Reaches out a hand to touch it.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Hello, there.

The dog's strange, rattling breath grows louder and louder until--

VOICE

Hello, yourself.

Lucy startles and whirls upon the grinning figure of HALE DYER, the dashing young man of the house staring at her from beyond a copy of *Gray's Anatomy*.

HALE

Who might you be? And why do you interrupt my studies?

LUCY

Forgive me, I'm- I'm Lucy Moore, sir. Mrs. Dyer's lady's maid.

HALE

Ah, yes. Gertrude quit us. Shame. You seem a capable replacement - is the old battle-axe putting you through the wringer?

Lucy gives a terse smile.

HALE (CONT'D)

You must be exceedingly new if we've not met. I've been gone, you see. Back just last night. Studies in the USSR. Of all places.

(off Lucy's non-response:)

Forgive me, I am Hale Dyer. Your charge's only begotten son.

He holds out a hand. She takes it hesitantly. His eyes flash as he holds it.

HALE (CONT'D)

You haven't answered my second question.

LUCY

Sorry...?

HALE

What brings you in such haste to the library? A thirst for knowledge?

LUCY

The dog, sir.

HALE

Which?

She turns to the chair. The dog is GONE.

LUCY

The black one. I'd heard him slinking about and...

She turns, the dog is GONE. Hale cocks his head, bemused.

HALE

But we haven't any dogs at Ravenswood.

Lucy's tongue catches, uncertain what to say either about this mysterious animal or this mysterious man.

Taking chivalrous pity upon her, Hale breaks the silence.

HALE (CONT'D)

An errant mutt run in from a neighbor's farm, I'm sure. The manor is a big place, lots of dark corners to hide.

He wiggles his fingers in mock horror, stands and pulls out a POCKETWATCH - the same one from Lucy's dream. It flies open with just the same *click*, too. Lucy's eyes swell with wonder.

HALE (CONT'D)

No matter, I'm sure it will see itself out - as I shall now, if you'll permit me, madam. I'm eager to see you again, Lucy Moore.

As he heads for the door:

HALE (CONT'D)

Tonight, even. It is Sunday, after all.

With a lightning-bright smile, he leaves her speechless, breathless in the empty library.

INT. HALLWAYS - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy exits the library with the rubbish can. Rounds the corner of a hall. Pulls the door to the TRASH CHUTE open and begins to toss the garbage down only to discover...

The chute is BLOCKED. Lucy reaches in to clear the obstruction but it quickly becomes evident it is greater than she'd anticipated.

Sets her can down and reaches in with both hands. Pulls out a BOX -- confusion clouds her face as she realizes...

It is GERTRUDE'S THINGS. Clothes. A photo of her brother. Her mother's HAIRPIN. Lucy just cracks open Gertrude's SKETCHBOOK when approaching footsteps cause her to FORCE the box back into the chute.

She feigns innocence as Crowne rounds the corner. Neither speaks as Lucy's superior sizes her up.

MS. CROWNE

I detest dithering, Lucy Moore.

Crowne watches as Lucy tumbles the garbage into the chute and hurries off.

EXT. RAVENSWOOD - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

A full moon crowns the manor.

A stout man in a tweed suit, MORRIS PARKER (40s), rings the bell under the *porte cochere*. His assistant, DAISY (20s), sidles up in knock-off French fashion.

BUTLER answers the door and wordlessly admits them. They follow across the shining marble floors of the grand entrance and into the

INT. MORNING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The many windows refract and multiply the eager guests that have been awaiting Parker. Butler raises a hand to announce them to the hostess, Dyer. Lucy waits at her side.

BUTLER

Morris Parker, madam.

Mrs. Dyer greets them with a warmth we've not seen. She offers a kiss on the cheek to the stout Morris and a smile to Daisy, who sets a tongue in her cheek at the indignity.

MORRIS PARKER
 (twisting his moustache)
 I feel a good deal of His grace
 tonight. And with the moon in our
 favor...

The anxious guests TITTER and smile at his proclamation. Lucy catches the eye of Hale, who wryly rolls his eyes. A smile threatens to break out on her face and Lucy drops her eyes.

As Butler takes their coats:

DAISY
 (whispering, to Morris)
 I gotta go to the can.

MORRIS PARKER
 Hm?

DAISY
I gotta use it.

MORRIS PARKER
 (to Mrs. Dyer,
 confidential)
 Madam, where might a young lady
 rejuvenate herself?

EXT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy waits in the vestibule outside the bathroom door. The sounds of running water and a muffled tinkle of glass from inside.

The door opens and Daisy gasps at the sight of Lucy.

DAISY
 I didn't expect you *lurking* out
 here.

She slips a bottle marked 'OIL OF PHOSPHOROUS' into her handbag, not before Lucy catches sight of it. Daisy challenges her with a look.

DAISY (CONT'D)
 Well?

Lucy dips into an abbreviated curtsy and leads her back towards the sound of the gathering.

INT. MORNING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

With all guests in attendance now, the Butler slides open a set of pocket doors at the end of the room to reveal

INT. THE NIGHT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A dark, windowless space. From within we watch as the guests fall silent and peer into its cramped black quarters.

Only a table and chairs within. Dark flowers crawl up the east wall on painted wallpaper, seeming to writhe in the shadows.

MRS. DYER

Ladies and gentlemen, it is time.

Lucy shivers and follows the guests in.

MOMENTS LATER, Butler slides the doors shut. The well-heeled guests - Hale and his mother among them - sit in their frippery, joined in a circle of hands - thumb-to-thumb, pinkie-to-pinkie - round the table.

Morris Parker lights a RED CANDLE. Its flames dance in Lucy's eyes as she watches from the corner. *What frightened Gertrude so much about this room?*

MORRIS PARKER

Oh, Great Unseen Force, we appeal
to thee, unified in a circle of thy
grace. We ask for your communion
now with those beyond the wall.
Entwine this world and the next.
Lift the veil between our worlds
and allow us conveyance through the
dark. Send a spirit of the dead as
emissary of the great beyond...

Anxious eyes glitter in the candle's glow. Morris sets the BRASS BELL on the table.

MORRIS PARKER (CONT'D)

If you are here, give us
disclosure.

A moment and the bell RINGS. Feebly, but undoubtable. A current runs through the circle. Lucy shifts nervously in the corner.

MORRIS PARKER (CONT'D)

May we question thee, spirit? Give
peal if your answer is yes.

A moment, then the bell sounds once more, a little stronger.

MORRIS PARKER (CONT'D)
Are these terms to your
satisfaction, spirit?

Ring.

MORRIS PARKER (CONT'D)
Are you a wandering phantom?
(beat, the bell is still)
Are you here at the behest of the
Great Unseen Force for *someone in
this room?*

Ring ring.

A flash of movement under the table. Lucy squints in the dark - Morris and Daisy's feet are locked together, wrapped around the base of the table. They imperceptibly shift it to ring the bell.

MORRIS PARKER (CONT'D)
Spirit, are you here for Mr. and
Mrs. Lawder? No? Mrs. Raymond?
Hm... Perhaps, Mrs. Dyer?

The old woman's breath catches and her eyes grow watery hoping for the bell to ring. Morris gives a sad smile to her, moves on.

MORRIS PARKER (CONT'D)
Miss Daisy Long, then?

RING.

The small group at the table murmurs in astonishment and Daisy's eyes grow wide.

MORRIS PARKER (CONT'D)
Oh, powerful anima, will you gather
your incorporeal mass at her side?

RING RING.

DAISY
(whimpering, almost
hysterical)
Oh, I can smell his cologne... My
brother! He died in the war -
Isaac!

The shawl falls from her shoulder and a guest, MRS. LAWDER, calls from across the room:

MRS. LAWDER

Look! His hand is on her arm!

The rest of the table erupts into hysterics at the GLOWING BLUE HANDPRINT on her forearm. The table LIFTS in the air, totters, suspended for a moment... then CRASHES down, extinguishes the candle.

Lucy turns the electric sconces on as Daisy collapses into wails. The ladies come to her side except for Mrs. Dyer, who is being consoled by Mr. Parker.

MORRIS PARKER

I'm sorry I couldn't bring him
tonight...

The old woman smiles sadly as the guests confer in amazement at the proceedings - except for Hale and Lucy, whose skeptical eyes MEET above the fray.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Lucy lies awake in her bed, waits for the house to fall silent. She swings her legs over the side of the bed and climbs out. Creeps down the stairs.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She peers into the dark passage for a moment and tiptoes into the black. Just as she has rounded the bend the ELECTRIC SCONCE closest to us briefly FLICKERS TO LIFE... fizzles out.

We follow her past the servant's quarters and down the servants' stairs into the same hallway from this afternoon with the TRASH CHUTE.

She swings wide the door, drops to her knees and reaches in. Pulls out the box. We watch from far down the hall as she returns some unnecessary bits to the chute as...

The familiar JANGLE of a dog collar sounds through the halls...

She straightens. The sound grows closer.

ANGLE ON the **dark figure of a DOG** as it approaches, obscured in shadow. It halts not far away.

The dog's labored respiration grows louder, viscous-sounding. Lucy holds her breath.

At once, the black dog CHARGES Lucy. She flees into the dark passage.

She rounds dark corners, still clutching the box, the gnarling dog at her heels.

She finds herself at the landing leading to the Great Hall. She races down. The dog SNARLS behind her.

The dog chases her across the marble floor and into the

INT. MORNING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lucy sprints across it only to discover the doors to the night room at the other end shut tight.

The dog HALTS, panting, watches its prey.

Angle on Lucy as the dog skulks towards her. Its odd wheezing fills the room. Its coat glistens with damp in the moonlight.

Lucy takes a step back. It nears her. She offers a trembling hand to calm it.

LUCY

There, now. Good boy... Shhh. Be good now.

The dog stops, its respiration slows. She reaches to pet it.

LUCY (CONT'D)

That's good... Yes.

At once, her face is crossed with horror. She holds her hand to the moonlight. It is COVERED IN BLOOD.

At last, the dog steps wholly from shadow to reveal it is

GRUESOMELY BEHEADED. It wheezes from a ragged stump of a neck, blood bubbles in its trachea. *How can this be?*

LUCY (CONT'D)

This is not real.

She stumbles and falls back just as the doors to the night room YAWN WIDE. MS. CROWNE appears above her.

MS. CROWNE POV: Lucy gestures with her now-clean hand at a dog that is NO LONGER THERE.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

The box sits on the table between Crowne and Lucy, who finds herself locked in one of her superior's iron stares.

LUCY

I... I found them in the rubbish chute. I only thought--if Gertrude were to return, she might want them.

MS. CROWNE

They are not Gertrude's belongings, they are the Dyers' belongings. Anything she left behind is now claim of the Dyers. You were stealing from them. Is that understood?

Lucy nods.

MS. CROWNE (CONT'D)

You are a queer one, Lucy. The girl who would refuse a job when so many are suffering. And now to be caught thieving and in hysterics in the middle of the night. The entitlement of it.

(beat)

Do you know of the repatriation drives, Lucy? They have returned nearly a million Mexicans back across the Southern border to preserve jobs here in the States. Your situation - and that of your family - is perilous, girl.

(beat)

The Dyers have taught me benevolence. And there is something in you that is strong. Like me. So I shall consider this transgression a misunderstanding of your position.

She pauses, waits imperiously for Lucy's response. Lucy writhes beneath the surface. Then:

LUCY

Thank you. You are too kindhearted.

Crowne gives a wiry smile and pushes a glass of water and a pill towards the girl.

MS. CROWNE
Phenobarbital. To help you sleep.

She watches as Lucy hesitantly takes the pill with a slug of water.

MS. CROWNE (CONT'D)
Off to bed.

Lucy rises.

MS. CROWNE (CONT'D)
And Miss Moore, it bears no
utterance that you aren't to wander
the halls after hours.
(turning to Lucy)
Mice that scurry about at night are
eventually caught, you know.

Lucy nods, disappears into the dark hall.

INT. ATTIC - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy closes the door to her room. Crosses to bed and pulls GERTRUDE'S SKETCHBOOK from her nightgown. She crawls under the covers, cracks it open.

The same drawings she's seen before: Father, a cat, a ferris wheel, a flower, Father again...

And then, the era of Ravenswood begins: a sketch of their room with its lonely little window, Ms. Crowne, a key...

Lucy pauses. Her ears prick at a SOUND, so faint. There it is again. It sounds like... a BABY CRYING? She waits. It is gone. She returns to the book.

Turns the next page onto a STRANGE HOODED FIGURE with deep black eyes. A door. Then the FIGURE again. And again. A whole page etched with its evil black eyes.

Lucy shuts the book, shaken. She tucks it under her bed with the locket and tries to fall asleep.

INT. EL BARRIO - FLASHBACK/DREAM

The dark figures of attendants undulate behind the profile of Lucy's GRANDMOTHER. They hold the revived boy and their cries of jubilation to God crescendo as the ancient woman turns slowly...

*We watch as the other half of her **FACE BEGINS TO SAG HORRIFICALLY** with palsy. Her lower left eyelid melts downward to reveal the delicate muscles behind, swelling with blood.*

The cries to Heaven become deafening.

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC - BACK TO PRESENT

Lucy awakens. The CARDINAL taps at the window.

She turns and startles at the sight of MISS GREEN, the housemaid standing above her.

Lucy rubs her eyes, confused.

LUCY

What is it? What's wrong?

MISS GREEN

I... You're late, ma'am. For Mrs...
You're late.

INT./EXT. - MRS. DYER'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy pauses outside to take a breath. Pulls the door wide. A cloud of STEAM consumes her as she steps inside.

We find Dyer in her tub, dwarfed by the luxurious bathroom around her. From below an almost comically large head wrap, she holds Lucy with her dark eyes.

MRS. DYER

I despise tardiness. If you are late, I am late.

LUCY

Yes, ma'am.

MRS. DYER

Do you understand the import of working for this family? The Rockefellers, the Carnegies - they're of our ilk. The name Dyer still demands respect. The poor shall always need the rich.

Dyer motions with a glance at the sponge on the sill and leans forward.

Lucy takes it up and crosses behind, gaining a view of the bones poking from the old woman's back.

MRS. DYER (CONT'D)

I shall never understand you people... I want to help you. But you make it so difficult.

(beat)

After the crash, when Archer let most of the staff go, he sent them off with severances - small financial settlements. What do you think of that?

LUCY

That was kind of him.

MRS. DYER

Kind? A handout for no work? That is beneficence on par with God. I wish I understood it.

(sotto)

I wish I understood it.

Lucy scrubs her back.

LATER: With the woman gone, she drains the bath and gathers Mrs. Dyer's soggy bath things in a pile. Steam still hangs in the air. The gardener's shears SNIP away outdoors.

A NOISE catches her ear, barely audible at first and then there it is again - a SIGHING sound. A **MOAN**.

She follows the sound to its source, laying an ear close to the AIR VENT on the floor. *There it is!* A mournful sougning. Is it animal? Or human?

Lucy rises, puzzled. She exits into the...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

...follows the air vents along the floorboards. She drops the wet things in the laundry chute as she continues along towards the servants' stairs and down to the main floor.

All is quiet here and she is easily able to trace the sighs - they grow distinctly louder as she approaches the...

INT./EXT. NIGHT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

... she hesitates outside the pocket doors. Peers over her shoulder. Pulls one side open with a rumble of wood. She steps into dark.

She follows the bottom of the wall with her hand until it catches on the curlicued metal grating of an AIR VENT. Lucy crouches, lays her ear next to it.

Nothing. Then, indistinct at first but in a voice of brittle leaves and mouldering earth, it cries out:

"Luuuccccccyyyyy..."

She bolts upright and stumbles out of the room into--

HALE. She screams, startled. He calms her.

HALE

What is it now? Rescued another dog, Miss Moore?

LUCY

(regaining composure)
I'm- I heard something. Below.

HALE

The boilers. They're ancient; groan like ghouls when the autumn wind gets into them. We must have them replaced or they're liable to blow Ravenswood to bits someday. Though, I agree, a phantom would be much more exciting, don't you?

(beat)

Have you ever seen a ghost, Lucy?

LUCY

What- What do you mean?

HALE

Mother may seem like the picture of refinement, but I'm afraid she's a terrible gossip. She told me of your grandmother. She was a seer.

INTERCUT - FLASHBACK

Her grandmother puts a hand to her palsied face. Terrified by her transformation.

END FLASHBACK

LUCY
That's--I don't speak of it.

HALE
But why?

LUCY
(indignant)
Mr. Dyer. My grandmother had
visions. They were a sickness that
killed her. I'd be grateful at your
never mentioning it again.

She turns heel on the younger Dyer and exits. Leaves him
speechless this time.

INT. MRS. DYER'S DRAWING ROOM - LATER

Lucy comes upon the sleeping matron of the house.

Crosses to the radio as it intones:

*"Drought has laid waste to twenty-seven of our forty-eight
United States leading most Americans to wonder: how low can
we go?... Republicans opened fire on a Democratic rally in
Pennsylvania, killing five--"*

She CLICKS it off. Sighs. Stares out across the acres and
acres of fields that separate her from the rest of the world.
From hope. She has begun to truly feel trapped here.

ANGLE ON a BLACK CAR in the distance. It kicks up clouds of
dust as it makes its way up the long road to Ravenswood.

Crosses to the old woman. Pulls the opium pipe from her limp
hands. Sets it alongside her pile of rings on the table.
Returns to the window.

The car has arrived now, not any old black auto - it is a
POLICE CAR. Lucy watches Ms. Crowne descend the front stairs
to speak with the two POLICEMEN who've come.

What could they want? They hand Crowne something, maybe a
PHOTOGRAPH. She studies it, shakes her head. The men climb
back into the car. Take off.

Crowne watches them go. Senses someone spying. Casts her eyes
to Lucy who DUCKS behind the curtain. Waits for Crowne to
enter back into the house as she wonders...

...Are they looking for Gertrude, too?

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Lucy comes upon MISS GREEN on the stairs. The frail girl has a sudsy bucket and works at the steps with a brush.

Lucy wordlessly picks up a spare rag. Goes to work at the task alongside her. Green stops for a moment, staring in wonderment at the assistance.

MISS GREEN

(meekly)

This... it's beneath the station of
a lady's maid.

Lucy carries on without a glance.

LUCY

We are all the same here, Miss
Green. All the same.

Miss Green takes up her brush again. A smile curls at her lips. These are the kindest words she's heard in months. Lucy returns the grin.

They go to work.

LUCY (CONT'D)

And to whom do you owe your
servitude? A sick aunt you're
sending money?

Green swallows.

MISS GREEN

No. I have no family.

LUCY

Ah. No one to run home to?

The poor girl shakes her head, sadly. Scrubs away.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

MISS GREEN

(shakes her head)

I've never had a...

LUCY

A home? An orphan, then?

MISS GREEN

I'm really very lucky. To be here.

LUCY
(nods, a beat)
Yet, it is a strange house, isn't
it?

Green skips a beat in her scrubbing. Doesn't look up.

MISS GREEN
What do you mean?

LUCY
Oh, it's probably a lie of the
mind, but... in the short time I've
been here, I've heard things. Seen
things.

MISS GREEN
(nervously)
What sort?

Lucy senses the trepidation in Green.

LUCY
I saw a dog.

Green pauses. Carries on with her scrubbing.

MISS GREEN
That's not so strange. Perhaps it
wandered in.

Green scrubs a little faster. Lucy presses on.

LUCY
A very unusual dog. And a child.

Green HALTS, her body is rigid.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Crying in the night.

Green turns to her.

MISS GREEN
Have you heard it many times?

LUCY
Just once.

A strange smile crawls across the girl's face. Her normally
dulled eyes have brightened, lined with happy tears.

MISS GREEN
If you hear it again... will you
come find me, Miss Moore?

Lucy takes the girl's tiny hand. Wipes the tears from her
cheeks.

LUCY
Lucy. My name is Lucy.

MISS GREEN
I am Anna.

The two of them smile at their fresh alliance, return to
work.

LUCY
Anna... what happened to Gertrude?

Green STOPS cold. A tremor of fear shakes her.

LUCY (CONT'D)
She disappeared so suddenly... do
you know why?

The truth catches in her throat, tears choke her eyes.

MISS GREEN
(sotto)
I have done such terrible things.

LUCY
What things?

MISS GREEN
But she made me-- *she decides.*

LUCY
Who?

MISS GREEN
Crowne.

Green remembers herself - she's said too much. Her face goes
blank. Takes up her brush.

LUCY
What do you mean, Anna?

MISS GREEN
I don't know.

LUCY
Anna--

MISS GREEN

Leave me.

Lucy has pushed too far. She leaves the rag in the bucket and goes quietly.

Green SCRUBS at the stairs.

INT. HALLWAYS - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy enters the servant's floor from the back stairwell. All is quiet here.

With a look round her, she sneaks swiftly to a nondescript DOOR and tucks herself inside. Softly closes it behind her.

INT. MISS GREEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She surveys the plain room before her - a simple bed, bureau and a chest of drawers. She decides she'll start there.

She pulls open the first drawer, rummages carefully through clothes. Finds a PHOTO of a younger Miss Green with her family. She's left family behind too. She turns to the bureau.

She pulls the door open with a whisper of a *creeeak*. Kneels to inspect the shoes, rifles a couple of empty boxes there.

The camera RISES with Lucy and we see a WHITE COAT with BLACK SPECTACLES hanging on the back of the door. It mimics enough of a human form that to startle us. She closes the door without giving it notice.

With a look to the door, she crosses swiftly to the BED. Looks under. Nothing. Disappointed, she turns to go but stops with a thought.

She reaches a hand under the mattress - the same place she hides Gertrude's journal - and pulls out a VELVET BAG.

Inside, she finds a LOCK of very fine hair. A pair of very small SOCKS. A child's lace BONNET. She contemplates these for a moment. Returns them to the bag and under the mattress.

Rising, she turns to go and finds the YELLOW CAT behind her.

A NOISE in the hall. She tenses. Crosses to the door. Looks through the keyhole.

POV LUCY: through the keyhole, watches Crowne leave her room. She waits for her to disappear down the stairs.

INT. HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

She opens the door and the cat trots out. She follows as it comes to a HALT two doors down the hall - **Crowne's room**. It sits here, looks up to her, waves its tail patiently.

Lucy places a hand on the knob of the door. Her breath is sharp, alert.

INT. MS. CROWNE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door opens with a sharp complaint. The air catches in Lucy's throat. The yellow cat pushes through and disappears into the darkness of the room.

She closes the door behind, lets her eyes adjust to the shadows. It seems a monster may jump from behind the dark shapes in the room at any moment.

With no time to waste, she hastens to the chest along the wall. Stealthily opens the top drawer. Clothes, almost psychopathic in their orderliness. The drawer below is the same. And the one after.

The Yellow Cat SCURRIES ACROSS THE CEILING above her.

In the next drawer, she finds an array of modest jewelry - brooches, a necklace or two - all arranged on a piece of velvet.

There, unmistakably, in the middle of the spread is GERTRUDE'S HAIRPIN. The one her mother gave her. Lucy lets out a small gasp and holds it up.

Her jaw clenches at this piece of her lost friend. She places it in her pocket - Crowne cannot have it.

To the bed. Empty of everything including dust. Nothing under the pillow. Or the mattress.

In the bureau, too, there is little to attract curiosity. Done there, she closes the door. Glances at the ornate molding at the top.

She runs a hand along it and her fingers shift an object - a scuff of wood on wood. Lucy rises on tiptoe and pulls down A WOODEN BOX.

It has a small lock built into its side. It won't open. Lucy takes the hairpin from her pocket and fishes within the lock. After some fiddling, it gives a satisfying pop. Lucy opens the box.

Here we find a series of PHOTOGRAPHS. A few shots of a seemingly very wealthy family. Crowne (younger, but her sharp features unmistakable) is in the center.

Lucy flips through and Crowne grows older. A woman with hair cut in a flapper's bob appears a few photos later, her arm around Crowne. The family disappears. The women embrace in this one. In the next, they are kissing.

Lucy is changed by learning Crowne's secret history. She studies the last photo of the two women once more before. Putting it in the box and returning it above the bureau.

INT. HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

Lucy steps into the hallway, closes the door and strides quickly away from the room as --

MS. CROWNE (O.S.)

Lucy Moore.

She freezes. The dim figure of Crowne looms over her shoulder.

LUCY

Ma'am?

She turns. Studies Crowne's inscrutable face.

MS. CROWNE

You've forgot this evening's visitation.

LUCY

Not at all, ma'am.

MS. CROWNE

Yet here you are, allowing the missus to oversleep.

LUCY

Forgive me.

Lucy pushes past her, her hand gripping the hairpin in her pocket.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Mrs. Dyer has been dolled up in a black evening gown. Hale sits opposite at the very long table. Lucy stands beyond, attendant at the meal.

They peck at their plates. The two have a curious remove from one another for mother and son.

Hale clears his throat.

HALE
I'm glad to be back, Mother.

The old woman barely looks up from carving her meat. He tries again.

HALE (CONT'D)
You look well. Have you been taking exercise? Gone outside?

MRS. DYER
Don't be foolish. I am still in mourning, Hale. Plainly.

HALE
It's been two years, Mother.

At this, she stops.

MRS. DYER
Is there a limit on grieving? When was your expiration?

Hale bites his tongue.

HALE
(sotto)
I grieve. I do not wear black and keep always indoors. But I mourn.

Mrs. Dyer delivers an oily bite of meat to her mouth. Grunts dissent.

Lucy watches it all from the shadows. Hale festers. Until:

HALE (CONT'D)
You've not asked about my travels. Mother.

MRS. DYER
(beat)
You returned. Alive. What is to be asked after?

HALE
My studies.

MRS. DYER
(dismissively)
Your studies...

HALE
Yes, my studies.

MRS. DYER
They are hardly edifying, your
studies. They are mortifying.

HALE
Mother.

MRS. DYER
Disgraceful.

Hale lurches to standing.

HALE
You wonder at my grief? I do not
mourn, I *honor* father. I do not sit
in black day after day, mouldering
inside the guts of Ravenswood. I am
out in the world attempting to
resurrect Dyer Industries with work
that is revolutionary -

Dyer SLAMS her knife to the table top. Lucy startles.

MRS. DYER
My husband would not have you sully
the family name. You forget I
control the interests of Dyer
Industries *and* the purse strings -
however meager the contents of the
purse.

Hale CLENCHES the edge of the table.

HALE
You have grown cold and bitter.
Father wouldn't be ashamed of me,
he'd be embarrassed of you - you
and your stupid visitations.

He storms out, SLAMS the door behind. Dyer takes up her
utensils, carries on as if nothing has happened.

MRS. DYER
Clear his place, girl.

Lucy crosses to do just that as we

CUT TO:

EXT. RAVENSWOOD - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Crickets WHIRR outside the manor. A waxing moon in the sky.

Through the glass windows of the morning room, we watch in pantomime as the guests swan in their finery, eager for tonight's visitation.

INT. MORNING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The world EXPLODES into sound: crystal clinks and laughter titters across the room. Everyone fans around the latest huckster: a BLUE-TURBANED WOMAN with a vague European accent.

Everyone except for Lucy, who stands resigned by old Dyer. Hopelessness has begun to sink into her carriage.

Hale attempts to catch her eye. She clenches her jaw and averts her gaze, still upset by his earlier gaffe.

Behind Hale, a man in a BROWN SUIT lurks in the corner apart from the rest.

Dyer taps on her champagne glass.

INT. NIGHT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Butler shuts the doors. The blue flame ignites the red candle.

Blue-Turbaned Woman holds a pendulum over the table.

BLUE-TURBANED WOMAN
Spiritsss: ahrr ju vit usssss?

The guests simper like children at the new medium.

BLUE-TURBANED WOMAN (CONT'D)
Ack! Dey ist herrrre. Shhhh...

Lucy stands, disinterested, in the corner. She fidgets until her ear is caught by the susurrations of BREATH. She turns.

The man in the brown suit is standing next to her.

His respiration comes much too fast. Sweat beads his brow. She looks to the table. They do not notice the man.

BLUE-TURBANED WOMAN (CONT'D)
Hiss name... stahts vid an 'L'.

MRS. LAWDER
 Lawrence? Is it Lawrence?

The brown suited man starts to SOB. Lucy reaches out.

LUCY
 Sir?

MRS. DYER
 (angrily, from the table)
Shhh!

Lucy does not hear her. The man takes a DEEP BREATH. Turns.
 WALKS UP THE WALL.

Lucy gasps. Turns again to the table, but no one has noticed.
 The brown suited man reaches the top of the wall, places a
 foot on the ceiling and turns completely upside down.

BLUE-TURBANED WOMAN
He vishes to tell you somesink...

Lucy is fixed to the spot watching this strange vision. The
 man passes her, his face inches from hers but on the wrong
 plane.

Lucy watches as he crosses the ceiling. Mrs. Lawder is in
 tears listening to the message from her 'Lawrence'. The brown
 suited man STOPS just above the table.

BLUE-TURBANED WOMAN (CONT'D)
...he vishes to say...

The brown suited man reaches into his breast pocket. Pulls
 out a REVOLVER. Puts it to his temple.

LUCY
 (whispers)
 No...

BLUE-TURBANED WOMAN
...dat he ist so, so sorry.

The revolver **ERUPTS**, illuminating the room and splattering
 the faces of the attendants below in BLOOD AND BITS OF BONE.
 Lucy SCREAMS.

Guests turn in shock. From this POV, their faces are clean,
 no sign of the carnage Lucy sees.

She dissolves to the floor. Points in horror at the body of the man slumped on the ceiling. He drips fresh BLOOD on the table below...

INT. MRS. DYER'S DRAWING ROOM - LATER

Again Lucy is seated opposite Dyer, who sits under the grand painting of her husband Archer - at once we recognize the man in the brown suit... was him.

Hale sits nearby, Crowne at her matron's side.

MRS. DYER

You say you knew nothing of my husband Archer before your... vision? Not how he had-- extinguished himself?

LUCY

No, ma'am.

MRS. DYER

Yet you said you could not see spirits.

Lucy drops her eyes, uncertain what to say.

MRS. DYER (CONT'D)

Have you seen other phantoms here?

Lucy hesitates - if she tells them now about all she's seen in the house, there is no turning back. Crowne presses her with a look.

LUCY

I have.

(beat, off their inquiring gazes:)

I've-- heard things, mostly. A child. Crying in the night. A dog.

MRS. DYER

What sort of dog?

LUCY

I... I do not know.

MRS. DYER

What do you mean, you do not know?

LUCY

It was beheaded.

MRS. DYER
A dog? Without a head?

LUCY
(softly, embarrassed)
Yes, ma'am.

MRS. DYER
Extraordinary.

Crowne flushes at Dyer's growing sense of fascination with Lucy...

MS. CROWNE
(to Lucy)
Call them.

LUCY
Ma'am?

MS. CROWNE
Call them here. Just as Morris
Parker or any number of our mediums
at the visitations do. If you truly
have the gift.

HALE
Come, now...

LUCY
I- I can't...

MS. CROWNE
(to Hale)
Forgive my impertinence, but I'd
hate to think the girl could be
deceiving your mother. I, myself,
found her howling about this "dog"
- yet there was nothing there.

HALE
For what purpose would she lie?

MS. CROWNE
Well, she's hardly the picture of
satisfactory employ. You recall her
tardiness this morning. And just
last night I happened upon her -
well, I hate to say, but there was
a misunderstanding over property--

HALE

You mean to say the poor girl's
concocted this vision for the sake
of mother's favor at Ravenswood?

MS. CROWNE

I hate to suggest it.

MRS. DYER

(to Crowne)

You mean the girl is lying?

HALE

As you should, Ms. Crowne. Look at
her - she's frightened.

(beat)

Miss Moore, can you give us any
proof of your visions? Anything at
all?

Lucy is near tears, reluctant to willingly engage with the
specters of Ravenswood - even for the sake of keeping her
job.

MRS. DYER

Are you lying, Lucy?

LUCY

I swear to it - no!

She reaches out for the old woman's hand, and current like an
electric shock VIBRATES through her body. Her eyes grow wide.

INTERCUT - FLASHBACK

*Lucy's grandmother takes the hand of a sobbing woman in hers.
Looks to heaven. Her eyes widen in ecstasy as she makes
contact...*

END FLASHBACK

Dyer GASPS. Crowne sneers.

MS. CROWNE

Really...

Lucy's face is drained. Her voice dry, brittle. A tear
careens down her cheek.

LUCY

Dear... Dear one...

The old woman puts a hand to her chest.

LUCY (CONT'D)
He called you that... "Dear one..."

As the camera PULLS OUT of close-up, we see **ARCHER DYER**, a hand cupped round his mouth as he WHISPERS in Lucy's ear.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Your sapphire ring... He gave it to you that summer on the Cape. On a cloudless night. Under a waxing moon. Just like tonight.

Old Dyer's eyes swim. Lucy turns now to the others. Archer is a murky figure in the b.g.

LUCY (CONT'D)
It wasn't stolen. It is there, in the grate of the fireplace.

Hale crosses to the fireplace. His hand brushes through the ashes that cover the grate.

LUCY (CONT'D)
You'd knocked it from the table as you were sleeping. He was watching over you.

Hale brings a beautiful RING to his mother. The old woman drips tears now as she slides it on her finger.

MRS. DYER
Was he?

LUCY
Yes. He's always there.

This is too much for an old woman who's waited so long for this. She covers her face with her hands.

MRS. DYER
Oh, Archer! Oh, you dear, dear girl! Hale, isn't she marvelous? How could anyone know these things but Archer? She could not have known-- The moon, the Cape-- Oh!

Lucy settles back into her chair, exhausted. Crowne glares daggers at her.

MS. CROWNE
If we've had enough of this sideshow, Lucy has duties to finish below stairs--

MRS. DYER

Oh, no, no, she's much too tired
for that - look at her. She must go
straight to bed, only bring her up
some dinner, the poor girl.

MS. CROWNE

(beat)

Yes, madam.

MRS. DYER

Lucy, you are to lead Sunday
visitations from now on. Morris
Parker and his society should be so
lucky to have your gift. You are a
true seer.

(to Crowne)

And I'll need her always at my side
daytimes. For when the spirit
moves.

MS. CROWNE

(aghast)

Begging your pardon, madam, but the
staff being as limited as it is...
who shall assume her duties?

MRS. DYER

Oh, anyone might - you, even.

Lucy avoids Crowne's glare as she tries to aright the
situation.

LUCY

Ma'am, I--

MRS. DYER

You don't mind, do you, Ms. Crowne?

Crowne checks her rage, nods at the old woman.

MS. CROWNE

As you wish.

Crosses to the door, opens it. Stands aside and waits for
Lucy, who follows, a little weak. Ignores Hale's smile.

Just as she is at the door:

MRS. DYER

Goodnight, Lucy. You have made a
sad old woman very happy. *Thank*
you.

The old woman beams at Lucy as Crowne closes the door behind them.

EXT. MRS. DYER'S DRAWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Lucy begins to walk off--

MS. CROWNE
(stopping her)
Remember your place is below
stairs, Lucy Moore. *And I hold your
leash there.*

She turns on Lucy, marches down the hall.

INT. ATTIC - NEXT MORNING

Lucy awakens to the CARDINAL at her window. The snap of shears in the garden below. GASPS. She's late for Dyer's bath again.

INT. MRS. DYER'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy pushes the door open to clouds of steam.

LUCY
Mrs. Dyer, please forgive me, I--

She stops. Ms. Crowne scrapes tar from beneath Dyer's nails. Scowls at Lucy.

MRS. DYER
There you are, dear girl. I hope
you're rested after last night's
exertions.

LUCY
Ma'am.

She crosses, tries to take the file from Crowne.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Forgive me.

Crowne jerks away.

MRS. DYER
(benevolently)
Oh, no, dear. Ms. Crowne will
assume your morning duties. Your
mind must be *free*.

Dyer takes Lucy's hand.

MRS. DYER (CONT'D)
I think I shall no longer wear
black... Because of you, I mourn no
more.

She squeezes her hand as Crowne grits her teeth. Lucy, sensing the collateral damage from this shift in power objects:

LUCY
Please, Mrs. Dyer, I'd really
rather keep my duties as they were.

MRS. DYER
I won't hear of it. Please. Now run
along to the garden and see if you
can't collect fresh flowers for my
drawing room. I want color
everywhere.

There is no arguing with the beaming old woman. With a look to the fuming Crowne:

LUCY
(hesitant)
Yes, ma'am.

She disappears into the steam.

EXT. RAVENSWOOD - GARDENS - MOMENTS LATER

Just as if Dyer had wished it, there is color bursting from the grounds of the manor - everything is in bloom. The hillsides are dappled with wildflowers.

White butterflies float along beside Lucy as she trails through the garden, a pair of scissors dangle from her hand.

She stops, SNIPS a purple chicory. Looks around at the garden, wildly overgrown.

Lucy rounds a hedge, comes upon an abandoned HEDGE MAZE. At its entrance, a dilapidated arch bursting with a wealth of roses.

Here, she crouches to snip a few blossoms with a sharp *snip*. *Snip. SNIP.* The sound of each cut grows curiously magnified. Just like the snip of the gardener's shears every morning...

Recognition storms her face. She stops cutting. Too close: *SNIP. SNIP.*

Lucy rises slowly--

Comes face to face with **A GARDENER**, standing beyond the bush in dirty overalls. Like the dog, he's **grotesquely BEHEADED**.

His left arm is missing, too. In his right arm he carries a rusty set of shears that creak with a *SNIP... SNIP... SNIP*.

Lucy pitches back, crushing her bouquet underfoot. The Gardener stumbles in her direction as she **BOLTS OFF**.

Round the corner of the hedge maze and along its length. In the b.g. we see the **GARDENER** wrenching his shears after her.

LUCY

Help! Someone!

SNIP. SNIP. Her lungs burst with the effort to flee. The dark figure behind her gurgles blood in his severed throat. She **ROUNDS THE CORNER** of the maze -

And **COLLIDES with Hale**.

HALE

Come now! Miss Moore!

LUCY

(trying to gather her
breath)

There's a man--

Hale wraps an arm round her.

HALE

What man?

LUCY

We must go! A man- A gardener-

Hale pulls her towards the corner

LUCY (CONT'D)

No! Please!

Still he tugs her round the edge and--

The Gardener is **GONE**.

HALE

See? Nothing. Nothing there. Come,
you're alright.

LUCY

His head was...

HALE
Gone? Like the dog?

Lucy nods. Ashamed and confused.

HALE (CONT'D)
What are these visions of yours?

Lucy's eyes well.

LUCY
I... I don't know. I must go--

HALE
No. Please.

His gentleness stops her. She's not felt such warmth at Ravenswood.

HALE (CONT'D)
May I show you something? Something quite special?

She hesitates.

HALE (CONT'D)
I think you'd find it restorative.
(offers his arm)
Please.

He angles in the direction she came. Lucy looks down the long exterior of the maze. Hesitates at the thought of the Gardener. Takes his arm.

EXT. RAVENSWOOD - HEDGE MAZE - MOMENTS LATER

He pushes an untended branch aside the entryway arch. Inside, birds flap their wings, startled. Hale gestures for her to enter. She hesitates.

HALE
Do not be afraid.

He smiles that lightning-bright smile. She steps into the shady path.

Leaves crunch underfoot as they walk. Hale guides her with a hand at the waist through the turns of the maze. It's intimate, romantic.

HALE (CONT'D)
May I say, Miss Moore, I am a great admirer of your gift.
(MORE)

HALE (CONT'D)

Your ability to see - what you did with my father... it is miraculous. Why have you been hiding your ability? Because of your grandmother?

LUCY

Yes, it--

HALE

Killed her, you said. How?

LUCY

Well... it's true we both had visions. But grandmother could do more, she...

HALE

Yes?

LUCY

...Grandmother could call a spirit back to its body.

INTERCUT - EL BARRIO LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

Over dialogue we see the pale boy on the table. The sounds of this memory are muted.

We see the shadows of mourners. Lucy stands by her GRANDMOTHER's side. The old woman places her hands on the boy's body. Looks to heaven.

This time, we see Lucy look up, too. Together the two see a boiling BLACK CLOUD of spirits. Their forms twist and wrestle.

LUCY (V.O.)

Rarely would she do it. And only for the truly worthy. It took something from her, every time.

Grandmother's eyes pierce the cloud. The spirit of the boy - an ashen simulacrum of his body - wrests itself free of the cloud. Ghostly hands grab at him, try to pull him back.

Grandmother hoists a beckoning hand.

GRANDMOTHER

(whispering fiercely)

Come back...

The spirit floats down until it rests perfectly in the boy's body. He makes a huge GASP.

LUCY (V.O.)
It took a part of her every single
time. Until...

*That profile shot of the old woman. She slowly turns, her
face sagging. She's had a stroke. Young Lucy looks on in
terror as the woman collapses on the floor.*

She falls to her knees. Screams for her grandmother...

END FLASHBACK

LUCY
My mother forbade me to talk about
my grandmother. And especially the
visions.

HALE
But how could you ignore such a
gift?

LUCY
She was afraid for my life. So was
I. I began to tell myself the
visions weren't real. And soon, I
buried the ability. I didn't truly
hear or see a spirit until-

HALE
Ravenswood.
(beat)
These dogs and headless men - what
do you think these visions are?

LUCY
I wish I knew. They frighten me.

Hale thinks.

HALE
Perhaps, Miss Moore, these
creatures don't wish to frighten
you.

LUCY
What do you mean?

HALE
Look at all these hucksters that
Mother brings to the manor. But
someone who can see - truly see is
exceedingly rare.
(beat)
(MORE)

HALE (CONT'D)
I mean to say: what if these
spirits are looking for you?
Because you can truly see?

They stop. Lucy takes this in as Hale bends, pulling branches apart to reveal an archway. He steps through, holds out a hand.

HALE (CONT'D)
Come.

She takes it and steps through...

Into an ATRIUM, the center of the maze. A private garden. Overgrown, yes, but more resplendent with blossoms than anywhere else.

Two birds take flight in a blinding ray of sunlight. More beauty is here than she's seen in months.

Lucy's breath catches. Hale grins at her.

LUCY
It's magnificent.

She sits on a mossy stone bench.

HALE
Father favored this spot. I think
with all the work he did - endless
dreary things, contracts, money...
he hated it all, really.

Hale joins her on the bench.

HALE (CONT'D)
Commerce, as they say, is the
perpetual machine you can't quit -
it can only quit you. That's...
what made him kill himself.

Lucy places a tentative hand on his arm.

LUCY
I'm sorry.

He gives her a soft smile.

HALE
Lucky you, you may see him whenever
you like. But I feel him most here.

He turns his smile to the clouds.

HALE (CONT'D)

I have plans, Lucy. Grand ones.
Perhaps soon Mother will be ready
to let me revive Dyer Industries.

(turns to her)

I hope you're here when I do.
Though I am a man of science, I
shall need a woman of spirit like
you.

Lucy is dumbstruck. They sit for a moment basking in the heat
of what he's just said until...

Hale breaks it. Stands.

HALE (CONT'D)

Let's gather the flowers you came
for.

MOMENTS LATER, he holds a small clutch of blossoms. She has
taken his arm again as he guides her back through the shady
paths of the maze.

They stop. A CARDINAL flutters at their feet in death throes.
It twitches once more. Falls still.

Hale crouches to inspect. Turns to her.

HALE (CONT'D)

(beat)

Lucy. Have you never thought of...
trying? To call something back?

She cocks a quizzical look at him.

HALE (CONT'D)

It's such a tiny thing.

Lucy swallows. Her face clouds, conflicted. She kneels. Holds
a shaky hand over the bird, then--

DARTS it back.

LUCY

I- I can't.

HALE

Forgive me - I was overeager.

She shakes her head, rises.

HALE (CONT'D)

Mustn't forget your flowers.

He kneels to retrieve the clutch of blossoms from the ground.
Pauses.

HALE (CONT'D)
One day, Lucy, I hope you will not
be afraid. You could change the
world.

He holds up the flowers. She takes them. Sees their DARK,
HOODED BLOSSOMS for the first time.

HALE (CONT'D)
'Platensis.' Mother's favorite.
She'll be pleased to receive them.

He leaves her to gape at the strange bouquet in her hand.

INT. LUCY & GERTRUDE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy RUSHES in, lays the flowers on the bed. Hastily pulls
Gertrude's JOURNAL from under the bed. Flips a few pages.
Sets the book next to the bouquet.

The blossoms exactly resemble the HOODED SKELETAL CREATURES
scrawled throughout the journal.

LUCY
(sotto)
Gertrude... what does this mean?

Is it a clue? Just another drawing? She considers this as we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NIGHT ROOM - NIGHT

The bouquet sits in the middle of the table. Mrs. Dyer beyond
it. They are alone in the room.

The candlelight flickers in Dyer's eyes as she studies Lucy
impatiently.

MRS. DYER
Nothing?

Lucy shifts.

LUCY
I'm sorry, ma'am.

Dyer sulks like a child.

MRS. DYER
Will he not ring the bell? Not even
that?

LUCY
I don't know...

The old woman stiffens in her seat.

MRS. DYER
I have commuted your duties to the
others that you might exercise the
exceptional gift you contend you
have. Was that a mistake?

LUCY
No.

MRS. DYER
You are the only one to contact
Archer. Yet, the others could ring
the bell. Produce a handprint.

Dyer grows petulant, her voice trembles with tears.

MRS. DYER (CONT'D)
Why are you not trying harder? Why
are you *deliberately hiding him*
from me?

LUCY
(frightened)
I'm not, ma'am.

MRS. DYER
You're a liar. Just like the
others!

Dyer stands, enraged. Frightened by the outburst and
uncertain how to assuage her, Lucy slouches a little. Slides
her knee under the tabletop.

MRS. DYER (CONT'D)
Do you know what happens to rotten
apples at Ravenswood?

Ring ring. We see her knee shift the table ever so slightly.
Just as she saw Morris Parker do.

Dyer gasps, her tears immediately halted. *Ring ring.*

MRS. DYER (CONT'D)
Oh, forgive me, forgive me.
(sitting)
Is- is he here?

She sniffles. Wipes at her eyes.

LUCY
He's here now.

She takes the woman's hand.

CUT TO:

A LITTLE LATER, Lucy turns on the electric lamp. Blows out the candle as Dyer stands. Pauses.

MRS. DYER
Lucy, you'll forgive my outburst.
(beat, shyly)
I believe you can truly see Archer.
But if sometimes he isn't here...
don't tell me. My heart... Do you
understand?

Lucy nods, solemn.

LUCY
I understand, ma'am.

The old woman slips from the room.

Lucy starts to follow. Halts. Taken by something on the WALL.

MRS. DYER (O.S.)
Are you coming?

Lucy startles a little. Follows her out.

EXT. HALLWAYS - LATER

Electric sconces SIZZLE, FLARE and HAZE OUT.

A clock's midnight CHIMES echo through empty halls. Down the polished stairs of the grand entry.

Here, too, creeps LUCY. She scurries across the marble. Past the dying embers in the massive fireplace.

She tiptoes through the moonlight pouring in the windowpanes of the morning room. Rumbles a door open to the

INT. NIGHT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

And steps inside.

Lucy turns the sconces on very low. Studies the East wall, brow furrowed.

We see at last the wallpaper is painted with bouquets of *Platensis*. Dark hooded eyes peer out all over. *Is this what Gertrude was drawing?*

She looks at the other three walls - this is the only one with the flowered paper. Lucy traces the flowers with a finger when -

VOICES. Somewhere beyond the wall. She presses an ear to the surface -- the tones are panicked and approaching. Lucy hurries to extinguish the sconces and darts into the

INT. MORNING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tucks herself into a shadowy corner just as a black FIGURE rushes out. Clearly panicked. Another FIGURE. Lucy waits a beat and then races after them.

EXT. HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

Lucy flies up the grand stairs.

Once at the hall in the servant's quarters, she ducks back as a FIGURE races past. Doesn't see her.

She peers after. It turns down the hall and steps into a pool of light revealing the BUTLER. Panicked, he hurries off.

The bulbs that line the hall HISS in their sconces, DIM, and FLARE. She struggles to control her racing breath. Waits until the lights dim again and... DARTS down the hall. Halts at the door to the attic.

A scuffling sound like a mouse in a pantry but louder. There is SOMEONE INSIDE. Lucy slowly TWISTS the doorknob.

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Lucy crests the top of the stairs.

There, in a shaft of moonlight, a PALE FIGURE crouches by bed opposite Lucy's. Digging beneath it.

LUCY
...who's there?

The figure turns. It wears a dirty, tattered shift. Its mouth drips blood. **It is GERTRUDE.**

Lucy stutters back a step.

Bloody Gertrude rises. Totters jerkily towards her. Reaches out soiled hands. Her breath comes in irregular waves.

She spits more blood from her mouth. A TOOTH tumbles out.

GERTRUDE
(struggling to speak)
Luuucccyyy.

Lucy takes another step back. Gertrude is upon her. CLASPS her wrist. Her horrible face looms before Lucy's.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)
R... r-r-r... Run.

She HEAVES Lucy through the door and back into the

INT. HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

Gripping Lucy's arm, the bloody Gertrude grips her hand, drags her down the hall. Sconces shed spasms of light on their path.

They turn a corner. BACKPEDAL at the sight of the BUTLER slithering through the shadows ahead, unaware. They tiptoe back. Almost making it to the servants' stairs when

Crreeeeak!

Lucy's foot catches the wrong floorboard and the BUTLER turns. SPOTS THEM. Motions to the COOK who lurches from the shadows.

The women BOLT down the servants' stairs. Footsteps THUNDER after them.

They arrive at the first floor. Pound across the grand hall. Throw wide the main door and are out into the night.

EXT. RAVENSWOOD - CONTINUOUS

The world outside is lacquered in shadow. Gertrude pulls Lucy down the steps. Lucy stops quick at the sight of

A DOG. Not the headless one. A dirty terrier with odd blue eyes. As it crawls from the dark, it drags behind it a trail of BOWELS - its chest cavity has been split.

Cook and Butler appear in the door. The DOG SNARLS and LUNGES FORTH sending the two women fleeing to the back of the house.

EXT. RAVENSWOOD - GARDENS - CONTINUOUS

Here the manor blocks what little moonlight there is. Cook and Butler are at their heels. The dog snaps and growls somewhere over the HOWLING of the wind.

Lucy struggles to keep pace with Gertrude. Gertrude's dim white figure rounds a leafy corner and is gone.

LUCY
(whispering fiercely)
Gertie!

She stumbles round the corner, falls. All is curiously silent. She pulls herself up and squints into the darkness of the

EXT. RAVENSWOOD - HEDGE MAZE - CONTINUOUS

Wind GUSTS through narrow passages. Footsteps of the Cook and Butler beat the grass beyond the wall. The dog's barking is muffled. She's safer in here.

Pushing a branch aside, she INCHES forward.

LUCY
(voice trembling)
...Gertie?

As her eyes adjust to the dark, she slips ahead with more confidence. A CRUNCH of grass ahead.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Gertrude!

Quickens her step. Rounds a corner. Nothing. Except there, again - CRUNCH. Then--

SNIP. She spins on -

THE GARDENER behind her, his rusty shears ever-ready.

Lucy BOLTS down the path. Untended branches lash at her.

The gardener lugs at a steady pace after, impervious to the overgrowth. The shears creak at his side. *SNIP. SNIP.*

LUCY (CONT'D)
(screaming)
Help! Help me!

Lucy crawls through a particularly overgrown knot and scurries on. Gardener barrels through. *SNIP.*

She hangs a hard left. Turns left again. DEAD END.

Lucy spins back the way she came - just as the Gardener appears, blocking the path. Both pause.

Gardener LUNGES forth. She's trapped. Turns in a circle in panic.

LUCY (CONT'D)
No...

As the gardener BARRELS DOWN ON HER she dives into the wall of the maze. Determined to rip her way through.

ANGLE ON her hand clawing through the bush on the other side. ANGLE ON the Gardener as he lurches closer. *SNIP. SNIP.*

Now her arm is through. She is struggling. Losing. The Gardener is close. *SNIP.*

LUCY (CONT'D)
(from beyond the wall)
HELP ME!

A HAND APPEARS. Grabs hers and pulls her through the wall and free of the maze.

HALE
Miss Moore! What on earth...

She tumbles into his arms, hysterical.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Lucy sits in the sterile white of the kitchen. Her cheek cut. Collar torn.

Hale sits in front of her, concerned. Crowne behind him. Cook, in the b.g., works at the stove.

HALE
It's clear you saw something, Lucy-

-

LUCY

No. Not *something*: I saw Gertrude.
And- and the Butler. And him.

Nods at the Cook. He stops his work. Shares a look with Crowne.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Running about the house. Looking--

HALE

For what?

LUCY

Gertrude.

MS. CROWNE

Zheng and Reynolds were
investigating *someone* creeping
about the house late at night.
Concerned it may have been a
burglar. Isn't that so, Cook?

Cook nods. Poker faced.

LUCY

They were looking for Gertrude - I
saw her. *Something is going on in
this house*. I know it now.

HALE

So how did you end up in the
garden?

LUCY

A dog came for us.

MS. CROWNE

Your headless dog again?

Lucy pauses at Crowne's tone. Her argument is losing
credibility already.

LUCY

No. A... different one. It gave
chase. As did he and Butler. And I,
I followed Gertrude into the
labyrinth. Only I lost her there
but... the Gardener. He found me.
And then...

HALE

(sighs)

That's just it, Miss Moore.

(MORE)

HALE (CONT'D)

The dog. The gardener. You've had one of your queer visions again.

LUCY

(indignant)

No. Gertrude was there.

HALE

Unless she, too, was a phantom.

LUCY

(beat)

That would mean she...

The room is silent. Hale drops his gaze. Crowne straightens.

MS. CROWNE

The police came several weeks ago. Apparently, Gertrude turned to... lower means of employ. They found her body in a ditch. Between here and Manhattan. She'd been... Well. I'll spare you the trauma. Poor girl.

Lucy is gaunt. Could this be true? Unsure what to believe anymore - including herself - she dissolves into tears.

Hale rubs her arm. Crowne rises and puts a hand on his shoulder. With a look, sends him OFF.

Cook sets a bowl of porridge in front of her. From her waist, Crowne pulls a pill box. Places a phenobarbital pill next to Lucy's water.

MS. CROWNE (CONT'D)

It will help.

Her icy look compels Lucy to gulp it down through her tears.

MS. CROWNE (CONT'D)

You've had another of your nights at Ravenswood. That will need to be the last of them, I'm afraid. Or we'll start securing you in your room at night.

(beat)

Eat.

Having no other choice, she takes up her spoon.

Crowne crosses to the window, stares out. In dreamy monotone:

MS. CROWNE (CONT'D)

Lucy Moore... So many are starving
to death while you have a bed,
food, are a rich woman's maid...
Why do you cause so much trouble?

Lucy sets the spoon down. Through her tears, she tries to
control her voice. Locks eyes with Crowne.

LUCY

I know what I saw... There is
something bad happening in this
house. And I'm certain you know it,
too.

Crowne sighs and turns back to the window.

MS. CROWNE

You've never been a servant before,
so you don't know that there are
exchanges: a servant gives up joy
for a room and bed; dispels hope in
order to eat. In short, we are
allowed to survive in trade for
keeping quiet

(beat)

I won't deny Ravenswood is a
strange place. They all are, the
homes of the wealthy. All have
their secrets.

(beat)

You mean something dear to Mrs.
Dyer - you and this parlor trick of
yours... It makes all our lives
better. And so I will share a trick
with you, the trick of surviving
all manor houses: Keep your door
closed at night and shut your eyes.
Sleep if you like. Whatever you
hear at Ravenswood, ignore it.
Whatever you see, look away. That
is the only way you won't go mad
here.

This sinks into Lucy's skin like lead.

MS. CROWNE (CONT'D)

Eat.

Lucy picks up her spoon again, acquiescing to it all. To
survive. Shakily delivers a lump of grains to her trembling
lips.

Crowne watches as the girl chews weakly for a moment. Stops. Her eyes GROW WIDE as her mouth works around something foreign, awful.

She SPITS a wad of something WET and HAIRY into her palm. Gasps and tosses it onto the table.

It is the **SEVERED HEAD** of--

MS. CROWNE (CONT'D)

A mouse.

Lucy recoils in horror. Cook busies himself at the wash basin.

MS. CROWNE (CONT'D)

Oh, dear. Caught where it wasn't meant to be.

She exits the room in one swift motion.

CLOSE-UP on the mouse's head as we FADE TO BLACK.

Silence. Then...

OVER BLACK:

The sound of the wind howling. Somewhere in its whistling tones commingles the unmistakable sound of a BABY CRYING.

FADE IN:

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Rain pecks at the tiny window. Lucy SHIVERS in her bed.

The patter of paws outside. A dog SNIFFS at the door. Scratches at the wood.

Lucy rouses from sleep. Time has passed. Her eyes are traced with brown circles of depression, hopelessness.

Outside the dog gives a soft WHINE. Lucy squeezes her eyes shut. Takes Crowne's warning to mind: "*Whatever you see or hear, ignore it.*"

LUCY

(sotto)

It isn't real...

She's back to ignoring her gift. She turns in bed. Buries her face under a pillow.

EXT. HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

Outside the attic door, the headless dog whines once more in frustration. Pads away.

The child's wails continue to echo down the eerie nighttime halls... Lightbulbs GUTTER and BUZZ.

Whatever horrors continue to search for her at Ravenswood, Lucy has shut herself off from them all.

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC - MORNING

She pulls the pillow from her head. Looks up.

ANGLE ON the tiny window. The cardinal is long gone. Its abandoned nest BLOWS AWAY in the wind.

Lucy RISES, pulls the HAIRPIN from under her pillow. She stands in front of the bureau mirror and slips it into her hair. Gives her reflection the same sad smile Gertrude did that first morning..

We watch as Lucy goes about her day. It's the same as the first, but drained of life, colors unsaturated as Lucy floats through it like a ghost...

LADY'S MAID MONTAGE:

...Lucy draws the curtains open in Mrs. Dyer's dark bedroom. The winter light turns her skin ghastly white.

...Steaming hot water barrels into a tea cup.

...Steaming hot water barrels into a warm bath.

...Lucy stares dully off as the old woman reclines in the tub with a rag over her eyes. The tea cup grows cold beside her.

...Lucy shovels coal down the chute.

...Lucy covers her with a blanket and takes the pipe from her hand as old Dyer dozes in her drawing room. She turns the knob of the radio to off as the woman falls into a hazy sleep.

END MONTAGE.

INT. NIGHT ROOM - LATER

The usual suspects are gathered for a visitation - old Dyer, the rich patrons, Hale - but we see Lucy sits at the center of the circle now.

Lights are dim. The red candle GLOWS, sends shadows dancing about the room.

She holds the hands of MRS. LAWDER, an old matron in feathers, lace. She looks hopefully into Lucy's eyes. Tears shine in her own.

MRS. LAWDER

She was so young when she passed...
Diphtheria. Only a little girl of
ten. Tell me, do you see her? Is
she here?

Lucy looks up. A LITTLE GIRL stands behind the woman, off in the shadows. Her eyes gleam in the candlelight.

Lucy casts her eyes down, ashamed.

LUCY

(quietly)
She's not. Not tonight, I'm afraid.

An older gentleman with a grand beard, MR. MILLS, straightens. Takes his wife's hand.

MR. MILLS

(hopefully)
My son? Has he come?

A handsome young SOLDIER in military uniform hovers behind Mills.

In WIDE, we see the table is surrounded by a handful of spirits standing behind their human counterparts...

Ignore it as she may, Lucy's ability is growing. Threatening to break her.

She avoids Mills' look but catches Hale's eye. He senses her fraud, FROWNS at her. Lucy is uncertain what to say.

MRS. LAWDER

Well, who is here? You've not
contacted any of our dearly
departed in weeks--

Ring ring ring! The bell has come to life on the table.
Below, Lucy's KNEE gives the tabletop a good shudder.

LUCY
(stopping her)
There is a roving spirit here. A
phantom stranger who wishes to
speak to us all. Let us create our
circle.

The table gives a collective murmur of excitement as they
link fingers.

LATER: the guests rise from the table. They're delighted with
the visitation - completely fabricated or not...

The BUTLER gives Lucy a dark look next to the light switch
he's just turned on. It's intercepted by MRS. MILLS looming
into view.

MRS. MILLS
Maybe next time you could produce
ectoplasm? Do you know how to do
that?

Mr. Mills drags her off, leaving the room empty now except
for Lucy and Hale, both still seated.

HALE
Why do you do it?

LUCY
Do what?

HALE
Abandon your ability.

Lucy rises to leave. Hale stands, too.

HALE (CONT'D)
Did you ever consider it might be
just as harmful to ignore your gift
-- it's clearly killing you, just
slower.

LUCY
You haven't any idea what you're
talking about.

HALE
I don't have any idea what it's
like to be able to do what you do.
That's certain.

He draws close to her, heated.

HALE (CONT'D)

But I do know the girl I met was
full of life, excited by her
ability. Even if it frightened her.

LUCY

This is easy to say from atop your
throne, Mr. Dyer. If you'll excuse
me, I am still a servant in your
house.

Lucy pushes past. Hale GRABS her arm. She flushes.

HALE

You know you are so much more than
that.

(beat)

Forgive me for what I'm about to
say, but I know of no other way to
reach you... I daresay your
grandmother would be disappointed
in you.

Lucy's eyes burn with fury. She stops her tongue, though -
what he's said is true. She pulls back her wrist.

Hale watches as she STORMS AWAY through the guests in the
next room.

EXT. RAVENSWOOD - LATER - ESTABLISHING

Wind bawls across gray fields.

The last of the guests drives away as lights blink off
inside.

INT. HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

We move down the hallway outside Lucy's room behind the BLACK
DOG. Its haunches pump like oil derricks as it slinks towards
Lucy's door...

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Dead leaves blow at the tiny window. Below it, Lucy rests
fitfully...

INT. EL BARRIO FUNERAL PARLOR - DREAM/FLASHBACK

A young LUCY's fingers curl around the rough pine lip of a coffin. Her grandmother lies in state in the box. Family sits behind her, chanting prayers in traditional velario.

She watches as a priest places a COIN on the eyes of her grandmother. Another in her mouth. A coin TUMBLES down grandmother's cheek and into the shadows under the coffin...

From below the box we see Lucy kneel, peer into the dark. The coin GLINTS in the recesses.

Prayers grow LOUDER. Lucy crawls towards the coin. Stops. Reaches her hand toward it...

GERTRUDE LURCHES from the dark and GRIPS her hand.

INT. ATTIC - END DREAM/FLASHBACK

Lucy BOLTS up in bed. The dog SCRATCHES at her door. The BABY CRYING down the hall is almost deafening tonight.

She tries to catch her breath. Something about the dream vexes her.

She sits up, suddenly.

INTERCUT - FLASHBACK

...Lucy's small hand reaches for the coin...

END FLASHBACK

Lucy crawls to Gertrude's bed. Kneels. Looks under.

Faint slashes of red caked there, like a bloody fingerpainting.

INTERCUT - FLASHBACK

...Gertrude's blood-soaked figure leaves streaks of blood as it searches under the bed on that dark night...

END FLASHBACK

Lucy sits up. *It can't be.*

Then, she lies belly down on the floor. Reaches a hand under the bed. Feels around. Grasps something, pulls it out. Holds it up in front of her eyes.

CLOSE UP on a **BLOOD-CAKED TOOTH**. Lucy's fingers tremble as she holds it.

LUCY
(whispering fiercely)
Gertrude... you were alive.

She stands, electrified. Grips the tooth in a white-knuckle fist. Gertie was indeed *alive* that cold fall night. That she had been here the whole time -- and maybe...

LUCY (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Are you still here?

The dog SCRATCHES at the door again. Her eyes DART toward the sound. *What is the connection to all this -- the ghosts, Gertrude...*

She turns to the door. GRIPS the knob.

INT. HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

Outside we watch over the shoulders of the headless dog as the door OPENS SLOWLY. Lucy squares off with the animal only she can see.

The baby's wails are louder here.

A WHINE catches her ear. She peers into the dark at the end of the hall... The dog with the hanging entrails pants excitedly by the door there.

The headless dog TURNS, pads off towards his friend.

She watches as Hale's voice plays in her head from the day in the hedge maze...

HALE (V.O.)
*...What if these spirits are
looking for you? Because you can
truly see?*

She swallows hard. FOLLOWS the headless beast. The YELLOW CAT crawls along the ceiling after them all.

The dogs nose and scratch at the door excitedly. The cries grow PIERCING as she draws up. She OPENS the door.

INT. MISS GREEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The entrails dog pushes past, squeezes through the door ahead. The door opens wide on a dark wood CRIB. It sits in a shaft of moonlight.

The dog sits next to the crib. Looks to Lucy as his headless friend joins him. A child screams within.

Lucy EDGES towards the scene. Her hands clutch the edge of the bassinet. She peers in. POV from inside the crib as she surveys the horror below.

LUCY

Oh my God...

Her face crumples into sobs.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Who did this to you?

She REACHES in. LIFTS a child out. It is obscured, swaddled in GORY rags. Its body twists in her arms. Lucy's HOWLS commingle with the child's.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Who did this to you?!

The dogs CIRCLE her ankles. WHINE and YOWL. The cat paces the ceiling. Another cat drags itself through the door along the wall, its hind quarters missing.

In the b.g. we see a FIGURE rouse in the bed... MISS GREEN rubs her eyes. Green's POV is different from Lucy's vision... all she sees is Lucy cradling air in her arms, sobbing in the shadows of her room.

MISS GREEN

Miss Moore?

Lucy TURNS on her.

LUCY

Is this your child?

MISS GREEN

Lucy?

LUCY

What did they do to its heart?

The juxtaposed versions of reality in this moment are jarring - the saturation of Lucy's blood-soaked manifestation curdles the screen.

Lucy holds the bloody child out to Green who cowers in the corner - she sobs now too. The dogs begin to BARK as more CATS AND DOGS gather, pace the ceiling and the walls around her.

MISS GREEN
Leave me, Lucy! Please...

LUCY
Who took its heart?!

She lurches like a madwoman, holding nothing out to Green.

Having heard the commotion, Crowne bursts through the door with Butler and Cook. She motions them towards Lucy.

The men grab her by the arms. Pull her towards the door. Lucy grabs at the doorframe.

MS. CROWNE
You and your spirits again.

LUCY
But Gertrude wasn't a spirit, was she? You lied - she was alive! And you knew it! Whatever's happening in this house - you're behind it all!

MS. CROWNE
(beat, to Butler, Cook)
Lock her in her room.

LUCY (O.S.)
(as she is dragged out)
Where is she?! Where is she!?

The sound of Lucy being dragged away grows distant, leaving Crowne to stare at the trembling Green. The room is silent, empty of dogs, cats, bassinet...

MS. CROWNE
(low, monotone)
What did you tell her?

MISS GREEN
N-nothing, ma'am.

Crowne pierces Green with her eyes. Determining whether she's telling the truth. Crowne opens her mouth to speak just as...

A BLAST RATTLES THE WINDOWS of Ravenswood.

INT. RAVENSWOOD - HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

We track it throughout the manor: it WAKES Mrs. Dyer in her bedroom; SHAKES the many panes in the morning room; china CLATTERS on the shelves in the pantry...

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

A key CLICKS in the lock, shutting her in. Lucy turns as the window SHUDDERS in its frame. The early morning light is blotted out by a STRANGE CLOUD.

EXT. RAVENSWOOD - CONTINUOUS

Crowne steps on to the porch. Great GUSTS of wind HOWL past the house. She wraps her dressing gown tight around her and squints into the dark cloud of dust that envelops the house. It blots out the land around them, the morning light above.

The BUTLER steps onto the porch behind her.

BUTLER
What is this?

MS. CROWNE
I haven't the faintest.

BUTLER
Will it... interfere with tonight?

Crowne's lips twist to something resembling a smile.

MS. CROWNE
Not at all.

She leaves him. Wind lashes at the house.

INT. RAVENSWOOD - HALLWAYS - LATER

The sun has risen - you can hardly tell through the dust that PELTS the windows. It is the only sound in the otherwise silent manor, like being in the eye of a storm.

INT. MRS. DYER'S DRAWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The old woman stares out the window from her chair. An inscrutable look vexes her face.

The RADIO declares over the rattling of windowpanes:

"Great gusts of wind blow ton after ton of silt across the plains all the way to New York - a scene of Biblical catastrophe..."

EXT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

The empty hall outside Lucy's room. She weeps softly on the other side.

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Her head rests on the door. Next to her, Gertrude's sketchbook, her locket, her tooth. Tears sluice rivers down her cheeks.

Lucy fingers the locket absentmindedly when:

VOICE (O.S.)
(hesitant, whispering)
What did he look like?

It is MISS GREEN from the other side of the door. Lucy sits, suddenly alert.

LUCY
Is that you, Anna?

MISS GREEN (O.S.)
The baby... what did it look like?

LUCY
(beat)
He had dark hair... and beautiful brown eyes.

MISS GREEN
(sobs)
My boy... my Matthew.

EXT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Outside, Green KNEELS. Rests her head on the door and tries to stifle her sobs.

MISS GREEN
I fell in love with a man here. The groundskeeper. We planned to run away when we had enough saved. But then I became pregnant and... it was impossible.

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Lucy presses her forehead to the door, mirroring Green on the opposite side.

MISS GREEN (O.S.)
It was unforgivable, said Mrs.
Crowne. I could not have it here.
Yet how was I to take care of it if
I left?

LUCY
Poor Anna... what did you do?

EXT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

MISS GREEN
Crowne said she'd take it for
adoption. But, oh, Lucy - something
wasn't right. A mother knows. And
not long after, the baby's father
left, too. That's off, isn't it?
(beat, sobs)
You're right, Lucy... something is
bad here - Ms. Crowne... *she's*
evil.

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Lucy listens as Green melts into sobs outside the door and falls quiet. Until:

MISS GREEN
They're coming for you tonight,
Lucy Moore.

Lucy SITS arrow straight. Dumbfounded. Then, the SOUND of metal sliding into the door's lock.

MISS GREEN (CONT'D)
Gertrude was a good girl. I should
have helped her. I wish I could
help you, Miss Moore. But if they
find out...

She sobs more.

LUCY
Is that a key, Anna?

MISS GREEN
My gardener swiped it long ago,
before he disappeared.

LUCY
Oh thank God. Turn it and let me
out.

EXT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Green SHRINKS fearfully from the door.

MISS GREEN
(through tears)
I cannot, Lucy... if they find out
I've let you free...

LUCY (O.S.)
Who is 'they', Anna?

In her hysteria, Green carries on:

MISS GREEN
And your visions, they terrify me.
This whole house is damned! What
happens in that room - it is
evil...!

She backs from the door, wracked with sobs.

LUCY (O.S.)
Anna, please! Please turn the key!

Green TURNS from the door, murmuring:

MISS GREEN
God help you, Lucy...

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

With the key in the lock and so close to freedom, Lucy grips
the door handle.

LUCY
No, Anna, don't leave. Come back!
Just turn the key...

Lucy listens in despair to the sound of Green as she
retreats. She CRUMBLES to the floor.

LUCY (CONT'D)
(weakly)
Come back...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RAVENSWOOD - ESTABLISHING - LATER

A veil of dust still hangs over the manor, shot through with a blazing sunset.

INT. MORNING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Crowne enters, cutting across the room. She pulls on a WHITE LAB COAT as she goes. Comes to the french doors of the night room, slides them open.

Butler appears beyond. He wears a lab coat identical to hers.

BUTLER
Preparations are nearly finished,
ma'am.

Crowne pulls a SURGICAL MASK from her pocket. As she slips it round her neck:

MS. CROWNE
Clean yourself up, then. The guests
arrive soon.

He nods, steps past her into the morning room. She slips the mask over her mouth and closes the doors behind her.

INT. ATTIC - LATER

LOCK INTERIOR POV of Lucy's eye as she peers inside.

She sits back, sighs. Through the window, a fresh moon shines meagerly through the dust.

Her brow is knit as she puzzles it out. The tooth, locket, hairpin and sketchbook laid before her are her only tools. She pauses. An idea begins to form...

Lucy TAKES UP the sketchbook. RIPS a page out. Crawls over to the door and gingerly slips the sheet UNDER THE DOOR, just below the lock.

She takes up the HAIRPIN...

LOCK INTERIOR POV of the pin as it SLIPS inside the lock.

Lucy's faced is screwed with deep concentration as she fishes carefully. Holds her breath. At last a CLICK and...

EXT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

... the KEY tumbles from the handle, onto the PAPER.

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

She crouches to peer below the door. Carefully DRAGS the paper with the key under...

It CATCHES, just a hair's breadth too wide for the space below the door.

Her breath hitches. She pulls the paper slowly and watches as the key ROTATES.

She slips her pinkie finger below the door. Swivels the smaller end of the key toward her. GRIPS it with thumb and forefinger and PULLS, firm.

The key, with some effort, comes loose and she KNEELS. HOLDS it up, triumphant.

EXT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

The lock CLICKS in the silent hall. Lucy cautiously peers out. No dogs. No babies crying. All is silent.

She turns back, grabs the LOCKET. Clutches it to her chest as she heads into the

INT. HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

Carpeting silences her footsteps. She peers behind and ahead of her, cautious. The only sound is the soft RUSTLE of her nightgown.

The TOTAL QUIET is perplexing to her. Where is Butler rushing from the shadows to capture her? She senses she is safe, takes the faster way - the grand staircase to the main hall.

Here, too, it is EMPTY.

She tiptoes swiftly to cross the marble floor. To the monolithic wooden front doors. Opens them. And rushes out.

EXT. RAVENSWOOD - CONTINUOUS

She hurries down the steps and out the *porte cochere*.

Several grand AUTOMOBILES line the drive. Dust coats them, dulls the moonlight gleaming on their polished exteriors.

She clutches the locket in her hand. Something catches her eye. She turns to look back at Ravenswood.

Above, MRS. DYER has parted the curtain in her drawing room. The old woman looks down at her.

Lucy TENSES. Afraid her keeper will sound the alarm, at last.

But Dyer merely LIFTS A HAND in a sad sort of wave. Closes the curtain.

Lucy turns back to the driveway just as the first **DOG** appears from the tangle of cars. Headless. Then another, this one missing a leg. Another and another. A bloody **PACK OF DOGS**.

They **SWARM** past her, up the stairs and **INSIDE**. Leading her somewhere...

She looks to the locket. Remembers the promise she made... if there's any chance Gertrude is still alive...

She takes a deep breath. **URNS BACK** to the house.

INT. HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

The pack trots across the great hall as Lucy appears in the front door. She takes a hesitant few steps towards them. The Yellow Cat follows after the pack. Then another disfigured cat. And another.

She pauses at the fireplace to grab a black **POKER**. Follows into the

INT. MORNING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The animals nearly fill the room, wind their way round the furniture. Begin to **CLIMB** the walls.

The tables are littered with half-empty **GLASSES** of champagne - the remnants of a party. But for what?

Through the great windows, a **FIGURE** mirrors Lucy's cross through the room - **SNIP. SNIP.** The **GARDENER**. He follows along outside until she enters the

INT. NIGHT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The animals are halted here. Staring at the flowered wall. The dogs whine, cats yowl, eager.

Lucy makes her way through them. Runs fingers along the surface. Inspects the corners. Gives it a push and the a panel in the wall creaks OPEN just a little.

Beyond it, a winding stone STAIRCASE.

She pulls it wider and the dogs begin to nose the door open, pushing past her. They swarm through from walls, ceiling and floor like hornets to a nest and head DOWN THE STAIRS...

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Down she goes, the animals bearing her like a sea tide.

She holds the poker in front of her as she descends into a cavern of poorly lit PASSAGEWAYS.

A VOICE echoes through the tunnels and the response of several people - a small audience, perhaps - LAUGHING nervously.

Lucy follows these sounds to make her way through the labyrinth, passing the old COAL CHUTE, a series of outdated BOILERS, getting ever-closer to the voices...

VOICE (O.S.)
(distant, muffled)
...converted these old rooms to
our... well, almost state-of-the-
art facilities...

More polite laughter.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...much of the technology brought
back from my work in the
resuscitation lab in St.
Petersburg...

As she draws closer to the room a **WHITE FIGURE** begins to trail behind her...

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...at last, the conjunction of
science and religion, a peep
through the keyhole at eternity...

Lucy presses herself close to the brick wall just outside the door. A line of women's furs and men's overcoats hang on the wall. Corresponding shoes below.

She GRIPS the poker tight, holds a breath back and listens:

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Ladies and gentlemen, *the dead can come back to life.*

The white figure is upon her. Lucy tries to strike back with the poker but the figure, MS. CROWNE in her lab coat, presses her against the wall with it.

MS. CROWNE
This would have been much easier if you'd stayed in your room.

BUTLER, in same dress, rushes from the adjacent room to assist. The unseen voice tries to regain its audience:

VOICE (O.S.)
It sounds like our guest of honor has arrived - excellent timing, at that.

The audience TITTERS nervously. Ms. Crowne takes BOTTLE from her pocket, douses a white cloth with it. Presses it to Lucy's mouth. Lucy's knees buckle.

Together Crowne and Butler drag her into the next room...

INT. LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

Lucy's eyes WIDEN at the bright lights. Shining medical instruments. Body parts - human lungs, hands, several DOG and CAT LIMBS all in formaldehyde but one...

...A DOG'S HEAD is attached by rubber hoses to a strange MACHINE. It stares blankly at the wall. Panting. Alive.

A white medical CURTAIN separates her from the room and the unseen speaker. The laughter of the audience, an electric machine HISS - all swirl into cacophony as she spots...

GERTRUDE. Across the room. Inside of a coffin-shaped GLASS TANK. Naked and floating in a hazy green preservative solution.

Lucy blinks against whatever narcotic she's been given. Her chest hitches as she tries to gather strength to scream.

Instead, her eyes ROLL BACK in her head. She plunges into BLACK.

OVER BLACK:

GRANDMOTHER (V.O.)
Lucy. Luuuuucy.

INT. EL BARRIO FUNERAL PARLOR - DREAM/FLASHBACK

Her hand on the edge of the pine coffin again.

GRANDMOTHER (O.S.)
Lucy.

A gentle hand rests on her shoulder. Young Lucy looks up. Her grandmother smiles down at her. The old woman strokes her cheek.

She looks into the coffin. Gertrude rests there instead of Grandmother.

GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D)
Es la hora.

SUBTITLE: "*It's time.*"

The TICK of a POCKETWATCH strikes the ear just as the one in Grandmother's hand BURSTS OPEN.

INT. LABORATORY - END DREAM/FLASHBACK

Hale SNAPS SHUT his own matching timepiece. Returns it to his pocket. Looks to the audience.

HALE
 It's time.

Breaks into a sales-pitch SMILE as they shiver with excited MURMURS. Mrs. Lawder is there. Morris Parker, even. All the usual suspects from "the visitations." They've traded their furs and fine shoes for lab coats and white slippers.

HALE (CONT'D)
 Time to do what the Russians were too scared to do. But their timidity is our opportunity. That's the American way. With your help, we'll harness the human soul for the sake of industry.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

HALE (CONT'D)
 Re-animation will be the hallmark
 of Dyer Industries.

He pulls the curtain open. The audience GASPS to see Green, Butler and Crowne carrying her body from the tank to an examination table.

HALE (CONT'D)
 She's not much to look at now. But
 once the proprietary solution warms
 the body...

Here they insert needles attached to rubber tubes to her arms, neck, breast. He FLIPS a switch on the machine attached to the tubes. It HUMS to life.

HALE (CONT'D)
 ...She'll be looking a little more
 lively.
 (beat)
 We applied the Russian technique to
 other specimens - like this guy you
 see here -

He gestures to the DOG's head.

HALE (CONT'D)
 Rest assured this is no parlor
 trick. Not like you've been subject
 to with your Sunday conjurings -
 with all due respect, Mr. Parker -
 but this is the real deal. The
 specimens react to stimuli -

The Cook taps a hammer next to the severed Dog's Head and it gives a weak YELP. WHISPERS from the audience.

HALE (CONT'D)
 Because they are very much alive.
 Scientifically-speaking. All this
 particular subject needs -
 (he pauses for effect)
 - is the spark of life.

He THROWS a larger lever on Gertrude's device.

Above her body, a pair of Tesla-esque coils spit back and forth until a BLUE CURRENT sizzles between them. Light APPLAUSE.

Gertie's body CONVULSES with the charge. SHAKES for several seconds. Her eyes FLUTTER. A low GROAN rumbles in her throat - *just like in Lucy's first vision.*

EXT. HALLWAYS - SIMULTANEOUS

The lights do their familiar haze in and out, bulbs sizzle in the sconces from the incredible electrical surge in the basement...

INT. LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

And then BREATH enters her lungs. Her chest rises and falls, steady. Her eyes remain closed, but there is life in her.

The audience is shocked SILENT. A couple of ladies press kerchiefs to their lips.

HALE

Fantastic, isn't it? And this particular subject has been revived twice this fall.

A man we recognize as MR. MILLS from the visitations straightens:

MR. MILLS

But look at her - she's not *truly* alive, is she?

BEHIND the curtain, ANGLE ON Lucy's EYES as they flutter open.

HALE (O.S.)

(behind the curtain)

Right you are, Mr. Mills. You don't have to be a man of science to see that the journey back to our world is not complete.

She looks down - a DOG laps at her fingers. He stops. Whines.

Back in FRONT of the curtain:

HALE (CONT'D)

What's missing here - what the Russians could not yoke - is that most important blessing from the Almighty: *the soul*.

From Lucy's hazy POV we see Hale throw the curtain on her, at last. The dog is GONE. A woman hisses: "*There she is!*"

HALE (CONT'D)

We've had quite the unforeseen fortune drop into our coffer, haven't we?

Lucy BLINKS as he smiles at her. Turns back to the audience, suddenly solemn.

HALE (CONT'D)
We've all lost someone. Mr. & Mrs.
Mills. Mrs. Lawder. Mother and I.

Lucy searches the room for Mrs. Dyer - she's not there. Her eyes fall on ANOTHER DOG. It stares at her from the audience who's oblivious to its presence. A SECOND DOG joins it.

HALE (CONT'D)
We've been searching for someone
like Lucy with an authentic
connection to the beyond. And with
your financing, we can do more than
just speak to the dead - we can
return their soul back to the body.
(beat)
Friends, we shall be Gods.

Hale turns and crosses behind. He has the small audience firmly in his palm. Their eyes GLOW at the prospect.

He bends, WHISPERS in her ear.

HALE (CONT'D)
I told you this day would come, my
girl.

He grips her hand, LEADS her toward Gertrude. The coils SIZZLE above her body.

Lucy looks out at the guests. A cat SCURRIES across the ceiling. Among the faces gathered now stands ARCHER DYER.

She trembles. Looks down at her friend. Uneven breaths stir her chest. Her eyes, now half-open, aim blind pinprick PUPILS at the air.

A SOB hitches Lucy's throat. Hale pats her back.

HALE (CONT'D)
(whispering)
You can do it.

LUCY
No...

HALE
(whispering)
Yes you can.

His manipulation - all the months of cajoling flood her. She sobs harder. Looks to the audience for help.

They STARE BACK, unmoved. Greedy.

More dogs have wended their way inside.

Hale TIGHTENS his grip on her arm.

HALE (CONT'D)
You don't have to be afraid
anymore.

But she is not with him. She stares still at the guests. At Mrs. Lawder with her crooked grin. Or, rather, just behind her at -

GRANDMOTHER.

The old woman smiles at her granddaughter. NODS.

Lucy turns to Gertrude. Blinks back her tears. Takes her friend's white hand. LOOKS UP.

ANGLE OVER LUCY'S SHOULDER: we see the air above her boil into the dark cloud, roiling with pale bodies of the dead. From the knot of arms, legs and faces with unseeing eyes, GERTRUDE'S BODY appears, pushed forth from the mass.

Lucy GRIPS her hand tighter. Gertrude's body descends from the black cloud. Pale hands try to pull her back.

AUDIENCE POV: Lucy mouths wordless incantations, glazed eyes stare at a blank ceiling.

ANGLE OVER LUCY'S SHOULDER: Down Gertrude FLOATS, buoyant as if suspended in water.

The translucent form of her spirit descends until it DISAPPEARS inside her body - a perfect fit. Her lungs give a great, eerie SIGH.

Lucy goes limp, stutters back.

Hale CATCHES her, hands her off to Green who leads her away. She searches the guests for Grandmother, but she is gone. So, too, the animals, Mr. Dyer. She's done her part.

Hale steps towards Gertrude's examination table and watches. Not much has changed in the girl. The machine CRACKLES with electricity in the collective silence.

Then... a GUST of air fills her lungs, startles the spectators. Her eyes SWELL as she gives a strangled CRY then...

Gertrude SITS.

The audience exclaims. Mrs. Lawder rises in her seat.

HALE (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Caution, now... Don't let's startle
the creature.

Gertrude BLINKS, confused. Looks round her. Her tongue taps at her teeth. A tiny croak.

Hale is beside himself, breathless. He's going to be a king.

HALE (CONT'D)
Ladies and gentlemen, you have just
witnessed... *a miracle.*

Bewilderment swaths Gertrude's face. She RISES slowly from the table. Rubber tubing, wires stretch and threaten to SNAP behind her.

She pulls a needle slowly from her arm - it's gruesomely long. Looks at it, puzzled.

HALE (CONT'D)
There, now. Obviously the subject
is-- confused. Demonstrable signs
of shock, though not unanticipated-
-

Hale motions to Butler, who approaches the revived woman. He's uncertain quite what to do. Places a hand on her arm to stop her.

As if in kinetic response, she jams the needle into his throat. He sputters a spray of red as his throat fills with blood.

Gertrude rises as Butler drops to his knees in agony. Tubing and needles RIP from her as she pulls away from the table. Her metal and wire crown pulls at the Tesla COILS.

HALE (CONT'D)
Stop, now. Stop, I say.

At the sound of Hale's voice, she turns. Confusion dissipates to seething recognition. Eyes narrow. She advances. He looks to the others for help. The entire room is FROZEN in fear. Even Crowne has withdrawn to the door, ready to flee.

Hale turns back to Gertrude just as the coils give a great *rrreeEAAK* and CRASH to the ground. Electricity dances wildly from the coils. SCREAMS as the audience begins to panic.

HALE (CONT'D)
 (to the guests)
 Everyone must remain calm!
 (to the staff)
 Draw the curtains!

Cook jumps to action, drawing the semi-circle of curtains that bisect the room. On the side of the audience, they do their best to hold guests back from stampeding.

Gertrude limps towards Hale, the crown falls from her head. He stumbles back into a GLASS CASE, sending specimen in their jars flying. He pitches back on its broken shelves, supine before the advancing Gertrude.

Nearby, the DOG'S HEAD, still attached to its machine, JITTERS surreally around the floor in stimulus response.

Lucy and Green pitch back from the glass as it shatters. They watch as Gertrude crunches it underfoot, barely notices it.

She stands above Hale. He squirms between her legs. Holds his hands up in - surrender? defense? It doesn't matter. She takes up a broken piece of GLASS TUBING, **STABS it deep into his chest.**

He WRITHES like a stuck worm, CHOKES on his blood. Gertrude watches through dark eyes as Hale ekes out his LAST BREATH.

Lucy GASPS, draws Gertrude's hollow glare. The transformed woman crawls the short distance to her. Something puzzles her about Lucy, stays her violent instinct.

Lucy places trembling fingers on Gertrude's cheek. Gertrude does the same.

LUCY
Gertie...

Clouds part in her eyes. She sees her friend for the first time in months. They embrace.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Shh... You're back. You're safe now.

The audience is incensed on the other side of the curtain. The coils HISS and send a shower of SPARKS, setting to flame the edge of the partition.

Crowne, who has watched the horror from near the door, takes the opportunity to SLIP OUT, unnoticed.

The curtains catch FIRE quickly and the audience, at last, stampedes Butler and Cook. They tangle themselves in the curtains and one another as they do.

The pandemonium sends Gertrude, Lucy and Green hurtling for the door.

Just as they near the exit, Mrs. Lawder, ABLAZE and HOWLING, tumbles in their path. Next, Cook is trampled by Mr. Mills who drags an hysterical Mrs. Mills after...

Green SPRINGS forward, pushes the examination table towards the crowd and pinning them back. Lucy and Gertrude join her in pushing them away from the door.

They are quickly outnumbered and it becomes clear if they let go of the bed, none of the three will make it out...

MISS GREEN

Go! Now!

LUCY

Leave it! We must run!

MISS GREEN

We can't all make it!

(solemnly)

Out there I have no one, Lucy. My son is here.

The gravity of this statement halts Lucy.

MISS GREEN (CONT'D)

Go.

Lucy takes Gertrude's hand and they burst through the exit. Gertie looks back to see the guests clamber over the medical bed, overtaking Green. The poor girl's bright eyes are on them as they--

EXT. LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

--**SLAM** the door shut. Drop the bar LOCK on the outside. Inside, the guests bang on the door and burn with Hale's machines.

LUCY

Here.

She pulls a coat off the wall and around Gertrude, covering her. The door creaks in its frame, the THUDS from the other side insistent.

LUCY (CONT'D)
We'd better--

GERTRUDE
Yes.

They take hands and dart into the labyrinthine passageways of the

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The echoes of those trapped in the laboratory echo after them as they HURTLE through murky corridors. Without the dogs to lead her, the way back to the staircase is uncertain and almost immediately they DEAD END, turn round.

They double back, past the old, clanking boilers, the coal chute, round a corner directly into--

CROWNE.

MS. CROWNE
Lucy. Thank God you made it out alive.

She gives a relieved smile, cloying in its perfidy. Beyond her, the laboratory door strains on its hinges as the screams beyond it grow deafening.

MS. CROWNE (CONT'D)
What you did, Lucy... was miraculous. We'd hardly expected it to work, the staff and I.

She takes a STEP towards the girls.

MS. CROWNE (CONT'D)
We'd been his loyal aides these years - recording formulas, procuring specimen... We learned rather quickly, I say--
(a look to Gertrude)
some faster than others... Hale promised us a future, a part of the profits but now, Lucy, now, do you see: it can all be ours!

Another STEP. The girls retreat. The door HEAVES behind Crowne, flames LICK under the door.

MS. CROWNE (CONT'D)
It's our turn. We needn't work for
anybody. We hold the scepter. I
know the process, you have your
gift - *we can be the Gods now,*
Lucy. What do you say?

A beat.

LUCY
Never.

The door **EXPLODES** beyond Crowne and the bodies of those
within flood forth in a tidal wave of flaming limbs and
clothing. They immediately STAMPEDE Crowne, the woman's
screams drowned among theirs.

The two women are forced back to a dead end corridor to
observe the wailing, staggering figures amongst the boilers;
it is a terror of a Hieronymus Bosch-esque scene, as they set
the basement ABLAZE.

ANGLE ON the boiler thermometers - the needles pitch higher
as the flames lick their sides.

LUCY (CONT'D)
We've got to get out of here.

GERTRUDE
How?

LUCY
I don't know.

She laces her fingers in Gertie's, pulls her forward into the
mass of bodies.

It's like a too-real haunted house - as they wend their way
through the flames, ghastly figures pop up in front of them,
fingers tearing at their BURNING FLESH, screaming for relief.

Between the flames and havoc, Lucy spots the COAL CHUTE.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Follow me!

She scrambles up the pile of coal below it, holds a hand out
to Gertrude. A FLAMING MAN stumbles towards her, she shoves
him off. Takes Lucy's hand.

Lucy helps Gertrude clamber up and into the

INT. COAL CHUTE - CONTINUOUS

FROM ABOVE we watch as Gertrude grasps the brackets that form a tenuous, makeshift succession of grips to pull oneself up the considerable length of the chute.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Gertrude PULLS herself into the chute, begins to ascend.

EXT. RAVENSWOOD - CONTINUOUS

The metal door to the chute scrapes OPEN and Gertrude tumbles forth onto wet grass. She turns back to watch...

INT. COAL CHUTE - CONTINUOUS

...as Lucy clambers up after her. The flames billow out below the opening to the chute.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: Flames blacken the glass of the THERMOMETER to the first boiler as the fires bump the needles dangerously high.

EXT. RAVENSWOOD - CONTINUOUS

Above, Lucy drops through the chute just as

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The first boiler **EXPLODES** and a tsunami of fire careens through the passages of the basement, incinerating any surviving guests.

EXT. RAVENSWOOD - CONTINUOUS

Lucy and Gertrude stumble across the lawn as - **BOOM** - another boiler erupts below, shaking the ground with a seismic blast.

From a safe distance they turn to look back at the manor -- stars twinkle above it, oblivious to the flames that have begun to chew at the windows of the first floor.

Lucy's brow hardens for there, on the second floor...

The SILHOUETTE of Mrs. Dyer. Standing sentinel at the window.

GERTRUDE

Lucy...

Lucy tugs away, starts to trot back.

LUCY

No one deserves to die like this,
Gertie...

She races across the dark lawn towards the burning mansion.

INT. RAVENSWOOD - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy covers her mouth, ducks into the smoke of the grand entry. She coughs, dashes across the marble floor, careful of the flames that gnaw at the grand staircase as she clambers up.

INT. MRS. DYER'S DRAWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Inside the old woman's quarters, you'd hardly know her estate was burning to the ground. The only smoke comes from her opium pipe.

Lucy approaches Mrs. Dyer, still staring out the window.

LUCY

...Ma'am?

MRS. DYER

His experiments were a disaster, I presume? I warned him.

LUCY

Mrs. Dyer, we must go...

She reaches to take the woman's arm but Dyer slips away.

MRS. DYER

My Archer didn't leave a note, did you know that? That was the hardest part: no valediction.

Dyer climbs on to her settee.

MRS. DYER (CONT'D)

He left instructions for the foremen of the factory, arrangements for the perpetuity of Ravenswood and paid the staff.

(MORE)

MRS. DYER (CONT'D)

He even took off his shoes before
he pulled the trigger so as to not
soil them.

(beat)

He was a sea captain's son - no
surprise he was lacking in
sentimentality... But he left
without abandoning the ship and so
shall I, Lucy.

She pulls the SAPPHIRE RING from her finger. Holds it out to
Lucy. It gleams in the glow from the fireplace.

MRS. DYER (CONT'D)

Your wages, Lucy Moore, for
excellent employ. You did something
my son and his horrible experiments
could never do - *you gave someone*
hope. That's a hard thing to do in
these times.

Lucy demurs as Dyer FOLDS the ring into her hand.

LUCY

I, I can't...

MRS. DYER

Take it. But tell me: is he with me
now?

Behind Dyer, the BLURRY FIGURE of a man in a brown suit has
appeared just below his portrait.

Lucy NODS. The woman grips her hand, smiles.

MRS. DYER (CONT'D)

I am well, then. You'd better go.

EXT. RAVENSWOOD - MOMENTS LATER

Outside, Gertrude watches as Lucy RUNS across the lawn
towards her.

They stand together to see the windows EXPLODE outward from
the second floor, watching Mrs. Dyer's dark figure disappear,
shrouded in flame.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAVENSWOOD - MORNING

The fire has died down. The walls of the great country manor, once impeccable stone, are now flame-licked and black.

SMOKE rises into the hopeful morning sky as a DOG with a shining black coat steps onto the porch. Stares at the now-quiet grounds.

As a CARDINAL careers past, he RACES OFF into the garden, free.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Lucy faces a glorious sunrise through the window of a train car. It rattles along through a metropolitan landscape that brings a smile to her lips.

Gertrude rises sleepily from Lucy's lap to grin at the rays of light dancing across her face. Lucy pets her hair. Her SAPPHIRE RING glints in the sun.

The train clatters into the station. The sound of WAVES cresting is just audible over the CHATTER of folks as they exit the train.

GERTRUDE

Where are we?

The blue crescent MOONS of the LUNA PARK ENTRANCE rise above the train. Coney Island of the 1930s is awash with joy, sunlight, hope.

LUCY

Home.

She takes Gertrude's hand and they step out among the people.