

LOCKE & KEY
EPISODE 1: "A DOOR OPENS"

Written by

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Based on *Locke & Key* by Joe Hill & Gabriel Rodriguez

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FADE IN:

EXT. A WEATHERED DOOR - FROZEN AFTERNOON

Here is an old splintery door in the winter light.

A knucky hand reaches into frame. Hesitates. Then:

Knock. Knock.

EXT. THE WELLHOUSE - AFTERNOON

A gawky, awkward teenager in a wool cap and a thin jacket stands before a 17th century wellhouse. This is located on the grounds of a fabulous New England manse known as Keyhouse - a place which is, in many ways, this show's central character. But we don't see the grand house yet.

The wellhouse is a stone outbuilding, with a single barred window in one side. The kid who stands uncertainly before it is AL GRUBB, a not terribly bright burn-out.

AL
H-heh-hello?

He puts his ear to the door and listens.

AL (CONT'D)
Are you still in there?

Nothing.

He begins to straighten - and there comes a clunk from somewhere in the wellhouse, a sound that just about causes Al Grubb to jump out of his unlaced boots.

He swallows, studies the door. He begins to creep around the side of the wellhouse, to the window.

AL (CONT'D)
I came back. I mean. *Obviously.* I -
I'll help you. I want to help you.

ON THE BARRED WINDOW

And the impenetrable darkness behind.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)
You know what I want.

EXT. WELLHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Al twitches, but is less startled this time.

AL

A key. Some kind of... key. That's all I know.

GIRL'S VOICE

Black. Heavy. Bearing an omega symbol.

AL

What's a - um - I don't know what an omega symbol looks like.

GIRL'S VOICE

Like an open mouth.

AL

Ah. Whu-where -- ?

GIRL'S VOICE

In the house, I imagine.

Al shudders, then lifts his chin to take in:

EXT. KEYHOUSE - WINTER DAY

Keyhouse looms: three or maybe four stories of towering New England carpentry, built in a mix of styles, but mostly Victorian. The windows are dark and the place looks dead.

No. *Undead*.

No one in their right mind would want to go in that place alone.

EXT. WELLHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Al, who is mostly of his right mind, gulps.

GIRL'S VOICE

Find the Omega Key and bring it to me. Help me... and I'll help *you*, Al Grubb. I can make *her* love you... like you deserve to be loved.

Al takes a long, haunted look at the barred window. We have not once glimpsed whoever is speaking from within.

He trudges toward the house.

TITLE: MATHESON, MASSACHUSETTS - 7 MONTHS AGO

INT. THE WINTER STUDY - AFTERNOON

A putty knife slides back and forth, separating a pane of glass from the old gum holding it in the frame. It pops loose, falls inward with a smash. Al reaches a hand through and undoes the clasp locks, pushes the window up, hoists himself inside.

He dumps himself on the floor with a thud. This guy is no cat burglar. A boot catches an end table. A fragile looking lamp slides off it. He catches it before it can smash.

He fixes the table, gets up, looks around. He's in a musty, dusty parlor. A pair of rifles - they look like they hearken back to the revolutionary war - are crossed over the empty hearth. The furniture is covered in plastic, so we can only dimly apprehend the big pieces beneath. No heat in here: we can see his breath.

He pauses before a door to the backyard. It's ornately carved with skeletons and grieving spirits.

HIGH ANGLE SHOWS:

The Ghost Key, hidden on the sill above the door. It's a dull silver key, gothic (and a little goth), with a skull at one end. He doesn't see it.

INT. DIM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Al creeps along a dark corridor. Plastic hangs over one wall. A blurry shape with a horribly white face looms behind it. Al snatches at the plastic to reveal - a mirror, and his own pale face staring back at him. He backs into a wardrobe and when his shoulders thump the doors, they spring open. There's a bushy, hideous bear-mask on the top shelf, and a costume beneath it. The padded claws of a bear swing back and forth. He recoils. For an instant it looks like there's a snarling animal in there.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Al walks into a cobweb, pulls it away from his face. He's missed a huge black spider, which crawls up his cheek, and disappears into his hair.

INT. LANDING - CONTINUOUS

At the landing, Al pauses at a vast grandfather clock, ornate, beautiful, and silent. Not only does it show time, there's a brass readout on the front with rotating numbers to track the date. Right now it's set to 12/31/1999. Yep. That's when it stopped working. We are looking at an 18th century Y2K error.

HIGH ANGLE ON:

A key hidden on top of the clock. It's the timeshift key, a gleaming instrument of brass with a stylized hourglass on the top. No, Al doesn't see this either.

INT. LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Al smirks, studying the face of the clock, then tweaks the hand to perfect midnight and

KABONG KABONG KABONG it comes to life. He reels back, almost goes ass over teakettle back down the steps. Catches himself on the railing.

He mops at the sweat on his brow. As he does, the spider crawls out of his hairline and onto his hand. He sees it scrambling across his knuckles, screams, and flicks it away.

AL

Oh come awwwwwn!

Al may be clueless but he's not entirely unlikable.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door creaks open - horribly. Here is a big bedroom dominated by a four-poster and a large armoire, covered in a sheet of plastic.

Al creeps into the cold, frozen space. A chirp captures his attention and he looks around.

A broken window spills milky daylight. A tree sparrow (quite common in Massachusetts in mid-winter) regards Al from the window sill.

Al stares back, then claps his hands. Flik! The sparrow is gone.

He makes a slow tour of the room, pulls the plastic off the armoire. Begins rifling drawers.

At first there's not much to see. A moldy copy of *Peter Pan* (he chucks it). He inspects a heavy gold chain with a medallion in the center - it looks like a stylized sword, about the size of a pinkie finger. Hm. Puts that aside.

As he shoves a drawer back in, he hears a faint click or rattle. Al frowns, slips the drawer back out, and turns it over.

Taped to the underside is the Grindhouse Key, a long, elegant key with a kind of mouth at the top. Al stares at it with fascination.

AL

Like an open mouth.

Al weighs it in his hand, takes a step toward the bedroom door... then hesitates.

AL (CONT'D)

What do you unlock though? Why's she want you?

He looks around, sees the closet door. He strides to it, tests the knob. It won't open. He considers this, then slides the Grindhouse Key into the lock. There is a momentary noise, a kind of galvanic hum, like the sound of a guitar amp with nothing plugged into it. Al hears it - or maybe *feels* it, a curious sensation of charge in the air - and glances around in a very dim-witted sort of way. He turns the key with a steely clack. The sound snaps off as if he has thrown a switch. Maybe, in a sense, he just did.

Al eases the door back. He stares into an incredible darkness.

AL (CONT'D)

The hell?

He takes a step in. The ground squelches. He frowns, lifts his shoe to see if he stepped in something foul. When he doesn't see anything nasty he takes another step, which is met by another squelch.

AL (CONT'D)

Soft.

A tendril of slime drips from the ceiling and onto his face and shoulder. So much slime. He grimaces and cringes away. It stinks.

What Al doesn't see are the teeth appearing around the doorframe behind him.

These are snaggly, awful, chipped scimitars of bone, coming from all sides. Something groans. Something sighs.

Al spins and sees the giant mouth just inside the door about to clamp shut. He takes a step back towards the bedroom, his gaunt face draining of all color. He begins to scream. **THE DOOR SLAMS**, with so much force the key flies out of the lock, and spins across the floor.

EXT. KEYHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A horrid scream echoes in the overcast day.

EXT. WELLHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Looking through that barred window.

Silence.

Silence.

GIRL'S VOICE

No, *stupid*, wrong key.

(beat)

All rightie then. We'll just have to find someone else.

BOOM!

A CGI door slams as the CREDITS BEGIN. The credit sequence is closely modeled on the art of Gabriel Rodriguez. Fabulous, impossible keys slide into locks and open crooked, terrible doors, to reveal shocking vistas. A thousand black sparrows wheel about in one room. Beyond the next door, shadows leap off the walls, lunge toward us. Beyond the next waits a room spattered in blood, a red Omega symbol painted on the wall. A dog in the center of this room turns his burning red eyes upon us and seems to leer. The final door is, of course, the Ghost Door. A skull key slams into the lock. The door swings open on:

EXT. SONOMA VALLEY - SUMMER DAY

A little boy stares into the camera. This is BODE LOCKE, 7, weedy, wide-eyed, and weird. His face is grave.

BODE

Tyler? Let's play serious questions. I've got a good one.

(MORE)

BODE (CONT'D)

Serious question: would you rather
be thirty feet tall or have wings?

He's talking to a monster of a boy, TYLER LOCKE, 17. Tyler is a big hulking kid with an attitude. He looks like a bully. He looks like the bad guy.

He's the good guy. He sprawls in ferns, close to the side of a pond. He has the brim of his shitty old baseball cap pulled down over his eyes and his phone on his chest. Bonus points if its an Oakland A's cap, because that big stylized A will someday come to mean something. There's an ancient fly fishing rod near to hand.

TYLER

I'd rather have wifi.

BODE

That wasn't one of the choices. Do you want to be big or do you want to have wings? *Serious question.*

TYLER

I guess I'd like to be huge. Then I could take an enormous dump on the summer house and we'd have to go back to San Francisco where there's something to do.

KINSEY (O.S.)

You don't need to take a giant turd to ruin vacation. You just need to *act* like one. Which is pretty much all you've done for three days.

TYLER

God. It's only been three days.

He makes his hand into a pretend gun, puts his finger in his open mouth, pulls the trigger.

KINSEY LOCKE has come down a grassy hill to stand in this green glade, looking upon her brothers. Kinsey is 15 and has done something groovy and alternative with her hair. She's spacey, sandaled, and probably a year away from kissing some dude named Summer at Coachella. Her only ornamentation is a handsome gold bracelet, elaborately etched, and a little too big for her wrist.

KINSEY

I pick wings, Bode. As long as I can use them to get off the ground.

(MORE)

KINSEY (CONT'D)

I don't want to be like one of those fat flightless birds. Like a turkey. Or an emu. Do emus fly?

TYLER

Kinsey. Serious question. French Club went to Saint-Tropez for six weeks. How much ass do you think I'd be getting if I went with them?

KINSEY

You're not even taking French. You're in Latin.

TYLER

See how I can't catch a break?

KINSEY

Dad says it's your turn to paint.

Tyler sits up, muscles shifting under his white tee. Has he really been studying Latin? Looks like he studies smashing bricks with his fists. You're not casting Captain America here. You're casting the Hulk.

He pushes the brim of his hat back.

TYLER

Serious question. Who would you be if you could be anyone but you?

Kinsey seems to give it real thought.

KINSEY

Someone who isn't afraid of anything. Someone with a kind of inner lightness, someone in touch with -

TYLER

Oh forget it. Bode, who would you be if you could be someone else?

BODE

Maybe Houdini? Like an escape artist? So I could get out of straight jackets and chains and really deep holes and stuff.

TYLER

Good answer. You figure out how to escape a deep hole, you let me know. I could use some tips.

And for a moment he almost seems like a human being.

KINSEY

Come on. Dad said he wants you
back, with a brush in your hand,
nao.

TYLER

Please someone kill me.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

And we're looking into the back of a pick-up truck, at the face of a dead man. The corpse appears about fifty and his features are weathered and brutal. He died screaming.

A hand reaches past him to grasp a square headed mallet, then pauses to flick a canvas tarp over the dead man.

SAM LESSER, 17, claps shut the tailgate of a rusting, grimy pick-up. Sam has the dull, dead eyes and inoffensive features of your average school shooter. He swings the mallet in one hand. With his other he reaches behind him and flips his tee down to hide the .357 stuck in the waistband of his jeans. There's a square of white gauze on the inside of his right arm, taped down to cover something.

EXT. LOCKE FAMILY SUMMER HOUSE - DAY

Sam walks up the meandering dirt road toward a pleasant, unpretentious lake house. High grass sways on either side of the road.

Title: Sonoma Valley - Now

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

RENDELL LOCKE runs a roller brush up the back of the house. A ladder reaches toward the roof. Some cans of paint are stacked nearby. Bulkhead doors open into the cellar. Basically: this is the place Gabriel Rodriguez showed us in the first issue of *Welcome to Lovecraft*.

Rendell is obviously Tyler's father - he shares Tyler's mass and physical self-assurance. He's not quite 50 and during the school year he's a guidance counselor... one the kids actually like. At the moment, though, he isn't a terribly friendly presence. He's angry, clenching his jaw, shooting dark looks back down the hill.

A window opens and NINA LOCKE leans out, elbows on the sill. She's a clever, tough woman, almost fifty herself, but still plenty capable of turning a head. Nina has a just-one-of-the-guys air about her... a quality that has served her well, both as a mother and in her work with contractors and builders (she's an architect). She's also a problem drinker, well on the way to full-blown alcoholism; it's a family tradition. She has a glass of wine now.

NINA
Kids are gone?

RENDELL
They are... And who knows if they're ever coming back.

NINA
Good. Wanna fool around?

He scratches behind one ear, thinking it over. Still mad.

NINA (CONT'D)
Or you can stay out here and finish giving this house the angriest paint job of all time. He's a teenager. He's *supposed* to be bitter and sulky. What's your excuse?

He shakes his head at himself.

RENDELL
I got paint on my hands.

NINA
So what? You can leave a big white handprint on my butt.
(beat)
Do you want to be a guy who worries about getting a little paint on his wife, or do you want to be laid?

RENDELL
We playing serious questions now?

Before she can reply -

INT. LOCKE FAMILY SUMMER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

- someone knocks on the front door. We're with Nina, leaning out the window, but now she draws herself into the house, and looks across the central room.

NINA
I *thought* I heard a truck but -

EXT. LOCKE FAMILY SUMMER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She sticks her head back out the window.

NINA
- sorry. Someone at the door.
Probably the guys delivering the
flagstones. Looks like we're out of
luck.

She leans out for a kiss. Then she pulls herself back in,
shuts the window, and is gone.

INT. LOCKE FAMILY SUMMER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Nina puts her half finished glass of wine down on a sideboard
by some rolled up architectural designs. Hesitates. Then -
with the faintest flicker of guilt - picks her goblet up and
drinks and drinks, swallowing the rest in three big gulps.
She sets the glass down, touches her mouth with one hand,
already looks unhappy with herself.

Another knock at the door.

NINA
Coming!

EXT. LOCKE FAMILY SUMMER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

And Sam's fist is raised to knock again when Nina pulls the
door open half a foot.

He leans in the door, his right hand against the wall of the
house where she can't see it. We can't see it either. Not at
first.

Nina is obviously confused, unsure who this is.

NINA
Hello?

SAM
Miss Locke? Sam Lesser. I know Ty.

NINA
Oh. Ah.

SAM

From school? Mr. Locke was my
guidance counselor.

We draw back. He's got the mallet in the hand she can't see.
Her gaze is directed at the white gauze on his left forearm.

NINA

Is your arm all right?

SAM

I got some ink done.

NINA

What brings you? You're a long way
from Frisco.

SAM

I drove up with my Dad. He's in the
truck. Is Mr. Locke here? I was
hoping to see him for a minute.

Nina frowns and turns her head.

NINA

Rendell? You come here?

Sam brings the hammer down on the side of her head with a
bony thud. She staggers into the house. He catches her in the
back of the head with another stroke. So far these are
glancing blows, but if he connects hard enough, he'll crush
her skull in.

Her hand flails, strikes her wine glass. It hits the floor
with a tuneful smash. She comes down right after it, lands on
all fours.

Sam kicks her in the side, takes her right off her hands and
knees. His expression is untroubled. He moves quickly past
her toward the back door, which is beginning to open.

Rendell comes in, wiping his hands on a rag. By the time he
looks up, Sam has drawn the pistol from the back of his pants
and stuck it in his face.

SAM

If you don't want me to kill your
wife in front of you, you're going
to tell me what I want to know.
You're going to tell me where to
find what I want.

EXT. LOCKE FAMILY SUMMER HOUSE - DAY

Dragonflies swirl above golden grass.

Kinsey and Tyler and Bode make their way up the hill from the woods. Tyler carries his fishing rod.

BODE

Dad told me a *great* knock knock.

KINSEY

What about you, Ty? If you could be anyone else -

TYLER

Yes, please. Anyone else.

KINSEY

Yeah. I can see that. I'd hate being you too.

BODE

Wanna hear a good knock knock?

TYLER

Bode's going to tell us a knock knock now. Just when the day couldn't get any better.

They're nearly to the back of the house.

BODE

Knock knock.

KINSEY

Who's there?

BODE

Bang!

KINSEY

Bang who?

Bode, grinning hugely, opens his mouth to reply, when -

BLAM.

And. Time. Goes. Slow.

Slow and quiet. We might almost be in a silent movie.

Tyler's eyes widen and widen more. He was almost to the back door.

Now he takes two last steps and stares in the window, the one his parents were kissing through. Their last kiss, as it happens.

INT. LOCKE FAMILY SUMMER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tyler stares in at us. We begin to draw away. Sam has his back to us. He's smoothing the gauze down against his arm. It looks like it was almost pulled free, but he's using his thumb to press the tape back into place, covering whatever symbol is there. A gray thread of smoke unspools from the gun in his right hand.

We continue to slide back to show Rendell Locke on his face. The back of his head is blown away. There's blood on the wall, blood on the ceiling.

SAM

That's too bad. Now I'm going to have to do this the hard way.

EXT. LOCKE FAMILY SUMMER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ty takes a step back. Another. He's waving a hand toward Kinsey, swiping for her to go, to run. Kinsey has frozen, holding Bode's hand, her face pale, rigid with shock. Bode just seems confused.

Ty isn't looking where he's going and his heels hit one of the cans of paint. It goes over with a clang. He topples into the grass with a soft, audible thump.

INT. LOCKE FAMILY SUMMER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

And Sam's head snaps around to stare with a kind of hungry fascination at the window.

EXT. LOCKE FAMILY SUMMER HOUSE - DAY

Tyler sprawls in the grass, paint glubbing out of the can. He stares wildly around at Kinsey and Bode, holding hands a few feet away.

INT. LOCKE FAMILY SUMMER HOUSE - DAY

Sam reaches the door, begins to open it -

- and Nina Locke hits him from behind, slams him into the wood.

NINA

Run! All of you run!

But Nina has a skull fracture and is blind from the blood in her face and while Sam is not a particularly imposing young man, he's sinewy and cranked up and this isn't going to end well for her. He spins. They struggle for the gun. It goes off next to Nina's ear. The world fills with drone.

She staggers. Her heels strike Rendell's body. The gun blams again, and a slug nicks her leg with a juicy blurt of gore. She goes down.

Sam wheels around, staggers through the back door into the bright of day.

EXT. LOCKE FAMILY SUMMER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He reels off the stone stoop, glances wildly around. Footprints in fresh white paint lead to the open cellar bulkhead.

Sam takes a step toward it - then hears a sharp inhalation and looks around.

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Kinsey and Bode are on the steeply pitched roof, hiding behind a chimney. We can see over the edge of the roof to Sam Lesser, turning this way and that, hunting for them.

Kinsey has a hand clapped over Bode's mouth, and is squeezing him so tightly she must be hurting him. His eyes are a little frantic.

KINSEY

Sh. Sh.

She's shaking.

Sam steps toward the house and disappears somewhere under the eaves.

CLOSE ON KINSEY AND BODE

Bode's gaze is wide and wondering. Kinsey is close to tears. After a moment, Bode twists his head and gets his mouth free of the hand clamped over it.

BODE
(whisper)
Can't breathe.

KINSEY
Sh.

BODE
(whisper)
I think he's gone.

The siblings listen intently to the hot, drowsing afternoon.
Insects thrum.

One moment passes. Another.

BODE (CONT'D)
(whisper)
Call the police.

Kinsey slides him out of her lap to get at her phone. She wiggles it out of her pocket. She taps 9 - 1 -

SAM
Hey, Kinsey.

Sam's head pops up over the edge of the roof. He's already most of the way up the ladder. He grins.

Kinsey screams, bobbles the phone. It slips out of her hand and slides across the tar paper shingle - and right into Sam's hand. He climbs another rung. Is very close to pulling himself up on the roof.

SAM (CONT'D)
I was hoping your Dad would answer some questions, but he wasn't being nice, and I had to shoot him. Do you think your Mom will answer questions to keep me from beating in your pretty little face? I shot her too, but she hasn't bled to death. Not yet.

Kinsey is frozen in terror. Sam climbs another rung.

Bode moves, slides straight down across the roof, hits the ladder with his feet and -

- Sam's eyes fly open wide. The ladder tilts away. For one absurd, horrible moment, it wavers back and forth... then it goes down, taking him with it.

Bode is still sliding, skids over the edge, and catches the gutter before he can fall.

EXT. THE GROUND - CONTINUOUS

Sam hits, a nasty, off-balance landing, rolls, winds up on his back. The gun flies out of his hand. He lies there dazed.

Bode swings from the gutter, eighteen feet above. Sam stares at him, bewildered.

EXT. THE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Bode hangs. His eyes plead. Kinsey can't move.

Bode grabs some tar paper tiles, to pull himself up. They tear loose, flap out of his hand.

EXT. THE GROUND - CONTINUOUS

Sam begins to crawl for his gun.

EXT. THE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

The gutter begins to peel away from the side of the roof.

Kinsey breaks from her paralysis at last. She slides headfirst on her stomach, down the steep incline of the roof, grabs Bode's hands. The gutter gives way. His weight pulls her further, until the top quarter of her body is hanging over the side. She catches the chimney with one foot to hold herself in place. She begins to pull him up.

EXT. THE GROUND - CONTINUOUS

Sam finds the gun, stands, but is turned around the wrong way, is still dizzy.

He spins and looks up at the roof, just as Kinsey pulls Bode up and out of sight. He points the gun at the chimney but doesn't fire.

SAM

Where are you going to go? What do you think you're going to do? You think I can't get you up there? You think -

Something crashes in the basement. His head snaps around. He stares at the open basement doors. His lunatic smile reemerges.

SAM (CONT'D)

Tell you what, Kinsey. You stay there. I'm going to check in with Tyler. See what your Mom will tell me to keep from beating in *his* face.

INT. THE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

We stare up the old, dusty, stone steps, to the bright day beyond.

Sam appears in the entrance with the gun.

SAM

Tyler? Hey, man. How's your summer going so far?

From Sam's P.O.V. we can see white footprints leading down into the darkness. Sam begins to follow them.

The cellar is a maze of cement pillars (the cement crumbling away to show the old stone beneath), pipes, and the sort of antique cast-offs that decorate the junk shops in horror movies.

Sam moves past a pile of bricks, half-hidden under a tarp, and a pyramid of paint cans.

INT. DEEP IN THE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

We can see Sam in the distance, at the far side of the room. A desperate Tyler crawls behind a half complete stone wall, moving from left to right. One sneaker makes a soft tacky sound every time it comes off the floor, leaving visible paint marks behind, CHRIST, doesn't he know he's leaving a trail that leads right to him??

BACK TO:

SAM.

Who moves under a cobwebby light bulb, following the footprints. He hears Tyler gasp somewhere. The sound gives him pause. He smiles, continues on.

He hesitates again next to some shelving. A steel serving tray is tilted against the wall. The shining, reflective surface is warped, battered, and stained with some kind of mold. Sam considers a diseased and crooked reflection of his own face.

SAM

Tyler. Why are you hiding? I don't want to hurt you. I know it's hard to believe, but I don't.

Sam comes around a corner, sweeps the gun toward where he expects to see Tyler. No one there... but there's a shape under a ratty comforter. He moves towards it, snaps it aside. A hideous, filthy Easter Bunny, the size of a small child.

Sam moves on, following the footprints. They make it so easy, he's trying not to laugh.

SAM (CONT'D)

I want to help you. I did this for you. Remember? We talked about it that time. I said I wanted to kill my dad, and you said -

The footprints lead into a dead end. Sam slows, senses the moment of confrontation is almost upon him.

SAM (CONT'D)

- *you know* what you said. That was a special moment. I felt a connection. I felt like -

Sam comes around the final corner, walks two more steps, following the footprints... and then stops. There's a sneaker lying there. A sneaker covered in paint. He frowns.

Tyler rises behind him from the darkness. He's got a brick in his hand.

Sam wheels, but Tyler is already throwing himself at him. He hits Sam hard, drives him back into a pile of junk. A steel shelf rocks, dumps a collection of dusty relics on Tyler's head. Sam, frantic, kicks his way free, scrambles clear, and starts shooting.

Tyler is already rising, spinning, and the bullet hits old stone to the right of him. Spow! Pulverized rock erupts in a white gush.

Sam is two yards away. Tyler throws the brick. It hits Sam in the side of the head with a crunch of bone and a spray of blood. He reels back into a pillar. The brick falls at his feet.

He fires - again, again, again - blinded by the sheet of blood in his eyes. Tyler gets low and runs... right at him. He snatches the brick off the ground as he reaches the battered but still dangerous Sam Lesser. He drives his knee into Sam's gut, forcing all the air out of him. Sam collapses and then Tyler falls on him with the brick. Hitting him in the face.

We draw back. The brick falls again. Then another time. Tyler is out of his mind. There's blood all over his shirt.

Close on the brick as it rises once more, soaked in blood - and falls right toward us.

CRUNCH.

SLAM TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. BLACK DOOR - DAY

A hand reaches into frame to push this vestibule door back and reveal the vaulted interior of the San Francisco Columbarium. Mourners file past in black suits and somber silks.

We follow the grieving crowd into this sunlit place of worship.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO COLUMBARIUM - DAY

Tyler gazes straight at us. Blinks. This is like our very first shot of Bode, a close-up that fills the frame. Tyler looks washed-out, sick, and dazed.

Pull back to reveal he's sitting on a pew. Kinsey sits to his right. She's having trouble breathing, weeping in a desperate, stunned kind of way. Nina is to her right, one arm around her daughter, the other clutching Bode to her side. Bode sobs the way only a small child can. Nina struggles not to weep helplessly herself. Scarves partially cover the bandages on her head. All of them are dressed for the occasion.

Tyler might be somewhere else.

CUT TO:

A dark red urn, glossy and beautiful, standing on black silk.

BACK TO:

Tyler, who sits with his weeping family, only now he's wearing what he wore the day of the confrontation. He's in a ratty T-shirt, spattered with blood. He clutches a brick to his jeans. His expression hasn't changed.

A man in the row behind him shuffles into view and gives Ty's shoulder a comforting squeeze. We can't see his face, but it's Rendell, wearing what he wore the day he was killed, the collar of his tee soaked in blood.

BACK TO:

The urn.

AND TO:

Tyler, dressed once more in his suit with the skinny tie. Someone is still giving his shoulder that comforting squeeze, but it isn't Rendell - it's a willowy, handsome fellow in his early forties. DUNCAN LOCKE settles into the pew immediately behind Tyler. We'll be seeing more of him soon.

A woman in billowy mourning silks steps to the podium. She smiles sympathetically out at us. This lady is here to give a eulogy; she's not a priest, but a PROFESSOR.

THE PROFESSOR

Knock-knock.

Laughter.

Nina and Bode have brought themselves under control. Kinsey is trying, but her breath is still coming quick and fast. Her trembling hand won't leave her gold bracelet alone. She's always playing with it, turning it restlessly. A perceptive viewer might notice Tyler taking her hand and squeezing it... a quiet act of empathy that calms her somewhat.

Bode wipes the tears from his cheeks.

BODE

(calls out)

Who's there?

THE PROFESSOR

Annie.

BODE

(whispers to Nina)

I know this one.

VOICES IN THE CROWD

Annie Who?

THE PROFESSOR

Annie one home? I wanna come in!

Laughter.

THE PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

My friend and colleague, Rendell Locke, claimed he knew a hundred and forty-seven knock-knock jokes. Sometimes, certain kids, kids he cared about, would do something dumb. Kids he was worried would drift off track. To teach them a lesson, he'd make them stay after school and he wouldn't let them leave until he had told them every single one. And those kids never ever got another detention. That, *baby*, is tough love.

(pauses while the crowd laughs)

Rendell Locke had a calling. He was a guidance counselor for almost twenty-five years. He opened a thousand doors for a thousand lost kids. He was just as excited as they were to see what was waiting for them on the other side.

BACK TO:

Tyler's blank face.

CUT TO:

The podium. Only the professor is gone. Sam stands there instead, his face torn and shattered, blood dripping from his mouth. He grins crookedly and tosses us a wink.

INT. A HANDSOME BROWNSTONE - DUSK

A large reception has gathered for punch and snacks after the funeral. Bode Locke sits under a long table, unnoticed, staring with wide eyes at the gathered crowd. Then he flops on his belly and begins to draw on some sheets of paper with crayons.

INT. THE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

We're in the corridor just beyond the living room. Tyler sits on a bench against the wall, in his suit, with a sweating glass of lemonade.

A JOCK in a too-tight dark suit approaches, wiping sweaty palms on his trousers. He stands uncomfortably beside Tyler for a bit, then sits down. Ty never looks at him.

JOCK

I talked to your mom. She seems good. I was worried after the knocks she took she might be messed up, but she sounded okay.

(mood lifts)

She made out better than Lesser, huh? *Damn*, dude. I heard you broke his face like an eggshell. You gotta bring some of that psycho energy onto the field. This team needs to tap into some animal savagery if we want a winning record this year.

(mood collapses)

Anyway. I'm here for you, dude. We're all here for you.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

An older couple traps Nina in one corner of the parlor. They're dressed for an opera in Romania, and have the stiff, starched look of royalty. The older man has a box under one arm, containing some framed pictures and what looks like a DVD case, among other items.

ANCIENT FEMALE GUEST

Nina, I went around the lodge and I gathered some things up I thought you might want. Personal items.

NINA

Thank you. That's very kind of you.

Nina takes a big swallow of wine. She rests her weight on an orthopedic cane.

ANCIENT FEMALE GUEST

Now Nina. I want to talk to you about someone very important. Someone who was there that day. At that lodge.

NINA

Someone... who was there... the day of the murder?

ANCIENT FEMALE GUEST

Yes. Someone you didn't see.

NINA

Who?

Short of breath. Alarmed.

ANCIENT FEMALE GUEST

Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ was
there with your children and you.

Nina dashes off the rest of her wine and looks around for an escape route. Her gaze settles on Bode, scribbling under the table laid out with the punch and the funeral meats.

ANCIENT MALE GUEST

Nina? It's not my place, but what
kind of painkillers are you taking?
You might want to be careful mixing
wine and opioids, there's -

ANCIENT FEMALE GUEST

When I was thirty-nine, I slipped
in the bath-tub and knocked myself
unconscious. I should've drowned.
If I was alone, I *would've* drowned.
But I didn't. Because Jesus Christ
was with me the whole time. The
doctors said I was underwater for
eleven minutes. I should've died.
But Jesus, he was like a *snorkel*, a
snorkel of the soul and -

A droning sound begins to rise. Nina smiles stiffly, trying to be polite, but it's getting hard to hear them. She has eight staples in her skull and has suffered punishing migraines every day since the afternoon of the slaughter.

NINA

I want to hear *all* about this, but
if you could - one moment?

Holding up a finger as she retreats and then slips away into the crowd.

INT. THE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tyler sits alone, his jock pal gone.

A wormy boy, goth pale, black fingernails, wanders over and plops down beside him. Ty doesn't look at his cousin, AARON.

AARON

He killed your Dad and his. I guess
he had Daddy issues, huh?

(MORE)

AARON (CONT'D)

(beat)

This is crazy, man. It's all over Facebook. You were trending. Well. You know. Not *you*. Sam Lesser. But it's kind of the same thing.

TYLER

The same thing.

Aaron looks at him curiously but Tyler pays him no mind.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kinsey moves silently through a darkened bedroom. This is where her parents slept. The sound of the party is muted, distant.

She looks in the closet, moves her hands over her father's shirts. Steps to the dresser and digs out a big tee-shirt, a Pizza Jack's Little League shirt. She holds it to her face and as she does, dissolves into sweet silent tears. Turning slowly with it. Covering her whole face with it. We move in and in until the shirt fills the frame... and draw back... and now Rendell Locke is wearing it, and turning slowly with an 11-year-old girl in his arms. 11-YEAR-OLD KINSEY wears her baseball uniform, ball cap on backwards, and is hugging him tightly around the neck in the dark bedroom. They turn and turn and we draw close in to the shirt and when we draw out he's gone and present-day Kinsey sits down on the floor, with her back to the bed, and holds the shirt in her lap.

INT. THE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tyler sits with eyes closed, head bowed in thought. The silence is "awesome" in a very old sense of that word.

Sam Lesser steps into frame and sits down beside him. He wears the same filthy, blood-spattered shirt we last saw him in, and his face is a gruesome ruin, flesh hanging in tatters. He doesn't seem too upset.

SAM

How long till you think they all know what we talked about? What we agreed on?

CLOSE ON:

Tyler's face. He lifts his chin and stares at us with haunted, hopeless eyes.

PULL BACK:

To show Tyler alone on the bench once more. The funeral reception continues in the next room. Murmurs, the clink of ice in glasses. Duncan Locke drifts over, cool and composed in a lightweight suit appropriate for mourning.

DUNCAN

Okay if your uncle sits down with you?

Tyler doesn't answer. Duncan takes this as permission.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

This is almost done. The vultures gotta go home soon. Your Mom saw you sitting alone. She was wondering if you want anything.

TYLER

I want to go.

DUNCAN

Yeah? Want to get out of here for a few minutes? We could grab burgers or something. I could go for In-and-Out.

TYLER

Not for a few minutes. I mean go and not come back. I don't want to be here anymore, Duncan. Not in this house. Not at that school.

Duncan puts a hand on his back, studies him intently.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Sam went to that school. It's infected.

INT. UNDER THE TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Nina crawls under the table to be next to Bode.

NINA

What'cha drawing, kid?

BODE

Stuff.

She looks at the sheet of paper which shows a furiously scowling giant, about to step on a figure the size of an ant.

NINA

Is that Tyler? He's big. Who's that?

BODE

The guy who shot Dad. Tyler is going to step on him.

Nina strokes Bode's back.

NINA

I think your big brother already stepped on him.

BODE

Not hard enough.

Nina pauses, her hand still on his back.

EXT. PINBOROUGH JUVENILE DETENTION CENTER - DAY

A sprawling estate of sandstone, cedar, and brick looms on the far side of a twelve-foot high chain link fence. If not for the barbed wire, and the sign that says **PINBOROUGH JUVENILE DETENTION - DO NOT PICK-UP HITCH-HIKERS**, we might be gazing upon a junior high.

INT. A CELL - DAY

We're looking into a stainless steel sink, filled almost to the brim. A bead of water builds up on the chrome faucet and falls with a *plink*, producing a series of ripples. The ripples smooth out to reveal a reflection: Sam Lesser.

Only now his face is horribly, terribly disfigured. Looks like a baseball, there are so many stitches in it.

SAM

Help me. I know you're there. I know you can hear me.

Sam stands alone in his cell. This is not a room for an adult inmate in a maximum security prison: the door is metal, but the walls are drywall, not cinderblock, and there's a carpet. He's got on a standard issue pumpkin colored jumpsuit. He grips the sink, rocking back and forth.

There is a loud bang and his door unlocks and swings open. It opens onto a common room, not a cement corridor. Again - this is a place for teens, not hardened grown-ups. Later, this will be significant. A prison would never so easily burn to the ground.

A recorded voice speaks.

RECORDING

Residents will exit their room and line up for role. Do not loiter in your room.

Sam, frustrated, rocks back and forth.

SAM

I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR ME!

A guard wandering by thumps his fist on the doorframe. This is OFFICER BRUNT.

BRUNT

Lesser. Get your scrawny ass in the common room for role call.

Sam stares into his full sink for a moment longer then turns and steps into the corridor and is gone.

ON THE FULL SINK

Another drop *plinks* into the now glassy surface of water. Ripples spread slowly out.

But *wait-a-fuckin-minute*. What was that? The water is still distorted but for a moment we could glimpse what seemed like the reflection of a face. Which is impossible, because Sam is in the hall.

EXT. CAUSEWAY - DAY

A car travels across a slender causeway with the ocean on either side. A billboard shows a smiling blonde on an inflatable lounge chair - obvious *Jaws* homage. WELCOME TO MATHESON! EST. 1741. The car is followed by a moving truck.

INT. CAR - DAY

Bode and Kinsey occupy the backseat. Ty shares the front with his mother. Ty's head lolls against the passenger side window. He gazes out into the passing town, which zips by in dreamy, hazy glimpses.

Wild summer grass blows along the margin of the beach. A train car converted into a walk-up food stand sits on the dunes; old men in fishing hats queue for fried clams. A lighthouse, like a lonely birthday candle, stands on a rock in the bay. Gulls hover in the thermals.

Kinsey has turned all the way around in her seat and gazes at the world slipping past them, as they leave the beach behind. The road winds past the little world of Matheson Academy, a place of green knolls, ancient oaks, and 18th century brick. She smiles wistfully at the sight of a squad of girls running in Matheson track suits.

KINSEY

Oh, hey, people run here.

TYLER

Oh, hey. People have feet here.

Bode fools with a couple old school G.I. Joes, the ones that are twelve inches tall. The soldier in his left hand is a grunt; the figure in his right is a ninja.

BODE

(speaking for the grunt)

Recon, what's your report?

(speaking for the ninja)

Secluded island base. Only one way in, commander.

EXT. DOWNTOWN

A mentally impaired teenager of about nineteen stands on the street corner with a G.I. Joe almost identical to Bode's. This is RUFUS WHEDON. He wears glasses and a hearing aid. His mother ELLIE might just be visible through the window of the grocery store behind him. Both of these characters figure prominently in the episodes to come.

The car with the Lockes in it draws up to the curb. We go back and forth now, cutting between Bode in the backseat and Rufus on the curb.

Bode spies Rufus and Rufus's action figure. He grins, holds up his soldier, waggles it.

Rufus is an expressionless boy for the most part, but he stiffens at the sight of Bode's Joe. He turns his own figure around to face Bode's action figure with one hand. His other hand rises in a salute.

Bode tosses off a salute in return, smiling in a faintly mystified way. The car pulls out and leaves Rufus behind.

At last, Nina steers through a pair of ornate and gothic gates and up a long hill, through pine and elm. The house that awaits at the top of the rise is gradually revealed to them.

Do you remember the beginning of *The Haunting of Hill House*? "Hill House, not sane, stood by itself against its hills, holding darkness within."

Keyhouse looms. Not sane, it stands against the cold blue of the sky, holding its darkness within.

EXT. KEYHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The two vehicles park in the circular drive before the enormous front doors.

The family piles out of the car, Nina moving slow on her crutch.

Bode trots a few steps away and then freezes, gapping at the house in wonder.

BODE

Mom! Is all this ours?

Nina crutches over to stand behind him.

NINA

Yep. Keyhouse.

BODE

Wow. We have a house with a *name*.

Tyler joins them.

TYLER

It's bigger than I remember. Also a little more Norman Bates.

Kinsey falls in with them.

KINSEY

When was the last time we were here?

NINA

I dunno. I'm not sure Bode was even born then. Family reunion, ten years ago maybe? Your Dad didn't like... going home. It reminded him of things he didn't like to think about, I guess.

BODE

I love it! Are we rich?

NINA

I don't know if I'd say rich so much as very lucky, kid.

KINSEY

If this summer is what lucky looks like, I'd hate to see unlucky.

Nina remembers why they've moved and what they've been through and her momentary smile fades. She swats Bode on the butt.

NINA

Go on, buddy. Run around. Everyone can stretch their legs and explore while I make sammidges. Unpacking can wait until after we eat.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

The door opens and BRIAN ROGAN steps into it. Brian is elegant, middle-aged, dressed to help with the moving. He's Duncan's lover, and a close friend to all the other Lockes.

NINA

Yo! Brian!

BRIAN

Pretty musty in there. I opened some windows.

NINA

Forget opening windows - did you open some wine?

BRIAN

Got a nice Sancerre and some fancy crap we can put on crackers.

First Nina, then Duncan take a turn embracing him. Bode flashes past into the house. Kinsey pauses at the bottom of the steps, turns her head. Tyler is wandering away, around the edge of the house.

INT. MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

Bode plunges into the main hall, then pauses, taking it in. Keyhouse is, truly, a beautiful old wreck: dark boiserie, polished mahogany bannisters, a chandelier fit for RMS Titanic. First one bird, then another, flutters through, the sound of beating wings echoing off the vaulted ceiling.

BODE

Whoa! Mom! Mom, we got birds in the house!

Nina enters behind him, followed by the others... all except Kinsey and Ty.

BRIAN

I've seen raccoon tracks too.

NINA

Yay! We own a zoo!

BODE

I hope there's bats!

NINA

Yeeeah. Wow. I think we've all got our fingers crossed for bats. Why don't you see if you can find the fish? I seem to vaguely remember there's a pool full of koi behind the house.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Bees hum among bushy heaps of pastel phlox and bunches of purple yarrow. A decapitated stone nude stands in a mossy fountain.

Tyler patrols the edge of the garden. Kinsey creeps up behind him.

KINSEY

Hey. What are you doing?

TYLER

There's an ocean somewhere back here.

He tears away some brambles to reveal a rusting gate. Tyler boots it open. It springs ajar with a scream and a spray of rust. They pass through and out of shot.

CLOSE ON:

A stone head lying in the weeds. A fat caterpillar climbs across a marble cheek; blind white eyes stare idiotically into eternity.

EXT. CLIFF VIEW - DAY

Kinsey and Tyler emerge at a stunning view of the Atlantic: whitecaps, sailboats and a lighthouse, standing alone on an acre of rock.

KINSEY

Whoa.

The wind blows her hair back from her face. Tyler takes it in with his usual air of don't-give-a-fuck.

KINSEY (CONT'D)

It's pretty. You ever think it's weird our family owns this house and doesn't use it?

TYLER

Mom's family is West Coast.

KINSEY

Mom's family is all drunks.

TYLER

Not all of them.

KINSEY

All of them. Mom too. "Forget opening windows - did you open some wine!?! " Hic! I think she's overdoing the pain pills too.

TYLER

You follow me out here just to cheer me up?

KINSEY

Sorry.

(beat)

Hey, Ty? Serious question: You okay? I mean - I know none of us are okay. But - you seem - really far away. Too far away.

(beat)

(MORE)

KINSEY (CONT'D)

I know you and Dad were fighting a lot right before - but you know how much he loved you, right? You know how happy you made him?

TYLER

I know whatever I was to him - I wasn't worth it.

KINSEY

(hushed)

That's not true.

He looks away. Sits down on the cliff. A narrow flight of stone steps lead to a little cove.

She sits with him.

KINSEY (CONT'D)

You know what's stupid? When we came out here and I saw the water - the first thing I thought was I should take a picture and text it to Dad. That he'd really like this. Is that morbid?

TYLER

Seriously.

She snort-sobs.

TYLER (CONT'D)

You want to, I won't tell.

She looks at him in surprise and a dawning relief.

EXT. MOVING TRUCK - DAY

Nina stands at the back end of the moving truck, collecting some boxes. A glass of white wine sits on the bumper.

A text message tone chimes, a long way off. She frowns, checks her own phone. Nothing: the screen is blank. Another text message sound. It's somewhere in the truck.

She effortfully climbs in and hunts around. While she's searching we hear another text message gong. At last she spies a box marked in Sharpie: RENDELL.

Nina gently opens the flap. She stirs through some books, some clothes, and comes up with his cell phone. She taps the code to unlock it and stares at the screen. A smile begins to spread across her face. She blinks at tears.

ON THE PHONE:

Sunny selfies of Kinsey and Tyler on the cliff, ocean in the background. Two or three of them. In one they're just looking happy. In another they're clowning around, pulling goofy faces. A text message blips in: LOVE YOU, DAD. MISS YOU.

EXT. TRUCK - DAY

Nina walks to the bumper, sits down, hugs the phone to her chest. Looks at the sky with something very like gratitude.

After a moment - seeming a little lighter - she tucks Rendell's phone in her pocket, collects up a stack of boxes, sets her glass of wine on top, and turns to the house.

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - LATER

Nina walks into a bedroom with that pile of boxes and precariously balanced glass of white.

Wait. Have we been here before? We have. When we last saw this room, Al Grubb entered the closet, and disappeared from this world forever.

Nina crosses to the unmade bed... and kicks the Grindhouse Key on the floor. It skids across the boards with a little ringing sound and disappears under the bed. Nina looks down at her feet, trying to see what she kicked, doesn't spot it, and shrugs.

Nina finds the closet door and twists the knob without putting down her boxes. She steps into an incredible darkness. Ohjesus. OH JESUS. She stands there beyond the threshold for an agonizing moment...

... then finds the hanging chain and pulls the light on. Without the key, it's just a closet.

Duncan enters behind Nina, drops some boxes in a chair. He has a plate of cheeses and salamis and crackers. Nina wanders out to snack with him.

NINA

Did you and Brian ever talk about living here?

DUNCAN

Too big for just the two of us. Too far from the Cape. Too hard to keep up.

(MORE)

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

I didn't want to be stuck in
Keyhouse anymore than my brother
did.

NINA

Why not sell?

DUNCAN

It's been in the family since the
Revolution. That's a lot of history
to walk away from. I dunno. It
would be like - like -

NINA

Selling your childhood?

Duncan hugs himself, looks unaccountably cold.

DUNCAN

More like selling my own shadow.
Something that's so attached to
you, you hardly even think about
it.

(beat)

Sorry about the wildlife
infestation. Old Candice Whedon was
working as a caretaker till last
November, but she died. Um. Here
actually.

NINA

In the house?

DUNCAN

No! But she used the steps down to
the beach and had a horrible fall.
Really sad. It was right before her
birthday. She was just about to
turn a hundred and seventy two,
which I believe she planned to
celebrate by drowning a bag full of
kittens.

NINA

I'm so sorry I didn't get to meet
her.

DUNCAN

She was a lovely part of my
childhood. I still remember the
time she asked me, with a twinkle
in her eye, if I knew I talked like
a smart-ass fag.

(MORE)

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

Her grandson Rufus has been keeping up the grounds for a couple bucks. He's, uh, challenged, poor kid.

They're quiet for a moment.

NINA

Do you think this was the right thing to do? Pull the kids out of their old lives? Move them out here? New town. New school.

DUNCAN

I do. The Academy is great. And they won't be forced to go there without knowing anyone. The school has a whole menu of summer programs: track, paddleboarding, fencing. They'll meet other kids transferring in, foreign exchange kids, some of the day students. It'll keep 'em busy, and by the time school starts for real they'll have plenty of friends. You made the right choice for them.

NINA

I didn't do it just for them.

DUNCAN

It's the right choice for you too. I can stay all summer. Help you get settled in. I can draw comic books anywhere. You need to let the people who love you help out a little and you need time to -

NINA

He asked Rendell about this place.

DUNCAN

He - ?

NINA

Sam Lesser. He asked him about Matheson - about Keyhouse - right before he shot him. I didn't get all of it. My ears were ringing. But I got some of it.

INT. LOCKE FAMILY SUMMER HOUSE - BRIGHT DAY

And we're in Nina's POV now, seeing things through a haze of sunlight and blood, everything a little out of focus. Rendell is on one knee, cupping his mouth. Sam stands over him with the gun. Sam's bandage flaps loose from his arm but we can't see what's tattooed there. Our ability to hear what's happening is deeply obscured by a ringing drone.

SAM
 (indistinct, raving)
 ... Keyhouse... Remember...
 Dodge... by leaving Matheson!

The brightness increases then begins to haze out.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Nina looks at Duncan a little helplessly.

NINA
 Why would he do that?

DUNCAN
 Oh, Nina. You're never going to understand Sam Lesser. The guy who shot Gabby Giffords? He did it because he believed the government was trying to control his thoughts using the rules of grammar. You can't make sense of a schizophrenic break from reality. Whatever Lesser was talking about, you aren't going to find it here.

NINA
 Really? Tell me something, then.

DUNCAN
 Sure.

NINA
 Why was Rendell afraid of this place?

EXT. KOI POND - DAY

A dozen fish float belly up in a silmy, algae filled pond. Flies buzz in the merciless heat of the day.

Bode looks dispirited, a little grossed. He glances around and spies the Wellhouse.

He hops down a few steps and approaches the place. Gives it a long slow look. Tests the big iron ring that would open the door. Nope. Locked. He wanders to the barred window. Stares into the darkness. Huh. Looks like a skinny little kid could almost squeeze between those bars. He leans close and -

KINSEY (O.S.)
BODE! *Sammidges!*

Bode wheels away and runs off. But we hold on the window.

A sparrow lands on the stone sill, looks this way, looks that, flies inside. We hear the echoing flutter of its wings. In the great stone cask of the wellhouse, that little sparrow sounds as big as an owl.

And then - the fluttering takes on a sudden frantic note. A squawk of pain. The rattling of wings ends with an abrupt crunch of shattering bone.

EXT. PINBOROUGH JUVENILE DETENTION CENTER - NIGHT

The night pulses with cricket song and the music of frogs.

INT. SAM'S CELL - NIGHT

Sam sits on his bed. Voices echo - rude laughter. He carefully folds the sleeve of his jumpsuit back and strokes his forearm and then drops his hand.

RECORDED VOICE
This is a final warning. It will be
lights out momentarily.

CLOSE ON:

A tattoo of the Omega Key, just as it appears in the comic.

Sam rubs it with his thumb.

SAM
(whispers)
You made promises.

Bang! Lights off. End of day.

SAM (CONT'D)
You promised me a new home. A new
face.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)
 You have both.

Sam jerks, almost leaps off his bed. Her voice is a tinny echo. This is the girl of the Wellhouse of course, and we can stop messing around that we don't know who she is. We're hearing from DODGE, who is so much more than she seems, and so much more terrible than anyone could guess.

Sam scrambles to the sink, still full of water. He stares into it. Dimly we see his reflection.

Plink.

A drop of water strikes the surface. Ripples spread out, clear, and...

The fuck IS that? Dimly, so dimly, it seems there is a new face in the water now: a girl, with the classical features of statuary.

SAM
 No. Nonono. This isn't better. You promised me better. You promised to set me free. This isn't free.

DODGE
 (disembodied)
 Soon. Soon all doors will be open, Sam. And the door to your cell... the door to your cell will be first. I promise you, Sam. And I always keep my promises.
 (beat)
 Besides. You made promises too. Do you keep yours?

Another drop falls from the faucet and when the ripples clear from the surface of the water, Sam is staring at himself, and his own desperate, lost, ruined face.

NINA (V.O.)
 Bode! Bed!

INT. LONG CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

A pajamas-clad Bode Locke meanders down a dusty, carpeted hallway. He pauses at a framed ink sketch of a cave, a black dog standing in the entrance. A caption says THE KEYHOLE, MATHESON, MASSACHUSETTS. It's a grim little 19th century illustration.

Bode traces a crack in the glass with his fingers.

NINA (O.S.)

Bode!

Bode jumps. A triangle of glass falls from the picture frame, chimes softly on the floor.

Nina cranes her head around a corner at the end of the passageway.

NINA (CONT'D)

Did you brush your teeth?

BODE

Mmhm.

NINA

Okay then. Tuck in!

She steps out of sight. He follows her, in a dreamy little kid trance. Trailing one hand along the wall as he goes.

Leaving a long ribbon of blood behind from a slashed finger.

ON THE INK DRAWING:

And a smear of blood across the glass, across the dog, across the cave.

EXT. KEYHOUSE - NIGHT

Keyhouse stands lonely on its rocky promontory, nested in its basket of towering firs, a black Gothic cutout against a night gritted with eighteen thousand stars.

INT. NINA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nina lays on her back in a shaft of moonlight, wide awake.

Birds dart about overhead: one, two, then a third, casting shadows the size of eagles. Wings rattle furiously.

NINA

Really? *Really?*

INT. KINSEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's a sleepless evening in Keyhouse. Kinsey curls on her side, face pressed into her pillow to muffle her sobs.

A scratching sound causes her to catch her breath and listen.

A scrabbling. A creak. Did her door just ease inward a few inches?

Kinsey sits up, twists the switch on her bedside lamp. The lightbulb flares on - and goes out with a fizzling snap and a flash. Fuck. She can hear something breathing nearby, a strange thin rasp. She presses herself back against her headboard, clutching her pillow to her chest. Shuts her eyes.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

Kinsey hugs her pillow on the roof of the house in Sonoma, squeezing it the way she squeezed Bode. She's wearing her PJs here and crying silently, helplessly, her back to the chimney.

CLOSE ON HER FACE

And she opens her eyes and we return to

INT. KINSEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Another creak. The door is halfway open now.

And finally Kinsey is moving. She flings her pillow aside and leaps up, putting the bed between her and the door. At the dresser she yanks open a drawer to find an ancient box of Lucifer matches. Her hands shake as she pulls it open. Matches fly everywhere.

Hey, wait a minute, guys. There's a key in this box of matches. The stem of the key has been forged to resemble a twisting tongue of fire. When she scrapes a match along the friction strip we see the Inferno Key quite clearly, and that's good... because in the next episode, Sam Lesser will use this key to escape prison, and kill about two dozen people in the process.

Kinsey lights a candle and walks around the foot of the bed, her whole body rigid with terror, her eyes wide. Then she sees it... and softens.

A raccoon mama stares in at her. She has babies behind her: three of them.

KINSEY

You terrifying, furry, adorable
little shits.

Raccoon mama turns and waddles away, leading her children to some new place of shelter. No symbolism here at all, folks.

INT. BODE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bode lies on his side, eyes closed, sleeping lightly. Moon engraves his features in silver.

A drop of water plinks on his cheek, runs down it. Another. He flinches, opens his eyes, rolls over and -

INT. THE DROWNING CAVE - NIGHT

- his bed stands in six inches of water, in a cave of rough black rock. A yellow flashing light revolves in a wire basket, bolted to the wall.

There's an Omega sign painted in blood on one great expanse of stone.

Bode cries out softly, pulls his knees to his chest. Something approaches through a tunnel filled with a hideous gloom.

BODE

Who's there?

A black dog with yellow alien eyes - eyes that don't belong to any species of dog anywhere on this sweet Earth - steps into the light. A rusty chain hangs around his neck. The Omega Key swings from it.

The dog's shadow rises up the wall. We see it in pulses of yellow light. For a moment that shadow is dog-shaped, as it should be. In the next pulse, it's the shadow of a woman in a gown. Then the dog. Then the woman. Then the dog. Changing with each sweep of that amber light.

The dog lifts one black lip and begins to snarl.

CLOSE ON:

Bode as he gasps and slaps his hands over his eyes.

INT. TYLER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

He's in bed, hands behind his head. Christ, he's huge. What the fuck does he eat? Engine blocks?

There is no sign of tiredness on Tyler's face. And when *his* door creaks open he doesn't even glance around.

BODE (O.S.)

Ty?

TYLER

Yeah, Bode.

Bode hurries across the room, to the side of the bed.

BODE

I had a really bad dream can I
sleep with you?

Tyler makes a non-committal sound, which Bode takes for 'yes.' He gets into bed beside his big brother.

BODE (CONT'D)

Want to know what my dream was
about?

TYLER

No.

(beat)

Was it the dog again?

BODE

Yeah. He was waiting for me in a
cave this time. And he stank really
really bad. When I woke up I
thought I could still smell him but
it was just farts. I got em really
bad.

Tyler gently pulls the sheet up to cover his nose and mouth.

EXT. KEYHOUSE - EARLY MORNING

The house stands stark and lonely on its wooded parcel of New
England rock.

EXT. SKY - EARLY MORNING

A thousand sparrows throb like a heart, boil in a lunatic
murmuration, moving this way and that.

INT. NINA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Nina stirs at the racket of a big lawnmower running
somewhere. She brushes hair back from her face, looks around,
makes her way to a window.

Rufus sits on a big riding lawn mower at the edge of the
estate. The mower has been expertly repainted to look like a
military vehicle, down to the big white star on the hood.

It rumbles through the morning mist, dragging skeins of fog. Rufus wears a green army navy jacket and military boots.

EXT. YARD - MORNING

A car makes its way down the drive. Nina slows close to the big gates, which is where she intercepts the riding mower, about to make a turn back into the yard. Nina rolls down the window and offers a smile. In the milky morning light, she looks weary and beautiful and kind.

NINA

Morning! Are you Rufus? You do the yard?

The tank-like riding mower dies. Rufus won't make eye contact. Instead he reaches into one pocket and pulls out a gleaming chrome robot and holds it toward her.

The robot seems to inspect her. (Or is that a robot? It might be a soldier wearing some kind of mech suit. This might sound like a trivial matter, but it isn't. Some day we may see the face under that chrome mask)

Nothing happens. The robot inspects her. Then Rufus pulls it to his ear and listens to it like it's a walkie-talkie. He returns it to his pocket.

RUFUS

I'm on patrol.

NINA

Good. That's good. Do you want coffee? I'm running to the Matheson General.

RUFUS

I'm on patrol.

NINA

Okay.

RUFUS

I have an enlarged heart and coffee isn't good for it. No one knows why my heart is so big. My mother says I have a heart like a grizzly bear. My mother says I'm an A-plus person.

NINA

Must be true then. Mothers are never wrong about that kind of thing.

RUFUS

Permission to carry on, ma'am?

NINA

Sure.

She's about to put the car in drive when he calls out to her.

RUFUS

My grandmother used to say the coffee at Matheson General isn't fit for human consumption, ma'am. And the best donuts in town are at the Dirty Old Beach Place. My grandmother says I'm fat but my mother says one donut won't hurt me.

NINA

Would you like a donut, Rufus?

RUFUS

Yes, ma'am.

(beat)

My grandmother doesn't say I'm fat anymore. She broke her neck. Now she's in heaven with my dad. I better return to patrol.

He lights up his tank-like riding mower and gets back to it. She regards him for a last, wistful moment and rolls on.

EXT. DIRTY OLD BEACH PLACE - MORNING

We've glimpsed the Dirty Old Beach Place before: it's that food stand in a converted train car, on the edge of Matheson's long white sand beach. A weathered board next to the take-out window promises fried clam baskets and lobster rolls later in the day.

We're deep in Amity Island territory here. Dunes and waving beach grass. A squad of the elderly - mostly women, but a few men - are out with easels, painting.

Nina steps away from the take-out window with a bag of donuts and a cup of coffee. She has a sip, stares out at the bay. The wind does pretty things with her hair.

She idly considers several old women and their nearly identical watercolors of bay and beach and sky.

Her gaze drifts to a man in a splattered smock, working at his own easel. Only he's painted a bottle of whisky, a crystal tumbler, and a stack of books.

Nina doesn't quite do a spit take, but does need a moment to adjust. The painter is probably twenty-five years her senior. This is JOE RIDGEWAY, who has lived in Matheson and taught at the Academy for nearly fifty years now. Benevolent, witty, and erudite, he's something of a local treasure. What a shame we'll have to kill him, in just a few episodes.

He doesn't look at her, but senses her studying his canvas all the same.

JOE

Not quite a Wyeth, is it?

NINA

Better than I can do. Although I can't help feeling there's something missing from your landscape painting.

JOE

The landscape?

NINA

Yeah. That.

JOE

We were told to paint what we want to see in our ideal beach scene. Hence, a bottle of twenty year old Jura scotch, and a stack of James Baldwin.

(beat)

The book on the bottom is an Easy Rawlin's mystery, but don't tell anyone. They might yank my tenure at the Academy.

NINA

You teach at the school?

JOE

Almost half a century now. I have graded -

(squints his eyes)

- Almost 3,000 essays on Graham Greene's *The Quiet American*.

NINA

Did you ever have a student named
Rendell Locke?

He turns at last to look at her directly. He lifts one
eyebrow in a question.

NINA (CONT'D)

I'm - we were married.

JOE

I was so sorry to hear about his
death. I know he went into the
profession himself - not as a
teacher but as a counselor. I was
pleased to hear it. I have no doubt
he was the best sort of influence
on the kids he worked with.

NINA

Was he a good student?

JOE

Not at all.

Nina laughs.

NINA

Maybe my oldest boy Tyler and my
daughter Kinsey will do a better
job with their academics. You'll be
seeing them soon. I thought after
what happened, they needed a change
of scenery. The... the boy who shot
Rendell went to the same school
with my two older kids. Neither of
them could bear to go back.

Joe absorbs this thought, nods slowly.

JOE

I'll keep an eye out for them. See
that they have an easy transition.
We'll make a home for them here.

NINA

Thank you.

JOE

I always wished Rendell had come
back. But I suppose it was too
painful.

NINA

Yeah. I think this place made him sad. His mother died here.

JOE

And those friends of his.

NINA

Hm?

JOE

Right before graduation. The ones that drowned. Drinking, riptides... sometimes I think Rendell blamed himself, but of course it was just teenagers being teenagers. I often wonder any of them survive to adulthood.

Nina pulls her shawl a little more tightly around her. She's never heard this story and after what she's been through, isn't terribly happy to be hearing about it now.

She turns her gaze out on the smooth gray seas. The surf shushes gently in, hissing and bubbling. Maybe, for the first time, she understands she has moved to a place of deep, unknown waters, and troubling, unseen currents.

EXT. KEYHOUSE - BLOODY SUNDOWN

The sky is a splash of red, sprinkled with stars. A few lights show at one corner of the first floor.

INT. THE KITCHEN OF KEYHOUSE - NIGHT

A grim family dinner of Kentucky Fried unfolds around a rough wooden table that wouldn't be out of place in a rustic French cottage. Keyhouse's kitchens are vast, but dingy and out of date. The gas stove was old by the time of the Second World War and the banana colored fridge is an oldie-but-goodie straight from the days of Buddy Holly. There's a rotary phone over the table.

Brian sits a little apart on a stool by the counter, drinking white wine and eating slaw out of a styrofoam container.

Tyler eats a drumstick with all the table manners of Conan.

Bode pours out a vast glob of mashed potato - *splat* - onto his plate, and begins to sculpt it. Duncan leans in to help, then pauses, looks around meaningfully.

DUNCAN

This *means* something.

Blank stares.

NINA

Duncan, don't encourage him.

Duncan and Bode share a look. Bode shrugs and drops his gaze, eats while flipping through a little paperback.

Kinsey glances hopelessly around, not touching her food. She spies the rotary phone, picks it up, begins to turn the dial.

TYLER

Who are you calling?

KINSEY

The 21st century. I want to see how it's doing without us.

She hangs up.

Bode, excited, glances up from his book: KNOCK KNOCK JOKES FOR EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR.

BODE

Mom, mom, this is a good one!

He leaps onto her lap. She grimaces, almost doubles over. Her crutch hits the floor.

NINA

Get off me!

Bode jumps up. Everyone looks shocked. Nina is bent forward.

NINA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, kiddo. I'm just - My knee.

She reaches for her wine.

KINSEY

I thought the orthopedic said it was a minor injury.

And Nina sets her glass back down.

NINA

Yes, it was a very minor *bullet wound*.

Oh man. Worst dinner ever.

They're all staring uneasily at each other when a bird flits down into the center of the table. Tyler falls back in his chair. Kinsey screams. Bode yelps. The bird takes off.

TYLER

Did it just steal a piece of chicken?

DUNCAN

Isn't that cannibalism?

NINA

That's it! These birds go now!

Nina grabs her cane off the floor and leaps up.

INT. CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

A closet is thrown open. Inside are a couple different brooms, a mop. Nina grabs for them, begins to pass them out, the Sarge distributing guns to the troops.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The family begins to spread out, all of them armed. Bode has a broom. Tyler has a broom. Kinsey has a mop. Brian has a pillow. Nina has her cane. Duncan has a fly swatter.

NINA

Just sweep them towards an open window. Try not to overreact.

KINSEY

No birds better get harmed in the making of my evening or some bitches are going to get an ass-kicking.

NINA

That's right. *Be gentle.*

A sparrow lands on a sink at Tyler's right. Ty comes wildly around - David Ortiz batting for the fences - and smashes about a thousand glasses, misses it completely.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Nina hunts for birds in the hallway, the front door gaping wide open. A sparrow zooms by. She swings her cane, takes out a coat tree, then smashes a wall sconce.

She topples, gracefully slides halfway down a wall. The bird, in a panic, zips outside.

NINA

Got one!

The bird flies back in. Followed by a second.

NINA (CONT'D)

No vacancy, goddamn it! Find a birdhouse you friggin feathered... interlopers!

INT. A PARLOR

A sparrow dive-bombs Kinsey's head. She ducks, wheels around with the mop, and slaps Brian as he enters through the door. He scowls and absolutely crushes her with his pillow. She falls back toward a couch, grabs a pillow, heaves it at him. He deflects and attacks and she whoops and then it's a full-on war.

INT. STAIRWELL

A bird lands on a newel post. Duncan slashes the flyswatter at it and thwacks Tyler dead center in the face. Tyler absorbs this with stoic agony.

Behind him, Bode hauls off and nails Tyler in the ass with the broom. Remember the moment in *Jaws* when the rope snaps tight against the back of Hooper's legs and he makes this long furious growl of pain? This is like that.

INT. KITCHEN

Nina hobbles quickly away from Brian and Kinsey, who are pelting her with pillows. The way she's hunched over, it's hard to see that she's holding a two-liter bottle of soda and shaking it furiously, thumb over the spout.

NINA

STOP. Stop. Ow! Aa!

They stop, worried she's strained her knee. Kinsey pales.

KINSEY

Mom? Oh, Jeez. You okay?

Nina turns and absolutely hoses them with foaming soda. Kinsey runs screaming. Brian dances away.

INT. THE WINTER STUDY

Bode chases the sparrow into the winter study. The laughter and screams of the rest of the family seem a long way off.

Windows yawn open onto the night. Bode swings the broom this way and knocks a picture askew. He swings it that way and one of the muskets falls off the wall. He waves it desperately at a bird as it zooms near the ghost door... and swats the ghost key right off the lintel.

Bode frowns, leans his broom against the wall, and collects the key. He turns it this way and that in the light. Then he looks at the ornately carved ghost door, set into the wall.

He places the key in the lock... and there is a sound, a low, electrical hum. We've heard this before: at the beginning of the episode, when Al Grub slid the Grindhouse Key into a lock. Bode glances around, hearing or maybe just feeling the change in the air. He turns the key. The bolt slides open with an ominous bang. The sound switches off, gone as suddenly as it came.

Bode opens the door and looks out onto the lush summer night.

A thousand sprawling stars lie above the trees. That's a Stephen Spielberg sky up there. A falling star dashes through the night, just visible above the tops of the trees.

Bode, all awestruck wonder, takes a step forward to have a better look at the night above.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

And we see Bode as he steps through... and there's a ripple of ghostly blue light, and *Bode's spirit steps right out of his body.*

INT. WINTER STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Bode's physical body drops dead. We can't see any ghost from this side of the door.

EXT. THE NIGHT

But on the *other* side of the door, there he is, his spirit a silvery blue wisp. Bode's ghost goes another step and then freezes. He's floating above the ground. He considers his mysteriously smoking hands and see-through arms with dawning shock, then discovers he moves more like a puff of smoke than a boy.

He spins around and stares back through the door at his own dead body.

INT. WINTER STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Bode lies dead. No ghost that we can see. And oh God, he really looks dead. A sparrow lands on his chest, then takes off toward the door.

It hits the doorframe and IT drops dead.

EXT. THE NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

And a ghost of a sparrow zips right past Bode's body. It does a merry little swirl around his head and dashes away into the night. Bode looks at it in horror. Looks at himself again. Then flies back through the open door and there's another ripple of blue energy and -

INT. WINTER STUDY - CONTINUOUS

At first nothing. Then Bode's eyelids flutter. Color rushes back into his face. He takes a great wheezing gasp and sits up.

He looks at the stiff corpse of the sparrow between his legs, brushes it away with horror. Leaps up. Stares out into a suddenly terrifying night.

EXT. THE NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Bode gapes at us in shock, then grabs the door and

BOOM!

Slams it in our face.

BOOM!

CUT TO BLACK.

Credits roll over the roar of "Black Door" by the Black Keys.