

Manorism - 1x01 - A Fixer-Upper (Pilot)

By

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2nd Draft

TEASER

INT. DELESOL MANOR - MAIN HALLWAY - NIGHT - FLASH-FORWARD

A woman in a black Victorian dress saunters down the hall. She is THE CONFIDANT (late 30s) and every step is full of foreboding. Even from behind, she is imposing, carrying herself with an undeniable confidence. A fearlessness.

A THUNDERSTORM rages outside.

LILY (V.O.)

It's funny how we remember things...
or how we choose to forget. Most
memories fade, like bad dreams, but
what about those that don't - the ones
that never go away? What do we do
about them?

During the narration, this scene intercuts with:

INT. KEMP HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

YOUNG LILY (5), sweet and innocent, creeps down a dark hallway, clutching a teddy bear.

At the tail-end of the narration, Young Lily pokes her head into the

MASTER BEDROOM.

MAN (O.S.)

No. DON'T!!

Without warning, Young Lily is suddenly splattered with blood. Her eyes go wide.

INT. DELESOL MANOR - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT - FLASH-FORWARD

Crisp moonlight casts an even glow upon majestic, albeit old plaster walls, a fireplace and furnishings. All 18th Century. The detail, along with the quality of the materials and construction is evident. This place was once cared for deeply.

But even so, time has taken its toll. Cracks have begun to form in the walls - "wrinkles" in the age-old foundation. A finger delicately traces these cracks. The finger belongs to the quietly-gorgeous LILY KEMP (30) - fair-skinned, curious and full of passion. Currently, she oozes melancholy.

What's more, she's completely soaked - her hair matted to her skin. A tear escapes her eye, and she catches it with her ring finger - and a shiny new engagement ring.

Now Lily looks at the ring, playing with it. But a sudden CRACKLE IN THE AIR jolts her gaze upwards.

CONFIDANT (O.S.)

My, how they itch.

THUNDER shakes the room. Lily whips around and GASPS, just as lighting illuminates the room.

CUT TO: BLACK

OVER BLACK.

CONFIDANT (V.O.)

Are you frightened?

LILY (V.O.)

No.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT - FLASH-FORWARD

CONFIDANT (O.S.)

You're lying to me.

Lily now sits opposite the confidant (who will continue to remain unseen). The confidant is very French. Her regal Parisian accent oozes with sophistication, as if she's from an entirely different era. Her voice is steady, even. Powerful.

CONFIDANT

Your gaze is nervous. Your voice quivers. But even blind and deaf, I'd know.

LILY

How?

CONFIDANT

Because I can feel you.

Lily locks eyes with the confidant, her gaze no longer as nervous.

CONFIDANT (CONT'D)

I wonder... do you know what that's like?

LILY

Yes.

CONFIDANT

Show me.

The confidant reaches for Lily's hand, but Lily pulls away.

CONFIDANT (CONT'D)

But yet, she still doubts me. After everything we've been through.

Lily's resolve starts to crack.

LILY

Let's make one thing clear. I do not trust you.

Lily finally takes the confidant's hand, and the two are instantly transported into LILY'S MEMORY.

INT. KEMP HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Circa 90s.

A wedding tape plays on an old TV. On her belly, Young Lily (5) dreamily watches, chin braced on her palms and feet gently swiping the air.

Exiting a church, newlyweds JOHN and ELIZABETH KEMP navigate through FRIENDS and FAMILY to a car toting "Just Married" bling.

The car speeds away and then the video cuts to black. Lily switches off the TV. As she leaves, a sudden NOISE from the television stops her. Someone muttering to themselves?

Lily puts her ear up to the TV and the noise becomes more clear - a WOMAN IN ANGUISH. Paranoid ramblings surrounding her fear of 'him' - "he's going to hurt me" and "I won't let him."

YOUNG LILY

Momma?

INT. KEMP KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER - FLASHBACK

Young Lily enters. Across from her, Liz Kemp is hunched over the counter, quietly sobbing, but not quietly enough. Lily approaches.

YOUNG LILY
What's wrong, mommy?

The second she tugs on Liz's shirt, Lily's eyes go wide and she lurches backwards. Liz completely freezes. Then, she peers over her shoulder at Lily, her eyes cold and dark. Dangerous.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT - FLASH-FORWARD

Lily shudders, suddenly chilled.

CONFIDANT
That was the very first time?

Lily nods.

CONFIDANT (CONT'D)
What was it like?

LILY
Like I was inside of her.

CONFIDANT
And she inside of you?

LILY
I don't want to talk about it.

CONFIDANT
At all, or just with me?

LILY
Both. Especially you. Anyway, it was forever ago.

CONFIDANT
Memories are curious things, aren't they? Their existence is immeasurable. Ghostly echoes of the past... they're never truly gone, are they?

LILY
Sometimes they are.

CONFIDANT
Is that so? Forever?

A few tears from Lily. She lets them fall.

LILY
And always.

CONFIDANT
You've lost someone? Someone you cared
for deeply.

LILY
I thought you already knew that kind
of stuff.

CONFIDANT
Would I have asked?

Lily thinks for a moment.

LILY
When you asked if I was afraid, what
exactly were you talking about?

CONFIDANT
Who says I was speaking of anything?

Lily thinks it over.

LILY
What if I wanted to change my answer?

SMASH TO: BLACK

SUPER: Manorism

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. ART GALLERY - MORNING

SUPER: One Week Earlier

A grand Neoclassical building. Clearly once a prestigious
court house, in its heyday.

INT. ART GALLERY - CONTINUING

Lily stands in the currently-empty art gallery. It's brand-
spanking new. Everything's pristine. Reborn. Architectural
plastic surgery.

Art pieces and sculptures are masterfully-placed throughout.

Lily's sassy co-worker - and project manager - CLARA BOSCHE (late 30s) struts across the room, heels CLACKING along the marble floor. She exudes equal parts confidence & charisma, but despite this tough shell, her caring, tender core is what's led her to become Lily's best friend for five years.

CLARA

You ready for the horde?

Lily smiles.

LILY

There's plenty to be devoured. Let them in.

Clara heads for the entryway.

CLARA

Buckle up, chiquita!

The second Clara unlocks the doors, eager CROWD BANTER wafts inside, and Lily takes a deep breath, REMEMBERING.

INT. DECAYING COURT HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Months before, the art gallery is still in its former state: judge's throne, the witness stand, the gallery and all the other fixings. As well - small debris and dust for days, suggesting the building's been forgotten for some time.

Clara addresses Lily and the rest of her TEAM OF RESTORATION ARCHITECTS.

CLARA

(Consults her notes)

Unfortunately, it looks like we're ripping this place to shit. Pretty much everything you see inside these four walls is gone. No room for a "gallery" in our gallery.

Clara chuckles at her own joke as she continues to review her notes.

CLARA (CONT'D)

But it looks like we get to keep the floors. Guess the clients aren't complete assholes.

LILY

What about these?

Lily redirects everyone's attention to one of many busts protruding from a marble column. Clara double-checks.

CLARA

Looks like it's your lucky day, Kemp.

Lily's eyes light up. Clara rolls hers.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Kid on Christmas Day...

But Lily pays no mind, her imagination running wild with all the restorative possibilities.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Take a gander, get a lay of the land.
We start in a few days. I want ideas,
people! And then I want the credit!

All but Lily start to wander the room.

LILY

Let's bring you back to life.

The courthouse begins to MORPH, a magical TRANSITION from past to present. Color and style are infused through every inch of the space - like a blooming flower - until the decaying courthouse is no more.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

Lily marvels in the beautiful architecture for the zillionth time.

As the PATRONAGE enjoys the art work and the overall ambience, Lily's gaze falls on a solitary critic - the assertive, keen eyed LYLE GRANT (50s). He jots down notes as he surveys the building. It's hard to discern his mood behind his "resting bitch face."

Just then, Clara joins Lily.

CLARA

I think we're a hit! I have multiple
bids already.

Lily's distracted, her gaze never leaving the critic.

LILY
There's nothing for sale...

CLARA
Shhh, let's keep that between you and me.

Clara gives Lily an "all-in-good-fun" wink. But it's clear that Lily's in another world.

CLARA (CONT'D)
What?

LILY
Who's that guy?

Clara follows her eye-line.

CLARA
Oh, that's the guy from Architectural Record. Apparently they're doing a piece on "architectural resurgence in America" - or some other pretentious garbage.

LILY
Hm.

CLARA
You're going over there aren't you?

Lily does exactly that.

CLARA (CONT'D)
See if you can get a bid out of him!

Lily moves up beside the critic.

LILY
Good morning.

LYLE
Good morning.

Lyle takes one look at Lily.

LYLE (CONT'D)
I must have given myself away. I'm Lyle Grant. Columnist for -

LILY
- Architectural Record. So I've heard.

They shake hands.

LYLE
You must be a mind-reader, Ms...?

LILY
Lily Kemp. Pleasure. I hope you're finding it... eye-catching.

LYLE
I actually haven't had a chance to examine your fine collection yet. And do you know why? Because I can't seem take my eyes off of this masterpiece.

He makes a grand gesture to the building itself.

LYLE (CONT'D)
Who was behind the redesign?

A proud smile from Lily.

LILY
That would be me - in part.

LYLE
And how old are you?

Lily takes the arguably-impolite query in stride.

LILY
Well, thirty if your magazine's asking
-

She leans in. Winks.

LILY (CONT'D)
- But twenty-seven if you are.

LYLE
Talented and charming? Well, well. I am thoroughly surprised. And pleased. Well done.

LILY
Thank you Mr. Grant. I won't take up anymore of your time. I hope you get a chance to enjoy the art.

LYLE

But I already have.

One more wink and then he's off. Lily wanders and finds herself in front of Waterhouse's "Lady of Shalott." Lily can't take her eyes off the forlorn lady in white.

MARK (V.O.)

Today I want to talk about emotion in paintings.

INT. DARTMOUTH LECTURE HALL - CONTINUING

MARK YOUNG (31), a handsome, all-around-good-guy, address a class of UNDERGRADS. Decisive, passionate and strong-willed, Mark has a plan for everything. He knows exactly what he wants.

Projected on the board behind him is a collection of paintings.

MARK

Can anyone tell me what these paintings share? Not in style, but something objective.

Silence.

MARK (CONT'D)

That's alright, it's a bit of a trick question. 'Death' is the connection. Each of these was the final work by an artist who literally could not find the will to live. With that in mind, what type of emotion do these conjure? If you were to see them hanging in a gallery, what would you think?

FEMALE STUDENT

It's sad. Really sad.

MARK

Exactly. It's because we sympathize with the artist. We have this desire to understand what they were going through. But unfortunately, this is as close as we'll get. However, it isn't death, alone, that makes us feel this way.

Mark isolates Jean-Michel Basquiat's "Riding With Death."

MARK (CONT'D)

Even if you knew nothing about Basquiat's tragic overdose, wouldn't "Riding With Death" still upset you - even a little?

Nods of agreement.

MARK (CONT'D)

Art has the power to break our hearts because of one simple truth: we are our misery. And it shows. That's what art is - an expression of our feelings, only magnified. The second we dare to look, we're done for. And then... we're all just a little more miserable.

A reassuring smile from Mark.

MARK (CONT'D)

But luckily - hopefully - not as miserable as Basquiat.

LOW LAUGHTER from the students, who are clearly interested and invested in Mark's thought-provoking lecture.

INT. ART GALLERY - CONTINUING

A LADY in a white nightgown joins Lily at the Shalott painting. Her clothing is dirty and her hair knotted, as if she wandered in off the street. Her speech is antiquated - much like the confidant's - but native to New Hampshire.

LADY IN WHITE

The papers called it a "breathtaking monument" back in the day. "A work of art, all shiny and new." And now look at it. New all over again.

LILY

I guess that's why they call it a rebirth.

LADY IN WHITE

How can something be so old but also so new?

LILY

A fresh set of eyes?

LADY IN WHITE
I guess everything is reborn,
eventually.

Lily is momentarily lost in thought.

LILY
If only...

LADY IN WHITE
Apparently the man who designed it was
nothing short of a genius.

LILY
Charles Sharp - the Modern
Neoclassicist? I think I've heard the
name once or twice.

LADY IN WHITE
Well did you know that over there used
to be -

LILY
- a post office? And right there - a
customhouse? Possibly.

The lady's starting to get cheesed.

LADY IN WHITE
You do know everything, don't you?

LILY
I don't like to brag, but...

LADY IN WHITE
(menacingly)
Do you know what it's like to die?!

SNAP! The lady is yanked high into the air. When Lily finds
her again, the lady hangs from a noose, her bulging eyes
staring straight into Lily's.

But instead of shrieking - running for dear life - Lily
remains motionless, frightened but not the least bit shocked.
VOICES OF THE PAST (and a GAVEL) flood in, but only Lily can
hear them.

JUDGE (V.O.)
Guilty! GUILTY!!!!

INT. REED & TURNER - MAIN OFFICE AREA - NIGHT

A small group of EMPLOYEES, from project managers to designers, gather, drinks in hand.

CLARA

Why do I adore Lily Kemp? Well,
there's a number of reasons, actually.
She's quiet, so when we grab coffee I
get to do all the talking.

CHUCKLES all around.

CLARA (CONT'D)

She always makes me look so damned
good at the end of literally every
project we've tag-teamed in the last -
what is it now - five years? But most
of all - she's the best goddamn friend
a girl could have - in and out of the
office. Lil, you make this ride a
hell-of-a-lot of fun. And I couldn't
ask for a better road-trip buddy.

Clara raises her glass and the rest follow suit.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Salud.

ALL

Salud!

They CLINK glasses and sip. Lily goes in for a hug.

LILY

Mind if I wipe my tears on your
cardigan?

CLARA

If you want to die - sure!

They both smile.

EXT. LILY & MARK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lily pulls into the driveway. Kills the ignition. She sits in
the car a moment longer, staring up at the modest starter-
home.

There's lights on, and Lily watches Mark move past the front
window. It's all Lily needs to see. And, with a smile, she

exits the car.

INT. PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Lily barely has time to close the door behind her before -

MARK (O.S.)
That my girl?

LILY
Depends which one you mean.

MARK (O.S.)
Shit! How'd you know about the other
two?

LILY
Two!? You're a busy guy.

She slips off her shoes and joins Mark in the
KITCHEN.

Mark's busy making dinner, but not too busy to flash her the
warmest smile of all time.

MARK
Hey.

LILY
Hi.

So much love. Lily moves into Mark's arms and he kisses her.

MARK
How was the opening?

LILY
We're a hit.

MARK
You mean you were. Superstar.

He kisses her on the forehead and returns to cooking.

MARK (CONT'D)
Your favorite. Ten minutes.

Lily grabs her stomach, suddenly perplexed.

LILY

Oh no. I'm going to be carrying a brick around all night.

MARK

I couldn't stand one more night of that goddamn meal plan. Why can't 'cheat day' be every day?

Lily peers over at boiling pasta and a creamy Alfredo sauce.

LILY

I can't wait.

She kisses Mark on the cheek.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Snuggled up, Lily and Mark 'Netflix and Chill' - but for real.

LILY

How were the lectures?

MARK

Great. I got lucky this semester. Best group of kids. They actually want to be there.

LILY

That must be nice.

MARK

More Ted drama though.

LILY

Oh dear, what now?

MARK

Apparently all the teen moms out there are having "moral issues" over the "two dads" thing.

Lily is suddenly very cold.

LILY

What a double-standard. You do not need a mother to have a happy family.

Without warning, the TV program changes. Liz stands over Jon (tied to a chair) as they SHOUT back and forth. But then

everything's back to normal. Mark doesn't notice a thing.

LILY (CONT'D)
I have to pee.

Mark releases Lily. As she heads to the bathroom -

LILY (CONT'D)
Ohmygod - pause it!

MARK
Yes ma'am!

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lily flushes the toilet and washes her hands. The WHOOSHING of the water brings back a familiar MEMORY - wide-eyed Young Lily splattered with blood.

Lily quickly switches off the tap, effectively ending the memory. She returns to the

LIVING ROOM

And rejoins Mark.

MARK
What you waiting for?

Lily realizes the controller is on her side.

LILY
Seriously?

MARK
I'm tired. And old.

Lily rolls her eyes sarcastically and hits PLAY. Nothing.

LILY
If these batteries are dead again, I swear...

She pops open the back. Instead of batteries, an engagement ring falls out onto her lap.

LILY (CONT'D)
Oh God... No wonder it wasn't working.

Mark, grinning, takes Lily's hand.

MARK

Fifteen years is a hell a long time to be boyfriend and girlfriend. What do you say, goodtime gal? Should we make it legit?

Lily looks up into Mark's eyes.

LILY

Absolutely.

Relief flows out of Mark as he pulls Lily in close and lays one on her. And then another.

MARK

I love you so goddamn much.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lily reads Il Novellino, by Masuccio Salernitano. Mark finishes up in the bathroom and joins her.

LILY

Holy shit. I'm a fiancå.

MARK

Yeah you are! We should have my folks over for dinner this weekend. Break the news.

Mark's unintentional "salt in the wounds" remark makes Lily pause.

LILY

Yes. Definitely.

Mark kisses her once more.

MARK

I can't wait for the rest of our life to start.

LILY

Me too.

Mark switches off the light and spoons Lily.

LATER.

Now on their respective sides of the bed, Mark and Lily sleep. Lily DREAMS.

EXT. POND - DAY - DREAM

Grey clouds cast a gloomy light across a calm, mossy pond. A single wooden boat floats in the water, carrying a sleeping Lily. She's dressed just like the Lady of Shalott.

But on cue, Lily awakens, sitting bolt upright. She looks around wildly, trying to discern how she got there.

SHORE.

Lily exits onto dry land and follows a path leading to

AN OLD MANOR.

A quiet, forgotten place, the Baroque manor is castle-esque in design and undeniably foreboding. Having stood empty for years, it lies sleeping - waiting.

Just then, rain begins pelting the Earth. Lily is instantly soaked, but she couldn't care less. All that matters is this house.

With extreme care, Lily reaches for the door knobs. The second she takes them in hand, the house begins to groan, as if the entire foundation has suddenly shifted.

THE HOUSE IS WAKING UP.

The thunderstorm continues. Endless rain.

END DREAM.

Just like at the art gallery, the scene morphs into:

INT. LILY & MARK'S HOUSE - BATHROOM

Lily under the shower head, pelted by water - just as she was in dream. She's clearly distracted, the dream not at all forgotten.

LATER.

Now out of the shower, Lily finishes up in front of the mirror. Satisfied, she leaves, forgetting her engagement ring on the counter.

INT. REED & TURNER - MAIN OFFICE AREA - DAY

A large TV screen plays a Democratic debate. Hillary goes toe-to-toe with Bernie. Clara joins Lily.

CLARA

I can't wait for Hillary to mop the floor with him.

LILY

No way. I'm a Sanders girl all the way.

CLARA

WHAT!?

LILY

No seriously, think about all the women who have ever run, and then look at her. She wants it. Bad. But why? A woman after that much power? Makes you wonder...

CLARA

Did you hear that? I think feminism just died.

LILY

So dramatic.

CLARA

I think there's a Trump convention down the street if you're interested.

LILY

I might just do that.

CLARA

Oh good! But first - my office.

LILY

Why?

CLARA

Come, loyal servant.

Lily follows Clara into

CLARA'S OFFICE.

An organized office that even the most OCD would be proud of. The walls are all glass, and the empty office adjacent to Clara's is in clear view.

Lily and Clara sit.

CLARA

Do you remember your interview?

LILY

I remember the pushy know-it-all who ran it.

CLARA

Hey, that's on them for thinking I had people skills.

They both smile.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Do you remember your big spiel?

LILY

I do, actually, because it was the same spiel I gave to every other firm. It went something like "every home has a story."

Clara winces.

CLARA

Ouch. But you wanna know something - it's why I hired you. Because I believed that you believed it. There was not one single ounce of bullshit in you, and there still isn't.

Clara sides a folder across the desk.

CLARA (CONT'D)

So when this came across my desk, you were the first person I thought of.

Lily opens the folder.

LILY

Oh my God.

A case-file for an old manor. Lily's immediately overtaken by close-ups of beautiful Baroque architecture, interior and exterior.

CLARA

Meet Delesol Manor.

LILY

Where is this place?

CLARA

Right here in New Hampshire. Smack-dab in the middle of nowhere. Completely off the radar until about a week ago.

LILY

Is it ours?

CLARA

Oh yeah. But you haven't even heard the best part. You want a "story?" I'll give you a story. 1762, Theodore and Sophia Delesol immigrate with their two children from beautiful Paris. Commission the construction of their very own private home. Nearly twenty years later - poof, they're gone. Disappeared. Never to be seen of again.

LILY

So it's just been abandoned for...
(does the math)
Two-hundred fifty years?

CLARA

Now that's where things get titillating. In the will, the house was left to the "Crombley" family. And the deed's been in their name ever since. Currently owned by a 'Walter.'

LILY

Why wait this long for restoration?

CLARA

Federal. Funding. Apparently Walter's been duking it out with the National Register for years. He wanted his tax credit but refused to let the NR put anything on public record.

LILY

Until now.

CLARA

Which means we're about to restore a piece of American history. Forgotten history.

LILY
Please say I'm on the team.

CLARA
On the team? Girl, you're picking the team.

An incredulous Lily is momentarily stunned to silence.

CLARA (CONT'D)
The "powers that be" at Reed & Turner want another project manager. When they asked me who I thought should be promoted, I had to think about it for maybe... negative three seconds?

LILY
I can't believe it.

CLARA
Who'd you think that office was for?

Lily lunges across the desk for a hug.

LILY
This is the greatest day of my life!

CLARA
You haven't even seen the research.

Clara pulls out a thick document.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Background on the Delesols and the Crombleys.

LILY
My favorite kind of homework. When do we get to see it?

INT. CLARA'S CAR - DAY

Clara drives down a narrow gravel road, surrounded by trees. Lily's in the passenger's seat. They make it into a clearing where

DELESOL MANOR

Rolls into view. Lily's eyes go wide - Delesol Manor is the house from Lily's dream. Except this time, it's all too real.

The car pulls to a stop.

CLARA

Pretty incredible, don't you think?

Lily's too shocked to form words.

CUT TO: BLACK

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. DELESOL - NIGHT - FLASH-FORWARD

Rain continues to pelt the earth.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUING

Lily and the confidant (still unseen) are right where we left them.

CONFIDANT (O.S.)

So you are afraid after all?

LILY

Maybe.

CONFIDANT

Of what exactly?

LILY

I don't know.

CONFIDANT

Yes you do.

Lily bursts out of her seat.

LILY

I don't!

A framed black & white photograph falls off of the fireplace mantle. An embarrassed Lily rushes to collect it.

LILY (CONT'D)

What is wrong with me?

Lily returns the frame and straightens out the adjacent photos so that they're perfectly in line.

LILY (CONT'D)
I'm engaged to the love of my life,
I'm working on this masterpiece...

CONFIDANT
But something's missing?

The more the confidant pries, the more suspicious Lily gets.

LILY
Why are you here?

CONFIDANT
Perhaps I'm here to save your life.

Lily just looks at Sophia, confused.

CONFIDANT (CONT'D)
Please sit. I can't speak to you as
you tower over me.

Lily begrudgingly obeys, but sits at the window.

CONFIDANT (CONT'D)
Marriage was the smartest decision I
ever made.

Momentary relief from Lily.

LILY
You must have really loved him.

CONFIDANT
I said 'smartest,' not 'best.'
Truthfully, I despised the man.

LILY
Well, I love Mark.

CONFIDANT
Then you're an incredibly fortunate
woman. I was a different person when
we met, he and I. Oh, how I was
judged... Apparently there were many
things I'd yet to learn.

LILY
Did you feel anything at all when you
married him?

CONFIDANT

Marriage afforded my life the purpose it had always deserved. With two little words, I became 'somebody,' pulled from the cultural slums. We left the intellectual confines of Paris for America. We built a home - a legacy... So, did I feel anything? Relief.

LILY

So he did give your life purpose?

CONFIDANT

Don't be so foolish. Men are not purpose. They are opportunity.

LILY

I don't believe that. Mark gives my life purpose.

CONFIDANT

A most noble mantra. Tell me, do you believe it yet? Or shall we say it again?

Lily lowers her head.

CUT TO: BLACK

INT. DELESOL MANOR - FOYER/MAIN HALL - DAY

Clara and Lily enter.

Despite its physical state of ruin, the manor's character remains untarnished, as if its soul has been suspended in time. The feel of this home - the atmosphere - is just as it always was, breathtaking and awe-inspiring. With the opening of the grand front doors, a WHOOSH of air that blows Lily's hair back - the release of a breath that has been held for centuries.

The Baroque interior is so stunning that it's instantly reminiscent of royalty. Bold, contrasting colors, vivid lighting and an asymmetry that sends lines soaring in all directions.

Stone walls (with intricate figures and detailing carved within) and marble floors frame the main hall. Pillars stretch from floor to ceiling. Completing the look, a whole manner of Mannerist artwork throughout the manor.

For just a moment, LILY SEES THE MANOR as it was in 1762.
Vibrant and alive. CLARA'S VOICE brings her back:

CLARA
What do ya think?

LILY
Is this heaven?

CLARA
I guess that would make it your
heaven. Let's do a walkthrough.
Consider this your on-the-job
training. Tell me what I'm looking at.

Lily and Clara slowly move through the main hallway.

LILY
Baroque design, without a doubt. The
asymmetry - the elegance - would
suggest Late-Baroque. Mansard roofs,
so very likely French - but I may have
some inside information.

Lily looks upwards and finds herself beneath a trompe-l'œil
illusory effect, a ceiling fresco that creates the illusion
of a domed ceiling. Lily swoons.

LILY (CONT'D)
And trompe-l'œil - the most beautiful
illusion in the world.

CLARA
Forget the design. And for God's sake,
keep those panties dry. What needs
fixing? I have with me the initial
survey report.

Clara holds it up for show.

CLARA (CONT'D)
I want to know what architect-Lily
sees. Not romantic-Lily.

LILY
The foundation looks solid to me,
which is an incredible surprise. They
went with stone over masonry, which
was smart. As long as the place isn't
going to collapse, I'd say we start
with the floors. I can practically
(MORE)

LILY (CONT'D)
hear the poor marble crying for help.

CLARA
And how do we do that?

LILY
Oh please. Resurface, hone, polish,
crystallize. Done.

CLARA
Okay smart ass, what else?

Lily leads Clara into the

DRAWING ROOM.

More swooning from Lily.

LILY
Plaster. It literally absorbs the
past.

CLARA
Focus. How do we replace it?

LILY
Replace it? That's a great way to
destroy history.

CLARA
Whoa! Trick question, trick question!

Lily smiles.

LILY
I wondered.

CLARA
Okay, so it looks like you're not
completely incompetent.

LILY
Thanks, pal.

Clara hands over the survey report.

CLARA
I need you to draft a room-to-room
evaluation for the client. Suggestions
on how we're going to fix this place
(MORE)

CLARA (CONT'D)
up without tearing up the carpet, so
to speak. You meet with him Thursday.

LILY
Challenge accepted.

CLARA
Give me a call when you need a car
sent over.

But Lily's already at work, flipping through the report.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Bye?

LILY
Yeah-yeah, bye.

Clara rolls her eyes and heads out.

INT. DARTMOUTH - HISTORY PROFESSOR'S LOUNGE - DAY

Mark and other FACULTY MEMBERS, including TED (late 20s)
relax in the swanky lounge. Some eat, others zone out to a
National Geographic program.

At the coffee station, Mark and Ted pop in some pods and
await coffee bliss. Ted's an average twenty-something male,
comfortably in the middle of the gay "masc/fem" spectrum.
Simply put, the "gayest" thing about him is the fact he
sleeps with men - nothing more.

TED
Congratulations, bud.

MARK
Thanks, man. I'm pretty fucking
elated. And don't you dare think about
stealing her.

Mark cracks a smile but Ted remains stone cold.

TED
I forgot how un-funny straights are.

MARK
I feel so judged.

TED
Well, that's what we're best at. Which
(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

is why I never go out anymore. I'll be judged in the comfort of my own home, thank you very much - by my partner, no less.

MARK

Ouch.

TED

He says he teases because he cares. I told him "great, I'll start teasing you with my fist."

Mark gravely misinterprets the meaning of Ted's comment.

MARK

Whoa - T-M-I!

TED

Oh my God, MARK - to the FACE! Not to the... Nobody actually likes "that." Myth debunked.

MARK

Good to know.

They sit.

TED

Stop smiling.

MARK

Can't. Too happy. I literally can't stop thinking about it. My class this morning had absolutely no idea what I was talking about - mostly because I didn't.

TED

Babies on the horizon, I suppose?

MARK

As soon as she's ready. I could have a few now, to be honest.

TED

The luxury...

Ted fails to hide his sad eyes.

MARK

Hey, maybe I can convince Lil to have one or two for you guys.

Ted rolls his eyes into tomorrow.

TED

How generous. Sometimes I just wish Dan had a vagina. That would make things a lot easier.

MARK

Hey, they can totally do that now!

Ted almost spits a mouthful of coffee.

MARK (CONT'D)

AHA! I am funny. Admit it.

Ted tries to hold back a smile.

TED

Whatever.

Mark smiles to himself.

MARK

I knew it...

INT. DELESOL MANOR - 2ND FLOOR LOFT - DAY

EXPLORING TIME for Lily, who takes notes in each room. She takes a moment to bask in the view of the main hall from her vantage point.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUING

1. Plaster walls and wood floors. The finest end-tables, vanity and king-sized bed. A pristine fireplace opposite the bed looks as if it's never been used.

Above the bed, a large painted portrait of Sophia and Theodore in an ornate gold frame. Theodore sits in an armchair with Sophia standing by his side.

Lily takes note of the faded finish on the wood and the dull, sun-blasted plaster. Before leaving, she can't help but run her hands along the sheets and examine every last perfume bottle on the vanity. Lily's version of Christmas morning.

INT. VIOLET'S BEDROOM - CONTINUING

2. A less-grand version of the master bedroom, with a framed portrait of Violet (3) over the bed. A connecting door leads Lily into

FRANCIS' BEDROOM

Where a portrait of Francis (5), and manly decor, are the only differences.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - CONTINUING

3. Beautiful cabinets keep toiletries and other essentials out of view. Everything is neat and tidy. Marble counter-tops and floors, and an old folding screen in the corner.

Lily looks beneath the sink and notes slight water damage.

She finishes her notes sitting in the empty bathtub.

INT. MAIN HALL - CONTINUING

4. Finished with the second floor, Lily descends the staircase. But she stops dead in her tracks when she notices a FIGURE in a long black dress walking by, face covered by a veil.

A unusually-long black train drags along the floor behind the woman. Lily watches the woman disappear into the dining room. All that's left is the train, now motionless - teasing Lily to no end.

Lily retrieves the end of the train and collects the fabric as she moves into the

DINING ROOM.

Wider than it is long, the room is filled with windows all along the far wall. In the center, an oak table that could easily sit more than twenty guests. And, hanging above, a beautiful chandelier.

The figure sits at the head of the table, avoiding Lily's gaze.

LILY

Who are you?

The figure looks up at Lily and slowly removes her veil, revealing the half-human, half-rotted face of SOPHIA DELESOL.

An eerie grin curls her lips.

Without warning every window flies open, sending in a TORNADO that sweeps the room. The black train shoots out of Lily's hands and spirals around her, plunging her into darkness.

A wind-tunnel effect that knocks Lily to the ground. She manages to look up and sees Sophia approaching from an endless abyss of black. She places her rotting hands on each side of Lily's head, and THE ROOM MORPHS into the

DELESOL DINING ROOM - 1767

It's just Lily now. No corpse in sight.

A Delesol family dinner is underway, lit by beautiful candlelight and the chandelier. THEODORE (38) sits at the head of the table, opposite Sophia (30), while the two children, FRANCIS (10) and Violet (8) sit together on the far side.

Silence. Occasional glares exchanged between Theo and Sophia. Theo spits a bite of food back onto his plate.

THEODORE
Overdone. As always.

SOPHIA
I thought you liked it past its prime.

Theodore tightens his grip on his steak knife.

THEODORE
Do not contradict me, woman.

SOPHIA
You're right. You do it enough for the both of us.

Theodore SLAMS his fists down on the table, startling the children. Sophia never loses her cool, content to sip her wine and enjoy the fireworks.

THEODORE
Why did I marry such a wretched creature?

SOPHIA
For the company?

THEODORE

Why did you drag us to this hell?

SOPHIA

Paris was a dying city.

THEODORE

We gave up everything!

SOPHIA

And I? Have I given nothing?

THEODORE

Not nearly enough.

SOPHIA

You pretend as if we had a choice -
that you had a choice. As if we could
have stayed.

THEODORE

And who's to blame for that?

Theodore's starting to get under Sophia's skin. She shoots daggers with her eyes. Lily can't take her eyes off of the kids - especially Violet - both are whom are practically peeing their pants with fright.

SOPHIA

Weakling. Coward!

Theo tosses his wine glass across the room. It just barely misses Sophia's head as it SMASHES against the wall behind her. A tiny "EEP" from Violet, but Sophia doesn't so much as flinch. Instead, she dabs her mouth and excuses herself.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

I guess dinner is over...

She leaves, coolly. Lily can practically feel the heat radiate off of Theo as he watches Sophia go.

THEODORE

(low)

Watch that brittle back, my lady...

Violet's in tears now, and it tugs at Lily's heart strings. Lily feels eyes on her and whips around to find the ghost of Sophia standing right behind her. She grabs Lily again and
THE ROOM MORPHS BACK into the

DELESOL DINING ROOM - 2016

Once the transition is complete, Sophia releases her grip and moves slowly backwards. Lily narrows her eyes.

LILY

That supposed to make me feel sorry
for you!? What did you do to them!?

But Sophia says nothing, dissolving into black oblivion - a reverse kind of pointillism. All that's left is a perplexed, angry Lily.

CUT TO: BLACK

END ACT TWOACT THREE

INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT - FLASH-FORWARD

More THUNDER and lighting. Rain hits the window. But despite it all, Lily's lost in her own thoughts as "therapy" continues with the confidant.

CONFIDANT (O.S.)

I can practically hear the cogs
spinning.

Lily reclaims her seat on the couch.

LILY

Fine. Yes, I'm having doubts.
Congratulations, you're right about
everything.

CONFIDANT

Then share them with me. You can tell
me anything. Your deepest, darkest
secrets.

LILY

You're not my therapist.

CONFIDANT

No. But might I be your confidant?

LILY

You know what they say - never trust a
murderous matriarch.

THE BIG REVEAL: The confidant is Sophia. Except now, her face is completely human - no rotting flesh in sight.

SOPHIA

So I murdered my family? You're convinced?

LILY

That's what I'm going to find out.

SOPHIA

Have you always been this sceptical?

LILY

It's an acquired taste.

Sophia grins, living for this cat and mouse game.

SOPHIA

There is a way to resolve all uncertainty, you know. Aren't you dying to solve the mystery?

LILY

I'd never believe you.

SOPHIA

And how can we change that?

LILY

You could start by dropping the act. Tell me something honest. Something real.

Sophia's grin instantly melts.

SOPHIA

Honesty is something I abandoned long ago.

But Lily's "I don't give a shit face" is unaffected. Sophia swallows her pride.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

My marriage may have been a means to an end, but I never expected to care so much about...

Sophia chokes up. Her first sign of emotion.

LILY

What?

SOPHIA

My babies.

SOPHIA remembers.

EXT. DELESOL - GROUNDS - DAY - FLASHBACK

Sophia plays with her children. Smiles and GIGGLES abound. True, genuine happiness from Sophia.

SOPHIA

To me, childbirth had always seemed an inescapable duty. Non-negotiable, part of the 'contract.' But as my children grew, my heart was filled with... with something I had never felt for Theodore. It was their innocence, how malleable their little minds were. And I knew... I had to protect them.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT - FLASH-FORWARD

A single tear rolls down Sophia's cheek.

SOPHIA

But I failed. That is my one regret. I miss my Francis. I miss my Violet. Is that 'real' enough for you?

Lily can't help but feel sympathy. And piece by piece, Sophia's winning her over.

CUT TO: BLACK

INT. LILY & MARK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Curled up on the couch, Lily devours the background research into the Delesols. A highly-pessimistic, biased RESEARCHER narrates as Lily IMAGINES.

EXT. DELESOL - DAY - FLASHBACK

A carriage pulls up to the empty lot, pre-construction.

RESEARCHER (V.O.)

The privileged, middle-class Delesol
(MORE)

RESEARCHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 family arrived in America in 1762.
 Although sources are vague, it appears
 that the Delesols did not leave France
 on good terms. Whether Theodore was to
 blame for his destructive temper, or
 his wife, Sophia - for her relentless
 religious pursuits, America was to be
 their salvation.

The Delesols pile out of the carriage. Francis and Violet (5 and 3) immediately scamper about while a hopeless Theodore tries to keep them in check. But Sophia has eyes only for the lot - the potential. Behind those eyes is one fierce woman with a vision.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lily continues to flip through the pages. HISTORY INTERCUTS WITH THE PRESENT.

EXT. DELESOL MANOR - GROUNDS - DAY - FLASHBACK

The manor is well on its way. BUILDERS hustle back and forth, under a strict schedule.

RESEARCHER (V.O.)
 Construction of Delesol Manor began
 immediately. It wasn't long before
 whispers surfaced surrounding the
 mistreatment of Delesol employees, but
 these rumors were quickly silenced,
 along with those responsible. It seems
 a small number of labourers
 mysteriously 'disappeared.'

Sophia supervises. A builder trips, dropping a pile of material. Sophia slithers over to him and extends a 'helping hand.' But instead of helping him up, Sophia twists his arm, instantly snapping it with surprising strength. Her grim face never falters.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A raucous party. Laughter, food and merriment. Sophia watches with satisfaction.

RESEARCHER (V.O.)
 Six months later, Delesol Manor was
 born. Collectors of fine art, the
 Delesols also collected a patronage of
 (MORE)

RESEARCHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
drooling, sycophantic peers. Theodore and Sophia were hailed for their elaborate dinner parties, during which guests were treated to exquisite French cuisine and a tour of the property.

EXT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Exotic plants fill the greenhouse, and the guests "ooh" and "ahh" over their rare nature.

RESEARCHER (V.O.)
Aside from the manor itself, the greenhouse was the Delesol's most-cherished possession. It appears the only true talent that Sophia and Theodore had, besides amassing a pretentious circle of elite Americans, was horticulture.

EXT. DELESOL MANOR - GROUNDS - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Just Sophia. With the manor in the background, she stares out at the expansive property. Only now does a wicked grin curl her lips.

RESEARCHER (V.O.)
In my opinion, the Delesols were not good people. Though they may have portrayed themselves as a perfect family, they were, in truth, very unhappy people. Furthermore, I remain convinced they were hiding something grave. However, these sinister goings-on will very likely remain a mystery until the end of time.

As the researcher's tirade concludes, clouds cover the moon and Sophia is plunged into full darkness.

END FLASHBACKS.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lily's so caught up in her reading that she'd miss a bomb going off. A pillow suddenly hits her side and Lily nearly has a heart-attack.

She looks up to find Mark across the room.

MARK

Hey! Bedtime - let's go.

LILY

Mark - for Christ's sake...

Lily follows him into the

BEDROOM.

Mark immediately gets into bed.

MARK

You know, sometimes it's scary how much you and my mother are alike. She'll pick up an Ellery Queen and BAM - completely checked out for hours.

LILY

Sorry... work.

MARK

What were you reading?

LILY

New project. You won't believe the house we're working on. 18th Century, incredible architecture...

Lily realizes that Mark's avoiding her gaze.

LILY (CONT'D)

Babe? What's up?

Mark pulls out Lily's engagement ring. Her eyes go wide as she examines her bare ring finger.

MARK

Found this on the bathroom counter.

LILY

I took it off to shower. I completely forgot -

MARK

- Today I literally told anyone who'd listen. Who'd you tell?

LILY

I was at the site almost all day. There wasn't time.

MARK

Typical. Always off in your own
goddamn world...

LILY

It's my job!

MARK

And that's great! I'm happy you love
it, believe me. I have those days too.
Just make some room for me in that
brain, okay?

LILY

I will. Mark, I'm sorry. Really. You
know that I love you.

MARK

It's fine. I'm just cranky and
exhausted. Let's just go to bed angry
like a normal couple.

Mark rolls over and Lily smiles. Humor is Mark's code for
"everything's fine."

LILY

Okay, grandpa, I'll be right there.

Lily retrieves her ring and slips it on.

LATER.

Lily and Mark sleep.

INT. COFFIN - NIGHT - CONTINUING - DREAM

Lily suddenly awakens. But it's a dream upon waking. She's
not in her room - she's in a coffin right next to the
skeletal remains of Sophia.

Lily panics and starts pounding on the coffin. The weak wood
starts to snap and Lily makes a hole just big enough to
squeeze through. She claws for dear life, fighting her way
through the soil.

ABOVE GROUND

Lily bursts through the earth. But before she can take her
first breath -

END DREAM.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUING

- she gasps for air in reality, sitting up in bed. Mark doesn't stir, but Lily's sweating bullets.

INT. REED & TURNER - MAIN OFFICE AREA - DAY

Lily stampedes in, past other CO-WORKERS, and straight for Clara, who stands right outside her office.

CLARA

Sooo, what did you think?

Instead of answering, Lily pulls her into

CLARA'S OFFICE.

LILY

I think something went terribly wrong with that family.

CLARA

No shit - they vanished. That's not exactly amicable.

LILY

No - I think someone made them vanish.

CLARA

Why are you hyperventilating over a family that's long-gone?

Lily shies away.

CLARA (CONT'D)

You know something I don't? Because it looks pretty "cold-casey" to me.

LILY

It just doesn't feel right.

CLARA

Any suspects, detective?

LILY

The mother.

CLARA

Jesus, are you a man in disguise or something?

Clara can tell Lily's not about to give this up.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Please, please, please do a good job on this. It's not just you who's being graded. Can we just focus on the actual work stuff?

LILY

I can do both.

CLARA

Okay, what I just heard was "absolutely, Clara," and that's what I'm sticking to.

A small grin from Lily.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Just get that report done. Crombley's in tomorrow.

LILY

Will do.

Lily heads out and Clara massages her temple.

CLARA

Women...

EXT. DELESOL MANOR - DAY

Lily climbs out of her car. The EXPLORING CONTINUES. Lily follows the nearest path to the

POND.

1. The same secluded swamp-like pond from Lily's dream. It's caked with fallen leaves, tall grass and other earthly debris. Lily doesn't stay long before continuing on to a

GRAVEYARD.

2. A small, haphazardly-built graveyard boxed in by a flimsy black fence. There are exactly four plots, but none of them are for the Delesol four.

Lily creeps towards the plots and reaches for the nearest one - ADELAIDE DELESOL 1719-1760 - with caution. Lily touches the tombstone and braces herself. But nothing happens. No visions.

Lily backs away from the graveyard and just then, a wind picks up. It's almost as if the wind carries the sound of a WOMAN'S VOICE.

Lily clues in and lets the breeze lead her to an ORCHARD.

3. The first real piece of beauty outside of Delesol. A massive apple tree is center stage, surrounded by smaller apple trees in a serene clearing. Upon closer inspection, it appears that the fruit is still edible - the only fresh thing left.

Just then, an apple falls from the tree and comes to a stop not far from Lily's feet. The WOMAN'S VOICE picks up again. The apple? But when it rolls away again, the voice remains.

Filled with dread, Lily kneels and puts her ear to the ground.

SOPHIA (O.S.)
(muffled)
Help me.

Lily bursts up off the ground and slowly backs away.

LILY
You never left...

She whips around and searches for something of use. Lily ends up behind the house, where she discovers the

GREENHOUSE.

Leaning against the side is a shovel. Lily grabs it, and then stops. Thinks.

LILY
Out of my fucking mind...

She returns the shovel and heads back to the front.

INT. DARTMOUTH HALLWAYS - DAY

Mark talks on his cell as he navigates the crowded halls.

BRIDAL SPECIALIST (V.O.)
We'd love to see a picture of you two.

MARK

Really?

BRIDAL SPECIALIST (V.O.)

You'd be surprised what we can come up with from just a picture.

MARK

Do selfies work?

BRIDAL SPECIALIST (V.O.)

The more professional-looking, the better.

MARK

Like Wal-mart?

A friendly CHUCKLE from the specialist.

BRIDAL SPECIALIST (V.O.)

Just send us your best snap and we'll go from there. Hopefully we can book you in for a consultation very soon.

MARK

I'd love that. Thanks very much.

Mark hangs up.

INT. DARTMOUTH LECTURE HALL - DAY

Mark's students write a quiz. Meanwhile, Mark's on his computer. Staring back at him - on the official "Reed & Turner Restoration" website is a professional photo of Lily, along with the accompanying bio:

"Our newest Project Manager, Lily Kemp..."

Mark leans in for a closer look.

MARK

(low)

Gotta be kidding me...

Mark scrolls, continuing his investigation.

INT. DELESOL MANOR - STUDY - DAY

Lily tries to focus on her work, but continually peeks out into the main hall. Adventure awaits. Unable to focus, Lily gives in and tosses her note pad aside.

As she looks around the room, Lily finds herself staring at the fireplace. It's caked with soot and ashes. Lily slowly leans forward, an epiphany on the horizon.

A light bulb goes off and Lily dashes out of the room.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lily stops in front of the pristine fireplace - quite the contrast to the dirty one in the study. She kneels and sticks her head inside, but it's too dark to see much of anything.

Lily reaches blindly around the fireplace's interior and knocks a small book to the floor. She scoops it up and examines it. A simple, leather-bound book. No title.

On the first page:

SOPHIA (V.O.)

Journal, there is no one left I can trust, save for you.

LILY

Holy shit.

Lily scours the pages of Sophia's journal at lightning speed. TIME PASSES and SOPHIA'S ENTRIES OVERLAP. But suddenly, something stirs within Lily. Her eyes dart off the page and moments later she lurches forward, as if her gut is being wrenched from the inside.

Sophia's private ramblings continue as Lily writhes on the floor. But then, she bursts up on her knees, back arched, head tilted back and gaze fixed to the heavens. Lily's eyes roll back in her head, just in time for SOPHIA'S FINAL ENTRY:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Sophia writes at her desk by candlelight.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

March first, 1782. He is going to kill me. I am sure of it now. It is not so much what he says - he is careful with his words - but his thoughts. I have always been good at reading him. What am I to do? Take the children and run, only to be hunted until the end of days, or stay and hope he shows mercy? There is no happy ending.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Lily collapses, unconscious.

CUT TO: BLACK

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT - FLASH-FORWARD

Sophia wipes away tears, old wounds still fresh as ever.

SOPHIA

Yes, even the vile ones weep.

LILY

I'm sorry. 'Trust' is never something
I've been good at.

SOPHIA

Someone must have done a number on
you.

A BRIEF FLASH in Lily's mind: her younger self opens the door
and is splattered with blood.

Sophia leans forward, her interested piqued.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

What was that?

LILY

My memories are not for you to...
steal!

SOPHIA

Forgive me. I only wish to understand
your pain.

LILY

Why?

SOPHIA

Because in understanding there is
clarity.

LILY
Clarity?! How does that work? You feel better because I've had it worse? Well congrats - I have. I was five when my life was ripped apart, and everything since has been shit.

Even more than Sophia, Lily has shocked herself with the revelation.

LILY (CONT'D)
Life is miserable. Happiness is a fairy tale.

A major reversal now finds Sophia vulnerable and Lily in the driver's seat.

LILY (CONT'D)
You really want to know what happened to me?

Sophia nods.

LILY (CONT'D)
You first.

CUT TO: BLACK

EXT. DELESOL MANOR - DAY

Lily flies out the front door and speeds towards her car. She leaps inside and drives away, peering through the rear-view. The ghost of Sophia (in the same black dress) is visible on the roof - motionless, but always watching.

INT. LILY & MARK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mark pokes his head in. Lily's scribbling away. Too tired to bother, a sullen Mark backtracks and leaves Lily in peace.

On her notepad, Lily constructs a conspiracy-theory web chart. Largest of all the headings is "SOPHIA" and THEODORE," both with big question marks beside them.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Distracted by her thoughts, Lily paces as she brushes her teeth. Her FOOTSTEPS are literally so heavy that even from the

BEDROOM

Mark can hear them. Already in bed, Mark grumbles and rolls over.

LATER.

Lily's in bed now too. She stares up at the ceiling, wide awake as she puzzles through the Delesol mystery.

EXT. NEW HAMPSHIRE - SUNRISE

Morning light creeps over the horizon.

INT. REED & TURNER - LOBBY - DAY

Lily enters from the street. She slows when she spots WALTER CROMBLEY (72) sitting on a sofa. Slightly aloof, Walter doesn't seem entirely "with it."

LILY

You wouldn't be Walter Crombley, would you?

WALTER

Crombley? Why, that's my name.

Lily smiles.

LILY

Excellent. I'm Lily Kemp.

Lily shakes Walter's hand and joins him on the sofa.

WALTER

Are you the lovely lady that's been charged with the care of my manor?

LILY

That's me. I'm the lead restoration artist. I'd like to go over our initial summary with you and, based on your requests, provide some suggestions on how to the best restore your home.

As Lily opens an official Reed & Turner binder, Walter analyzes her closely, specifically Lily's tired eyes.

WALTER

It seems she's already taking a toll.

Lily freezes; Walter's sharper than he appears.

LILY

Sorry?

WALTER

The house. She can be a stubborn old girl.

LILY

I've noticed. Mr. Crombley, I want you to know that Delesol Manor is in good, talented hands. We're the best at what we do.

WALTER

Business is so drole. I'm sure there's something else we could discuss?

Lily notices a gleam in Walter's eye.

LILY

Your family must have been close with the Delesols.

WALTER

Extremely.

LILY

Did you ever hear stories about them?

WALTER

Oh, many. They were a lovely family, from what I've been told. We were quite fond of them. Well, at least of Madam Sophia. Apparently the man of the house was a bit of a brute.

LILY

And your family? They're from here?

WALTER

Always have been.

LILY

So I guess my main confusion is -

WALTER

- is how, in twenty short years, my family made such an impression that they subsequently became

(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)
beneficiaries?

LILY
Exactly.

WALTER
I don't believe I have the answers
you're looking for. As you can
imagine, much becomes lost over time.

LILY
Why keep the house a secret all this
time?

WALTER
Some things are best kept quiet, my
dear.

LILY
But have any of the Crombleys ever
lived in Delesol?

WALTER
Never.

LILY
Any upkeep?

WALTER
No.

Lily's laying on the heat - her volume and speed increasing -
but Walter stays cool as a cucumber.

LILY
Then why isn't it a pile of rubble?
I've seen houses half the age with
twice the damage.

WALTER
What is it you really want to ask?

LILY
What happened to them!? Where did they
go and who did it? And why does none
of this make any sense...?

Walter allows Lily a moment to cool down.

WALTER

Once again, I wish I had a satisfactory answer to your questions. If only I had lived alongside the Delesols, perhaps I could be of more use.

LILY

I'm sorry. I think I got a little carried away.

WALTER

No apologies required, sweet child.

Lily reaches for the binder again.

LILY

Why don't we get back to Reed & Turner's -

WALTER

- I'd rather know what you think. You're the one calling the shots, yes?

LILY

That's right.

WALTER

Then it is you I wish to understand. What made you choose such an important line of work?

LILY

It was my father, actually. He built homes for a living. But I always liked old ones. There was one down the street from us, and I'd always ask him why he wouldn't fix it, and he'd say "that's a job for a very special kind of person. Someone with patience. Caring." Sometimes I think it was just his way of letting me know I could do anything.

WALTER

Smart man. What does he think of you now?

LILY

He's gone, actually.

WALTER

I'm sorry.

LILY

What do you want from us, Walter? If you had one wish for Delesol.

WALTER

I would like it to look just as it once was. However that translates. Consider it the greatest homage.

LILY

That I can do.

WALTER

I have great confidence in you, Ms. Kemp - from the moment you took my hand. You can tell a lot about a person from a simple handshake.

LILY

If you're happy, we're happy.

They exchange a smile.

WALTER

My great, great, great - well, you get the picture - grandfather always dreamed of owning his own land. The Crombleys then were not a wealthy family. How fortunate he was to have been left such a glorious prize.

Something about Walter's words catches Lily's attention, and her smile instantly fades.

LILY

Thank you for meeting with me, Mr. Crombley. We'll be in touch every step of the way.

WALTER

I look forward to it.

Walter stands and Lily follows suit, her mind already elsewhere.

LILY

Can I call you a cab?

WALTER

That's not necessary. My car's just outside.

LILY

Okay then...

As Lily heads for the elevator.

WALTER

You take care of my house now, won't you?

Lily stops. She forces herself to continue on without looking back and hurries into the

ELEVATOR.

Lily barely manages to keep it together until she's out of sight. Her mind runs wild with new theories.

INT. CLARA'S OFFICE - DAY

Clara's working at her desk when Lily barges in.

LILY

The Delesols were murdered.

Clara rolls her eyes.

CLARA

WHAT!?

LILY

I just spoke to Walter Crombley. That guy is a shady sonofabitch.

CLARA

If you gave him a heart-attack, I swear to God...

LILY

Think about it. The Crombleys cozy up to Sophia and Theodore, and then when they're in the will they take them out. Nothing else makes sense.

Clara bursts up from her chair.

CLARA

No, you're not making sense. First
(MORE)

CLARA (CONT'D)

you're gung-ho for Mommy Dearest and now you're after some poor old man who can barely remember his own name?

LILY

The one thing he's not is 'poor.'

CLARA

Why are you obsessed with this? It's over, and it's been over for -

LILY

234 years - yeah I got it.

CLARA

Do you? What do you actually hope to achieve? Expose some ancient conspiracy - punish a dying old man? That's like going after Hitler's great, great, great, great... great grandson!

LILY

I just want people to know the truth.

CLARA

Guess what - no one cares! You are the only one.

LILY

Right. Because that would require you to... actually care about something!

CLARA

Oh, so I don't care about other people? Well, when it comes to the Delesols, I don't give a shit. And that might have something to do with the fact that they were shitty people. I think the research made that pretty clear.

LILY

You can't believe everything you read.

CLARA

Actually, I can. And you will too. So let it go.

LILY

No.

CLARA

Excuse me?

LILY

You put me in charge because you knew how much something like this meant to me. There is a story here, and it's been buried.

Lily's own words - 'buried,' in particular - provide instant clarity. She pauses just briefly.

LILY (CONT'D)

They vanished, but if someone else did that to them, that means something. They can't just be forgotten. Wouldn't you want answers if it was your family?

CLARA

We're not historians. We don't tell stories. We fix things.

LILY

Then let me fix this.

CLARA

This isn't you.

But as Lily stares Clara down, Clara realizes she has no choice.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Fine. Commence the witch hunt. But this does not get in the way of actual work.

LILY

Deal.

CLARA

We go live Monday. You crew will be waiting. So you better be ready to bark orders.

Lily spins on her heel and charges out.

EXT. REED & TURNER - DAY

Lily exits, dark determination guiding every step. From inside a

PRIVATE CAR

Walter Crombley watches Lily.

EXT. DELESOL MANOR - GREENHOUSE - DAY

Lily scoops up the shovel and carries it to the

ORCHARD

Where she stops in the same place as before. Lily stares down at the patch of grass - mentally preparing herself - and then digs.

TIME PASSES as Lily makes progress.

A CLUNK as the spade finally hits wood. With a little more digging, Lily uncovers a casket. She uses her hands to pry it open, and unveils the corpse of Sophia.

Nothing but rotted, skeletal remains. Lifeless. However, vines have pierced the sides of the coffin and wrap around the corpse.

Lily waits for something - anything - but absolutely nothing happens.

LILY

Nothing?! Isn't this what you wanted?
What the hell do you want from me!?

Still nothing. Enraged, Lily climbs out of the hole and shovels the dirt back into the grave. Heap after the heap, the dirt covers the coffin until all is

BLACK.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT - FLASH-FORWARD

Lily stares Sophia down.

LILY

I want to know what happened to you.
Died, murdered... I want the truth.
And you know there's only one way I'll
ever believe you.

Sophia lowers her gaze for just a moment as she considers.

SOPHIA

Alright.

She locks eyes with Lily and the room around them melts into darkness. But then, a new scene is illuminated behind Sophia, negating space and time.

Lily stands and moves past Sophia into the

DELESOL MASTER BEDROOM - 1782

The room is empty. But not for long.

SOPHIA (O.S.)

NO!

Sophia (40) flees into view from the connecting bathroom. But THEODORE DELESOL (45) is hot on her heels. He grabs Sophia and spins her around, gripping her arms.

THEODORE

This is NOT what we agreed.

SOPHIA

You're hurting me.

Theodore violently pushes Sophia down on the bed and chokes her. Sophia struggles and suddenly looks past Theodore, right at Lily.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Help me...

Lily can do nothing but watch - just as helpless. Tears streak her cheeks as she watches the scene unfold. The life begins to drain from Sophia's eyes until her body finally goes limp.

The world around Lily spins until she's returned to the

DELESOL DRAWING ROOM - 2016

Lily's back in her seat, facing Sophia, as if she never left.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
And just like that, I met my end.
There was no plot, no mystery. There
was only darkness.

LILY
Where did you go?

SOPHIA
Nowhere. I have always been here.

Sophia looks around the room.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
But in death, she was not as I
remembered. A haze shrouded every
corridor of my mind. Endless fog...
So, I wandered aimlessly. There was no
beginning or end. There was nothing.
Until you.

LILY
Me?

SOPHIA
There is something inside of you that
even I cannot explain. Your arrival -
it woke this place from its slumber.

LILY
When I saw you, you were...

SOPHIA
Something else.

LILY
And now?

SOPHIA
Now...? Now I am free to haunt these
halls for eternity.

LILY
It's not the houses that are
haunted...

Sophia gazes into Lily's eyes - sees the overflowing sadness.

SOPHIA
And how long have you been haunted?

LILY
All my life.

SOPHIA
I believe you still owe me an
explanation.

LILY
You're right.

As Lily extends her hand -

SOPHIA
No, there's no need. I can see just
fine.

Lily braces herself for the biggest confession. She closes
her eyes.

CUT TO: BLACK

INT. LILY & MARK'S HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Lily enters. Slips off her shoes and moves into the
KITCHEN.

On the table is a bottle of champagne, chilling in a bucket
of ice. Tied to the bucket are balloons. Lily examines the
bottle.

MARK (O.S.)
Surprise.

Lily whips around to find Mark looking just as apathetic as
he sounds.

LILY
What is this?

MARK
We're celebrating your big
promotion... which I found out about
on the internet.

Lily realizes her faux-pas a little too late.

LILY
Oh shit.

As Mark approaches, he realizes just how caked in dirt Lily's

clothes are.

MARK

Work get a little messy?

LILY

Mark, please don't be mad.

MARK

Mad? How about heartbroken?

LILY

If I could make you feel how sorry I am, I would.

MARK

Here's an idea - instead of that, how about you try actually talking to me!? That'd be swell, considering you've pretty much cut me out since we got engaged.

LILY

That's not it at all. It's just bad timing.

MARK

That's great - sorry I'm such an inconvenience.

Lily sighs, realizing she's fighting a losing battle.

MARK (CONT'D)

You don't tell me about your work. You don't tell anyone about us.

LILY

Because I have no one to tell!! You get to invite your parents over, see the look on their faces when we tell them. But me? I get to talk to myself while I sit at my father's grave!

Mark's dumfounded. A defensive strike he wasn't prepared for.

LILY (CONT'D)

I'm a shitty communicator sometimes. I get that. But you couldn't possibly understand the number of things that go through my mind in a day. Sometimes there is literally too much. And the

(MORE)

LILY (CONT'D)
only way to keep things straight is to
focus on what's in front of me.

Mark lets Lily take her hand.

LILY (CONT'D)
I am truly sorry for all the things
I've forgotten to share with you or
the world, and for every other stupid
mistake I've ever made. Okay?

Mark pulls away.

MARK
All you had to do was say something.
Now I look like an ass.

LILY
That is so not the point.

MARK
It's been like this for a while,
hasn't it? Before it was just
daydreams and zoning out. But now it's
like you're trying to be in two places
at once.

LILY
This is who I am.

MARK
Can't we just be that couple who
leaves their work shit behind at the
end of the day?

LILY
I don't know how.

MARK
Yes you do.

Mark takes off.

LILY
Mark!

MARK
Go away...

The ultimate rejection. Lily remains motionless. Dejected.

INT. LILY'S CAR - NIGHT

Lily drives, wiping tears away as her wipers defend against a torrential downfall. She pulls the car down the

SIDE ROAD

And steers the car towards

DELESOL MANOR.

Lily hits the breaks hard and the car lurches to a stop. She hops out and moves back towards Delesol, with complete disregard for the storm above. Lily's instantly soaked, head to toe.

INT. DELESOL - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Lily throws open the doors. They hit the wall with a BANG. She leaves them wide open as she looks around the dark, empty manor. Finally, she moves into the

DRAWING ROOM.

Our familiar opening scene. Lily at the plaster wall, tracing the cracks. She catches the tear with her ring and examines it.

SOPHIA (O.S.)

My, how they itch.

THUNDER and lighting as Lily whips around to find Sophia in the threshold, fully "in the flesh."

Sophia slowly approaches a quivering Lily. Up close, Sophia makes for a timelessly-beautiful specimen, albeit frightening as hell; it's the grin, more than anything. And those piercing eyes.

LILY

It's you.

SOPHIA

I had the most peculiar feeling that you needed me.

She looks Lily over.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

You're all wet.

LILY
I had nowhere else to go.

SOPHIA
Then I guess you'd better sit.

The duo takes their familiar seats. For a moment, Sophia just stares at Lily. Then -

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Are you frightened?

More THUNDER.

CUT TO: BLACK

INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

The flash-forwards are no more; the past has caught up to the present. Lily extends her hand.

SOPHIA
No, there's no need. I can see just fine.

LILY
Okay...

Lily closes her eyes and is instantly TRANSPORTED.

INT. KEMP HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Lily now sits in the master bedroom of the Kemp home - an observer.

John Kemp is tied to a chair - unconscious. He awakens with a start and in the moonlight, a small wound on his forehead is visible.

JOHN
What the...

He looks up and finds Elizabeth pacing before him.

JOHN (CONT'D)
What the fuck are you doing?

LIZ
Stopping you.

JOHN

What?!

LIZ

I know what you're planning.

Elizabeth reveals her gun.

JOHN

Whoa - slow down. What am I planning?

LIZ

You know.

She presses the gun against his forehead.

JOHN

Elizabeth, please - I have no idea
what the hell you're talking about.

LIZ

I HEARD YOU!!

INT. YOUNG LILY'S ROOM - CONTINUING

Young Lily stirs.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUING

LIZ

"If only I could drown her like a wet
rat." But guess what - I won't let
you.

John really starts to panic now, hopelessly pulling at binds
that will never come loose.

JOHN

JESUS CHRIST, LIZ, IT WAS JUST A
RANDOM FUCKING THOUGHT! We fight and I
get mad and think of stupid shit. But
I never actually plan on doing it!

A CLICK as Liz cocks the gun.

LIZ

You're a liar. And I will not let you
hurt me.

JOHN

No. DON'T!!

Young Lily opens the door just as Liz FIRES, killing John. Liz hears Young Lily SCREAM and faces her. Only Lily isn't making a sound. Liz can hear Lily's thoughts.

And Young Lily is on fire.

Liz clutches her head.

LIZ

Oh no... oh my God - NO!!

Liz raises the gun to her head.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Forgive me.

Another BANG as Liz shoots herself. A dazed Young Lily moves to John's side.

YOUNG LILY

Daddy?

She nudges John. Nothing.

YOUNG LILY (CONT'D)

Daddy?

Now the tears comes. Young Lily clutches John.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Sophia's bottom lip quivers.

SOPHIA

Good God.

LILY

There's more.

Lily REMEMBERS.

INT. KEMP HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

As Young Lily clutches John's body. His soul suddenly leaves his body. It's a non-responsive thing, its eyes closed. It slowly moves upwards.

YOUNG LILY

No daddy, don't go!

But then John's spirit dissolves into oblivion, accompanied by a deep, other-worldly breathing - a final SIGH.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Lily SNIFFLES as more tears come.

LILY

And just like that, he was gone.
Forever.

SOPHIA

But you have the power to -

LILY

- No. Not with him. The one person I'd
give anything to see one last time...
But he's gone. You asked if I'm
afraid? I'm afraid of everything. But
what scares me most is that I'll turn
out like her.

SOPHIA

Like her?

LILY

Crazy. If I lose my mind, I lose him.
And then I'll really be alone.

Sophia takes Lily's hand. Lily's astonished by how real the sensation is.

SOPHIA

You will never be alone.

LILY

I need more than the dead.

SOPHIA

But you already have it.

Lily has an epiphany.

LILY

You're right.

She stands up.

LILY (CONT'D)
I have to go.

Sophia stands.

LILY (CONT'D)
I think you did save my life. I owe
you everything.

SOPHIA
You have given me more than you will
ever know. You owe me nothing.

Lily leaves but stops herself.

LILY
Will I see you again?

SOPHIA
I'm sure of it.

And with that, Lily exits. Sophia's empathetic gaze is
instantly replaced with an evil grin.

INT. LILY & MARK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mark tosses and turns. Lily enters and flips on the light.
Mark slides out of bed.

MARK
Lil?

LILY
You were right. About everything.

Mark pulls Lily against him. She rests his head on her
shoulder.

MARK
I love you.

LILY
I love you too. And I'm all yours.

INT. DELESOL MANOR - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sophia stands at the window, looking out on her legacy. From
here she can see the orchard.

LILY (V.O.)
Isn't this what you wanted? What the
(MORE)

LILY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
hell do you want from me!?

Sophia grins again as she REMEMBERS.

EXT. ORCHARD - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The dirt is fresh on Sophia's grave - Lily has already exhumed it. A FULL MOON is out.

IN SOPHIA'S COFFIN

An other-worldly GROAN. Immediately following, A SWIRL OF ENERGY THAT RE-ANIMATES SOPHIA'S CORPSE. Sophia takes a moment to familiarize herself with her surroundings.

Then, she smiles.

EXT. ORCHARD - MOMENTS LATER

Sophia digs her way out and GASPS FOR AIR - her first breath in a quarter-millennium. She stands and faces the house - her house. Then, she bends over and grabs a clump of dirt, running it through her fingers like it's the purest silk.

As she treks up to Delesol, Sophia doesn't bother to dust herself off. All the dirt, dust and grime falls away - as if by magic.

And by the time Sophia reaches the back entrance, she's good as new.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Another familiar scene. Black widow Sophia struts her stuff towards the drawing room, where she knows a wet Lily - her fly - is already waiting.

She moves at her own leisurely pace. Because Sophia has all the time in the world.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. DELESOL - MASTER BEDROOM WINDOW - NIGHT

Sophia finally moves away from the window. There is much work to be done.

INT. DELESOL MANOR - FOYER - DAY

Monday morning. A fresh-faced, confident Lily stands before a

LARGE TEAM OF RESTORATION ARCHITECTS.

LILY

Good morning everyone. I just want to say that I have never been more excited for a project, and that I can't wait to bring this place back to life with all of you. Shall we get started?

CUT TO: BLACK

END ACT FIVE

END CREDITS.