

FIRST KILL
"16, BLONDE, AND BLEEDING TO DEATH"
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Belletrist
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FADE IN:

EXT. NOAH HARRINGTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A party rages inside a big, old-money mansion. Music spills out onto the lawn. A line of nice cars fills the driveway. JULIETTE FAIRMONT (16, white, blonde, slender) stumbles between them, one hand pressed to her stomach. She is disheveled, in pain.

Juliette slides down the side of a car. She looks down at her hand. It comes away, covered in blood.

We hold on Juliette as she closes her eyes, swallows, teeth clenched.

A cell phone begins to RING. An upbeat tune. Her eyes float open. Bloody fingers drag the phone from her pocket.

The screen tells us *Ben* is calling.

She doesn't answer. Her phone and hand both slip to the pavement, streaked with blood. The ringtone PLAYS ON, as we
FADE TO:

TITLE CARD: THAT MORNING

INT. FAIRMONT HOUSE - JULIETTE'S ROOM - DAY

The same song BLARES from the cell on the bedside table of Juliette's room. Discarded outfits on a high-backed chair. Notes sprawled over a nice desk. A girl, buried beneath high-quality sheets.

Juliette throws them off, and gets up.

She gets dressed-- three times, in three different looks (a girl who clearly hasn't found her style yet).

INT. FAIRMONT HOUSE - JULIETTE'S BATHROOM - DAY (CONT'D)

The pop music continues as Juliette does her hair in front of the mirror. She tries to French braid her hair, fails, shakes it out to look sexy, quits, and pulls it up into a ponytail.

She brushes her teeth, spits, rinses, cuts the tap off, and--

The music CUTS OUT abruptly as a drop of red-black blood hits the sink.

Juliette looks down at the blood. She looks up, meets her reflection, and we see another drop starting at the edge of her eye. It runs down her cheek.

Juliette doesn't panic, but she frowns a little, bites her lip, unsettled.

JULIETTE (V.O.)
Do you ever feel like you're the
weird one?

She turns the faucet back on, and washes her face.

The music PICKS UP again, softer this time as she does her makeup.

JULIETTE (V.O.)
Sometimes I look around, and it
seems like everyone else has it all
figured out.

She searches through a messy drawer for lipstick.

JULIETTE (V.O.)
The clothes they wear. The bands
they like. What makes them happy.
Who they are. And who they want to
be.

Juliette abandons her search and goes out into--

INT. FAIRMONT HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY (CONT'D)

Juliette crosses the hall to another door, slightly ajar, an elegant 'E' painted on the wood. She KNOCKS, hesitates, and goes in.

INT. FAIRMONT HOUSE - ELINOR'S ROOM - DAY (CONT'D)

This room is darker, more elegant, with a perfectly made bed, and a vintage vanity, two dozen lipsticks ordered in a perfect line against the back.

JULIETTE (V.O.)
Sometimes--

Juliette trails her fingers over the lipstick colors, selecting one. She puts it on, pressing her lips together.

JULIETTE (V.O.)
--it feels like I'm the only one
pretending.

MARGOT (O.S.)
Juliette!

Juliette puts the lipstick back, nudging it into place.

INT. FAIRMONT HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

We follow Juliette downstairs, through a house straight out of a Southern Living spread. Polished counters, artful throws, antiques peppered like seasoning, and into--

INT. FAIRMONT HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (CONT'D)

Polished marble. Stainless steel. Tastefully weathered wood. Her mother, MARGOT (40's, stylish in a southern way), sits at a farmhouse table, making notes. Her father, SEBASTIAN (40's, handsome), stands at the island, scrolling through a tablet and drinking what we assume is coffee. Both are elegant, perfectly groomed.

MARGOT
Morning, darling.

SEBASTIAN
Sleep well?

JULIETTE
Sure.

Margot holds a pill bottle up between manicured nails.

MARGOT
I refilled these for you. I noticed
you were almost out.

SEBASTIAN
(concerned)
Already?

JULIETTE
It's fine.

SEBASTIAN
Have you had any symptoms?

QUICK CUT TO:

Blood running down her eyes in the bathroom.

AND BACK TO:

Juliette fills a cup from the pot.

JULIETTE

Nope. It's just been a long week.

She drinks deeply. Behind her back, her parents share a look.

SEBASTIAN

Juliette...

Her eyes flick up to the camera. She grips the cup tighter, bracing.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Your mother and I have been trying
to give you space, but--

MARGOT

Your birthday was three weeks ago.
We know you're nervous, but we both
think it's time you--

They're interrupted by the door SLAMMING, the arrival of Juliette's older sister, ELINOR (20's, doll-like) as pretty and put together as her bedroom vanity. The only sign of a hangover, the designer sunglasses hiding her eyes.

Juliette sags, clearly relieved.

ELINOR

(pouring herself a cup)
Morning!

MARGOT

Elinor.

Elinor hops onto the island, legs swinging girlishly as she drinks.

SEBASTIAN

Have you been out *all* night?

ELINOR

(studying her nails)
Does it really matter?

Elinor notices that the polish is chipped, specks of dirt or blood showing beneath. She frowns, head tilted.

SEBASTIAN

Did you clean up after yourself?

ELINOR

(distracted)

Of course.

SEBASTIAN

This isn't New York. People will
notice if you're not--

A car horn HONKS. Elinor's smile snaps back into place. She hops off the island. Margot jumps a little. Sebastian sighs.

MARGOT

Juliette, would you *please* tell Ben
that we have a bell?

Juliette swings the backpack over one shoulder.

JULIETTE

Oh, he knows.

Her father hands her a to-go thermos. She kisses his cheek. She takes the pill bottle from her mother, and heads into--

INT. FAIRMONT HOUSE - FOYER - DAY (CONT'D)

Juliette reaches for a pair of sunglasses from a dish and--

Elinor's hand comes down on top of hers. Even though she was just in the kitchen. Elinor steps close, takes Juliette by the chin, examining. She taps a finger against Juliette's lips.

ELINOR

That isn't your color.

JULIETTE

(softly)

Sorry.

Elinor breaks into a too-bright smile. She pulls the elastic from Juliette's hair, tucks a blonde chunk behind her ear.

ELINOR

(doting)

Much better.

The car HONKS again. Juliette pulls away.

EXT. FAIRMONT HOUSE - DAY

The Fairmont property radiates old money elegance, a beautiful house between beautiful houses on a tree-lined street. The trees are turning colors. A handful of pumpkins sit arranged by the door.

Juliette puts her sunglasses on as she jogs down to the car waiting on the curb.

BEN WHEELER (16, lanky, athletic) sits in the driver's seat, a lollipop stick between his teeth. He's wearing a letterman's jacket, colorful plastic sunglasses perched on his nose.

Music BLARES from the radio. He dances shamelessly, head bouncing. Tastefully dressed neighbors glare from lawns.

Ben sees Juliette coming. He turns down the radio, looks over his sunglasses at Juliette, and smiles.

BEN
(in an exaggerated
Southern accent)
Miss Fairmont, I do declare, you
are looking like a peach today.

Juliette rounds the car as he talks.

BEN (CONT'D)
(his accent softening)
Is it a peach or a plum? I always
forget.

JULIETTE
Bless your heart.

She climbs in, and slams the door shut.

INT. BEN'S CAR - DAY

Ben's car is nice, but messy. Sports equipment, books, a charm dangling from the mirror.

Juliette has her shoes up on the dash, the breeze blowing in through the open window. She sips from the to-go thermos as Ben SINGS along with the radio, unabashed.

She looks at him, and smiles. His singing fades. So does the radio.

JULIETTE (V.O.)
Ben Wheeler is the kind of boy you
fall in love with. Trust me, I
tried.

A MONTAGE:

INT. BLANKET FORT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Two kids, age 6 or 7, arms slung around each other as they
jump through puddles in the rain.

EXT. STREET - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The kids, 9 or 10 now, sprawl among pillows, reading.

EXT. PARK - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The kids, age 12, kissing, the way kids kiss for the first
time, awkward and stiff.

JULIETTE (V.O.)
We dated for a month when we were
twelve, before we both figured
out...

INT. BOY'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Ben kissing another boy in track clothes.

JULIETTE (V.O.)
Well...

INT. GIRL'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Juliette laces her shoes and watches two girls tangled
together, one whispering in the other's ear. She blushes and
looks down, biting her lip.

JULIETTE (V.O.)
What we really wanted.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BEN'S CAR - DAY

We return to Juliette smiling at Ben, who's still SINGING as
they pull into the school parking lot.

Ben trails off, and looks over at her.

BEN
What are you grinning at?

JULIETTE
(teasingly)
Your face.

BEN
(mock affront)
Hey, lots of people like this face.

He parks, cuts the engine. They get out of the car.

EXT. LANCASTER HIGH - DAY (CONT'D)

A large brick high school. Public, but monied. Most of the cars in the lot are high end.

BEN
Noah Harrington likes this face.

JULIETTE
Noah Harrington has a girlfriend.

Ben hooks his arm around her shoulder and smiles.

BEN
Noah Harrington's confused.

INT. LANCASTER HIGH - HALL - DAY

Ben and Juliette stand in front of their lockers, surrounded by a tide of students. Lockers SLAM. Ben chats, but the school sounds RISE around them, drowning out everything until the noise is almost white.

Juliette digs out the pill bottle, unscrews the cap, shakes a blood red pill out into her palm and throws it back.

She washes it down with the last of her thermos, wincing a little. She closes her eyes, and the white noise RETREATS, sinking back into the ordinary sounds of school. Ben's voice, now clear.

BEN
Migraine?

JULIETTE
Yeah.

The bell RINGS, high and sharp.

Juliette and Ben go their separate ways, pulled apart by the sea of students.

BEN

Godspeed.

JULIETTE

Good luck.

INT. LANCASTER HIGH - ENGLISH CLASSROOM - DAY

Juliette heads for her desk.

It's a battlefield. All around Juliette, teeth CHEW gum. A chair SCRAPES. Someone SPRITZES perfume on bare skin. This is how she experiences the world, in details. And it's overwhelming.

BEAU PARKER (16, athletic) passes her a paper. An invite to a party at Noah's, tear-off details along the bottom. Juliette hands it on without taking one.

PHILIPPA WARNER (17, prim) catches her arm.

PHILIPPA

Have you signed up for the Fright
Fest build? I don't know why I'm
asking, I know you haven't.

She thrusts a clipboard at Juliette.

PHILIPPA (CONT'D)

Put Wheeler down, too.

She reaches her seat and sinks into it as the teacher, MR.
PORTER (50's, salt-and-pepper hair), arrives.

MR. PORTER

Steady now. I had no idea you were
all so excited to discuss the
merits of Flannery O'Connor.

The sounds continue to MOUNT.

JULIETTE (V.O.)

I've always been sensitive. But
ever since I turned 16, it's gotten
worse. Every day, the world is
louder, sharper, brighter.

(MORE)

JULIETTE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And every day, just when I think
it's too much--

The second bell RINGS. Juliette digs WISE BLOOD out of her bag as CALLIOPE BURNS (16, Black, strikingly pretty) arrives, breathless, flushed.

Juliette shifts in her seat, attention on the other girl.

JULIETTE (V.O.)

I see you.

MR. PORTER

Miss Burns! I know you're new here,
but surely school works the same
where you came from.

CALLIOPE

Sorry.

She smiles, disarming, genuine. Mr. Porter softens.

MR. PORTER

That's all right. But since you're
already up, I'm sure you won't mind
getting us started.

Porter hands her his copy of WISE BLOOD.

Calliope takes the book. She reads with easy confidence and expert poise. Her voice is melodic, entrancing, a natural performer. As she reads, her voice FADES, and Juliette's rises.

CALLIOPE

*"Hazel Motes sat at a forward angle
on the green plush train seat..."*

JULIETTE (V.O.)

Calliope Burns. Mysterious,
magnetic, confident, clever.
Everything I wish I was. Everything
I want to be.

As Calliope recites, we see her as Juliette sees her. In pieces. Sharp, dark eyes. A tiny crinkle between them. A wry smile. A silver wrapping one ear. A bracelet around one wrist.

JULIETTE (V.O.)

I don't know where you came from.
You just showed up, a month into
school. One day, nothing, and the
next, you were there.

We cut to a quick SERIES OF SHOTS:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Calliope riding her bike down the middle of the road

JULIETTE (V.O.)
Some days it feels like you've
always been at Lancaster.

INT. LANCASTER HIGH - GYM - DAY

--Calliope playing volleyball

JULIETTE (V.O.)
And other days...

INT. LANCASTER HIGH - THEATER - DAY

--Calliope laughing on a theater stage

JULIETTE (V.O.)
I'm convinced that if I blink...

INT. LANCASTER HIGH - ENGLISH ROOM - DAY

Calliope looks up from the book, and straight into the camera.

JULIETTE (V.O.)
You'll disappear.

The bell RINGS.

Everyone CHATTERS. Juliette packs up, trying to time her exit to Calliope's, and accidentally knocks over her pencil bag, scattering pens everywhere.

By the time she gathers them up, Calliope's gone.

INT. LANCASTER HIGH - HALL - DAY

Juliette steps into the hall, looking for Calliope, but there's no sign of her.

She walks several steps, and then we hear her shoe SCRAPE against something small and metal. It SKIDS along the linoleum, and under a locker.

Juliette crouches down, peering under the lockers. A bracelet glints there, just out of reach.

WE CUT TO:

A brief flashback of Calliope holding the book in English, a silver bracelet dangling from one wrist.

CUT BACK TO the hall, as Juliette stretches on the ground, fingers closing around the bracelet.

She gasps, pulling back as if burned.

JULIETTE
(under her breath)
Shit.

She looks around, her fist clenched. We can't see what's wrong.

INT. LANCASTER HIGH - GIRL'S BATHROOM - DAY

GIRL #1 washes her hands. GIRL #2 leans, waiting against the far wall.

Juliette comes in, and goes to the sink, busies herself until they leave. As soon as they're gone, she opens her hand.

A vivid red welt runs across her palm, the shape of the bracelet stamped there. Her pulse, an audible BEAT.

JULIETTE
Shit, shit, shit.
(beat)
Silver.

Juliette runs her hand under the water, hisses in pain. She grits her teeth, and we see that her canines have gotten longer, sharper. Undeniably *fangs*.

JULIETTE (V.O.)
Oh. Yeah. That.

CUT TO:

QUICK FLASHES of Juliette grabbing her sunglasses. Her mother filling pill capsules with a pipette of blood. The pulse in students' throats.

JULIETTE (V.O.)
I guess I really am the weird one.

CUT BACK TO:

Juliette staring down at her silver-burned palm.

JULIETTE (V.O.)
I never asked for this.

She digs through her bag, pulls out the pill bottle with shaking hands, dumps two more blood-red pills into her uninjured palm, and swallows them dry.

She braces herself on the counter, takes a few deep breaths. The pulse FADES. She meets her reflection. Her fangs have retreated. She exhales a shaky breath.

JULIETTE (V.O.)
I just want to be normal.

The bell RINGS, and Juliette pushes off the sink.

INT. LANCASTER HIGH - CAFETERIA - LATER

Ben and Juliette stand in line with their trays. Ben waves to a passing jock.

JULIETTE (V.O.)
I haven't told anyone, of course.
Not even Ben.

They drop their trays at a lunch table. Ben's is full. Juliette's has an apple, a soda, and a bag of chips. She cracks open the soda, doesn't drink. Opens the bag of chips, but turns it toward Ben.

JULIETTE (V.O.)
How can I? People like me, we're
not even supposed to be real.

Juliette's gaze drifts to Calliope, who sits at a table, surrounded by a handful of students. She looks happy. Confident.

JULIETTE (V.O.)
So why do I keep wishing I could
tell you? Would you believe me, if
I did?

Ben CLEARS his throat.

BEN
Look, far be it from to stand in
the way of quiet pining, but you
know, you could just talk to her.

JULIETTE
(defensively)
I have. I mean, yeah, no, we've--
definitely-- talked.

Ben looks skeptical and we CUT TO:

A series of truly pitiful efforts at "talking."

EXT. LANCASTER HIGH - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Juliette standing near Calliope and her friends, under an awning during a rainstorm. She laughs too late at a joke that wasn't even directed at her.

INT. LANCASTER HIGH - GYM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Juliette and Calliope next to each other on the mats. She says, too softly, "I like your..." but doesn't finish. Calliope has walked away.

INT. LANCASTER HIGH - HALL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Juliette walking toward Calliope, and just giving up and turning around.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. LANCASTER HIGH - CAFETERIA - DAY

BEN
(rising with his tray)
Why don't you start with something
small? Like your name.

INT. LANCASTER HIGH - GYM - LATER

Juliette jogs on the indoor track. Her PULSE is loud and steady in her ears, drowning out everything. Soon, other PULSES join in. As if she can hear everyone's heart beating.

Ben's voice finally breaks through.

BEN (CONT'D)
So I'll pick you up at nine?

JULIETTE
(slowing)
For what?

BEN
The party. At Noah's. Which you
promised to come to.

JULIETTE
Why would I do that? I hate parties.

BEN
But you love me. And you have to go. You're my wingman.

JULIETTE
Wingwoman.

BEN
That's my girl.

EXT. LANCASTER HIGH - DAY - LATER

They push open the doors, head down the front steps, Juliette wearing shades.

JULIETTE
I didn't say yes.

She tips one more blood-red pill into her palm. The bottle is empty. She stuffs it back in her bag.

BEN
Don't worry, we'll find you a nice quiet corner. Maybe you can even-- oh, look out--

Too late. Juliette knocks into a girl.

JULIETTE
(automatically)
Sorry.

For an instant, we see the other girl in pieces --eyes, earring, hair, mouth-- before she resolves into Calliope. Juliette lifts her sunglasses onto her head.

JULIETTE (CONT'D)
(unsteady)
Oh. Hi.

CALLIOPE
(cautious)
Hi.

For a weighted moment, neither speaks, though both seem to want to. Calliope smiles, breaking the tension. Juliette can HEAR Calliope's pulse. An audible BEAT.

CALLIOPE (CONT'D)
Juliette, right?

JULIETTE
Yeah. Yes. Hi. You're Calliope.

CALLIOPE
Most people just call me Cal.

JULIETTE
Why?

CALLIOPE
What?

Juliette fidgets.

JULIETTE
Oh, I just mean, I like Calliope.
It's strange.
(cringing)
I mean, it's beautiful.

CALLIOPE
Is it?

JULIETTE
Classic. Or classical.

CALLIOPE
You should meet my brothers,
Theseus and Apollo.

Juliette laughs. Calliope doesn't.

Behind her, Ben mimes dancing. He is the world's least subtle cheerleader. Juliette frowns, attention flicking between him and Calliope as she tries to decipher the code. He's telling her...to invite Calliope...to the...party.

JULIETTE
(abruptly)
There's a party!

CALLIOPE
What?

JULIETTE
Tonight, at Noah's. My friend Ben's
making me go so they can hook up.

BEN (O.S.)
It's a noble cause!

CALLIOPE
I'm not big on parties.

JULIETTE

Me either! I hate them. But I
promised to go, so I'll be there,
if you decide to be there, too,
then maybe I'll see you?

CALLIOPE

(after a beat)

Yeah. Okay.

(smiling)

Maybe you will.

Calliope turns away toward the bike rack, and Juliette sees a
bee on the back of the other girl's sleeve.

JULIETTE

Wait.

Juliette catches Calliope's hand.

Calliope twists back toward her, tension flickering across
her face. Her fingers twitch, her limbs coiled.

But Juliette just reaches out and carefully scoops the bee
into her hand. Calliope tenses at the sight of it.

JULIETTE (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I've got it.

She curls her fingers loosely around the bee. Calliope lets
out a nervous breath, looking from the insect, to Juliette.

The space between them has evaporated. Juliette is *too close*.
Calliope hasn't stepped back. The air hums, electric. The
pulse REDOUBLES, louder. Juliette swallows, bites her lip.

She lifts her hand, the bee cradled between them.

JULIETTE (CONT'D)

Make a wish.

CALLIOPE

(hesitating)

I think that only works with
eyelashes.

JULIETTE

(playfully)

You never know.

Juliette opens her hand, and blows softly on the bee. It
flies away. Neither girl watches it, their attention fixed
now on each other.

Calliope, usually poised, seems unsettled, on edge. Juliette flutters, nervously. We hear the BEAT of Calliope's heart.

CALLIOPE

Well--

JULIETTE

Tonight?

CALLIOPE

(smiling)

Tonight.

JULIETTE

Okay. Awesome. Well...see you there, Calliope.

CALLIOPE

Juliette.

Juliette joins Ben, who draws her toward the parking lot.

JULIETTE

Did you see that?

BEN

I'm so proud.

In the background, Calliope unlocks her bike, watching them go.

INT. FAIRMONT HOUSE - FOYER - LATER

Juliette flounces in, dropping her bag on a kitchen chair.

JULIETTE

(calling out)

Mom?

She hears soft chatter from another room. She follows it.

JULIETTE (CONT'D)

(calling out)

There's a party tonight, at--

INT. FAIRMONT HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY - (CONT'D)

Margot is having tea with several other women. ALICE (40's, coiffed). CLAIRE (30's, waifish). TIFFANY (40's, elegant).

The buffet spread has been picked over, the tea is clearly winding down.

JULIETTE (CONT'D)
Oh, sorry. I didn't mean to interrupt.

MARGOT
(frowning slightly)
Did you say a party?

JULIETTE
Yes. Can I go?

MARGOT
(with a forced smile)
I don't see why not.

Juliette kisses her mother's cheek, and turns to go, but Margot catches her, cups her face.

MARGOT (CONT'D)
You look piqued. Are you feeling all right?

JULIETTE
(beaming)
I feel great.

INT. FAIRMONT HOUSE - JULIETTE'S ROOM - DAY

Juliette falls onto her bed. Closes her eyes. We cut to fragments of Calliope. In English. The cafeteria. The front steps. She lift her hand, studying the red welt on her palm, now a faint pink line.

Juliette bursts upright. She puts on MUSIC, and pulls clothes from her closet.

As she tries on outfit, after outfit, after outfit, we INTERCUT more shots of Calliope. They begin to shift in nature, change from mouth and eyes to wrists, collar, jaw.

Juliette's own pulse RISES, an audible BEAT. She feels faint. Braces herself in doorway. Swallows.

INT. FAIRMONT HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Juliette looks through the cabinets, pulls down a bottle of pills.

MARGOT (O.S.)
Juliette?

INT. FAIRMONT HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT (CONT'D)

Margot is sitting at the dining table, all signs of the tea party are gone. Sebastian stands beside his wife.

SEBASTIAN
Sit down, Juliette.

Margot sets the empty pill bottle on the table.

JULIETTE
You went through my bag?

SEBASTIAN
(gently)
That's not the point.

MARGOT
You can't keep taking these. They
clearly aren't cutting it. Your
body's changing--

JULIETTE
(under her breath)
Oh my god.

MARGOT
Your *needs* are changing. We never
should have let you wait this long.

JULIETTE
I'm not ready. Please, don't make
me--

Margot pinches the bridge of her nose, exasperated.

MARGOT
It isn't that hard. Just *choose*
someone.

JULIETTE
I don't want--

SEBASTIAN
(to Margot)
It's her first, Margot. She wants
it to be special--

JULIETTE

I don't want to kill anyone!!!

MARGOT

(through gritted teeth)
We've made a life here, Juliette.
We *blend in*, and every day you
choose not to embrace your nature,
you risk exposing us all--

JULIETTE

I'm not Oliver.

Silence. Heavy, weighted. That name, clearly taboo.

MARGOT

No, you're not.

SEBASTIAN

Margot...

MARGOT

You're putting this family in
danger just so you can pretend
you're not one of us.

Elinor appears in the doorway with a yawn.

ELINOR

Oh no, not the *talk*.
(looking around)
What brought this on?

JULIETTE

I just wanted to go to a party.

Elinor claps her hands, delighted.

ELINOR

Oh, a party.
(studying Juliette)
Is *that* what you plan on wearing?

MARGOT

(scolding)
Elinor, this is serious--

Elinor only smiles, holding out her hand.

ELINOR

Come on. We can do better.

Juliette gets up, clearly relieved, and escapes into the hall.

Elinor turns to follow, when Margot catches her arm.

MARGOT
(soft, but stern)
This involves *all* of us.

ELINOR
I know.

MARGOT
Then make her understand.

ELINOR
(with a tight smile)
Of course, mother. I'll handle it.

INT. FAIRMONT HOUSE - ELINOR'S ROOM - NIGHT

Elinor pulls clothes from her closet, considers them, before tossing some aside. Juliette sprawls on top of the bed.

JULIETTE
Ugh, Mom and Dad--

ELINOR
--are just worried. You heard
mother, we have such a tidy little
life.

The clothes land on top of Juliette.

ELINOR (CONT'D)
Nobody wants a mess.

Juliette steps out of the bathroom, now dressed, and sits before the vanity. Elinor stands behind her, brushing her hair.

ELINOR (CONT'D)
You know...it's okay to be nervous.
Your first kill is a big step. It
changes you.

JULIETTE
What if I don't want to change?

ELINOR
You're already changing. The kill
just kind of, tips the scale. It's
a good thing, Juliette. It'll make
you more. Stronger. Sharper.
(MORE)

ELINOR (CONT'D)
 And then there's the *gift*. Don't
 you want to know what yours will
 be?

Elinor's eyes shine with a strange light on the word *gift*.

JULIETTE
 (looking down)
 I want to choose the right person.
 Dad says it should be special.

ELINOR
 Well, for him, it was.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A young Sebastian embracing another TEENAGE BOY from behind
 on a wrap-around porch. He slides his arms around his
 friend's stomach, bows his head against his friend's
 shoulders.

ELINOR (V.O.)
 His first was his best friend.

JULIETTE (V.O.)
 And Mom?

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A young Margot walking home at night, arms crossed. A
 STRANGER trails behind her.

STRANGER
 Come on, don't be shy.

ELINOR (V.O.)
 Mom's first was--

He catches up, grabs her arm.

ELINOR (V.O.)
 --more complicated.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. FAIRMONT HOUSE - ELINOR'S ROOM - NIGHT

Elinor, now applying Juliette's makeup.

JULIETTE
 And Freddy?

Elinor stares dreamily into space.

ELINOR
(remembering)
Oh, Freddy.

CUT TO:

INT. FAIRMONT HOUSE - ELINOR'S ROOM (FLASHBACK)

A younger Elinor and FREDDY (17, beautiful), tangled, kissing on a bed.

ELINOR (V.O.)
He was beautiful. Eyelashes for
days. And such a lovely smile.

Elinor's on top of Freddy, slides her fingers through his. She bows her head to kiss his throat.

ELINOR (V.O.)
You know, he barely fought back.

Elinor sinks her teeth into Freddy's neck. He stiffens beneath her, gasps, briefly tries to struggle.

ELINOR (V.O.)
I think some people--

She sits up. Freddy lies beneath her, beautiful, even in death. Elinor's mouth splits into a fanged grin.

ELINOR (V.O.)
--just want to die young.

CUT TO:

INT. FAIRMONT HOUSE - ELINOR'S ROOM - NIGHT

Present-day Elinor grins, and for the first time, all teeth, we see how sharp her canines are.

ELINOR
Everyone's first kill is different.
And yes, who you choose *will* shape
you. The question is how.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Young Sebastian, as he and the other boy sink to their knees together.

Sebastian presses his forehead against the other boy's front, grieving. The boy's head hangs back, blood shining down his throat.

ELINOR (V.O.)
Dad's friend was all heart, and now
he can see people's feelings.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Young Margot as the man pulls her to face him. She sneers, fangs glinting in the dark.

A RENDING SOUND, and his body falls to the ground at her feet.

ELINOR (V.O.)
Mom's attacker was a mystery, and
no human can hide their thoughts
from her.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. FAIRMONT HOUSE - ELINOR'S ROOM - NIGHT

Elinor sweeps Juliette's hair to one side.

ELINOR
Freddy, well, he was an open book,
and sure, I can plant ideas in
people's heads. But do we owe our
gifts to the people we chose? Or
were they in us all along?

Elinor opens the vanity drawer, and we glimpse a stack of bloody driver's licenses, the faces of teenage boys. Elinor's fingers travel past them to a pretty hair clip. She closes the drawer, and slides the clip into her sister's hair.

ELINOR (CONT'D)
There's something inside you,
Juliette. It's time to let it out.

Elinor meets her sister's gaze in the mirror, studying her.

ELINOR (CONT'D)
It's time for you to find
someone...unless you already have.

Juliette bites her lip, blushing, and we briefly CUT TO flashes of Calliope. Smiling. Laughing. Chin lifted. Throat exposed.

JULIETTE

I like her.

ELINOR

You want her.

JULIETTE

I don't want to *hurt* her. I don't want to hurt anyone. I--

ELINOR

How bad has it gotten?

Juliette looks up, expression guarded.

ELINOR (CONT'D)

(humor dropping away)

Have your eyes begun to bleed? Can you hear anything beyond the pulse?

(leaning closer)

Keep putting this off, and your insides will twist. Your throat will burn. Your head will feel like it's splitting in two. And it won't stop. If you don't take control, you'll lose it. Like our brother did. And then, who knows how many pretty little humans you'll kill?

She twists Juliette around to face her.

ELINOR (CONT'D)

Then you'll feel like a monster.

Elinor snaps back into her sweet sisterly self.

ELINOR (CONT'D)

Now, purse your lips.

Juliette does, and Elinor applies her lipstick, a bloody red.

ELINOR (CONT'D)

There. Go on. Have a look.

Juliette studies herself in the mirror. For a moment, she looks like her sister. Striking. Confident. But then her expression falters. The mask doesn't fit quite right.

Elinor presses the lipstick into Juliette's palm. Juliette looks down at it, reading the label. *Heart Stopper*.

ELINOR (CONT'D)

Have fun tonight. It *is* a party, after all.

EXT. NOAH HARRINGTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Car doors SLAM. MUSIC spills out the front door as Juliette and Ben walk arm and arm up the driveway.

A sign on the door says *COME ON IN*, but Ben still has to pull her across the threshold.

INT. NOAH HARRINGTON'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT (CONT'D)

An open floor plan house, teeming with juniors and seniors. They perch, lounge, dance. Music VIBRATES through the house.

Ben presses a cup into her hands. She drinks, grimaces. Ben is clearly looking for Noah.

He pulls her through the house, until he sees NOAH HARRINGTON (16, handsome in a nerdy way) holding court in the kitchen. Noah sees Ben. Something passes between them.

Ben squeezes Juliette's shoulder.

BEN

I'll find you later, okay?

JULIETTE

Wait. What. No.

He's already weaving away through the crowd.

BEN

(shouting over the
music)

Get a drink! You'll be fine.

JULIETTE

(calling after him)

Ben!

He's gone. Juliette looks around, lost. She stares down into her cup, takes another sip, makes a disgusted face.

INT. NOAH HARRINGTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We follow her from room to room as she searches for Calliope. She finds kids getting drunk. And getting high. And crying. And kissing.

But no Calliope.

Her cell CHIRPS. A message from Ben: *Upstairs. Now.*

INT. NOAH HARRINGTON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Juliette heads up the stairs to a landing, a hall lined with doors. The second on the right is open, voices and laughter spilling out.

INT. NOAH HARRINGTON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Inside, lights low, she finds a dozen teens sitting on the floor playing spin the bottle. A pair of them make out, a timer ticking its way down to zero.

Ben is leaning near the door.

JULIETTE
(leaning in)
What happened with Noah?

Ben waves the question away. He nods across the room. Juliette follows his gaze and sees Calliope, sipping a beer, and watching.

She sees Juliette, and holds her gaze. And almost smiles.

The sounds of the game FADE into the background, leaving only the *tick, tick, tick, tick* of the timer filling the space as the two girls stare.

The timer DINGS.

The moment breaks.

The kissing students laugh and break apart. One holds up the bottle.

STUDENT
Who's next?

Ben urges Juliette forward.

She crouches to spin. Calliope straightens, interested.

The bottle spins, and spins.

It *almost* reaches Calliope, but stops too soon. Or it should, but Ben knocks into the guy in front of him, who stumbles forward into the bottle, knocking it off course from Jackson to Calliope.

Someone WHISTLES. Someone HOOTS.

Calliope steps into the center of the circle with Juliette. Looks straight at her, waiting. Juliette flushes, glances at Ben.

Calliope grabs her hand, and pulls her toward the open closet. The whistles follow them, along with protests.

BOY #1

Not fair.

GIRL

Pervert.

BOY #2

Sixty seconds on the clock.

BEN (O.S.)

Tick tock!

The closet door swings shut.

INT. NOAH HARRINGTON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM CLOSET - NIGHT

It's dark. Quiet. Nothing but breathing. Bodies close. A quiet HEARTBEAT.

CALLIOPE

(low and sure)

Hi.

JULIETTE

(soft and unsteady)

Hi.

Juliette looks around, eyes shining in the dark.

JULIETTE (CONT'D)

(nervous)

We don't have to--

She's cut off by Calliope's first kiss. Confident, questing.

Calliope breaks the kiss, their mouths a fraction of an inch apart. Their eyes meet. A silent question. An answer.

Calliope kisses her again, deeper.

The heartbeat RISES. They stumble into the closet door with a THUD. Tangled up. Calliope's hand splays possessively over Juliette's stomach. Juliette's hand goes to Calliope's cheek.

ELINOR (V.O.)

Have you got your eye on someone?

The heartbeat gets LOUDER. Juliette breaks the kiss, inhales, trying to steady herself, and for a moment, confident Calliope looks vulnerable, disheveled.

JULIETTE (V.O.)

I like her.

ELINOR (V.O.)

You want her.

This time, Juliette takes the lead. She kisses Calliope again, deeper.

JULIETTE (V.O.)

I...

Juliette's mouth trails down Calliope's cheek, her jaw, her throat.

ELINOR (V.O.)

Whatever's in you, it wants out.

She pauses, fangs shine in the dark.

ELINOR (V.O.)

It wants out.

She lowers her teeth to Calliope's skin.

ELINOR (V.O.)

It wants--

Her teeth skim Calliope's throat. And sink in.

We hear a WET SOUND. Too loud. Too violent to be the bite.

Juliette GASPS, and pulls back to look at Calliope. She looks surprised. Then, betrayed.

She opens her mouth but nothing comes out.

Her gaze drops to the space between them, where Calliope has just driven a wooden stake into her chest.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

TITLE CARD: YESTERDAY

INT. BURNS GARAGE - DAY/DUSK

The detached garage has been converted into a makeshift training space. Dummies in rubber, and straw, wood, and paper. Weapons on the walls. A punching bag.

As we scan the concrete space, we hear Calliope's breath escape in a strained GASP.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)
I used to dream of monsters.

We find Calliope hanging from a metal bar. She drags her chin up to the metal. Sweat drips down her cheeks. Her jaw is clenched.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)
Ones with claws as long as steak
knives, and teeth as sharp as
glass.

Calliope drops to the ground. She lands in a crouch, then sags back, and begins to unwrap her workout gloves.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)
That was before I learned, the
really dangerous monsters are the
ones you *don't* notice. The ones
that trick you into thinking
they're human.

Outside, a truck door SLAMS. Calliope's head jerks up.

CALLIOPE
(to herself)
Fuckers.

She surges to her feet, and towards the door, pulling off her second glove and grabbing a reinforced jacket from a hook on the wall.

EXT. BURNS HOUSE - DUSK - (CONT'D)

She jogs through the yard, around the side of the house and up to a pick-up truck her brothers, THEO (24, handsome, glasses), and APOLLO (21, athletic) climb inside.

CALLIOPE
(calling out to them)
Hey! Did you get a job?

APOLLO
Got a tip. Laurel Grove Cemetery.

THEO
Could be nothing.

APOLLO
Thought we'd take a ride and check
it out.

She's already climbing up into the truck.

CALLIOPE
Could have waited for me.

THEO
We did, didn't we?

INT. BURNS TRUCK - DUSK

Calliope sits on the bench seat, the window down. In front,
Theo drives, while Apollo messes with the radio.

APOLLO
Pick it up, will you?

THEO
I'm not getting pulled over.

APOLLO
We're losing the light.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)
How do normal families spend
quality time together? Do they go
to the movies? Have a cookout at
the beach?

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY/DUSK

The truck pulls up in front of a cemetery as the light thins.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)
Maybe they play video games or go
fishing.

The back door opens. Calliope hops down, dressed in close-fitting athletic wear. She stares at the locked cemetery gates. They GROAN in the breeze.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)

We do this.

Apollo leans into the truck, pulls a massive chest from beneath her bench seat. It lands in the gravel with a THUD.

He kneels and opens it, revealing a cache of weapons. Machetes. Samurai swords. A revolver. A length of chain. A flare gun.

They each take a walkie-talkie. Calliope looks over her shoulder at the gates.

CALLIOPE

What's in there, exactly?

THEO

Well, the official line is vandals.

Theo tests a machete with his thumb.

THEO (CONT'D)

But I dug a little deeper, and we've got disturbed graves, exhumed bodies, and some very human-looking teeth marks, so I'm thinking--

Calliope scrunches her nose.

CALLIOPE

Ghouls.

THEO

(grimly)

Yep.

APOLLO

I'll take ghouls any day. They don't beg. They don't plead.

(to Calliope)

They don't try to trick you.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)

They don't get tired. They don't feel pain or fear. They don't stop until one of you is dead.

Apollo studies his teeth in the sword's reflection.

APOLLO
(sarcastically)
But hey, Theo, that job at the
paper is really paying off.

Theo calmly sharpens the machete on a whetstone.

THEO
It will.

APOLLO
We've been here a *month* and instead
of a lead on our vamp, we're
knocking off ghouls?

THEO
We knew it would take time.

APOLLO
And yet, last time I checked,
people are still dying all over the
place. Bodies turning up--

Theo tosses the whetstone back into the trunk.

THEO
Patience, brother.

Calliope reaches for a big knife, but Apollo catches her by
the collar.

APOLLO
Not so fast, kid.

He hands her a tire iron, and a pair of binoculars, nudging
her away from the weapons cache.

CALLIOPE
Lookout? *Again?*

THEO
Hey, lookout is a vital part of--

APOLLO
Keeping you safe so Mom doesn't
skin us.

CALLIOPE
You can't keep sidelining me.

Theo puts a hand on her head.

THEO
There will be other hunts, Cal. No
need to rush it.

She looks at the thin black lines circling his wrist.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)
Easy for him to say.

CUT TO:

EXT. A CLEARING IN THE WOODS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Young Theo, bespectacled, scrambles backward trying to load his shotgun. His father, JACK (young 30's, strong) watches in the background, gun over his shoulder. A monster, all shadow and teeth, stalks toward Theo.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)
Theo was twelve when he made his
first kill. On a camping trip with
Dad.

JACK
(calmly)
Focus, Theo, you're running out of
time.

Theo gets the gun loaded. The monster lunges. The gun GOES OFF. A hole sheered like a tunnel through the beast. Through it, we see young Theo, breathless, but triumphant.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)
And Apollo? He was fourteen when he
got his shot.

EXT. A FIELD BEHIND A FARM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Young Apollo swings an ax at a werewolf. It lodges in the monster, gets stuck, nearly throwing him off balance. He drives a boot into the creature, freeing his weapon, and spraying himself with blood. He flashes a gleeful grin.

Again, their father stands in the background.

JACK
Well done, son.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)
As for me? I got my first chance
last winter.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

CALLIOPE

And I failed.

Calliope moves through the house, dagger drawn. Her father and mother, THALIA (40's, lean and strong), follow in her wake.

The floorboards CREAK. The whole house GROANS. Cal twists toward a wall as shadows draw together into a WRAITH, a tangle of skeleton and smoke.

JACK

Quickly, Cal.

Calliope starts toward it, drawing a dagger, but as she does, the wraith twists, taking on the appearance of TESS (16). An illusion, but a compelling one.

TESS

(emotional)

Oh my god. Cal?

CALLIOPE

(to herself)

You're not real.

Thalia steps toward her daughter, but Jack holds her back.

TESS

I don't know what's going on.

Tess inches forward, arms wrapping around her ribs.

TESS (CONT'D)

I'm scared.

Cal's grip loosens on her dagger, and in that instant, Tess attacks, knocking the blade away and grabbing Cal by the collar, pulling her close, mouth yawning wide into darkness and teeth.

Jack and Thalia spring into action, Jack pulling Cal free as Thalia fires her crossbow through Tess's head.

Tess collapses, dissolving into shadow and smoke as she falls. Cal's parents hold onto her, all of them shaken.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY/DUSK

Calliope knocks Theo's hand away.

CALLIOPE

I can do this.

(exasperated)

It was a mistake. When are you gonna give me another shot?

APOLLO

When Mom and Dad decide you're ready.

THEO

(shooting his brother a look)

I know you've got it in you, Cal. But tonight, we need a lookout.

Apollo rolls his neck, psyching himself up. He swings the broadsword up into position.

APOLLO

Well I'm at 19 kills, and I'd like to make it 20. So let's hope these vandals--

A RATTLING SOUND comes from inside the cemetery. A CRUNCH of bone. A HISS of air between teeth.

THEO

You were saying...?

The humor drops away as the three square up in front of the gate.

Apollo with his broadsword out. Theo, straight-backed, the machete at his side. Calliope with her iron bar and her binoculars.

The RATTLE-CRUNCH-HISS comes again.

The brothers move toward the gate.

Calliope cuts sideways, spryly mounting the truck, then its roof, before launching herself up onto the graveyard wall.

Apollo breaks the lock on the gate. It swings open with a GROAN. The brothers slip inside.

Above, Calliope scans the graveyard.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)

When it comes to hunting monsters, there are only three rules.

THEO
 (over the walkie-talkie)
 Keep your head on.

APOLLO
 (over the walkie-talkie)
 Be prepared for anything.

CALLIOPE
 (into the walkie talkie)
 Always finish what you start.

Theo and Apollo split up, winding through fog-laden graves.

Calliope kneels on the graveyard wall, binoculars raised.

APOLLO (O.S.)
 (over the walkie-talkie)
 You got eyes for us?

Nothing. Nothing. Then--

GHOUL #1 shuffles between the graves. Flesh and muscle slough off old bones. It moves with the staggered stride of a puppet on uneven strings.

CALLIOPE
 (under her breath)
 I see it.

A second, gristly shape, GHOUL #2, sits on the edge of an open grave, GNAWING on a human calf, the leg still wrapped in suit cloth.

For a moment, Calliope stares in horror. The walkie-talkie BUZZES.

THEO (O.S.)
 (on the walkie-talkie)
 Cal. Cal, how many?

Calliope forces her attention back, swallows hard.

CALLIOPE
 (into the walkie-talkie)
 Two.

APOLLO (O.S.)
 (dryly)
 Oh good, we each get our own.

CALLIOPE
 (into the walkie-talkie)
 Theo, you've got one two rows over,
 three graves up. Apollo, yours is
 on the move. Go left.

Apollo weaves between graves, WHISTLING.

He brings the broadsword up onto one shoulder as he steps
 into Ghoul #1's path.

APOLLO
 Well, hello.

Apollo swings the blade.

Across the graveyard, Theo rounds a tombstone, and sees Ghoul
 #2 eating the human leg.

CALLIOPE
 You see it?

Ghoul #2 looks up.

THEO
 (into the walkie-talkie)
 Yeah, I see it.

Ghoul #2 rises slowly. Drops the leg. Smiles a rotting grin.

Then it surges forward, impossibly fast.

Theo gets the machete up just in time, hacking into Ghoul #2,
 but not deep enough.

He twists out of the way before it can rake its sharpened
 fingers down his front.

Theo jumps back, smiles, eyes bright behind his glass. The
 thrill of hunt.

Back to Apollo, who drives his sword through Ghoul #1's
 chest. It slashes out, impaled, but undeterred.

CALLIOPE
 (into the walkie-talkie)
 Aim for the head, you idiot.

APOLLO
 (struggling)
 Stop--backseat--hunting.

Calliope crouches on the graveyard wall, bored.

She's picking at the stone wall when something SHUFFLES in the graveyard below.

Cal looks, and sees a third ghoul, GHOUL #3.

It's moving toward Theo, who's currently locked in a fight with Ghoul #2, his machete between its broken teeth.

CALLIOPE
(into the walkie-talkie)
Theo, there's a third.

Theo's walkie-talkie lies in the dirt.

CALLIOPE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(on walkie-talkie)
Theo? Do you hear me? There's a third ghoul.

CALLIOPE (CONT'D)
Fuck.

She jumps down from the wall, lands hard on the ground, stumbles, stays up, and runs.

Calliope races between graves toward her brother.

CALLIOPE (CONT'D)
(shouting)
THEO!!

He turns, sees Ghoul #3 hurtling toward him a moment too late.

Calliope swings the tire iron at Ghoul #3's head. It connects with a SICKENING CRUNCH. Ghoul #3's head cracks sideways.

Calliope grins, a feral, triumphant smile.

Then Ghoul #3 CRACKS its head back into place. Not dead.

THEO
Cal, get back!

CALLIOPE
Shit.

Calliope jumps back as it lunges toward her. She forces the tire iron between its snapping teeth, and kicks it in the chest. The satisfying SNAP of bones as it stumbles back against a grave.

She drives the tire iron through its stomach, pinning it against the grave.

It grabs the iron, and drags its body forward along the metal. Calliope scrambles back, letting go of her weapon as Ghoul #3 attacks.

She stumbles, shoe catching stone. It climbs on top of her, jaw snapping. She lets out a strangled CRY, trying to hold it off until--

Apollo's broadsword sheers straight through its neck.

The ghoul's head rolls away.

Its body collapses onto her, sinew and bone dissolving into mud and ash. Calliope scrambles out from beneath it, breathing heavily.

Theo hauls her to her feet as Apollo wipes off his sword.

APOLLO
(muttering)
What a mess.

Theo steadies Calliope.

THEO
Hey. You good?

Calliope nods tightly.

CALLIOPE
Should have given me a sword.

Apollo laughs and SMACKS her on the back, sending up a plume of ash.

INT. BURNS HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A nice two-story, but unlike the Fairmont mansion, the Burns house actually feels inhabited. A few boxes wait to be unpacked, but jackets hang on hooks, art on the walls.

A large hound named ARTEMIS (basically a small horse) sits in the hall. The dog stirs as Apollo and Theo enter, clearly buzzing with adrenaline. Calliope follows, going straight for the stairs.

APOLLO
Something smell's good.

Their mother, Thalia, comes out of the kitchen, wiping her hands.

THALIA
How'd it go?

On the stairs, Calliope looks away. Her brothers reveal nothing.

THEO
Went fine.

APOLLO
Didn't even have to clean up.

THALIA
(nodding at stairs)
Speaking of, dinner's in ten.

Calliope continues upstairs, her brothers close behind. Theo catches her arm.

THEO
(softly)
You sure you're good?

Calliope meets his gaze. We realize what a good liar she is.

CALLIOPE
Yeah, I'm good.

He hesitates, then nods, lets her go.

At the top of the stairs, Apollo and Theo turn left. Apollo claps his hand on Theo's shoulder.

Calliope turns right into--

INT. BURNS HOUSE - CALLIOPE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Calliope closes her door, and sinks back against it. She squeezes her eyes shut and we CUT TO:

QUICK FLASHES of the cemetery, the third ghoul, Cal's hands as she scrambled backward. Loud, assaulting memories. That cut suddenly out as we come BACK TO:

Her bedroom.

Calliope opens her eyes, and pushes off the door.

INT. BURNS HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

The Burns family sit down to dinner. Lasagna, a salad, a home-cooked meal. An empty seat sits at the head of the table.

Apollo cuts a massive wedge of lasagna, puts it on his plate.

THALIA

I better see some salad on there,
too.

We see CLOSE-UPS of Theo and Apollo's and Thalia's forearms, the thin bands tattooed on all of them. Calliope looks down at her hands. The conversation fades into the background as she studies her forearm--unmarked--then her fingers, scrapes a lingering piece of grave dirt from beneath her nail.

A bread roll hits Calliope in the side of the head.

APOLLO

Dead.

CALLIOPE

What the hell?

APOLLO

Just be glad it wasn't buttered.

Calliope rolls her eyes, drives her fork down into her food. Time slides. They're almost finished eating. Apollo is recounting his exploits in the cemetery.

APOLLO (CONT'D)

...its head goes rolling, and the
whole thing just crumbles, blows
right in my face. I think I got
some in my mouth.

Theo chuckles. Thalia shakes her head.

THALIA

Apollo.

APOLLO

Tasted like rotten barbecue.

THALIA

Not at the table.

They eat for a moment, the only sounds the passing of plates. Calliope looks from brother to brother to mom.

CALLIOPE

What about vampires?

Thalia gives her a stern look.

CALLIOPE (CONT'D)
What, that's why we came here,
isn't it? To hunt one?

Apollo leans forward, food skewered on his fork.

APOLLO
Not just any vamp, sis. A *legacy*.

CALLIOPE
What's the difference?

THEO
Everything.
(leaning forward)
Everything you think you know about
vampires--it applies to the ones
who've been *turned*. But a legacy is
a different breed. It's born a
monster, and comes into its--

Thalia slams her hand down.

THALIA
I *said* not at the table.

They go quiet. Thalia exhales once, and smiles, goes back to cutting her food.

THALIA (CONT'D)
Now, how was school?

A landline RINGS.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)
Hey, dad.

JACK (V.O.)
Cal. How's my girl?

We CUT TO:

INT. BURNS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

Calliope leans in the kitchen doorway, talking on the phone to her father. In the background, Apollo does the dishes while Theo heads upstairs.

JACK (O.S.)
You keeping your brothers safe?

CALLIOPE

I'm trying.

JACK (O.S.)

How's the new school? Are you staying out of trouble? Making friends?

CALLIOPE

(with a sigh)

I'm blending in.

JACK (O.S.)

That's not what I asked.

CALLIOPE

Does it matter? I mean, it's just a cover.

JACK (O.S.)

It doesn't have to be, Cal. You're sixteen. You should be having fun, going out. You're *allowed* to have a life, you know.

Thalia comes up behind Calliope, drying her hands.

CALLIOPE

This *is* my life, Dad. I want it to be. Why won't you let me try again--

Thalia guides the phone out of Calliope's hand, nods at the dishes.

THALIA

Go help your brothers.

THALIA (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Hey, stranger.

JACK (O.S.)

Hey, gorgeous.

At the kitchen sink, Apollo flicks water at a distracted Calliope as she tries to listen to her parents. She throws the towel at him. A short rough-house ensues.

INT. BURNS HOUSE - THEO'S ROOM - LATER

Theo sits at his desk, wearing big headphones. He nods faintly, as if listening to music.

Calliope KNOCKS against the open doorway.

Theo looks up sharply, fingers going instinctively to a weapon on the underside of the desk before he sees it's his sister.

He takes the headphones off, sets them aside. Instead of music, we heard the CHATTERING of a police scanner.

THEO
What's up, Cal?

She leans in the door frame.

CALLIOPE
The vamp you're hunting.

Theo twists in his chair.

THEO
What about it?

She crosses to the desk, stands beside him, scanning the pages on the table, littered with doodles and diagrams. On the shelf above, the notebooks are labelled: *wraith*, *ghoul*, *vampire*, *grim*.

CALLIOPE
What can you tell me?

Theo looks at her, suspicious.

CALLIOPE (CONT'D)
What? Knowledge is power, right?

THEO
(after a beat)
Sharpest weapon in the kit. What do you want to know?

CALLIOPE
You said legacies were a different breed. What did you mean?

THEO
(leaning back)
Your average vamp is bound to night, feeds on blood, allergic to sun, all that. But legacies are bloodline vampires, born, not made. They're one of the Higher Powers.

CALLIOPE
I didn't think we hunted those.

THEO

We do now. What do you think Dad's after, a rabid? They've got him chasing down a demon. All we needs a witch, and we'd have the trifacta.

CALLIOPE

What makes them so dangerous?

THEO

A legacy can move in daylight, hide its fangs, eat human food if it has to...

Calliope runs a finger over her bracelet.

CALLIOPE

What about silver?

THEO

(nodding)

Silver burns. Sunlight's unpleasant. And they still have to feed. But beyond that, we have no idea what we're looking for. That's what makes Higher Powers so hard to hunt. They blend in. When you profile a human, there are guidelines. Statistics. A serial killer, for instance, is probably white, male. But this legacy, it could be a man, or a woman, could be neither. Hell, it could be a teenage girl.

Calliope stiffens a little. Theo doesn't notice.

THEO (CONT'D)

There's no telling what it will look like. But we know what it *is*. It's a monster. It needs blood. It has to kill, and killers make mistakes. And when it does, we'll find it.

APOLLO (O.S.)

I heard they have magic powers.

Calliope looks over her shoulder. Apollo's leaning in the doorway.

APOLLO (CONT'D)
Like psychic, mind-altering, make
you walk off a cliff powers.

Theo shakes his head.

THEO
What do you want?

Apollo flashes his forearm.

APOLLO
Two new lines, please.

Calliope heads for the door. Apollo blocks her way. She goes to sucker punch him in the stomach, but he catches her wrist, and twists, shoving her out into the hall.

APOLLO (CONT'D)
Too slow, sis.

The door swings shut between them.

INT. BURNS HOUSE - CALLIOPE'S ROOM - LATER

Calliope sits at her desk, trying--and failing--to focus on her homework. She looks down at her forearm, uses her pen to draw a thin line over the bare skin around her wrist. She stares at it for a long moment.

Her cell rings. She looks at the screen, and her face changes, opens.

CALLIOPE
Hey, Tess.

EXT. CITY BALCONY - NIGHT

A teenage girl leans on the metal rail of a high rise balcony. We recognize the girl's face--it's the one the wraith used in Calliope's botched.

TESS
You're alive! I was beginning to wonder.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

Calliope chuckles as she sprawls across her bed. For the first time, we glimpse another version of her--softer, younger, happy.

CALLIOPE
Sorry, just busy.

TESS
Is that code for, I found another
girl and spend all my time making
out with her behind the gym?

CALLIOPE
(snorts)
Hardly.

TESS
Ah, the bleachers, then?

CALLIOPE
We don't kiss.

TESS
So there is someone!

CALLIOPE
No. I mean...no.

TESS
You can tell me. C'mon. What are
friends for?

CALLIOPE
And exes?

TESS
Cal. You know why we didn't work,
right? You never let me in. Now's
your chance--who is she?

Calliope looks at the ceiling.

CALLIOPE
I'm not sure.

We cut to a QUICK FLASH of Juliette. First, her smile, her
eyes. But then--

CALLIOPE (CONT'D)
She's...something else.

The flashes turn ominous, focusing on teeth, silver, the drop
of blood in the sink.

TESS
You sound smitten.

CALLIOPE

I'm not.

(clearing her throat)

Hey, are you still in Philly?

TESS

No...actually, I wanted to tell
you...

Tess slides up her sleeve, just enough to show a black line.
A fresh tattoo.

TESS (CONT'D)

I did it, Call.

(smiling)

I got my first kill.

Emotions flash across Calliope's face. Surprise. Hurt. She
tries to muster support.

CALLIOPE

Wow. I...that's amazing. What was
it like? I mean--

A voice calls out to Tess.

TESS

Just a minute!

(to Calliope)

Sorry, I've gotta go. We'll talk
soon.

CALLIOPE

Okay.

Calliope throws her arm across her eyes, struggling to
contain her emotions.

Through the wall, we hear the BUZZ of a tattoo gun. The
MUFFLED sound of Apollo and Theo talking, laughing.

She shoves up to her feet.

INT. BURNS HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Calliope heads down the stairs.

THALIA (O.S.)

Cal?

Calliope follows her mother's voice into--

INT. BURNS HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT - (CONT'D)

The "office" is an armory, complete with woodworking and metal smith tools, weapons on the walls.

Thalia sits at a work bench, assembling silver-tipped bullets with a craftsman's attention. Load, press, eject. The dog lounges at her feet.

Calliope pauses in the doorway.

THALIA

Are you going out back?

CALLIOPE

Mhmm.

THALIA

You finish your homework?

CALLIOPE

Yep.

Thalia's gaze drops to a scrape on Calliope's arm from the cemetery, the hand below clenched into a fist. The hand-drawn line.

THALIA

All right. Don't go too hard.

But Calliope's already walking away.

EXT. BURNS HOUSE - NIGHT

Calliope steps out the back door, down the steps, across the yard to the detached garage. She goes in.

INT. BURNS GARAGE - NIGHT (CONT'D)

Calliope enters. She methodically wraps her wrists and hands, rolls her neck and shoulders.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)

People don't get teenage girls.

She squares up before a punching bag.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)

They think we're weak.

She throws a punch.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)

Soft.

She throws another.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)

The kind of thing that needs
protecting.

The punches come faster now, her breath rushing out.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)

And even if they know us. Even when
they love us--

Punch.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)

They always--

Cross.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)

--always--

Uppercut.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)

--always--

She sinks to her haunches, sweating, breathless.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)

--underestimate us.

Slowly, Calliope rises.

She approaches one of the tool chests along the wall, pulls
out a drawer. It's full of wooden stakes.

Calliope runs her fingers over them.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)

But don't worry, Juliette.

She picks one up.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)

I won't underestimate you.

Calliope turns, and drives the stake into the dummy. The blow
lands with a SLAM, and we CUT TO:

INT. LANCASTER HIGH - HALL - DAY

The SLAM we heard is the sound of a locker closing.

Juliette stands at her locker with Ben, heads together.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)
I know what you are.

INT. LANCASTER HIGH - ENGLISH ROOM - DAY

Calliope stands at the front of the English class. Their eyes meet.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)
I didn't, at first.

INT. LANCASTER HIGH - HALL - DAY

Calliope pulls books from her locker. In the background, Ben and Juliette laugh, chat. Calliope hears, and glances over her shoulder.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)
But I'm a good lookout.

She watches as Juliette goes to take a sip from her thermos.

Just then, someone knocks into her. She almost spills, and we see the liquid right before her hand goes to her mouth: it's blood.

Juliette falters, then smiles, already wiping the trace away.

A BELL rings.

The hall is empty now.

Calliope breaks into Juliette's locker. The thermos is gone, but she searches for other clues, turns through papers.

She finds a pill bottle, tips a single blood red capsule into her palm. Holds it up to the light.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)
I see you, Juliette.

INT. LANCASTER HIGH - GIRL'S BATHROOM - DAY

At the sink, Calliope cracks the pill open. A single crimson drop of blood runs down the white bowl of the sink.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)
You're the one my family's looking
for.

INT. LANCASTER HIGH - HALL - DAY

Calliope unfastens the clasp on her silver bracelet. It falls to the ground.

Calliope waits around the corner, watching in a compact as Juliette kneels to get it, recoils at the silver burn.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)
But *I'm* the one who found you.

INT. LANCASTER HIGH - CAFETERIA - LATER

Calliope sits at a table, and watches Juliette *not* eat. We cut to CLOSE-UPS of Juliette's mouth, her eyes, her hands under the table, small details.

Juliette glances up. Their eyes meet.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)
I know the most dangerous monsters
are the ones who look human.

Juliette smiles, blushes, looks down.

CUT TO:

EXT. LANCASTER HIGH - LATER

A recap of Juliette running into Calliope on the school steps.

JULIETTE
Hi.

CALLIOPE
Hi.

As Juliette rambles, the words fade into the background.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)
But sometimes, when I'm near you,
it's easy to forget. You seem so--

Calliope, holding her breath as Juliette scoops the bee from her sleeve, fingers brushing Calliope's arm.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)
Soft. Nervous. Sweet.

Juliette holds the bee between them, smiles. We hear Calliope's heart beat slow. Her focus entirely on Juliette's blushing cheeks, fluttering lashes, her full lips as she lifts the cradled bee, tells Calliope to make a wish.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)
I know it's just a trick.

INT. NOAH HARRINGTON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Calliope grabs a beer and moves through the party, looking for Juliette.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)
You're a monster. And I'm a hunter.

She climbs the stairs, scans from the landing, and goes into-

INT. NOAH HARRINGTON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (CONT'D)

--where the game of spin-the-bottle is going on.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)
And there's only--

Juliette enters.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)
--one way this ends.

Once their eyes meet, we fast forward, a series of QUICK SHOTS:

Bottle spinning.

Calliope's hand grabbing Juliette's.

Their bodies moving toward the closet.

The door closing.

INT. NOAH HARRINGTON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM CLOSET - NIGHT

They kiss, bodies colliding.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)
This isn't real.

Calliope pushes Juliette against the door. One hand slides over Juliette's waist.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)
What I see...what I feel.

Her other hand reaches behind her back, closes around the stake, drawing it out. She hesitates as Juliette breaks away to look at her, eyes shining.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)
It isn't real.

Then Juliette brushes her cheek, and kisses her again, deeper.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)
It isn't...

The stake in Calliope's hand drops, ever so slightly.

QUICK FLASH of Juliette cradling the bee, setting it free.

But then, back in the closet, Juliette's mouth slips from Calliope's, dips, kissing her jaw, the base of her throat.

Teeth graze collar. Fangs prick skin.

Calliope gasps. And drives the stake up between Juliette's ribs.

The moment breaks again. Juliette shudders, a WET, HURT SOUND. Both girls look down.

Juliette's fingers wrap around the stake, keeping it from going deeper. Her fangs glisten in the dark.

The closet door flies open behind Juliette.

BEN
Time's up!

Calliope pulls the stake free with a SLICK TEAR, hides it behind her back.

Juliette stumbles out of the closet, one hand pressed to her injured ribs. She pushes past Ben, and out into the hall.

BEN (CONT'D)
(hurrying after her)
Juliette?

Calliope shoves the bloody stake up her sleeve and storms out of the closet, ignoring the way everyone's looking at her.

INT. NOAH HARRINGTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Calliope reaches the upstairs landing. She looks down at the party, scanning for Juliette, and sees her in the open front door. Juliette looks back. Their eyes meet.

Juliette turns, and runs.

EXT. NOAH HARRINGTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We return to the opening shot of the pilot. Juliette stumbles down the darkened driveway.

Calliope appears in the doorway, frazzled, unsteady.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)
There are only three rules for
being a hunter.

Juliette slumps to the ground against a car.

JULIETTE (V.O.)
There are only three rules for your
first kill.

Calliope descends the front steps, drawing the bloody stake back out into view.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)
Keep your head on.

Juliette presses her hand to her front. Her fingers come away bloody.

JULIETTE (V.O.)
Keep your head down.

Calliope walks down the driveway, focused, coiled. She looks like a hunter.

CALLIOPE (V.O.)
Be prepared for anything.

Juliette leans back against the car and closes her eyes, swallows hard. She grimaces.

JULIETTE (V.O.)
Be prepared for anyone.

Juliette's phone RINGS, to her left. Her eyes open.

JULIETTE (V.O.)	CALLIOPE (V.O.)
And always finish what you	And always finish what you
start.	start.

Calliope rounds the car, breathless. She looks down, chest heaving.

No Juliette. Only a bloody handprint on the driveway, where a girl has clearly pushed herself to her feet.

FADE OUT.

END OF PILOT