

THE LIZZIE BORDEN CHRONICLES

HOUR TWO

by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. BORDEN HOUSE - THE BARN - DAY

1

A man's feet in worn boots dangle limply.

-- The head of a Boston Bull Terrier leaps! Sinks its teeth into one of the boots, won't let go. The boot belongs to --

-- WILLIAM BORDEN, hanging by the neck from a rafter as we last saw him. His face is bluish and puffed out.

The dog GROWLS and shakes William's foot playfully, jostling and spinning his body like a hanging chew toy.

LIZZIE (O.S.)

Lady! Drop it!

LIZZIE and EMMA lead MARSHAL RUFUS HILLIARD and a few OFFICERS, including OFFICER LESLIE TROTWOOD, to the body.

Emma stops outside the door, covering her mouth, distraught.

Lizzie and the police continue right up to the body. Lizzie pulls the dog away. Crouches and strokes her fur.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Such a pretty girl... Shush, now, shhhhh.

The marshal notes William's shirt, splattered with dried blood -- the broken crystal decanter on the ground under his hanging body. Turns to look back at Emma.

MARSHAL HILLIARD

(sensitive to Emma's unease)

You say you didn't touch him...

*

EMMA

No, I did not.

TROTWOOD

He is ripe. If he hadn't been seen yesterday, I'd say he's been here for days.

*

OFFICER

Wasn't a good idea stand downwind from him in any case.

*

*

*

The officers, not Hilliard or Trotwood, chuckle.

*

EMMA

Must I endure this, Marshal?

TROTWOOD

Beg your pardon, Miss Emma.

(to the officers)

Due respect to the dead, gentlemen.

Hilliard lifts William's stiff, pasty hands. The knuckles are badly lacerated and bruised, mottled with dried blood.

MARSHAL HILLIARD

Any idea what might have led him to kill himself? *

LIZZIE *

William was always a sad, angry man, Marshal. I suppose he just got tired. *

HILLIARD *

Why here? I mean, suicide is usually intended to punish the living. Think of any reason why he might want to hurt you? *

LIZZIE *

(pretends to think about it) *

Nope. Other than the fact that he always hated us. *

2

INT. BORDEN HOUSE - THE BARN - MINUTES LATER

2

Trotwood stands at the edge of the loft, cutting through the rope with a pocketknife. A few feet away, the HORSESHOE HAMMER lies behind him on the loft floor. It is clean. *

DOWN BELOW

An officer bear-hugs William's body, trying to breathe through his mouth. *

Hilliard notices something -- a bit of gold chain draping out of William's pocket. He takes the chain in his fingers...

...pulls out a DISTINCTIVE GOLD POCKET WATCH. A watch we've seen before. Hilliard flips it over. His eyebrows raise.

ON THE BACK is engraved: "W. ALMY"

HILLIARD

Think we need to pay Mr. Almy a visit.

The rope CUTS THROUGH. William's full weight buckles the officer's knees and William SLAMS down into the dirt! A

prolonged, spit-soaked WHEEEEEEEEEEEZZZZZE expels from his lungs -- a long-delayed last breath.

Emma holds her hands to her ears, turning away. Lizzie strokes her dog. Looks at William.

*

LIZZIE

*

Always with the last word.

*

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3

INT. WILLIAM ALMY'S HOME - OFFICE - LATER

3

Hilliard crouches over ALMY'S BRUTALIZED CORPSE, lying on the floor by his desk. As the other officers poke around the room, Trotwood takes another look at the dead man.

One of his eye sockets is totally collapsed.

TROTWOOD

Didn't think William Borden had murder in him.

*
*

HILLIARD

A man can do anything when pushed.

*

TROTWOOD

But that? With his bare hands?

*

SIRINGO (O.S.)

Maybe if his hands were made of brick.

*

Hilliard turns to source the voice --

*

CHARLIE SIRINGO

Stands at the back of the room.

*

HILLIARD

Who are you? What's your business here?

*

HILLIARD (CONT'D)

You a reporter?

*
*

SIRINGO

(badges Hilliard)

I'm with the Pinkertons.

*

Hilliard crosses the room to Siringo.

*

HILLIARD

Pinkertons? What do you know about this?

*

SIRINGO

Man's dead. You're in charge. That's about it.

*
*
*

HILLIARD

You working for Almy?

*
*

SIRINGO
Just passing through. *

HILLIARD
A murder scene. *

SIRINGO
Actually, I took an interest after I saw
you at William Borden's murder. *

TROTWOOD
Suicide. *

Siringo's dismissive glance at Trotwood.

HILLIARD
What's your interest there? Who are you
working for? *

SIRINGO
Not at liberty.

HILLIARD
Stay out of this or your liberty will be
non-existent.

SIRINGO
I'd like to help. *

TROTWOOD
President Lincoln had Pinkerton help. See
where that got him.

SIRINGO
An off night.

HILLIARD
(not fucking around)
We have the matter in hand.

SIRINGO
I'd say so. A man gets murdered, you
found his killer, and the bastard's
already been hanged for it... and all by
the time the coffee's brewed.

HILLIARD (to Trotwood) Get him out. SIRINGO (CONT'D) I'm good, thanks. *

Siringo exits. Off Hilliard, pissed.

4

EXT. BORDEN HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

4

Lizzie deliberately walks along a path of paving stones leading to a gate in their backyard. She slows...

LIZZIE
(to herself)
Twelve... Thirteen.

Lizzie stops. Looks back to a light on in the kitchen.

She kneels, pries up the thirteenth stone with a gardening trowel. Worms slither, beetles scatter as Lizzie stabs at the dirt with the point of the trowel.

She HITS something. She brushes away the dirt to reveal the SMALL, NARROW WOODEN BOX with tarnished brass detail that William found in their basement.

She lifts the lid, looks down at mummified baby Benjamin with subtle relief. *

EMMA (O.S.)
Lizzie? Mr. Pelton's here. *

Lizzie looks to Emma standing some distance away on the back steps. Emma, looking toward the barn, hasn't seen Lizzie huddled down behind some spindly shrubs, clutching the dead child's "coffin". *

5

INT. BORDEN HOUSE - PARLOR - NIGHT

5

Lizzie and Emma sit across from their attorney, MR. PELTON. Emma puts her signature on several documents already signed by Lizzie. *

LIZZIE
Is that it? *

PELTON
That's everything. *

Emma lowers the pen as Pelton takes one copy for himself, slides the other one back toward the sisters. *

PELTON (CONT'D)
Now file that someplace safe. Neither the late Mr. Almy nor his estate have any further claim. As horrible as his actions were, your half-brother did you a favor. You're now both very wealthy women. *

Emma looks wan. Lizzie offers a sympathetic smile and pats her hand. *

LIZZIE

William died doing the first considerate
thing he'd over done in his tragic,
wasted life. I think father would be
proud.

Emma almost nods. Pelton watches them, eager to make his
exit.

PELTON

Well. I'll be going. Again, my
condolences on your loss. Good evening.

Pelton is up and headed out the door. After it's solid SLAM
assuring their privacy --

LIZZIE

Are you okay?

EMMA

Our family seems to lurch from one
tragedy to the next.

(beat)

He left no clue the child's location?

LIZZIE

(beat; lies)

No. I'll find him, Emma. I promise.

Emma pulls Lizzie into an embrace. Lizzie stares off blankly
as Emma holds her tight.

6 **EXT. FALL RIVER SHOP - DAY**

6

Lizzie emerges from a shop, a package wrapped in brown paper
under her arm. She gets a few nasty looks here and there,
doesn't pay them any attention.

Across the street, Siringo crushes his cigar against a wall
and heads after her, keeping a discrete distance.

7 **EXT. FALL RIVER STREET - DAY**

7

Lizzie walks down another block. Siringo follows a ways back.

Lizzie rounds a corner. Siringo picks up the pace, rounds the
corner himself... and stops.

Lizzie has vanished amidst the pedestrians and carriages.
Siringo has lost his quarry. A deprecating smile, assumes
he's been "made".

8

INT. DOWNTOWN TAVERN - DAY

8

Siringo sits at a table in a small watering hole/eatery. He cuts into a thick steak, takes a bite.

A package wrapped in brown paper is placed on the table. He looks up -- Lizzie stands before him, smiling politely.

LIZZIE

Linen napkins.

Siringo eyes her, amused and expectant.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Assuming you're curious about my shopping habits.

Siringo stands and shakes her hand.

SIRINGO

Charles Siringo. Care to join me, Miss Borden?

Lizzie takes a seat, Siringo follows.

LIZZIE

Lizzie. Please. So. Who are you? There's not enough grease on you to be a reporter or book writer.

SIRINGO

(half a beat)
I'm a private investigator.

LIZZIE

How exotic! Like Sherlock Holmes?

SIRINGO

Same idea. Only I'm real.

LIZZIE

Are you privately investigating me?

SIRINGO

I'm in town and you piqued my interest. Thought I'd see what the fuss was about.

LIZZIE

So, Charlie, do I look like a brutal killer to you?

SIRINGO

Well, Lizzie -- looks might fool a jury
of east coast tea drinkers. But I've seen
all kinds.

Lizzie and Siringo measure each other.

SIRINGO (CONT'D)

There was a lady out in Colorado -- and
this is a few years back now. She killed
three husbands, four of her own children
and the family dog before they finally
caught up with her. She couldn't have
been 90 pounds and would come up only to
about your chin.

(beat)

I could barely hear her little neck snap
when she hit the end of that rope.

Lizzie just stares at him for a long moment, disturbed.

LIZZIE

...That poor dog.

Siringo says nothing. Won't give Lizzie the satisfaction of
registering shock at her callousness. *

LIZZIE (CONT'D) *

Well, I must be going. *

She grabs her package and stands. Ever the gent, Siringo
rises. *

LIZZIE (CONT'D) *

Are you staying in town long? *

SIRINGO *

I hope not. *

LIZZIE *

(beat; sizing each other up) *

Good day, Mr. Siringo.

SIRINGO

Getting better, Miss Borden...

As Lizzie exits, her back to him, we see her face belie a
little less confidence than when she arrived... *

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

9

INT. GARDEN THEATER - NIGHT

9

An alluring WOMAN (Nance O'Keefe) dances in gossamer veils. She flits and twirls around a MAN seated on a large leather "throne." He wears the demeanor and garb of a 19th century industrialist.

*

SUPER: The Garden Theater. New York City.

We're watching a stage play. The venue isn't large, but it's packed with an avant garde appreciating crowd.

*

*

The dancer peels away the first of her veils, revealing the beautiful face of NANCE O'KEEFE. Mid-20s, Nance is a spirited actress of modest renown and immodest ambition.

The more Nance dances, the more veils fall. The more veils fall, the more the industrialist becomes her putty.

Finally down to billowy pants and a wispy blouse, Nance drapes a last veil over the industrialist's head. He drops to his knees before her, supplicant.

Nance produces a giant curved sword and LOPS OFF his head!

THE AUDIENCE SHRIEKS!!

NANCE

Holds up the severed prop head, gives it a shake. Silver coins spill from its neck, CLATTERING to the stage.

*

MOVING ACROSS THE FACES OF THE AUDIENCE

We pass one horrified expression after another, slowing as we get to Emma, covering her eyes.

*

Next to her, we find Lizzie, a smile on her lips.

*

10

EXT. GARDEN THEATER - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

10

Nance stands by the theater entrance, happily signing autographs, thanking her fans.

Lizzie, excited, and Emma, not, walk out of the theater.

LIZZIE

That was wonderful. I wouldn't mind seeing it again. Didn't you love it?

*

*

Emma did not. *

EMMA

I need to eat something.

LIZZIE

Delmonico's. We're going to Delmonico's.

Nance looks at Lizzie, almost recognizing her... *

11 **EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT** 11

A CARRIAGE DRIVER holds the door open for Lizzie and Emma, who climb in.

12 **INT. CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS** 12

As the door closes, a hand suddenly grabs it and pulls it open again. Nance stands in the open door, staring at Lizzie.

NANCE

You're her, aren't you? You're Lizzie Borden!

Lizzie shoots Emma a humorous "eek" glance -- *

LIZZIE

I am. We loved your performance. *

NANCE

I can't believe it. You were in the papers more than President Cleveland.

EMMA

I'm sorry, we just leaving for -- *

NANCE

Oh, please don't go. We're going to a party down by Gramercy. I'd love you to come. Be my guests, please. *

Lizzie looks to Emma: Can we go, please? *

EMMA

(to Nance)

Actually, we're very tired. *

LIZZIE

Emma! This is Nance O'Keefe. She's inviting us to a party in New York -- *

NANCE

-- filled with the most amazing people. *

LIZZIE

We have to go --

*
*

NANCE

You have to! They're just amazing but
you're completely stupendous.

*
*
*

Emma is backed into an exasperating corner.

*

LIZZIE

(to Emma; a playful shrug)
We don't have to stay long...

*

13 **INT. MORGUE - NIGHT**

13

*

PITCH BLACK... until a match STRIKES, revealing --

Siringo standing in the morgue between two tables -- the
brutalized, blood-caked Almy on one; the gray and bloated
William Borden on the other.

*

14 **A SERIES OF SHOTS:**

14

-- Siringo makes a sketch in a small notebook of one of
Almy's more distinct crescent-shaped head wounds.

-- Siringo examines Almy's wounds more closely. Through a
borrowed magnifying glass -- TINY FIBERS and BITS OF STRAW
embedded in the lacerations.

-- Siringo takes tweezers from a row of nearby instruments
and tweezes some of them out, taps them into a paper
envelope.

*

15 **INT. GRAMERCY BROWNSTONE - NIGHT**

15

A stately front door opens -- Nance O'Keefe saunters in,
flanked by Lizzie and Emma. The light and noise of a raucous
party hits them all at once.

*

Nance hooks their arms and winds through an eclectic mix of
adventurous SOCIALITES and bohemian ARTISTES. Nance flutters
and air-kisses her way from group to group.

Lizzie looks fascinated by everything, Emma appalled.

-- A lively HARLEM COMBO plays the beginnings of ragtime --

-- A GIGGLING WOMAN rides "sidesaddle" atop a tuxedoed
gentleman on all fours --

-- A MAN with an Oscar Wilde mane of hair walks past with a
DWARF dressed like a genie on his shoulder --

-- A TRIO OF WOMEN dance coquettishly, ending their routine by lifting the fronts of their skirts.

Emma gasps.

EMMA'S POV: RAISED SKIRTS REVEAL LIVE KITTENS IN POUCHES SEWN TO THEIR BLOOMER FRONTS. *

NANCE

(tickled) *

The Barrison sisters. Their act got them *
jailed in Jakarta. *

Lizzie laughs. Emma glares at Lizzie.

16

INT. GRAMERCY BROWNSTONE - DRAWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

16

A dashing man, SPENCER CAVANAUGH (30s), sits at the piano surrounded by admirers as he sings a bawdy song.

SPENCER

-- *The poor man could do nothing but to
stare and stutter/Before then he had
never truly gazed upon an udder.*

He finishes with a flourish. Applause and laughter.

NANCE (O.S.)

Spencer!

Spencer sees Nance approaching with Lizzie and Emma. *

NANCE (CONT'D)

Ladies, I'd like you to meet Mr. Spencer
Cavanaugh, the author of tonight's play.

LIZZIE

(thrilled) *

Truly?! I can't tell you much I loved it! *

EMMA

(dry) *

Neither can I. *

SPENCER

(to Emma) *

The pleasure's mine, Miss...

EMMA

...Borden. *

NANCE

(pleased with herself)

Lizzie Borden.

Spencer clutches Emma's hand in mistaken worship. *

SPENCER

The Lizzie Borden?! *

LIZZIE

Emma. *

EMMA

She's Lizzie. *

SPENCER

You? You're so delicate. So preciously
and beautifully petite. *

What's Emma? Chopped liver? She hates every second of this. *

LIZZIE

(shyly demure) *

Thank you, Mr. Cavanaugh. *

SPENCER

Bravo, Nance!! What a find! Miss Borden,
I have so many people you must meet.

Lizzie blushes, flattered. Spencer leads her away. Nance catches up, the three of them leaving Emma, ditched and a bit humiliated, behind. *

17 **INT. MORGUE - NIGHT** 17 *

-- Siringo pokes at William Borden's knuckles, finds one with too much give. He takes the finger by the tip and lifts it... *

...Continues lifting until it FOLDS ALL THE WAY BACK to the wrist. It's clearly broken. *

Off Siringo as he considers implications... *

DISSOLVE TO:

18 **EXT. TRAIN STATION - FALL RIVER - LATE AFTERNOON** 18

Lizzie and Emma walk down the platform, a PORTER carrying their bags. Lizzie cradles a brass STATUE OF LIBERTY lamp. Emma is exhausted and irritated by the night's revelry. *

EMMA

That has to be the ugliest thing you've ever bought. *

LIZZIE

(defensive) *

It's our first electric lamp. *

EMMA

Then it's shockingly hideous. And, no,
I'm not trying to be funny.

*
*
*

Emma notices some disdainful looks aimed at her and Lizzie. A woman pulls her child closer as she walks by.

LIZZIE

When we get home I'll make you dinner.

*
*

EMMA

All I want is a bath and a chance to wash
away the residue of this whole adventure.

*

LIZZIE

Everyone I met was perfectly lovely.

EMMA

Felt like I was trapped at the circus.

*

LIZZIE

The whole world is a circus, Emma.

EMMA

Fine. But do you have to play the freak?

Lizzie halts at that. Emma continues on toward a carriage --

*

EMMA (CONT'D)

Especially to those people. Arrogant and
self-centered --

*
*
*
*

(realizes Lizzie has stopped)

What's wrong?

LIZZIE

(feelings hurt)

I think I'll walk home.

EMMA

Lizzie!

But Lizzie continues on. Flustered, Emma turns to the porter, fishing some coins out of her purse.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Please send our things along to ninety-
two Second Street.

Emma hurries to catch up.

DISSOLVE TO:

19

EXT. JERUSALEM ROW - FALL RIVER - NIGHT

19

Lizzie and Emma turn a corner near the waterfront, continue along Jerusalem Row. Lizzie is still hurt by Emma's earlier "freak" comment.

Noisy saloons. ROUGH MEN transact with WOMEN of ill repute. *

EMMA

(uneasy) *

Lived here all my life and never had the
pleasure of this little stroll. *

LIZZIE

Our adventure continues. *

EMMA

It continues to be disgusting. *

LIZZIE

Why do you hate everything I like? *

EMMA

You can't like this. *

LIZZIE

I like life. I like seeing what I want
and being free to do so. *

They hear a SLAP! A woman's whimper.

They look down an alley to see the brutish SKIPJACK (William Borden's barroom acquaintance in Episode 101). He has a frightened teenage prostitute - ADELE - backed against a wall. *

ADELE

I'm telling the truth. *

He SLAPS Adele across the face. Lizzie and Emma jolt. Adele's right hand is tucked oddly into a skirt pocket. *

SKIPJACK

The hell you are. *

ADELE

I gave you every penny. I swear.

He SMACKS her again. Lizzie erupts in indignation. *

LIZZIE

You will stop!

Skipjack turns to see these two proper Victorian women looking very out of place. As he begins to grin --

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Let her go.

*

SKIPJACK

*

Well. If it isn't dear dead William's sweet little sister.

LIZZIE

*

Let her go or we'll call for the police.

*

EMMA

(pulls at Lizzie)

This is none of our business.

LIZZIE

*

Yeah, you really should move along.

*

Lizzie holds her ground. Skipjack steps to her, looming.

*

SKIPJACK

You gonna make me count to three?

*

LIZZIE

Can you?

*

Skipjack SLAMS a meaty hand into her. Lizzie sprawls back into the filthy street. The Liberty lamp CLATTERS away.

SKIPJACK

One.

*

Emma rushes to Lizzie. Skipjack returns to Adele.

*

EMMA

Someone, please get help!

SKIPJACK

Two.

Adele is paralyzed with fear.

*

SKIPJACK (CONT'D)

I'm gonna have more fun tonight than I thought possible.

(turns toward Lizzie and Emma)

Thr --

*

CRAAACK!! Skipjack crumples to the ground.

Lizzie stands over him, wielding the Statue of Liberty lamp like a club.

Skipjack is out. Lizzie goes to Adele. *

LIZZIE

Are you hurt?

Adele shakes her head no. Skipjack MOANS.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Get out of here. Go. *

Adele scrambles up, backs away into the dark, leaving Lizzie as Emma approaches.

EMMA

We need to go.

Lizzie throws a derisive look at the stunned Skipjack.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Now. *

Emma pulls Lizzie away from Skipjack as he begins to surface. *

20

INT. BORDEN HOUSE - THE BARN - NIGHT

20

IN THE LOFT looking at --

THE HORSESHOE HAMMER

It lies amidst the clutter and dust of the loft. Lantern light below the loft shimmers and throws shifting shadows as the light rises. Siringo's head appears as he climbs the ladder. He pulls himself up -- scans the space.

He picks up the horseshoe hammer. Looks it over --

Looks closer at the crevice between the handle and the head --

-- A THIN BROWNISH-RED STAIN. DRIED BLOOD?

SIRINGO STANDS

At the edge of the loft, holds his candle up to get a closer look at the rope. Reaches out to the TIGHT DOUBLE KNOT tied around the rafter. *

He shines his light around the loft again. He pulls aside a horse blanket. *

A single WORK GLOVE sits atop a BOX OF HORSESHOES (from Episode 101). He lifts a horseshoe out. He compares it to the sketch of Almy's crescent-shaped wound. *

It's a match.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

*

21

INT. BORDEN HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - MORNING

21

Emma wraps a mantel clock in rags, packs it amongst other items in a crate including that Statue of Liberty lamp. Lizzie enters carrying a black, varnished case.

LIZZIE

What should we do with this? Father's shaving kit. We got it for him last Christmas but he never used it.

*

*

EMMA

I'm sure we could find someone who --
(something out the window)
Oh no...

*

Emma stares out the window with concern. Lizzie looks too.

THEIR POV: ADELE AT THEIR FRONT GATE GAZING AT THEIR HOUSE.

*

DISSOLVE TO:

22

INT. BORDEN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

22

Adele sits at the kitchen table slurping up a bowl of soup. Emma sits opposite, staring in trepidation.

*

*

Lizzie breezes in, bright and cheery, carrying a clean dress.

LIZZIE

You look wonderful. Stand up, Adele.

*

Adele wipes her mouth on a sleeve, smearing grime across her cheek. Her right hand is still hidden in a pocket. Adele stands and faces Lizzie, who holds the dress against her.

EMMA

That's my dress.

*

LIZZIE

Of course. She wouldn't fit into one of mine.

*

*

(to Adele)

*

Go upstairs. There's a bath waiting. Scrape off that layer of crust.

*

*

ADELE

*

(blushing, uncertain)

*

Thank you, ma'am.

*

Adele hurries off. Lizzie sees the empty bowl.

*

LIZZIE

She was hungry.

EMMA

That was her third bowl.

(eyes on Lizzie)

You know you can't keep her.

23

INT. DRESSMAKER'S SHOP - FALL RIVER - DAY

23

The SEAMSTRESS pins up the hem of a skirt. WE RISE UP past a fashionable dress to find it's Adele she's outfitting. The transformation is startling -- Adele is a natural beauty.

Lizzie approaches, tries a hat on Adele, then another.

LIZZIE

Such a pretty girl...

SEAMSTRESS

I'll be back with some shoes.

Lizzie nods. The seamstress disappears up front.

Lizzie steps back, admiring Adele, who stands, sheepish, her right hand now slipped behind a pleat.

LIZZIE

Adele, take your hand out. Let me get a look at you.

(off Adele's hesitancy)

What's the matter?

Adele exhales. She slowly reveals her hand. It hangs limp and scarred at the end of her wrist. A pair of fingers permanently curl into her palm like a claw.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

(gentle; holds Adele's hand)

What happened?

ADELE

...I had a job in the mills. My hand got caught in a scutcher. I told them I could make do with my left, but... I couldn't find any work after that.

(ashamed)

Real work, I mean.

Lizzie takes both Adele's hands in hers.

LIZZIE

Listen to me. And you have to believe *
this. Those days are behind you. You *
never have to go back to the Row again. *

The two women stare at one another for a long moment.

Suddenly Adele leans forward and kisses Lizzie tenderly on the lips. Lizzie steps back, startled!

Adele gulps, suddenly mortified.

ADELE

I'm so sorry. I thought...

Lizzie contemplates her. She steps back to Adele. Wraps her *
hand around the back of Adele's neck and pulls her in for a *
kiss. The moment builds, Adele melting into it. She buries *
her fingers in Lizzie's hair...

Abruptly, Lizzie steps back. Considers Adele as if puzzling *
over a math problem. Finally just shrugs. The appeal eludes *
Lizzie and she moves on without a second thought. *

Lizzie turns Adele (a bit bewildered) towards the mirror. *

LIZZIE

Look there. You're a proper young woman. *
Which is the only thing anyone will see *
from now on.

Adele shakes her head. Begins to cry. *

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Adele, what's the matter?

ADELE

What do you want from me?

LIZZIE

I don't want anything except to help you. *

ADELE

...You can't help me. I don't belong
here. I have to go back.

LIZZIE

No, you don't. *

ADELE

You don't understand. He'll come looking
for me. He owns me.

LIZZIE

Who? That idiot in the alley? *

Adele shakes her head. Real fear in her eyes.

ADELE

Not him. The man he works for.

Off Lizzie. What fresh hell is this? *

24

INT. WHALE & TAR TAVERN - DAY

24

A FILTHY HAND dunks into a big glass jar of pickled eggs, pulls one out, leaving behind a swirl of dirt in the brine. The hand shoves the whole egg into a bearded mouth. The man steps OUT OF FRAME, revealing --

-- a smoky saloon filled with the denizens of Fall River's underbelly, most of them half in the bag at high noon.

Skipjack plays cards at a table with a few other MISCREANTS. He SLAMS down his losing hand angrily, when the light from the door opening temporarily blinds him.

When he unsquints his eyes, he finds Lizzie Borden stepping right up to him.

SKIPJACK

...I don't believe it.

Lizzie appraises the blood-crust-ed welt his temple. *

LIZZIE

You should clean that before it gets...
more infected. *

SKIPJACK

(stands) *

Maybe after our rematch. *

LIZZIE

Maybe after I speak to Mr. Flowers. *

SKIPJACK

What you want with him? *

LIZZIE

I want to speak with him. Did I damage
you're hearing too, or have you always
been dense? *

The Card Players chuckle. Skipjack's temper flares. *

SKIPJACK

You know I got no problem hitting a lady. *

LIZZIE *

You know I've got no problem splitting skulls. *

Skipjack bares his teeth in something like a smile -- *

MR. FLOWERS (O.S.) *

Skipjack.

Skipjack turns to a pleasant-looking man standing in the doorway to a back office. Confidence and power simmer beneath the surface. This is MR. FLOWERS. *

He steps into the room. Like a pack of wolves in the presence of an Alpha, the patrons seem to shrink slightly. *

Even Skipjack de-hackles. Lizzie flips him a "kill you later" look before strolling to Flowers. *

LIZZIE

Mr. Flowers. *

MR. FLOWERS

Miss Borden. Is there something I can do for you? *

LIZZIE

Well, you could snap your fingers and make everyone here jump, I suppose. *

MR. FLOWERS

(measuring her)

Not everyone.

25

INT. MR. FLOWERS ROOMS - DAY

25

A far and elegant cry from the tawdry look of the Whale & Tar and depression of Jerusalem Row. The man has taste and an eye for beautiful things. Mr. Flowers brings Lizzie, seated on a divan, a cup of tea. *

MR. FLOWERS

I have to say, it does my heart good to know Adele is all right. *

LIZZIE

I'm glad to hear that. *

MR. FLOWERS

When do I get her back? *

LIZZIE

And that would be the crux of the matter.

*

MR. FLOWERS

How so?

*

LIZZIE

Adele won't be returning to the life
you've laid out for her. She's finished
with all that.

*

*

*

*

MR. FLOWERS

'All that', with Adele's frequent
participation, happens to be a somewhat
substantial part of my livelihood, Miss
Borden. I don't appreciate people
meddling in my business.

*

*

*

*

*

*

LIZZIE

You'd be a poor businessman if you did.

*

Lizzie opens her purse, searching for something.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Still, we both know Adele wouldn't last
two more months out here.

*

*

MR. FLOWERS

That's two months' income you're taking
from me.

*

*

Lizzie hands him a bank cheque. Flowers takes it, his
eyebrows raising at what's written there.

*

*

LIZZIE

Which is why I'm giving you six. That
buys out any claim you or 'Mr.'
Skipjack...?

*

*

*

MR. FLOWERS

Just Skipjack.

*

*

LIZZIE

Of course -- any claim you both have
towards Adele.

*

*

*

MR. FLOWERS

I accept this and you own her outright?
Is that it?

*

*

*

LIZZIE

If those terms are easiest for you to
comprehend, then yes.

*

*

*

Flowers studies Lizzie. Likes her. *

MR. FLOWERS
Do you always get what you want? *

LIZZIE
When I don't, things get -- *

MR. FLOWERS
Messy? *

LIZZIE
-- the attention they deserve until my
point of view is understood and accepted. *
I'm sure you can understand. *

MR. FLOWERS
Perfectly. *

LIZZIE
(sweet) *
May we consider this matter concluded? *

Flowers likes her. Simpatico. *

26 **INT. WHALE & TAR TAVERN - CONTINUOUS** 26 *

As Lizzie moves back through the bar toward the exit. *
Skipjack's threatening eyes, and others, follow her. *

Lizzie ignores the stares. She doesn't see -- *

The PIGTAILED GIRL (from Episode 101) sitting in the corner *
amid a jumble of small crates eating a hunk of cooked *
chicken. *

Lizzie exits, the door closing behind her. The Pigtailed Girl *
jumps up and runs toward a back exit. *

27 **INT. DANFORTH HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY** 27

The Pigtailed Girl enters fast, catches her breath. Searches *
the faces in the lobby -- finds the one she's looking for. *
She steps to Siringo who's reading the newspaper. He lowers *
it, then takes a coin from vest pocket and presses it into *
her palm. *

SIRINGO
(beat)
Tell me...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

28

INT. BORDEN HOUSE - PARLOR - DAY

28

CLOSE ON fingers playing "Rubin, Rubin" on the piano. Adele stands nearby, charmed. Lizzie enters through the front door, puzzled, still wearing her coat -- Stops short.

LIZZIE

Spencer?

The piano player stops. It's Spencer Cavanaugh, smiling and handsome and quite the roué.

SPENCER

Lizzie! New York misses you.

LIZZIE

(pleased)

What are you doing here?

SPENCER

Missing you, too. But I'm all better now.

Lizzie borders on ecstatic.

*

29

INT. BORDEN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

29

A POT OF STEW SIMMERS on the stove. Adele stirs it. The SOUND of the front door closing.

EMMA (O.S.)

Hello?

ADELE

In here, Miss Emma.

Emma steps into the kitchen, removing her coat and hat. Notes Adele is alone. She calls back into the house.

EMMA

Lizzie?

ADELE

She isn't here. She's gone to dinner with Mr. Cavanaugh.

*

EMMA

Who?

*

ADELE

The play writer. He's up from New York.

EMMA *
(dis-gusted) *
Really. *

30 INT. BLUE PEACOCK RESTAURANT - FALL RIVER - NIGHT 30 *

Lizzie and Spencer sit together at an upscale restaurant. She looks up from his script. *

LIZZIE *
(mock shock) *
Spencer. *

SPENCER *
(pleased) *
Scandalous? *

LIZZIE *
Shocking, defamatory, and diabolical. I *
can't wait to see it. *

SPENCER *
That's just it. My usual backers are only *
interested in spectacle. Frilly songs, *
pretty faces. They're not interested in *
something this... symbolic. *

LIZZIE *
They're fools. *

SPENCER *
(leaning in, earnest) *
Exactly. You see what this could be. *

LIZZIE *
With a couple songs it could be a bit *
more accessible. *

SPENCER *
(quick adjustment) *
You could be right, you could be right. *
You see, this is just what I need in a *
producer. *

Lizzie smirks -- There's the other shoe. He pours her wine.

LIZZIE *
And I thought you came to Fall River only *
for the pleasure of my company. *

SPENCER *
(takes her hand; works his *
dimple) *
One hundred years from now someone will *
(MORE) *

SPENCER (CONT'D)

mention the name Lizzie Borden, and do you know what will instantly come to mind?

LIZZIE

I have a pretty good idea.

SPENCER

It's the wrong one. No. After tonight you'll be known as a great...

(beat)

'Patron of the Arts'.

Lizzie thinks he's a handsome, dumb dope. But so charming.

31

INT. BORDEN HOUSE - THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

31

Emma sits at the kitchen with Adele, the two of them eating in silence. Emma's eyes ponder Adele, staring almost.

ADELE

(without looking up)

It's alright. You can ask me anything you'd like.

EMMA

No, I...

(pointing to bowl)

...I was only thinking perhaps you'd like some more.

Adele puts her spoon down, looks to Emma.

ADELE

It isn't a bother. I don't mind.

EMMA

It really isn't any of my business...

(off Adele's look)

...I only, I wondered if you ever hoped for a husband... a family...

ADELE

I still hope. Sometimes.

EMMA

(nods)

But realistically...

ADELE

You're unmarried. You're childless.

EMMA

It's hardly the same thing.

ADELE

But, realistically...

Emma flushes.

ADELE (CONT'D)

Have you never been with a man?

EMMA

As we've just established, I've never been married.

ADELE

But that wasn't my question.

Emma takes a breath.

EMMA

I once had... an admirer.

ADELE

Did you lay with him? *

EMMA

(contained anger) *

Don't bring your gutter talk into this house, Adele. I won't have it. *

ADELE

I only mean admirers alone couldn't give you a family.

Emma takes a moment to regain composure.

EMMA

...I have Lizzie.

(pause)

She was five when our mother died. I was fourteen. Father's new wife never paid us much attention. If anyone raised Lizzie, it was me. *

ADELE

Well, then, Lizzie's the lady she is owing to your mothering...

Emma goes still.

ADELE (CONT'D)

You should be proud, Miss Emma. You did a fine job.

32 **INT. DANFORTH HOTEL - SIRINGO'S ROOM - MORNING** 32 *

Siringo sits in the desk chair, reviewing the scribblings in his notebook. He calmly closes it, takes a studied drag off a cigar, blows the smoke out slowly. *

Suddenly -- a YELP from the other side his door. *

33 **INT. DANFORTH HOTEL - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS** 33 *

Siringo opens his door to see Isabel leaning against the wall, her foot raised, her face a mask of pain. *

SIRINGO *

What happened?

ISABEL

I twisted my ankle.

Siringo reaches back into his room and comes out with the desk chair. He places it beside Isabel. *

SIRINGO

Sit down. Go on. I've got an old Texas fix for twisted ankles. *

Isabel sits. Siringo kneels across from her, his hands open near her twisted ankle.

SIRINGO (CONT'D)

May I?

Isabel discretely looks over her shoulder. They are alone.

ISABEL

Will this hurt?

SIRINGO

Less than it hurts now, I promise. You want it fixed or you wanna limp the rest of the day? *

ISABEL

Go ahead.

Siringo adjusts his hands around Isabel's ankle.

SIRINGO

Just relax. You're going to hear a pop.

ISABEL

A what?

Siringo tightens his grip, makes a quick adjustment and we hear a meaty POP from deep inside Isabel's ankle. He lets go, she stiffens, teeth clenched and about to scream when... sweet relief.

As the pain fades away, her face registers amazement. *

SIRINGO

How is that? *

ISABEL

How is that possible? *

SIRINGO

Don't know the science of it, just know it works.

They regard each other for a moment. She begins to look uncomfortable, with him on bended knee before her. *

ISABEL

(rising) *

I think -- *

SIRINGO

(stands fast) *

Good morning, Mrs. Danforth. *

ISABEL

Same to you. *

Siringo takes up the chair and steps back into his room. The door closes quietly. *

34 **INT. BORDEN HOUSE - THE BARN - DAY** 34 *

Lizzie and Emma takes seats, the audience to...

SPENCER

Who has cleared away a section of the barn as a stage. A prop coffin nailed together out of spare lumber leans against the wall. Adele stands off in a nightgown. *

SPENCER

This is the last scene of the second act.
Open your hearts, that is all I ask. I'm
going to tell you the story of a woman
trapped in the past.

Spencer holds his hand out for Adele to join him "on stage."
Adele is caught in the magic of the moment and Spencer's
Adonis good looks.

35

INT. HILLIARD'S OFFICE - FALL RIVER POLICE STATION - DAY 35

Hilliard, behind his desk and growing more irritated, confronts the as-yet-unseen visitor sitting across from him.

HILLIARD

William Borden killed Mr. Almy. Every piece of evidence says he did. The man's watch was in Borden's pocket, for godsakes.

He's talking to Siringo.

SIRINGO

Pretty convenient, for godsakes. Have you stopped to ask why William Borden would want to kill Almy? *

HILLIARD

Didn't like the man, obviously. *

SIRINGO

Sure, but does he profit? What's in it for him? A gold watch? *

HILLIARD

I've seen people killed for less. *

SIRINGO

Seems Mr. Borden was in debt up to his shattered skull to old Almy. That's why Almy was intending to take every inherited cent from Lizzie and Emma Borden. *

HILLIARD

Where'd you hear that? *

SIRINGO

Their lawyer's secretary. Almy had them dead to rights. Now he's dead and the sisters are rich. *

HILLIARD

Maybe William Borden didn't want Almy taking his money. *

SIRINGO

William Borden wasn't in the will. The bastard son wasn't getting a cent. I'll ask you one more time. Who profits from Almy's death? *

HILLIARD

Lizzie Borden didn't cause those injuries. William's hands were --

SIRINGO

Lizzie's hands are playing you like a fiddle.

Siringo reaches into his bag. He pulls out the knotted rope which hanged William Borden, tosses it on Hilliard's desk.

SIRINGO (CONT'D)

Let me tell you a story. *

OFF THE ROPE, we --

CUT TO:

36

INT. BORDEN HOUSE - THE BARN - FLASHBACK

36

William Borden's body hangs in Lizzie's barn, the dog nipping at his feet. Hilliard and his men examine the scene (as we opened the episode). *

SIRINGO (V.O.)

The story of the rope that killed William Borden. *

CLOSE ON WILLIAM'S BATTERED KNUCKLES.

We RISE UP William's body, stop when we reach the loft --

DISSOLVE TO:

37

INT. BORDEN BARN - FLASHBACK - ONE NIGHT EARLIER

37

William Borden and Lizzie sit in the loft the night before. He greedily slugs whiskey. The coiled rope lies nearby.

SIRINGO (V.O.)

Lizzie needed William passed out drunk that night. She needed to know for sure where to find him when she got back.

LIZZIE STARTS DOWN THE LADDER,

Leaving William alone in the loft, now swigging directly from the decanter. *

HILLIARD (V.O.)

When she got back from where?

38 **INT. ALMY'S OFFICE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT** 38

Almy flat on his back -- his face destroyed with curved wounds. *

SIRINGO (V.O.)

Lizzie made Almy's murder look like the work of a man. A man on a rampage.

LIZZIE, DAPPLIED WITH BLOOD -- *

Dumps the horseshoes from the bloody work glove into her open hand. *

39 **INT. BORDEN HOUSE - THE BARN - FLASHBACK - NIGHT** 39

THE EMPTY DECANTER lies at William's feet in the loft. He is out cold drunk.

SIRINGO (V.O.)

All she had to do was aim everybody at that man. William Borden. *

Lizzie, cleaned up, positions William's hand on the loft floorboards. She hefts the horseshoe hammer -- SLAMS it down, two, three, four times, onto William's knuckles... *

SIRINGO (V.O.)

So she set the stage by hammering her actor's hands. *

She moves on to his other hand.

40 **INT. BORDEN HOUSE - THE BARN - FLASHBACK - NIGHT, LATER** 40

Lizzie stands at the edge of the loft, leaning out to tie the rope around the rafter with a tight double knot. WE FOLLOW the rope down to its other end -- which is looped around William's neck. He SNORES.

SIRINGO (V.O.)

Pushed him from the wings. *

Lizzie sits down behind William, her back against a crate. Plants her feet against his side... and SHOVES.

WILLIAM ROLLS OFF THE LOFT.

His boot catches the empty decanter, sending it over the edge along with him. It SMASHES to the ground just as William hits the end of the rope with a piercing SNAP of his neck.

SIRINGO (V.O.)

And waited for an appreciative audience. *

His body twists and spins. Finally settles into a steady sway. The rafter CREAAAK-CREAAAK-CREAAAKS -- a ghoulish metronome.

41 **INT. HILLIARD'S OFFICE - FALL RIVER POLICE STATION - DAY 41**

Hilliard has the knotted rope in his hands, looking it over.

HILLIARD

Good story. Where's your proof? *

Siringo pulls a horseshoe out of his bag, lays it on Hilliard's desk.

SIRINGO

I found a box of these in Lizzie's barn.

HILLIARD *

So what? *

SIRINGO *

So go lay one of these into a wound on Almy's face and tell me they don't go together like an on-leave sailor against a hooker's chest. *

(the rope in Hilliard's hands) *

That rope was tied with a tight double knot. *

HILLIARD *

Think we can assume William could tie a knot. *

SIRINGO *

With broken fingers? *

HILLIARD *

Maybe he prep'd the rope before he killed Almy. *

SIRINGO *

His hands were bloody. If he did manage to climb a ladder and work a noose around his neck how come there was no blood on the rungs or the noose. *

That lands hard with Hilliard. Tight-lipped. Breathing through his nose. *

HILLIARD *

Who hired you?

SIRINGO

Can't tell you that.

HILLIARD

Suppose I throw you in a cell until you
tell me.

*
*

SIRINGO

Can't tell you 'cause I don't know.

*

HILLIARD

Say what?

SIRINGO

My client wishes to remain anonymous.

HILLIARD

And they want you to catch Lizzie Borden?

*

SIRINGO

Exact opposite. I'm hired to prove her
innocence in the murder of her parents.
Way things are going, I don't think
innocence is in the neighborhood or even
on the planet.

*
*
*
*
*

HILLIARD

We tried this once before. The whole
state against Lizzie Borden. Didn't end
well. I'm not about to be the man to drag
us back into the same situation with
little more to go on than the
speculations of a Pinkerton man.

*

*

SIRINGO

Let me guess. You're planning on running
for mayor. Don't need to be stepping on
your dick again, is that it?

*
*
*

HILLIARD

(beat; expressionless)
Good afternoon, sir.

42

INT. BORDEN HOUSE - THE BARN - DAY

42

Lizzie's face, intense, watching as --

ADELE AND SPENCER

Stand nose-to-nose, both of them in character as anguished
lovers. She grabs him by the coat --

ADELE

You can't leave me! You're my last hope
for happiness! Leave me and I'll die!

SPENCER

You died years ago, Constance. You must stay here with the past you will not escape, with the ghosts you love more than life itself. This is where you belong.

*
*
*

He leads her to the leaning coffin. Backs her into it. She closes her eyes. Spencer turns to Lizzie.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

(breaking the fourth wall)

So now Tristan walks off stage, off to the war for freedom. The house lights go out, and, as the audience sits in total darkness, we learn of his fate with one unmistakable sound.

Spencer pulls a Derringer pistol, aims it at the roof. BLAMM! Dust and splinters fall onto his head.

Lizzie jumps at the sound. Spencer returns to Adele, takes her hand. The two of them bow. He affects an apologetic air.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

(the roof)

I'll fix that.

Lizzie waves him off and starts clapping, smiling big.

LIZZIE

It's wonderful, Spencer. I love it. What did you think, Emma?

She looks to Emma, stops clapping...

Emma's eyes are closed tight, tears streaming down her face. She jumps up and runs from the barn, overcome with emotion and grief.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

43

INT. DANFORTH HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

43

Lizzie sits across a small table from Spencer, signing her name to a contract. She turns it back to Spencer, who countersigns it.

SPENCER

And we're in business! Thank you, thank you, thank you.

*
*

LIZZIE

You should really thank Emma. Her reaction was what sold me.

*
*

Spencer melts sealing wax onto the contract, presses his SIGNET RING into it, leaving an impression of the Cavanaugh family crest.

Isabel walks in with a watering can. She's taken aback by the sight of Lizzie. Lizzie spots her.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Isabel! How marvelous to see you.

ISABEL

(beat)

Lizzie...

Lizzie stands, gives Isabel a kiss on the cheek. Isabel returns it with a pasted-on smile.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

How have you been keeping yourself?

SPENCER

(chiming in)

She's just become a financier of the New York stage!

ISABEL

Really. That's exciting.

*
*

SPENCER

Madam, would you have any champagne in your stores?

*
*

ISABEL

(happy to exit)

Sure. I'll be right back.

*
*

Isabel hurries off. Spencer takes Lizzie's hand.

SPENCER

I'll have it sent to my room. You and I
should celebrate properly.

Lizzie looks down to his hand on hers.

LIZZIE

I believe we just did. Anything else
would just be pointless exertions.

*
*

SPENCER

Not to me.

*
*

LIZZIE

You got what you came for. Let's leave it
at that.

*
*
*

She pats him on the hand. Spencer contorts his face
melodramatically --

SPENCER

Tragedy...

44

INT. DOWNTOWN TAVERN - NIGHT

44

Siringo sits at the bar of the watering hole/eatery. He lifts
his glass to the BARKEEP --

SIRINGO

To Marshal Hilliard. Making sure Fall
River's coroner never wants for business.

He drains his beer, signals for another.

SPENCER (O.S.)

Having a bad day, friend?

Siringo turns to see Spencer sitting a few stools down.

SIRINGO

Having a drink.

SPENCER

Well, I'm having an extraordinary day.
That drink is on me.

The Barkeep hands Siringo his beer. Siringo gives Spencer a
nod. Spencer toasts Siringo --

SPENCER (CONT'D)

To the lovely ladies of Fall River...

Siringo tips his glass --

SIRINGO

To most of 'em, anyway...

Both men take a swig of their drinks.

45

INT. BORDEN HOUSE - NIGHT

45

Adele goes through the house, blowing out the lamps. The place is nearly all packed up with stacked crates and cloth-covered furnishings.

A KNOCK on the front door startles her.

She peers out the window, unlatches the door. Opens it. Spencer grins at her from the front stoop, clearly tipsy.

ADELE

Mr. Cavanaugh...

SPENCER

Adele! You are a marvelous actress!

ADELE

Please -- Lizzie and Emma have gone to bed. I was just shutting down the house.

SPENCER

Sooo, you and I are the last people on earth.

ADELE

(he stumbles; she catches him)
You've had too much to drink. Come in and sit. I'll put on some coffee.

She helps him in to a chair. He grabs her sleeve.

SPENCER

I really do mean it. You were remarkable.
You are a woman of many talents.

(a close whisper)

I haven't seen all of your talents,
though, have I?

She knows where this is going, hates it.

ADELE

Mr. Cavanaugh, you should go.

SPENCER

And you should raise your skirts.

He tries to pull her down to him, leaning up to kiss her. But Adele yanks free.

ADELE

You're drunk.

*

SPENCER

You're right. Yes, yes, I know how things work.

*

He digs in his pocket, pulls out a money clip.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

What's the going rate in Fall River?

ADELE

I'm going to wake Lizzie...

SPENCER

(grabs Adele)

The more the merrier.

*

ADELE

Let me go.

*

SPENCER

Do what? I'm Spencer Cavanaugh. People toast me. I'm celebrated. Where in hell does a whore come off turning me away?

*

Adele SLAPS him in the face. Spencer SLAPS her right back, hard enough to stagger her. He takes a step towards her -- She runs off, out the back door.

*

*

46

INT. BORDEN HOUSE - THE BARN - NIGHT

46

The door pulls open. Adele hurries in, quickly shuts it, holding it closed by the handle. After a moment -- a tug on the door from the outside. She grips it more tightly.

SPENCER (O.S.)

Adelle...

(Romeo)

"My lips ready stand with a tender kiss."

Adele says nothing. After a moment, the door YANKS open, his strength easily too much for her. He comes towards her.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Can a person really lie to herself so boldly? "Know thyself," Adele. You're nothing more than a spittoon masquerading as a lady.

*

He lunges at her, pulls her close, TEARS at her clothes. Adele fights him in a frenzy, RIPPING his sleeve. She tries to shove him off, but his grip is too strong.

*

ADELE

I'm sorry, I'm so sorry.

*

Adele looks to where she tore his sleeve -- Spencer has TRACK MARKS on his arm. The man's an addict.

SPENCER

(hoarse whisper)

You stupid trollop. I'll see you hang for this...

LIZZIE SUDDENLY APPEARS WITH THE PITCHFORK --

THWUMMMP!!! She buries it in Spencer's chest. Fresh blood spatters Adele's face.

Spencer wheezes, eyes agape. Adele skitters back, her mouth wide in a silent scream.

Lizzie wrenches the pitchfork out. PLUNGES it back one final time. Spencer convulses. Tries to keep breathing.

*

Lizzie and Adele stare at each other across Spencer's prostrate form. The handle of the pitchfork PULSES between them --

-- Then slower. Slower still. And finally, it comes to a standstill, as Spencer blows out his last, gurgling breath.

Adele looks to Lizzie, as horrified as ever. Lizzie remains calm.

LIZZIE

Adele, gather yourself. This is not a problem.

ADELE

(trembling on her knees)

Oh my God... Oh my God...

LIZZIE

Adele, it had to be this way. The police would have gotten involved. Do you know what would have happened then?

Adele is falling down a rat hole of hysteria. Lizzie must do something.

*

*

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Yes. All right. I have a sedative in the house. It kept me calm during the trial. Should I fetch it for you?

*

*

*

*

As Emma heads back to house, Lizzie remains for a moment, looking into the barn. Finally, she closes the door.

51

INT. DANFORTH HOTEL - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MORNING

51

Isabel comes down the hall carrying several vases of fresh flowers. She stops with concern at a door slightly open, its jam splintered.

She steps to the door, pushes it open tentatively.

There's a body on the bed, covered haphazardly with the sheet and blanket.

ISABEL

Mr. Cavanaugh?

No answer. She moves in, puts the flower vases down, and steps to the bed.

She taps his shoulder. No response.

Finally, Isabel pulls the sheet back... revealing the stubbled face of Charlie Siringo. Isabel gives him a more aggressive shake.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

Mr. Siringo. What are you doing here?

He opens his eyes -- Shuts them again. Too much light.

SIRINGO

Wha'?

ISABEL

You're in the wrong room.

SIRINGO

Key didn't work.

ISABEL

Because it's the wrong room. You're the next room over.

He manages to sit up. Looks at her through bleary eyes. *

SIRINGO

How's the ankle?

ISABEL

Let's get you into your own room.

ISABEL

Spencer Cavanaugh. Theater person from
New York. Lucky for you he didn't come
back last night. You both have something
in common.

*

SIRINGO

Debauchery?

ISABEL

Lizzie Borden.

(Siringo's silence)

Day he checked in, it looked like he was
trying to separate her from her money for
something or other.

*

*

SIRINGO

Makes you say that?

ISABEL

Ten years working in a hotel, I've seen
my share of swindlers.

*

*

*

SIRINGO

Let me know when he comes back.

ISABEL

Sure.

(beat; romantic tension)

You should sleep.

SIRINGO

Like the dead.

And she is gone. Siringo considers the shifting situation.

56

INT. MAPLECROFT MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

56

*

Lizzie stands in total serenity as MOVERS navigate around her
carrying furniture and rolled rugs. She's in heaven. Emma
approaches, concern knitting her brow.

*

*

*

EMMA

It seems strange, that's all. Running off
without even a good-bye.

*

*

*

LIZZIE

It's fine, Emma. Don't worry so much.

*

*

EMMA

Is she all right?

*

*

LIZZIE

Wherever she is, I'm sure she's at peace
and thankful for her fresh start.

*
*
*

Emma nods, turns to the Movers and offers direction. We HOLD
ON Lizzie.

*
*

57

INT. ADELE'S COFFIN - NIGHT

57

CLOSE ON Adele, sleeping peacefully. After a moment her eyes
open slowly. She's immersed in gloom. She realizes she's in a
tiny space -- a coffin. She tries to push the lid open, but
it's nailed shut.

*

As she realizes she's been buried alive, Adele starts to
SCREAM. And SCREAM...

...and SCREAM.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE TWO