

THE LIZZIE BORDEN CHRONICLES

HOUR THREE

by

Barbara Nance

October 1, 2014

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: Christina Ricci, Judith Verno
Peace Out Productions

In Association with Sony Pictures Television

All Rights Reserved © 2014

SONY PICTURES TELEVISION INC.

"No portion of this script may be performed, or reproduced by any means, or quoted, or published in any medium without prior written consent of SONY PICTURES TELEVISION INC.

10202 West Washington Blvd. Culver City, CA 90232

TEASER

OVER BLACK

PRIEST (O.S.)
Today we mourn, for we have truly
lost a great man.

*

FADE IN to reveal we are --

1 **EXT. OAK GROVE CEMETERY - FALL RIVER, MA - DAY** 1

HIGH ANGLE CRANE DOWN on a well-attended, upper class funeral in this expanse of imposing headstones and mausoleums. The crowd of wealthy, BLACK GARBED MOURNERS surround a resplendent casket almost buried in flowers. The PRIEST continues his solemn eulogy --

PRIEST
Taken too soon, William Almy lived to serve. And he served the people of Fall River like a guileless angel neither needing nor wanting anything in return. His passing leaves a hole in our lives and our hearts which can only be salved by remembering his good works and gentle soul.

Off the magnificent casket --

2 **EXT. FALL RIVER CITY CEMETERY - DAY** 2

Meanwhile, in the second-rate cemetery across town, the head end of a third-rate pine coffin drops to the ground. The foot end is still held by the contemptuous BIG GRAVE DIGGER glaring at his butter-fingered partner, SMALL GRAVE DIGGER.

The shamefaced Small Grave Digger looks to the only two mourners present --

LIZZIE (pleasant expression) and EMMA (wincing) watching them, dressed in finery, near an open, unmarked grave.

SMALL GRAVE DIGGER
Apologies.

LIZZIE
No bother. Continue, please.

They do, hefting the coffin toward the open hole. Emma turns her back on the proceedings, unable to watch.

(CONTINUED)

EMMA

This isn't right.

LIZZIE

What would you prefer?

EMMA

A place near mother and father, of course.

(Lizzie's look)

Well. Father, at least.

LIZZIE

William was a murdering, blackmailing bastard. You want that near father's final resting place?

EMMA

Well. When you put it that way.

With the coffin in the grave, one of the Diggers reaches for a shovel. The other takes off his cap, looks to the sisters --

BIG GRAVE DIGGER

Pardon, ma'am. Who'll speak for the dead here?

Beat. Lizzie eyes Emma.

EMMA

Me?

LIZZIE

You are the eldest.

Emma sighs. Takes a step toward the coffin in the grave.

EMMA

William. Brother.

LIZZIE

Half.

EMMA

Shh. William. In life you were nothing but trouble. In death you finally have peace --

LIZZIE

And so do we. Amen. Shall we go?

(CONTINUED)

EMMA

May God have mercy on your soul. We
ordered your headstone. It'll be
here next week.

*
*
*
*

LIZZIE

He won't mind waiting.

*
*

Giving up, Emma turns and walks past Lizzie.

EMMA

Yes, let's go.

Lizzie reaches into her purse and hands the Big Grave Digger
a bank note.

LIZZIE

Thank you for your trouble.

BIG GRAVE DIGGER

It's no trouble.

LIZZIE

Not anymore.

Big Grave Digger nods as Lizzie turns to follow Emma out of
the cemetery. Watching her go, he sighs, shakes his head,
puts his cap back on and gets to work.

3 **EXT. ENTRANCE TO FALL RIVER CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS**

3

Emma waits for Lizzie's approach near the black iron gate,
not caring to watch the dirt going into the hole behind her.

LIZZIE

What a beautiful day. Do you want
to get some breakfast downtown?

*
*

EMMA

Honestly, I'd like to lay down if
that's okay.

*
*

LIZZIE

(sincerely clueless)
Is something the matter?

Emma pauses, glances at the grave diggers shoveling, the
looming iron gate, Lizzie's quizzical expression.

EMMA

(avoiding further
discussion)
...I'm just tired.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

LIZZIE

It has been a stressful week. Let's
go tuck you in. I'd like to try out
a few recipes, see if I can't
provide some treats for the party
tomorrow night.

*
*
*
*
*
*

EMMA

(damn, the party)
Yes. The party.

*
*
*

LIZZIE

It's the perfect way to begin our
new life of leisure. Nothing but
rest and relaxation from here on
out.

*
*
*
*
*

4 **EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE WHALE & TAR - JERUSALEM ROW - DAY**

4

CLOSE ON SPENCER CAVANAUGH's dead, wide-eyed face. His corpse
is in a buckboard covered by a tarp raised by SKIPJACK.

SKIPJACK

Who is he?

MR. FLOWERS drops the reins, descends from the buckboard to
Skipjack who drops the tarp.

FLOWERS

Doesn't matter. Just chop him up
and dump him in the bay.

SKIPJACK

We doing other people's dirty work
now?

FLOWERS

When they pay, yes.

SKIPJACK

(risking trouble)
She give you enough to make this
worth my while?

FLOWERS

And who might 'she' be?

SKIPJACK

Lizzie Borden.

FLOWERS

(amused)
Ah, Skip.

(CONTINUED)

SKIPJACK

She on your hook, or you on hers?

FLOWERS

(puts cash in Skipjack's
hand; smirk)

I'll let you know.

Flowers exits. Skipjack looks at Spencer's body under the tarp, notes Spencer's unique signet ring on a finger stained with dried blood. Wheels turn.

5 INT. PORNOGRAPHER'S STUDIO - LATER - DAY

5

TWO SCANTILY VEILED WOMEN attempt a sensuous pose on a velvet settee in front of a tattered canvas backdrop.

A pornographer, CHESTER PHIPPS (30s), directs them from beside a large-lensed still camera on a tripod. He raises his magnesium (powder) filled flash lamp, ducks under the black cloth and grips the shutter release. *

PHIPPS *

(under the cloth) *

You look like hobbled donkeys. Try
for something a bit more sapphic. *

The Models look confused. *

PHIPPS (CONT'D) *

(under the cloth) *

Sexy, ladies. Look sexy. *

The Models look "sexy". *

PHIPPS (CONT'D) *

Hold still. *

BOOF! The raised flash lamp EXPLODES with light and white smoke as Phipps clicks the shutter. He comes out from under, sets the flash lamp down beside a large jar labeled "Mag Powder". *

PHIPPS (CONT'D) *

All right. One minute, then it's
Daphnis and Chloé. *

(points to one of them) *

You be the boy. *

Phipps pulls the photo plate from the camera *

The Models jump in surprise when Skipjack enters fast through the door behind Phipps. *

(CONTINUED)

SKIPJACK

Phipps! I need your talents. Bring
your rig, let's go.

*
*

PHIPPS

(intimidated)

You said you needed this batch by
tomorrow --

*
*

SKIPJACK

They'll keep. Let's move.

6 INT. MAPLECROFT - KITCHEN - DAY

6

*

Lizzie has been baking and she's in a cheerful, happy mood.
Flour on her hands, her apron, in her hair. The ingredients-
cluttered counters hold several pies, cookies of many
varieties, etc. She opens the oven to check her latest
creation and is transported by the sweet aroma floating out.

*
*
*
*
*

A RAPID KNOCK at the front door snags her attention.

*

7 INT. MAPLECROFT - FOYER/FRONT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

7

*

Lizzie, still in her apron and wiping her hands on a towel,
approaches the front door with a smile. Her smile broadens
when the opened door reveals --

*
*
*

NANCE O'KEEFE. Her good humor is tinged with concern.

*

LIZZIE

Nance! What a fantastic surprise!

*
*

NANCE

Hello, Lizzie.

*
*

LIZZIE

(ushering in; closing the
door)

Come in, come in. Are you here from
New York?

*
*
*
*
*

NANCE

I am. I went to your old house
first but the neighbors told me
you'd moved.

*
*
*
*

They step into the front room --

*

(CONTINUED)

LIZZIE

We just made the switch. In fact
we're having a party tomorrow night
to celebrate. I'd love it if you
could come.

NANCE

Maybe. I've got something --

LIZZIE

It's so wonderful to see you.

NANCE

Good to see you, too.

LIZZIE

Come to the kitchen. I'm
experimenting and I want to know if
I'm doing good or evil.

NANCE

No, I can't stay. I'm here on a bit
of a mission, actually.

LIZZIE

Really. Something intriguing?

NANCE

I hope not. I'm looking for my
brother.

LIZZIE

Your brother? You have a brother in
Fall River?

NANCE

I thought so. He came here to see
you last Saturday. Four days ago. I
haven't heard from him since.

LIZZIE

I don't know... I'm not sure I
understand --

NANCE

Spencer. Spencer Cavanaugh is my
brother. Do you know where he is?

Lizzie stares at Nance. Her face frozen as her mind races. We
HEAR --

AUDIO PRE-LAP: Adele's SCREAM suddenly erupting, giving voice
to the collision of realities clashing in Lizzie's mind.

8 INT. ADELE'S COFFIN - NIGHT

8

In the gloom Adele, dehydrated and weak, SCREAMS herself *
hoarse before giving up in exhausted, sobbing despair. She's *
torn her fingertips bloody against the splintering lid
pressing down upon her.

She is close to death (script math puts her in this coffin at *
two days).

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

9 INT. MAPLECROFT - FRONT ROOM - MINUTES LATER - DAY 9 *

Emma, up from her nap, comes down the stairs adjusting her hair and sees -- *

Lizzie and Nance seated on the divan in close, compassionate conversation. *

EMMA *

Miss O'Keefe. Nice to see you again. *

NANCE *

Hello, Emma. *

EMMA *

(reads Lizzie)

Is something wrong? *

LIZZIE *

Spencer Cavanaugh is missing. *

EMMA *

He's what? *

NANCE *

I don't know if 'missing' is the right word. *

LIZZIE *

Nance is Spencer's brother. *

EMMA *

Really? Oh, my. I didn't -- *

NANCE *

I just can't seem to locate him. *

He's gone off before, he does that sometimes. *

LIZZIE *

(holding Nance's hands)

But this time Nance says it feels different. *

EMMA *

Well, he was just here. He put on his play with Adele in our old barn. It was wonderful. *

(CONTINUED)

NANCE *
Who's Adele? *

LIZZIE *
Just a local girl. We were helping *
her out but she's run off. *

NANCE *
When? *

LIZZIE *
Sunday night, I think it was, yes. *

NANCE *
And you met Spencer Sunday *
afternoon at the Danforth to back *
his play. *

LIZZIE *
Yes. That was the last I saw of *
him. *

EMMA *
Would they have run off together? *

NANCE *
Adele is pretty? *

LIZZIE *
Yes. And a bit dim. *

NANCE *
That's how he likes them. *

LIZZIE *
Maybe he took her to Boston. *

EMMA *
Why Boston? *

NANCE *
He's trying to raise money for his *
play. After Fall River, Spencer was *
going to Boston to meet with some *
investors. But no one there has *
seen him. *

LIZZIE *
(discussed before Emma *
arrived) *
Maybe you should go there. It *
couldn't hurt. And if he pops up *
back here I can get word to you. *

(CONTINUED)

NANCE

(beat)

Yes. I think that's the right thing
to do.

Off Lizzie. So concerned. So sympathetic.

10 INT. ADELE'S COFFIN - DAY 10

Not that we can see daylight. Yet.

Inside the coffin, Adele is barely conscious. Breathing shallow. Eyes dulled under half-open lids (it's the morning of her third day in the coffin).

Then a CLUNK is heard. Something set on the coffin's lid. Adele doesn't stir. Then the SCRABBLING SOUND of iron digging into wood. Finding purchase. Then --

CRRREEEAAK!!! Soft, muted light slashes into the coffin. Adele comes to, squinting against the bright. Her panicked breathing. She's fearful now as MORE NAILS ARE WRENCHED from the wood.

The lid is lifted to reveal --

11 INT. BORDEN HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS 11

-- the gloomy basement of the Borden's prior, 2nd Street home, grimy windows filtering sunlight. We see evidence in the walls and floor of the late William Borden's digging search for hidden treasure.

Adele gasps within the lidless coffin, gulps in the moldering air. She freezes at the sight of --

Lizzie kneeling beside her with a glass of water, watching her as sweetly as a mother might watch an awakening child.

LIZZIE

Hello, Adele.

Adele is semi-delirious. Lizzie pulls Adele up into her arms, helps her drink the water.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

There, there, sweet child. I'm
here. It's all better now.

Stockholm Syndromed, Adele clutches her captor/savior in conflicted desperation.

(CONTINUED)

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

You'll be safe and sound, I
promise, if you promise not to
misbehave again and do what you're
told.

ADELE

I will, I will.

LIZZIE

Do I have your promise? Adele?

ADELE

(tears and wracking sobs)
Yes, Miss Lizzie. I'll be good. I
promise. I'll be good.

LIZZIE

(soothing)
Yes, you will. Such a sweet girl.

Off Adele, weak and terrorized into submission.

12 INT. MAPLECROFT - FOYER AND LIVING ROOM - DAY

12

Emma enters from her day out. She has the mail in hand as she
removes her hat and coat. Stepping further in, looking at the
mail, we note a half-dozen similar envelopes.

With trepidation she opens one to reveal its contents.

INSERT: The Invitation to the Borden Sisters Party. Across
the RSVP text is a handwritten, "NO!"

Emma sighs as she opens a second envelope. Her reaction
reveals the same response. A third repeats the refusal.

Emma stiffens, resolved to face unpleasantness.

EMMA

Lizzie? Are you here?

LIZZIE (O.S.)

(cheerful)
Yes, Emma?

Emma sees Lizzie descending the stairs toward her.

EMMA

I have some bad news.

(CONTINUED)

LIZZIE
So let's have the good news first.
(to someone at her side)
Come here.

Adele steps into view at the top of the stairs. Radiant in a beautiful dress, freshly scrubbed, looking healthy and happy.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)
Adele came back to us.

EMMA
(flat)
How wonderful. Adele, how are you?
Are you all right?

ADELE
I'm fine.

As Lizzie and Adele descend the stairs to join Emma --

EMMA
Has she shed any light on the
missing Spencer Cavanaugh?

ADELE
(stiff)
That last I saw of Spencer
Cavanaugh was on Saturday after our
performance in the barn. After his
departure I didn't see him again.
To this day. I haven't seen him.
That's all I know.

To us (but not Emma) that little speech has all the earmarks
of rehearsed testimony. Emma stares at Adele. Then shifts her
gaze to Lizzie.

EMMA
Is she all right?

LIZZIE
A couple bad nights down in the
Row. She'll be okay.
(sees the invitations in
Emma's hands)
Who's coming to the party?

EMMA
None of these people. They've
declined.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EMMA (CONT'D)

And these are the only responses we've received for a party that begins in less in six hours. No one wants this.

LIZZIE

I do.

EMMA

I don't. Especially so close to William's death. It's unseemly.

LIZZIE

We need to introduce ourselves to the neighborhood.

EMMA

Honestly, Lizzie. Do you think the neighborhood doesn't know who we are?

LIZZIE

No one has any idea who we are. Not really.

Adele stares at Lizzie. A weak smile on her lips.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Trust me. By nine o'clock tonight, this house will be full of life and laughter.

EMMA

By what miracle?

A KNOCK on the front door. Lizzie giggles.

LIZZIE

Let's find out.

As Lizzie goes to the door --

13 **EXT. MAPLECROFT - PORCH - CONTINUOUS**

13

Lizzie opens the door, her cheery mask slips when she realizes it's Mr. Flowers on her threshold. Roguish, yet handsomely dressed, he's not out of place here.

LIZZIE

My, what a day of surprises.

*

(CONTINUED)

FLOWERS *
(removes his hat) *
Good afternoon, Miss Borden. *

LIZZIE *
Mr. Flowers. What can I do for you? *

FLOWERS *
Hope you don't mind the *
interruption. I've given some *
thought to our arrangement and *
wondered if you had a moment to *
discuss. *

LIZZIE
Actually, no. I'm --

FLOWERS
(forcefully polite)
I won't be but a minute.

Flowers steps past Lizzie and enters the house. *

DOWN THE STREET

SIRINGO, discreetly out of sight, watches Flowers enter
Maplecroft. The smallest arch of an eyebrow.

14 INT. MAPLECROFT - FOYER - CONTINUOUS 14

Flowers saunters in, appreciating the feel of the place. He
notes Emma and Adele. Adele trembles, tight smile paling her *
pressed lips. *

FLOWERS
Ah. Hello, there.

LIZZIE
(following Flowers)
Mr. Flowers? This is my sister
Emma.

FLOWERS
How do you do?

EMMA *
(senses menace; hides it) *
Pleased. *

LIZZIE
And you already know Adele.

(CONTINUED)

FLOWERS
(startled into laughter)
Well, shit in my hat.

Emma blinks. Adele finds a seat before she collapses.

FLOWERS (CONT'D)
Adele, I didn't recognize you.

ADELE
Has he come for me?

Flowers amused. Emma bristles, knows that Lizzie's attentions *
towards Adele have brought trouble into their home. Lizzie *
moves to Adele, takes her by the hand and pulls her toward
the kitchen.

LIZZIE
(hauling Adele out)
One moment, Mr. Flowers. Emma, may
I speak with you?

Emma, seeming to fear the theft of the silver, hesitates
before following Lizzie to the kitchen. Flowers toodle-ooos
her with waving fingers.

15 INT. MAPLECROFT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 15

Lizzie pulls Adele around. Emma enters, the angry. *

LIZZIE
Stop acting like a child. You're *
done with Mr. Flowers. I told you *
that. *

EMMA
Who is that man? *

LIZZIE
He's nobody. *

EMMA
Nobody doesn't ooze menace all over *
our living room.

ADELE
(almost fainting)
Oh my God.

(CONTINUED)

LIZZIE

Adele, you need to go. Go out the
back, go downtown to the flower
shop, the big one across from
Benton's. See if the hydrangeas are
ready for delivery. We need them by
six o'clock. Go. You'll be fine.
(warning; get in line)
Adele.

*

*

ADELE

Yes, ma'am. Thank you, ma'am.

Adele exits fast out the back. Emma glares at Lizzie.

EMMA

Is he her father? Husband?

*

LIZZIE

Former employer.

*

EMMA

A procurer. In our house.

*

LIZZIE

And Adele's a whore. I think we've
broken the ice on allowing
guttersnipes into our house, don't
you think?

*

*

*

*

EMMA

Thanks to you.

*

LIZZIE

Emma, stop.

*

*

EMMA

What does he want?

*

*

LIZZIE

Stay here and let me find out then
send him on his way. Do you want to
go with Adele?

*

*

EMMA

No. I want this madness to stop.

*

LIZZIE

Then it will. I promise.

*

Lizzie hugs Emma, exits fast to deal with Flowers.

16 INT. MAPLECROFT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

16

Flowers runs his fingers through his pomaded hair, then smells them. Lizzie approaches.

FLOWERS

We can talk?

(Lizzie's impatient nod)

I want our business to continue.

LIZZIE

We have no business. Not anymore.

You did what I asked, yes?

FLOWERS

Sure. But who's to say there might not be something in the future?

LIZZIE

Me.

FLOWERS

I've had a thought. What's it called --?

LIZZIE

Asking for trouble?

FLOWERS

A retainer. To keep me and my services at hand.

LIZZIE

A retainer.

FLOWERS

Fifteen percent of your family business. Monthly.

LIZZIE

Absolutely not.

FLOWERS

You like having Adele around? Be a shame if something happened to her.

LIZZIE

Don't threaten me.

FLOWERS

I believe I threatened Adele.

(a smile)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FLOWERS (CONT'D)

My threat against you comes after I
threaten your sister.

Lizzie's eyes flash and narrow. Flowers just crossed a very
deadly line. *

FLOWERS (CONT'D) *

Think about it.
(starts to exit)
Get back to me.

LIZZIE

Stop.

He does. She considers his potential use.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

You might be helpful. But fifteen
percent is too much.

FLOWERS

We're not negotiating.

LIZZIE

(beat)
Fine.

FLOWERS

We'll start at the end of this
month. The full amount as a sign of
good faith.

Flowers exits. Lizzie boxed in but already figuring a way
out. *

17 INT. FALL RIVER FLOWER SHOP - DAY 17

A CLERK addresses Adele. She looks anxious. Glances over her
shoulder. *

CLERK

I'll check and be right back.
Adele, is it?

ADELE

Yes. Thank you.

As Adele waits... Siringo steps up beside her, having
followed her here from Maplecroft.

SIRINGO

Beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

Adele jumps, startled. Siringo relaxed. She assumes he means the bouquet in front of them.

ADELE

Yes. Very pretty.

SIRINGO

Are you staying with the Borden sisters, Adele?

ADELE

What?

SIRINGO

I'm asking because a friend of mine, Spencer Cavanaugh, had a meeting with Lizzie Borden a few days ago. But no one's seen him since. You know where he is?

ADELE

No.

SIRINGO

Does Lizzie know where I might find him? *

ADELE *

That last I saw of Spencer Cavanaugh was on Saturday after our performance in the barn after his departure I didn't see him again to this day I haven't seen him that's all I know. *

SIRINGO *

I'm sure whoever wrote that for you must have put a few punctuation marks in there. *

ADELE *

I need to go. *

SIRINGO *

Hold on. What happened the barn? *

ADELE *

Nothing. *

SIRINGO *

You said something about a play. *

(CONTINUED)

ADELE
(pulling away)
I need to go.

*
*
*

SIRINGO
(grabbing hold)
You haven't settled your business
yet.

*
*
*

ADELE
(desperate)
Please --

*
*
*

SIRINGO
(tough; gritted teeth)
That's a lot of flowers for the
Bordens. They hosting a funeral?
Will Spencer be there?

*
*
*

CLERK (O.S.)
What's going on?

*
*

Siringo turns to the Clerk as Adele rips free of his grip and
bolts out the door in a frantic escape. Siringo doesn't
pursue.

*
*
*

CLERK (CONT'D)
Everything all right?

*
*

SIRINGO
Case of mistaken identity. Thought
I knew her. Sorry.

*
*

Siringo exits the shop, heading the opposite direction from
Adele.

*
*

CUT TO BLACK.

*

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

18 EXT. FALL RIVER FLOWER SHOP - DAY

18

Lizzie and Emma talk with the Clerk (intimidated by someone so notorious).

LIZZIE
(humorless)
-- and what did this man look like?

CLERK
He's not from here. At least I
don't think so. Tall. Dark clothes.
He looked like a farmer.

LIZZIE
A farmer?

CLERK
I mean like he'd been outside for
most of his life. Not a soft man.
He sort of pinned me with his eyes,
if that makes any sense.

Emma listens to this description with grim interest. Lizzie knows exactly who it is.

LIZZIE
Which way did Adele go?

CLERK
That way.

EMMA
That's not toward the house. Can we
assume she ran off again?

LIZZIE
And him?

CLERK
Other way.

LIZZIE
Thank you. Can you have the flowers
delivered?

CLERK
Absolutely.

(CONTINUED)

With that Lizzie is done with Clerk and starts walking,
subdued fury tugging at her features. Emma catches up. *

EMMA *

Do you know who this man was? *

LIZZIE *

(lying) *

Not in the slightest. *

EMMA *

Perhaps he was customer. *

A group of high spirited BOYS paces them from the street. *

LIZZIE *

Let's not discuss it. *

EMMA *

You've brought a dangerous element
into our lives. *

LIZZIE *

(stops; faces Emma) *

I'm concerned for Adele at the
moment. The poor girl is out there,
scared, thinking who knows what. *

Emma softens. Reacts to Lizzie in distress. *

EMMA *

Adele will wander back. I have no
doubt. *

Lizzie hopes like hell that's true. *

The Boys, fascinated by Lizzie, must engage. *

BOY 1 *

(sniggering) *

So we hear you're having a party.

Lizzie ignores them, continues walking, fast. Emma hurries
after as the pack of Boys moves closer, running alongside. *

BOY 1 (CONT'D) *

(laughing) *

Will there be cake?

BOY 2 *

(cackling) *

Can we 'axe' you for a piece?

They bust out laughing and suddenly collide with OFFICER TROTWOOD standing firmly in the road. Before the Boys can scatter, Trotwood grabs one who fights like a wildcat.

TROTWOOD
Not so funny now, is it?!

The Boy connects with Trotwood's jaw, pulling free and tearing Trotwood's uniform shoulder.

EMMA
Oh!

The Boys run off.

TROTWOOD
I see you again and you're in for trouble! You hear me?!

LIZZIE
Thank you, Mr. Trotwood.

TROTWOOD
Happy to be doing my job, Miss Borden. Are you both all right?

Emma notices --

EMMA
They've torn your coat.

TROTWOOD
It's fine.

EMMA
Let me fix that for you.

TROTWOOD
That's not necessary.

EMMA
(a friendly jab)
It's necessary for me to show my appreciation for your efforts.

LIZZIE
Mr. Trotwood, lend Emma your coat and I guarantee you'll find your silhouette quite improved.

TROTWOOD
(amused; pats his gut)
This silhouette could it. All
right, then. *

Trotwood shrugs off his coat as Emma flashes Lizzie a muted
but happy glance.

LIZZIE
Are you coming to our party
tonight? We sent you an invitation. *

TROTWOOD
Have to work, I'm afraid. But I
look forward to the next one. *

EMMA
If there is a next one. *

LIZZIE
I think Emma's expecting the Four
Horsemen of the Apocalypse to show
up and spoil things. *

EMMA
One ought to do it. I'm off. Mr.
Trotwood. I'll have this done in
two hours. *

TROTWOOD
(taps his hat brim)
I'll come by to pick it up.

As Emma exits with Trotwood's coat --

TROTWOOD (CONT'D)
She's a good woman, your sister.

LIZZIE
She sees the best in everyone.

Trotwood glances at Lizzie. Was that an insult?

19 INT. BORDEN HOUSE - BARN - DAY

19

Back at the 2nd Street house, inside the barn, dust motes
drift through shafts of sunlight. The structure has pretty
much been emptied out. Miscellaneous buckets, horse brushes,
and moldy bales of hay are all that's left.

Siringo is here, hands in pockets, returning to the scene of
an earlier crime like a man stuck with a jumbled puzzle.

(CONTINUED)

Siringo slowly walks the site, his eyes sweeping the walls, the rafters, then finally --

THE FLOOR

Where he notices marks on the ground -- as if this section of flooring has been swept. He kneels down, wipes away the top layer of dirt, revealing --

A LARGE, DRIED, DARK SPOT

He scoops up a handful of the darkened dirt, moves over to a pail of stagnant water, pours some in his hand.

The water turns RED in his palm. Siringo lets most of the red-tinged water seep through his fingers. It's blood and he knows it.

SIRINGO
Mr. Cavanaugh, I presume?

*

Off Siringo.

20 INT. DANFORTH HOTEL - LOBBY - LATER - DAY 20

Siringo enters past the front desk on his way to the stairs to his room. Ezekiel calls out.

EZEKIEL
(ice)
Mr. Siringo. Something for you.

SIRINGO
(approaches the desk)
What is it?

EZEKIEL
A note.

SIRINGO
From who?

EZEKIEL
Couldn't say. Found it in the mail slot just now.

Siringo takes the note, opens the sealed envelope and turns away from Ezekiel to read it.

INSERT THE HANDWRITTEN NOTE: "MUST SPEAK WITH YOU. BEHIND FLOWER SHOP NOW."

(CONTINUED)

RESUME SIRINGO

He crumples the note.

21 **EXT. ALLEY BEHIND FLOWER SHOP - MOMENTS LATER - DAY** 21

ANGLED down the narrow, shadowed alley. Siringo steps into view at one end, looks down the alley. Hesitates, then enters the alley walking toward --

-- a SHADOWED FIGURE in a distant alcove.

SIRINGO

(stops)

Hello?

Silence from the alcove. Siringo places his hand on his holstered weapon.

SIRINGO (CONT'D)

Adele? I'm here just to listen.
That's all.

The Shadowed Figure steps forward into the light. It's Emma. She holds Trotwood's coat bundled in her arms.

EMMA

You disappoint me.

Siringo is surprised. Then --

SIRINGO

(his client is anonymous no
more)

You hired me.

*
*

EMMA

(direct; strong)

I'm depending on you to do your
job, Mr. Siringo. What's your
business with Adele?

SIRINGO

Does Lizzie know I'm working for
you?

EMMA

How could she? You didn't know
until now.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

SIRINGO

She caught me watching. Confronted
me six days ago. I said I was just
passing through.

*
*
*

EMMA

That lie is done. The Clerk just
described you so she knows you
manhandled Adele. Why?

*
*
*
*

SIRINGO

What happened to Spencer Cavanaugh?

*
*

EMMA

He went to Boston.

*
*

SIRINGO

Really.

*
*

EMMA

(not pleased)

I demanded the utmost discretion.
How is it possible that you're
known to my sister, terrifying her
friends, and failing at proving --

*
*
*

SIRINGO

-- proving her innocence? Because I
can't prove it.

*
*

EMMA

Then I'll hire someone who can
prove she's not a murderer.

*
*

SIRINGO

Where was your sister the night
Almy was killed?

*
*

EMMA

William did that.

SIRINGO

Shame we can't ask him.

*

EMMA

I'd hoped you'd be different.
Someone from the outside without
preconceptions.

*

SIRINGO

I'm just seeing what's in front me.
Why can't you?

(CONTINUED)

EMMA
You're fired.

*
*

SIRINGO
Miss Borden, listen to me, please --

EMMA
I have no use for you. Please leave
Fall River and don't come back.

*
*

Emma turns and exits. Siringo watches her go.

22 INT. DANFORTH HOTEL - LOBBY - MINUTES LATER - DAY 22

Siringo enters and walks to Ezekiel busy behind the front desk. Further down the desk Isabel is checking in a FEMALE GUEST (who isn't clearly seen at the moment).

SIRINGO
Mr. Danforth, I'm going to brighten
your day.

EZEKIEL
You're checking out?

SIRINGO
I am, indeed.

EZEKIEL
(pulling the paperwork)
I'm sure the Pinkertons will find
something despicable for you soon
enough.

NANCE (O.S.)
Excuse me.

Siringo and Ezekiel turn to the woman whom Isabel was checking in. It's Nance.

*

NANCE (CONT'D)
Did I hear you right? Are you with
the Pinkertons?

SIRINGO
Yes, ma'am.

NANCE
My brother is missing.

Siringo pauses. Ezekiel pushes the paperwork at him.

(CONTINUED)

EZEKIEL

If you'd sign here, I'll get --

Siringo ignores the papers, offers his hand to Nance. Isabel watches. *

NANCE

I need help. I've just come from
Boston where he was supposed to --

SIRINGO

What's his name?

NANCE

Spencer Cavanaugh.

SIRINGO

Let's talk in here. *

Charlie leads Nance toward the dining room. Ezekiel watches them go in muted anger. Isabel, surprised by her reaction, in muted jealousy.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

23 **EXT. MAPLECROFT/MRS. KENNEY'S HOUSE - DAY** 23

A horse-drawn wagon with SEVERAL WORKMEN is stopped in front of Maplecroft. The Workmen lug wooden boxes of party supplies up to the front door.

Lizzie, coming home from downtown, stops near them, her concern for the missing Adele still working on her. She looks to Mrs. Kenney's home next door. *

24 **EXT. MRS. KENNEY'S FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER - DAY** 24

Lizzie, sublimating anger, KNOCKS on the front door. A moment later, MRS. KENNEY opens the door. Chilly. *

MRS. KENNEY
Miss Borden.

LIZZIE
Hello, Mrs. Kenney. I hope you're well.

MRS. KENNEY
Why wouldn't I be?

LIZZIE
My sister Emma and I are having a party later this evening --

MRS. KENNEY
I am aware.

LIZZIE
You received our invitation?

MRS. KENNEY
I did. I won't be attending.

LIZZIE
I'm sorry to hear that.

MRS. KENNEY
I'm sorry my lack of response was ambiguous enough to drag you to my front porch.

(CONTINUED)

LIZZIE

Oh, it's no trouble. I wanted to make sure your reply wasn't delayed by the post or some such thing.

MRS. KENNEY

Miss Borden. I understand your desire to try and rehabilitate your reputation but neither I, nor any one else on your list of invitations, have any desire to be your instruments of salvation. To be clear, you are despised. And the sooner you leave this neighborhood, the better.

Mrs. Kenney closes her door in Lizzie's face.

LIZZIE

(pleasant)

So you're definitely not attending.

MRS. KENNEY (O.S.)

(through the door; muffled)

Go away!

Happy to have given Mrs. Kenney an upset stomach, Lizzie exits the front porch. *

25 INT. THE DANFORTH HOTEL - SPENCER'S ROOM - DAY

25

Siringo stands in the center of the room. Nance sits on the bed with her brother's one suitcase.

NANCE

He didn't come back after his first night here, and he left his suitcase. The woman with the scar told me --

SIRINGO

Isabel. *

NANCE

She told me on his second evening here, he met with Lizzie, she left, then he went out.

SIRINGO

Alone.

NANCE

Yes. And he didn't go to Boston. *

(CONTINUED)

Nance is struck with a thought. She opens the suitcase and starts rummaging through it.

SIRINGO

What are you looking for?

NANCE

His problem.

Nance reacts badly upon finding a small, zippered leather case. She hands it Siringo who unzips it. *

NANCE (CONT'D)

He would never leave this behind.

The case contains an addict's rig. Syringe, supply, etc.

NANCE (CONT'D) *

Heroin.

Nance rises, moves toward the door.

SIRINGO

Where are you going?

NANCE

Back to Lizzie. She knows something. *

SIRINGO

Stay away from her. I'm serious. Don't let her think you're a problem. *

NANCE

What are you saying? You think she killed my brother?

Siringo is silent, eyes on hers.

NANCE (CONT'D)

(fearing the worst; tears)
Where's your proof?

SIRINGO

Out there. *

NANCE

She's notorious, certainly, but she's not vicious. She's not a killer. I've talked to her. I know her.

(CONTINUED)

SIRINGO

You do not. *

Siringo holsters his weapon. *

EMMA

What are you going to do?

SIRINGO

Find out what I can. Don't leave
this room. Don't open the door for
anyone. *

Off Siringo.

26 INT. MAPLECROFT - FOYER AND LIVING ROOM - DAY 26

Lizzie enters after her encounter with Mrs. Kenney. She's smirking when she sees Emma in the living room stitching up Trotwood's coat. Emma isn't pleased.

WORKERS lug furniture, string bunting, set the stage for that evening's party.

LIZZIE

It's like a beehive. Isn't it
wonderful? What's the matter, Emma?

Emma sighs in quiet fury. Drops the her hands with the coat heavily into her lap.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Emma?

EMMA

It's... it's just been a day,
that's all. Adele is upstairs.

LIZZIE

(hiding her relief) *
She came back. *

EMMA

There's something wrong with that
girl.

LIZZIE

(moving to the stairs)
Could you make sure they leave room
for the band in that corner?

(CONTINUED)

EMMA

What band? We have a band coming here?

LIZZIE

Of course. It's a party, silly.

Lizzie hurries up the stairs. Emma, seated in the middle of all that hustle-bustle, watches her go, suspicious...?

27 INT. MAPLECROFT - UPSTAIRS HALL/LIZZIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lizzie, reaching the landing, drops the cute act and beelines straight to her room where Adele sits nervously on the edge of the bed.

LIZZIE

What did you tell him?

ADELE

Nothing. Who is he?

LIZZIE

Detective. Pinkerton. *

ADELE

Oh, Lord.

LIZZIE

Did he ask about Spencer?

Adele, fighting tears, nods.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

What did you tell him?

ADELE

I didn't say anything!

LIZZIE

Don't lie to me.

ADELE

I'm not, I swear! I left before he could --

LIZZIE

Did he follow you?

ADELE

Here? I don't know --

(CONTINUED)

LIZZIE

Is he outside now watching the
house?

ADELE

(sobbing)

I don't know, please, I'm sorry --

LIZZIE

Quiet.

ADELE

What's going to happen? We need to
get out of here. We killed
somebody. We have to go!

LIZZIE

(a solution forming)

This isn't a problem.

ADELE

No, Miss Lizzie, please --

LIZZIE

We can take care of this. Get up.
Come with me. Now.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

28 **EXT. MAPLECROFT - DAY**

28

Siringo walks down the sidewalk toward Maplecroft. He means business, in full badass mode. Until --

SIRINGO'S POV: TROTWOOD APPROACHES MAPLECROFT FROM THE OPPOSITE ANGLE.

Siringo watches Trotwood pass the Workmen (wrapping up their party deliveries), KNOCK on the front door. Sees Emma open the door and, smiling, invite Trotwood inside.

Siringo is stymied by Trotwood's arrival. He's not sure what to do until he next sees --

SIRINGO'S POV: LIZZIE AND ADELE --

-- appear halfway down the block, emerging from between two homes before taking to the sidewalk and hurrying away from Maplecroft. Lizzie carries a small purse on her arm.

RESUME SIRINGO

He follows Lizzie and Adele...

29 **INT. MAPLECROFT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY**

29

Away from the party-decorating workers, Trotwood pulls on his coat. Emma watches, her expectation of his reaction tempered by the day's events.

The coat fits him perfectly.

*

TROTWOOD
Oh, this is nice.

*

EMMA
(smiling)
It looks good.

*

TROTWOOD
Thank you.
(the decorations)
This is all for the party?

*

*

EMMA
I'm afraid it's going to be a bust.

*

(CONTINUED)

TROTWOOD *
Why is that? *

EMMA *
No one has RSVP'd. *

TROTWOOD *
Maybe some people forgot? *

EMMA *
Oh, let's not fool ourselves. Who *
wants to be seen with the Borden *
sisters? *

TROTWOOD *
(sincere) *
I have no problem with that. *

Emma holds his gaze. A definite connection. Her crooked *
smile. *

EMMA *
You're a brave man. *

TROTWOOD *
It's the coat, mostly. Makes me *
just look tough. Tougher now. *

An awkward moment, then -- *

TROTWOOD (CONT'D) *
I'll be on my way, let you get on. *
Have a wonderful evening and give *
my best to Lizzie. Thank you again *
for the fix. I appreciate it. *

With that, Trotwood is out the door leaving Emma alone.

30 INT. THE DANFORTH HOTEL - SPENCER'S ROOM - DAY 30

Pensive, Nance sits in solitude in the quiet room. Her
brother's things on the bed. Uneasy. Hates waiting. A KNOCK
at the door.

NANCE
Who is it?

Silence.

NANCE (CONT'D)
(getting worried)
Who's there?

(CONTINUED)

ISABEL (O.S.)
Miss O'Keefe? It's Isabel.

NANCE
What do you want?

ISABEL (O.S.)
(beat)
May I come in? I've brought you
something. *
*

31 **INT. THE DANFORTH INN - HALL OUTSIDE SPENCER'S ROOM -** 31
CONTINUOUS

Isabel, carrying a covered tray of food, at the closed door
now opened by Nance. Isabel is alone.

ISABEL *
I'm sorry to bother you. I thought *
you might be hungry so I brought *
you something to eat.

Nance nods, steps back to allow Isabel in. *

32 **EXT. JERUSALEM ROW - SIDE STREET - DAY** 32

A dank alley. Lizzie pulls Adele along like an owner dragging
a dog to a grim fate.

ADELE
(scared)
What are we doing here? *

LIZZIE *
(glances over her shoulder) *
Taking care of business. Hurry up. *

The round the corner toward --

33 **EXT. WHALE & TAR TAVERN - CONTINUOUS** 33

Lizzie pulls Adele through a group of MISCREANTS loitering in
front of the tavern and enters the place in a rush hauling
Adele in after her. *
*

FIND Siringo across the way stepping into view, eyes on the
tavern, contemplating his next move.

34 **INT. THE DANFORTH HOTEL - SPENCER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS** 34

Nance is seated on the bed, the tray of food uncovered beside
her as she eats. Isabel is about to exit when -- *
*

(CONTINUED)

NANCE

May I ask you a question?

ISABEL

Of course.

NANCE

What do you think of Lizzie Borden?
Mr. Siringo thinks she might be
responsible for my brother's
disappearance.

ISABEL

I wouldn't know anything about
that.

NANCE

But you saw them together. He'd
come here to ask her for money. For
his play.

*

ISABEL

From the look of them, I'd say she
gave it to him. He wanted to
celebrate with champagne and after
I came back with it, Lizzie was
gone and your brother had gone up
to his room.

*

*

*

*

*

NANCE

You didn't see him leave.

*

*

ISABEL

No. I'm sorry.

*

*

Nance sighs. Isabel moves to the door.

*

ISABEL (CONT'D)

You can leave the tray in the hall.

*

Isabel exits. Off Nance.

35 **EXT. WHALE & TAR TAVERN - DAY**

35

The Miscreants have cleared off. No sign of the life on the
sidewalk out front.

ACROSS THE WAY, SIRINGO

Watches. Patience thinning. And then --

(CONTINUED)

The tavern's door opens. Mr. Flowers steps out, lighting a small cigar, pitching the match to the gutter. Then he raises his eyes to stare directly at Siringo.

Siringo meets Flowers' gaze. And knows he's in trouble. Just as Siringo turns, drawing his weapon, the Miscreants, led by SKIPJACK, rush him from behind.

But if they thought they were going to get the jump, they're wrong.

Siringo pulls his gun and BLASTS one man in the throat, spinning him with a spray of blood. Siringo pivots and PUNCHES another man's face, knocking him back.

Skipjack grabs Siringo's gun hand, shoves it up as another SHOT GOES WILD. Siringo KICKS Skipjack's crotch, folding Skipjack. Siringo PISTOL WHIPS him.

The remaining Miscreants tackle Siringo, ripping his gun free. He manages a few solid PUNCHES before Skipjack rejoins the brawl and, with Siringo held, WALLOPS Siringo three times into unconscious oblivion.

AT THE TAVERN'S FRONT DOOR

Lizzie steps out, purse on her arm, to the sidewalk to stand beside Flowers, both of them watching Siringo's beating across the street.

FLOWERS

Do you know who he's working for?

Ignoring the question, Lizzie's expression doesn't change.

FLOWERS (CONT'D)

Well, anyway, it feels good earning my fifteen percent.

LIZZIE

Haven't earned it yet. There's one more piece of business to discuss.

FLOWERS

Removing another inconvenience?

LIZZIE

Someone who means a great deal to me.

Lizzie's dispassionate eyes on Siringo's destruction --

36 INT. MAPLECROFT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

36

CLOSE ON Emma. The workers have gone. The place is silent. The festive party decorations surround her, illuminating in counterpoint her quiet melancholy. Calm before the storm.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

37 **EXT. TRAINYARD - FALL RIVER - NIGHT**

37

Siringo, beaten bloody, barely conscious and wheezing, is dragged by two Miscreants following Skipjack toward some railroad tracks.

*

MISCREANT 1
Skipjack. Skipjack?!

SKIPJACK
What?

MISCREANT 1
How far we taking him?

At the edge of the tracks.

SKIPJACK
Far enough.

The Miscreants drop Siringo. Skipjack looks for any movement of trains within the yard. Nothing.

SKIPJACK (CONT'D)
Traffic is light tonight. Might have trouble grinding him up, I think.

*
*
*

Skipjack looks for an alternative method of Siringo's disposal. He sees --

*

SKIPJACK'S POV: A FREIGHT CAR, PART OF A TRAIN, WITH A PARTLY OPEN DOOR.

RESUME SKIPJACK

Patting his pockets and coming up empty.

SKIPJACK (CONT'D)
Who's got a knife?

The Miscreants pat their pockets. Also empty.

SKIPJACK (CONT'D)
Useless shits.

MISCREANT 1
What're we doing?

(CONTINUED)

SKIPJACK
Shipping dead meat.

Skipjack KICKS Siringo in the head, hoping to deliver a finishing blow.

SKIPJACK (CONT'D)
Pick him up. Over here.

Skipjack leads the Miscreants dragging a limp Siringo toward the open door of the waiting freight car. *

38 INT. FLOWER'S ROOMS - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 38

Such a splendid, masculine place.

FLOWERS
Is anybody drinking?

Lizzie, wearing ladylike gloves, enters pulling frightened Adele in after her.

LIZZIE
No, thank you.
(to Adele)
It's all right. I won't let anything happen to you.

FLOWERS
Don't worry about her. She knows her way around.

Lizzie, purse on her arm, closes the door behind her. Flowers turns to them with a drink in hand.

FLOWERS (CONT'D)
Have a seat. Let's talk about our future.

ADELE
(sotto)
Miss Lizzie. Please don't leave me here.

LIZZIE
Of course not. Mr. Flowers and I just need a moment to discuss our business. We'll be out of here in no time.

FLOWERS
Sure you're not drinking?

(CONTINUED)

LIZZIE
(reaching into her purse)
No. I brought my own distractions.

FLOWERS
I like a who woman who travels
prepared. So. What's the next
event?

LIZZIE
Event?

FLOWERS
Who's next? This is going to cost
you extra, by the way.

LIZZIE
I'm expecting that.
(something in her purse)
Oh, my.

FLOWERS
What's that?

Lizzie looks surprised as she pulls a closed straight razor
from her purse. Her other hand remains inside it.

LIZZIE
My father's straight razor.
(offers it out to Flowers)
Do you want it?

FLOWERS
I have a barber, thank you.

LIZZIE
All right. This then.

With her hand inside her purse, a MUFFLED POP explodes the
side of the purse facing Flowers. He JOLTS. Blood spreading
across his shirt from the bullet wound in his chest as he
staggers back in shock, spilling his drink. *

Before Adele can scream, Lizzie turns to her, flipping open
the razor and SLASHING IT across Adele's throat, sending her
backwards, eyes wide, hands to throat, blood streaming
between her fingers. *

Lizzie pulls Spencer's Derringer (last seen in the barn in
Episode 102), from her smoking purse. *

Simultaneously, Flowers and Adele drop dead on either side of
Lizzie.

(CONTINUED)

Lizzie calmly puts the straight razor in Flowers' limp hand.
Puts the Derringer in Adele's hand.

Without a look backwards, Lizzie gathers her damaged purse
and exits. *

39 INT. MRS. KENNEY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 39

Aggravated, prevented from concentrating on a book, Mrs.
Kenney reacts in disgust to the FRANTIC MUSIC and the ROAR of
rollicking guests coming from next door.

MRS. KENNEY
(teeth grinding)
Sweet Mother of God.

40 EXT. MAPLECROFT - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 40

Seen the from the street, the place is as lit up and CROWD-
PACKED as one of Gatsby's parties. We recognize the music and
the sound of the band from the New York party scene in 102.

Stepping into FRAME, stunned by the sight of the revelry, is
Nance. She stares, not quite able to comprehend what she's
seeing (her people through the windows) and hearing. *

LIZZIE (O.S.)
Nance.

Nance, startled, turns fast to see Lizzie standing beside
her. Lizzie's purse and gloves have disappeared in the
interim.

NANCE
What is this?

LIZZIE
Our friends. I invited them from
New York for our housewarming
party. A last minute thing. I was
hoping you'd come and here you are.
(Nance is speechless)
Are you all right?

NANCE
Spencer.

LIZZIE
You found him?

NANCE
No. I sent a man to ask you
questions. *

LIZZIE

You did?

(hurt)

A policeman? I've seen no one. But
then I've been a little busy.

*
*

NANCE

I want answers, Lizzie.

LIZZIE

Nance. I've given you every answer
I have. I haven't seen your brother
since last Sunday afternoon when I
left him in the hotel lobby.

*
*
*

NANCE

Are you lying?

*

LIZZIE

(calm; direct)

I have no reason to lie. Spencer is
a good and talented man. He came to
me asking for help with his art and
I gave it to him. I don't know what
else I can tell you.

*
*
*
*

NANCE

I'm frightened, Lizzie.

LIZZIE

I am, too. Sometimes I feel like I
live my life in fear. Fear of what
people think of me. Of what they
might do to me if they get it in
their heads that I am some kind of
monster.

(beat)

But I'm not. I promise you, I'm
not.

Nance is lost. In need of a strong shoulder of support.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Come with me. Let's go be happy.
Put all this darkness behind us for
a while.

NANCE

...yes.

(CONTINUED)

LIZZIE
(said the spider to the
fly)
There's my girl.

*
*

With her arm around Nance, Lizzie walks her toward Maplecroft
and the party inside.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE