

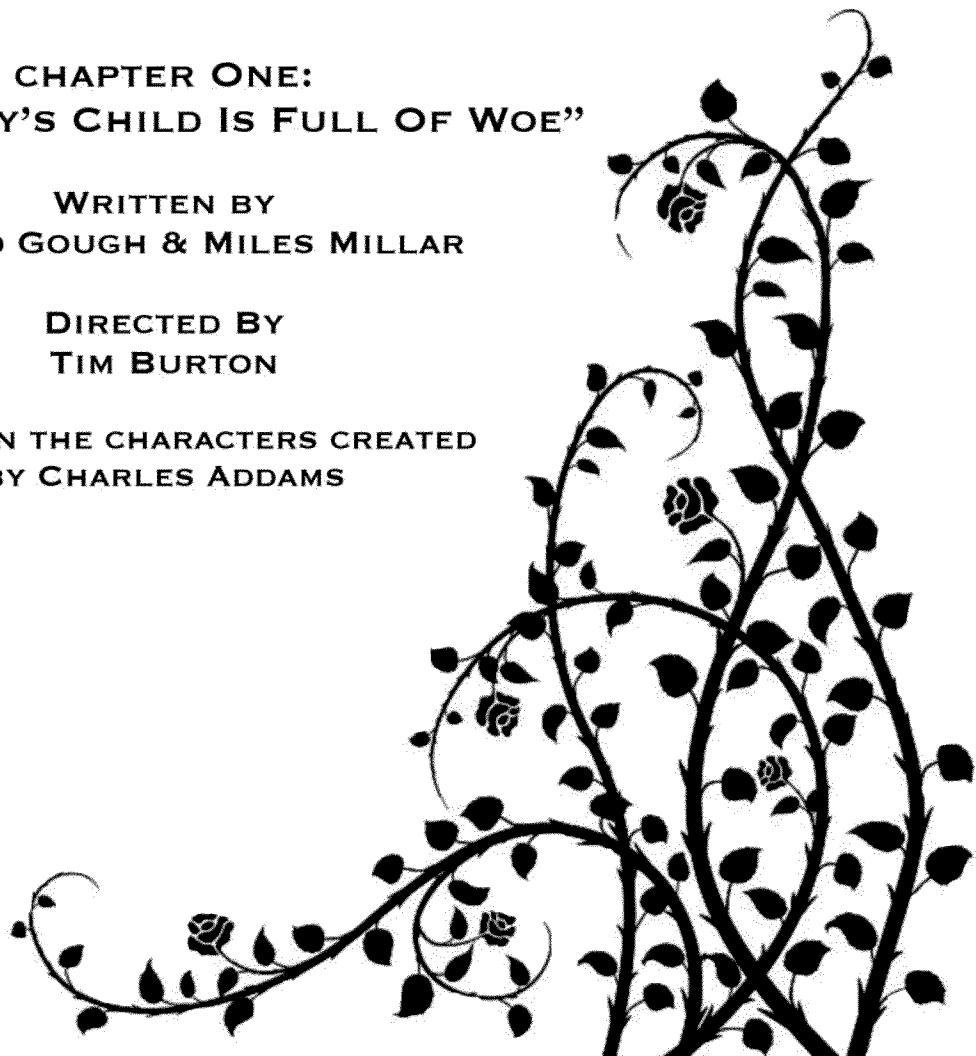
# PILGRIM

**CHAPTER ONE:  
“WEDNESDAY’S CHILD IS FULL OF WOE”**

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**DIRECTED BY  
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**BASED ON THE CHARACTERS CREATED  
BY CHARLES ADDAMS**



FADE IN:

1 EXT. NANCY REAGAN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY - TO ESTABLISH 1 \*

As all American as Hostess Cupcakes and the NRA. The sign  
out front proudly declares, "NANCY REAGAN HIGH SCHOOL. HOME  
OF THE GOPHERS!" \*

2A INT. HALLWAY - NANCY REAGAN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY 2A

Pre-class insanity reigns. STUDENTS frantically crisscross  
THE FRAME. Through the Technicolor THRONG of Jansport  
backpacks and Brandy Melville ensembles, one face stands out.  
Wearing a signature black dress and two perfect braids, meet

WEDNESDAY ADDAMS (15)

Her legendary wit is still sharper than razor wire and  
puberty has amplified her uniquely warped worldview. She  
cuts a line through her fellow students like a Great White  
through a school of tuna. As she walks, she is met with  
looks of fear or derision, both of which secretly please her.

WEDNESDAY (V.O.)

I'm not sure whose twisted idea it  
was to put hundreds of adolescents  
in underfunded schools run by  
people whose dreams were crushed  
years ago, but I admire the sadism.

Up ahead, she sees a GROUP OF STUDENTS gathered around a  
locker. MUFFLED SCREAMS ECHO FROM INSIDE. As Wednesday  
approaches, the teens guiltily scatter. Suspicious, she  
wrenches open the locker door and out tumbles her brother

PUGSLEY ADDAMS (13)

He's been hog-tied and wrapped in bacon. The word "Pigsley"  
is scrawled across his plump chest in red Sharpie. She  
unsympathetically rips off his duct-tape gag.

WEDNESDAY

I want names.

PUGSLEY

I don't know who they were.  
Honest. It happened so fast...

He begins to blubber. Wednesday's cool demeanor cracks.

WEDNESDAY

Pugsley, emotion equals weakness.  
Pull it together now.

But when she grips his shoulders, her head whips back and she experiences a

3 PSYCHIC VISION

3

It's LIQUID AND BLURRED AT THE EDGES. IN A SERIES OF VISCELAR FLASHES, she SEES THREE TEEN BOYS grab Pugsley, tie him up, and stuff him in the locker. All wear red and white varsity hoodies emblazoned with the school's gopher mascot and "Water Polo Gods" printed on the back. The VISION ENDS.

BACK TO SCENE

\*

2B INT. HALLWAY - NANCY REAGAN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

2B \*

Shaken, Wednesday releases Pugsley and staggers back.

WEDNESDAY (V.O.)

No, your eyes aren't playing tricks, unless you received them in an illegal organ transplant.  
Lately, I've been seeing things, extremely bad things.

PUGSLEY

(concerned)

You okay?

WEDNESDAY

(nods, collects herself)

Leave this to me.

PUGSLEY

(even more concerned)

Wednesday... what are you going to do?

WEDNESDAY

(smirks knowingly)

What I do best.

OFF Wednesday, a plan formulating...

CUT TO:

UNDERWATER

LOOKING UP AT a collection of muscular LEGS kicking furiously. CAMERA RISES, REVEALING we are:

4 INT. SWIMMING POOL - NANCY REAGAN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

4

The NRHS WATER POLO TEAM is midpractice. Even in red Speedos, these dudes exude smarmy jock entitlement.

\*

**WEDNESDAY**

emerges from the tunnel under the bleachers and approaches the pool. She scans the players until her eyes lock on the team captain, DALTON. We RECOGNIZE him as one of Pugsley's tormentors from her VISION. Dalton regards her mockingly...

DALTON

Hey, freak, this is a closed practice!

The others laugh and jeer, but Wednesday remains icily impervious to their taunts.

**WEDNESDAY**

The only person who gets to torture my brother is me.

Wednesday pulls her hands from behind her back, holds up two large clear plastic bags, each filled with water and

A DOZEN PIRANHA!

With a casual flick of her wrists, she tosses the bags into the water. Dalton's eyes go wide. Flailing chaos erupts as the players frantically swim for the sides.

DALTON -- desperately swims for a ladder.

UNDERWATER PIRANHA POV -- SPEEDING towards him, lured by the white number 23 on his Speedos.

\*

WEDNESDAY -- observing the mayhem unfold with the cool detachment of a scientist watching the Bikini Reef blasts.

DALTON -- reaches the ladder, is about to haul himself up,

UNDERWATER PIRANHA POV -- as the leader of the pack zeros in on the white "23" on Dalton's Speedo.

\*

OFF DALTON'S unholly, high-pitched SCREAM...

SMASH CUT TO:

**MAIN TITLES**

CUT TO:

Crimson LEAVES TORNADO as a VINTAGE STRETCH LIMO ROARS DOWN a road that winds through an epic tree scape. Fall is in full splendor.

The limo is Batmobile-black and a silver vulture hood ornament scowls on the front, wings outstretched. A cello case and steamer trunk are strapped to the roof.

CAMERA FINDS Wednesday staring out the passenger window. \*

CAMERA PUSHES THROUGH the glass...

6 INT. LIMO - MOVING - DAY

6

... and OVER her shoulder, REVEALING

THE ADDAMS FAMILY

LURCH (40s) is driving. Wednesday's parents, GOMEZ (40s) and MORTICIA (40s), are in the back facing her and Pugsley. Gomez and Pugsley play "Hangman," passing a paper back and forth, while Morticia reads a copy of Seance magazine.

PUGSLEY  
Hangman! You lose!

GOMEZ  
Very good, my boy! You're just too clever for me.

Wednesday glances at the paper, unimpressed.

WEDNESDAY  
There's no 'F' in 'Asphyxiation.'  
Father is letting you cheat.

PUGSLEY  
Why would he do that?

WEDNESDAY  
First, tell me how many 'K's' are in 'cretin'?

PUGSLEY  
Duh... one.

WEDNESDAY  
I rest my case.

Morticia looks up from her magazine. Wednesday turns away.

MORTICIA  
Darling, how long do you intend on giving us the cold shoulder?

## WEDNESDAY

Lurch, please remind my parents  
that I'm currently not speaking to  
them.

Lurch grunts. Gomez leans in, trying to assuage Wednesday.

## GOMEZ

I promise, my little viper, you are  
going to love Nevermore. Won't  
she, Tish?

## MORTICIA

Of course she will. It's the  
perfect school for her.

\*  
\*

## WEDNESDAY

Why? Because it was the perfect  
school for you? I have no  
intention of following in your  
footsteps and being captain of the  
fencing team, or queen of the dark  
prom, or President of the Seance  
Society.

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## MORTICIA

I merely meant you'll finally be  
among peers who understand you.  
Maybe you'll even make some  
friends.

\*  
\*  
\*

## WEDNESDAY

Sarcasm is the only friend I need.

Gomez takes Morticia's hand and looks lovingly into her eyes.

## GOMEZ

Nevermore is no ordinary boarding  
school. It's a magical place.  
It's where your mother and I met  
and fell in love.

The couple gets lost in the moment. Wednesday is disgusted.

## WEDNESDAY

I suddenly feel nauseous. And not  
in a good way.

## MORTICIA

Darling, we aren't the ones who got  
you expelled. That boy's family  
was going to file attempted murder  
charges. How would that have  
looked on your record?

\*  
\*

## WEDNESDAY

Terrible. Everyone would know that I failed to get the job done.

CUT TO: \*

7 EXT. NEVERMORE ACADEMY - DAY 7 \*

The limo sweeps through a pair of enormous wrought-iron gates. Crowned in Gothic black letters are the words: NEVERMORE ACADEMY. Suddenly, the skies open and it POURS. \*

8 INT. LIMO - MOVING - DAY 8

Morticia smiles as the raindrops hit the window.

## MORTICIA

At least it's turning into a beautiful day.

OFF Wednesday eye-rolling, not a happy bunny.

CUT TO: \*

## A HUMAN FACE FROZEN IN A PERPETUAL SCREAM...

9 EXT. CLEARING - LAKE JERICHO - DAY 9

... which is staring up from the mud at

SHERIFF DONOVAN GALPIN (40s)

the local police chief. He's with his Deputy RITCHIE SANTIAGO (20s). They're standing in a clearing next to an idyllic New England lake. RAINDROPS smack the bloodied face, giving the impression that it's weeping red tears.

## SHERIFF GALPIN

Where's the rest of him?

Santiago points to the yellow police tape ringing a clutch of silver birch about a hundred feet away.

## SANTIAGO

Well, the torso and arm are over there...

(pointing)

We found a leg by the lake. And the rest of the parts are... so far unaccounted for. It matches the profile of the other two attacks last week.

Galpin shakes his head, stares across the lake. Its black surface is pocked by a trillion raindrops.

SHERIFF GALPIN

Issue a warning. Keep hikers out of the woods. Don't approve any more campfire permits for the foreseeable future.

SANTIAGO

What do you want me to tell the press? You know they're gonna be swarming like mosquitos in July.

SHERIFF GALPIN

Tell 'em the bear is back.

SANTIAGO

(skeptical)

You don't really believe that, Sheriff?

SHERIFF GALPIN

'Course not.

(re: head)

But whatever did this wasn't human.

He indicates the three Gothic clock towers that rise above the mist-shrouded trees in the distance: the back side of Nevermore Academy.

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SHERIFF GALPIN

I know these murders are connected to that school. I just can't prove it yet. Until I can, it's a goddamn bear.

10

EXT. NEVERMORE ACADEMY - DAY

10 \*

CAMERA FLIES ACROSS THE ROOFTOPS, SLALOMS BETWEEN THE CLOCK TOWERS and ZEROES IN ON A PAIR OF GOTHIC WINDOWS. RAIN SLUICES DOWN THE LEADED PANES. CAMERA MELTS RIGHT THROUGH THE GLASS and into...

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11

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - NEVERMORE ACADEMY - DAY

11

... Wednesday stares out defiantly, her back to the FIRE CRACKLING IN THE MONUMENTAL HEARTH which is fashioned after a Gorgon. Gomez and Morticia sit across from PRINCIPAL LARISSA WEEEMS (40s). Although her demeanor is warm, she masks her true feelings with the skill of a seasoned diplomat. She studies Wednesday's transcripts, finally closes the file.

\*  
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## PRINCIPAL WEEMS

Wednesday is certainly a unique name. I'm guessing it's the day of the week you were born?

## WEDNESDAY

I was born on Friday the 13th.

## MORTICIA

Her name comes from a line in my favorite nursery rhyme.  
'Wednesday's child is full of woe.'

Weems smiles tightly, not sure how to react.

## PRINCIPAL WEEMS

You always had a unique perspective on the world, Morticia.

(to Wednesday)

Did your mother tell you that we were roommates back in the day?

## WEDNESDAY

(that's news to her)

And you graduated with your sanity intact -- impressive.

Morticia lets the barb slide. Weems gets down to business.

## PRINCIPAL WEEMS

You've certainly had a very interesting educational journey. Eight schools in five years.

## WEDNESDAY

They still haven't built one that can hold me. I doubt this place will be any different.

Morticia gives Wednesday a death stare. Gomez intervenes.

## GOMEZ

I believe what our daughter is trying to say is that she greatly appreciates this opportunity.

Weems crosses from behind her desk.

## PRINCIPAL WEEMS

Nevermore doesn't usually accept students midterm.

(MORE)

PRINCIPAL WEEMS (CONT'D)  
 But given Wednesday's perfect  
 grades, and your family's long  
 history with the school, I've  
 spoken with the Board and we've  
 made an exception.

Gomez smiles, takes Morticia's hand.

MORTICIA  
 (uncomfortable topic)  
 What about Wednesday's... therapy  
 sessions?

PRINCIPAL WEEMS  
 The school has a relationship with  
 a therapist in Jericho. She can  
 meet twice a week.

GOMEZ  
 Did you hear that, my little storm  
 cloud? Sounds like you're in  
 excellent hands.

WEDNESDAY  
 I doubt she'll survive our first  
 session.

Morticia and Gomez don't take the bait. Weems checks her watch, turns her attention to Wednesday.

PRINCIPAL WEEMS  
 I've assigned you to your mother's  
 old dorm -- Ophelia Hall.

Wednesday levels her gaze at her parents.

WEDNESDAY  
 Refresh my memory, Ophelia is the  
 one who kills herself after she was  
 driven mad by her family, correct?

The question hangs in the air. Weems musters a forced smile.

PRINCIPAL WEEMS  
 Shall we go meet your new roommate?

12 INT. WEDNESDAY'S ROOM - OPHELIA HALL - DAY

12 \*

CLOSE ON A DOOR as it opens and Weems leads Wednesday, Morticia and Gomez inside. WE STAY ON Wednesday as she regards the room, mortified.

WHAT SHE SEES: The attic space is dominated by a floor to ceiling circular window.

Its spiderweb-design has been accented by multicolored gels causing the entire space to be washed in shafts of rainbow colored light! Stacks of old furniture and dusty chandeliers gather dust in a corner.

GOMEZ  
(mustering enthusiasm)  
It's so... vivid!

ENID SINCLAIR (16) grins, as she excitedly climbs off her bed to greet them. Enid is a werewolf, although you'd never know it from her sunny disposition. She's wearing the school's purple uniform which she's accessorized with velvet scrunchies and rainbow-colored nails.

ENID  
Howdy, roomie!

PRINCIPAL WEEMS  
Wednesday, this is Enid Sinclair.

Wednesday is literally at a loss for words, trying to keep her body out of the light. Enid looks at her concerned.

ENID  
You feeling okay? You look a little... pale.

GOMEZ  
Wednesday always looks half dead.

Seems weird, but Enid just goes with it.

ENID  
Welcome to Ophelia Hall!

She goes in for a hug, but Wednesday steps back defensively.

ENID  
Okay... not a hugger, got it.

MORTICIA  
Please excuse Wednesday, she's allergic to color.

ENID  
Wow. Never heard that one before.  
What happens to you?

WEDNESDAY  
I break out into hives and then my flesh peels off my bones.

Enid looks at her in shock, not sure how to answer.

## PRINCIPAL WEEMS

Luckily, we've special ordered you a uniform. Enid, please take Wednesday to the registrar's office to pick it up along with her schedule. And give her a tour on the way.

As the girls exit, Wednesday shoots her parents a final heart-chilling glare.

13

INT. HALL - NEVERMORE ACADEMY - DAY

13 \*

Enid talks as she escorts Wednesday past the impressive trophy case. Wednesday stops to view a b&w photo featuring Nevermore's triumphant 1998 National Fencing Champs. YOUNG MORTICIA ADDAMS (17) is the Captain. (NOTE: We also see their coach FRANCOIS GALPIN (25) in the picture.)

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\*  
\*

## ENID

Nevermore was founded in 1825 to educate people like us -- Outcasts, freaks, monsters... fill in your favorite marginalized group here.

Wednesday isn't paying attention and scans the space like she's casing a bank.

## WEDNESDAY

You can save the sanitized sales pitch. Unless you have detailed information about weaknesses in the school's security system.

(off Enid's confusion)

I don't plan on staying here long.

## ENID

Why not?

## WEDNESDAY

Because this was my parents' idea. They've been looking for any excuse to send me here. It's part of their nefarious yet completely obvious plan.

\*

## ENID

Okay, I'll bite. What plan?

## WEDNESDAY

To turn me into a version of themselves.

ENID

In that case, maybe you can clear something up. Rumor's been swirling you killed a kid at your old school and your parents pulled strings to get you off.

WEDNESDAY

(deadpan)

Actually, it was two kids, but who's counting.

Wednesday heads through the doors. Enid can't tell if she's joking or not, follows after her.

14 EXT. QUAD - NEVERMORE ACADEMY - DAY

14 \*

The octagonal space features a large courtyard encircled by arched cloisters. An ancient gnarled tree sprouts from the reflecting pool in the middle of the space. It's lunchtime and STUDENTS and FACULTY relax. They are a unique bunch.

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ENID

Welcome to the Quad.

\*  
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WEDNESDAY

(studies the space)

It's a pentagon.

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ENID

Whatever... it's where the popular and the thirsty intersect. You crush it here, you get invited to all the best secret parties.

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Wednesday looks around, unimpressed by the packs of kids huddled in different sections of the courtyard.

\*  
\*

WEDNESDAY

I'll be sure to RSVP never.

\*  
\*

Enid stops, turns to Wednesday.

ENID

The whole bored goth girl thing may have worked in Normie school, but here you need to up your game. Let me give you the quick Wiki on Nevermore's social scene.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WEDNESDAY

I'm not interested in joining some adolescent tribal cliche.

\*  
\*  
\*

ENID

Then use it to fuel your obviously bottomless pit of disdain.

(off Wednesday, touché)

There are four main cliques:

Fangs, Furs, Stoners, and Scales.

She points to a SHADED ALCOVE where a group of tall, pale, angular TEENS, all wearing Ray-Bans, sip blood from eco-friendly, matte-black Hydro Flasks. YOKO TANAKA (16) adds her own Harajuku-inspired Goth flair to the gathering.

ENID

Those are the Fangs, aka vampires.

They like to liquid-lunch together and silently judge the rest of us.

A group of rowdy BOYS howls at Enid. Their baying is deep, animalistic. Wednesday is surprised when Enid howls back.

ENID

That bunch of knuckleheads are Furs, aka werewolves. I'm related to half of them. My pack's from San Francisco. Full moons are high decibel around here. That's when furs 'wolf out'. I suggest you pick up some noise-cancelling headphones.

As Wednesday follows Enid past the reflecting pool, she notices a striking teen girl, BIANCA BARCLAY (16). Bianca is sitting on the stone bench that rings the pool, talking to her friend KENT (16). Wednesday watches the skin on Bianca's arm MORPH FROM SCALES TO FLESH as she absentmindedly swishes her hand in the water. Bianca silently clocks Wednesday but doesn't acknowledge her.

WEDNESDAY

I'm guessing Scales are sirens.

ENID

You catch on quick.

(re: Bianca)

And that girl, Bianca Barclay, is the closest thing Nevermore has to royalty. Although her crown's been slipping lately.

She subtly points to a teen boy sitting in a corner alcove alone, drawing on a sketch pad. This is XAVIER THORPE (16). Enid whispers conspiratorially.

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\*

ENID

She used to date Xavier Thorpe.  
But they broke up at the beginning  
of the semester. Reason: unknown.

WEDNESDAY

(could care less)  
Fascinating.

ENID

I know, right? My vlog is the  
number-one source for Nevermore  
gossip.

AJAX (O.S.)

Yo, Enid! You're not gonna believe  
the dirt I heard about your new  
roommate.

AJAX PETROPOLUS (16) approaches, wearing a purple Supreme  
beanie covering his head of limp snakes. He's Enid's secret  
crush and her cheeks immediately flush.

AJAX

She eats human flesh! Totally  
chowed down on that kid she  
murdered! Better watch your back!

He stops when he sees Enid's mortified face pointing behind  
him. He turns and finds Wednesday.

WEDNESDAY

Actually, I filet the bodies of my  
victims and feed them to my  
menagerie of pets.

\*

Ajax stares at her. Enid interjects, embarrassed:

ENID

(through gritted teeth)  
Ajax, this is my new roommate,  
Wednesday.

AJAX

(to Wednesday)

Whoa... you're in black and white.  
Like a living Instagram filter.

ENID

You'll have to excuse Ajax.  
Gorgons spend way too much time  
getting stoned.

Annoyed, she smacks him on the side of the head. As he walks away, she looks at Wednesday, trying to explain.

ENID

Don't worry about Ajax, he's cute but clueless. It's a small school and there wasn't much online about you. You really need to get on Insta and Snapchat.

WEDNESDAY

I don't do social media. I find it to be a soul-sucking void of meaningless affirmation.

As Wednesday heads into the Registrar's Office, STAY ON Enid, not sure how she feels about her new roommate.

TIME CUT TO:

A PAIR OF POLISHED BLACK SHOES striding across the gravel.  
PAN TO REVEAL

WEDNESDAY.

Now wearing a b&w version of the school uniform: black blazer, b&w checkered skirt, black knee-high socks, and black tie against a white shirt. She's walking towards...

15. EXT. FRONT GATE - NEVERMORE ACADEMY - DAY

15 \*

Morticia, Gomez, and Pugsley wait by the limo as she approaches. Gomez gives her a wide, paternal smile.

GOMEZ

Look at you, my little death trap!  
Seeing that uniform brings back so many terrible memories, doesn't it, Tish?

Morticia looks at Wednesday, suddenly overcome.

MORTICIA

Why don't you boys wait in the car?  
Wednesday and I need a moment.

Pugsley throws his arms around Wednesday in a hug. She doesn't return the gesture.

WEDNESDAY

Pugsley, you're soft and weak.  
You'll never survive without me. I give you two months tops.

PUGSLEY  
I'm gonna miss you too, sis.

Gomez and Pugsley climb in. Morticia focuses her gaze on her daughter.

MORTICIA  
Any plans you have of running away end right now. I've alerted all family members to contact me the minute you darken their doorstep. You have nowhere to go.

Wednesday doesn't break eye contact.

WEDNESDAY  
As usual, you underestimate me, Mother. I will escape this educational penitentiary and then you will never hear from me again.

MORTICIA  
You are a brilliant girl, Wednesday, but sometimes you get in your own way. I'm sure you'll grow to love Nevermore and find it as life-changing as I did.

(then)  
I got you a little something.

She presents Wednesday with a pendant. It features a small onyx "W" which can be spun to form an "M" too.

MORTICIA  
"W" and "M". Our initials.  
(putting it around  
Wednesday's neck)  
It's a symbol of our connection.

Wednesday studies the gift. Then looks at her mother.

WEDNESDAY  
Which one of your spirits suggested this toe curling tchotchke? I'm not you, Mother. I will never fall in love or be a housewife or have a family.

Morticia is pained by Wednesday's words.

MORTICIA  
I preferred when you took aim at me with your crossbow.  
(MORE)

MORTICIA (CONT'D)

I'm told that girls your age can say hurtful things and that I shouldn't take them to heart.

WEDNESDAY

Luckily you don't have one.

MORTICIA

Finally, a kind word for your mother.

(hands her a crystal ball carrier box)

We can't talk to you for the first week while you're settling in. So we'll call next Sunday.

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\*

As she watches her family drive away, she reaches for the onyx necklace, unconsciously revealing a hidden insecurity.

\*

CUT TO:

16 INT. LIMO - MOVING - DAY

16

Morticia dabs tears from her cheeks. Gomez offers her a reassuring smile.

GOMEZ

Don't worry, my love, our little scorpion won't be alone.

He surreptitiously hits a button on the dash.

CUT TO:

17 UNDER THE LIMO

17

A red light flashes, signaling THING to drop from the undercarriage Mission Impossible-style. As the LIMO SPEEDS OFF, the hand races back up the drive towards the school.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. WEDNESDAY'S ROOM - OPHELIA HALL - NIGHT

18 \*

CAMERA LOOKS THROUGH a panel of candy-pink glass to REVEAL Wednesday on her knees, razor blade in hand, carefully shaving the colored gels off the spiderweb window.

\*

19 INT. WEDNESDAY'S ROOM - OPHELIA HALL - NIGHT

19 \*

... Wednesday steps back, REVEAL that half the window is now plain glass. At that moment, Enid enters behind her and regards the space in shock.

\*

REVEAL THE ROOM.

Enid's side is still in Technicolor while Wednesday's, complete with gramophone, cello, and vintage Smith-Corona typewriter, is practically black and white. There is a line of black duct tape down the center to divide the space.

ENID

What the hell did you do to my room?

Wednesday regards Enid's side in disgust. There's a candy-colored bedspread along with pink and yellow throw pillows and enough stuffed animals to fill three zoos.

WEDNESDAY

Dividing our room equally. It looks like a rainbow vomited on your side.

Wednesday sits at her desk, rolls a piece of clean white paper into her typewriter.

WEDNESDAY

Silence would be appreciated. This is my writing time.

ENID

Your 'writing time'?

WEDNESDAY

I devote an hour a day to my novel. Perhaps if you did the same, your vlog might be coherent.

ENID

You read my vlog?

WEDNESDAY

More like deciphered it. I've seen serial killer diaries with better punctuation.

ENID

I write in my voice! It's my truth, that's what my followers love.

WEDNESDAY

Your followers are clearly imbeciles. They respond to your stories with insipid little pictures.

ENID

(incredulous)

You mean emojis? It's how people express their feelings. I realize that's a foreign concept to you.

The girls glare off.

WEDNESDAY

When I look at you, I imagine the following emojis: Rope. Shovel. Hole.

(turns back to typewriter)

By the way, there are two D's in Addams. If you're going to gossip about me, at least spell my name correctly.

Pissed, Enid opens her iPhone, starts playing K-POP THROUGH HER BLUETOOTH SPEAKER. Wednesday spins in her chair.

WEDNESDAY

Turn that off. This is your final warning.

Wednesday makes a move, but Enid points to the duct-tape line on the floor and snaps out her wolf claws, which extend three inches from her fingertips.

ENID

Do not mess with me, this kitty's got claws and I'm not afraid to use them!

Suddenly, the door swings open and TAMARA NOVAK (40) enters wearing muddy red boots and holding a potted black flower. She's Ophelia's Hall's Dorm Mom. Quirky but perceptive, she senses the tension between them, and smiles warmly.

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\*

MS. NOVAK

Good evening, girls! Sorry about the mud. Wanted to make sure Wednesday was settling in!

(re: standoff)  
Is this a bad time?

\*  
\*  
\*

Enid TURNS OFF THE MUSIC and retracts her claws. Wednesday steps back to her side of the room.

MS. NOVAK

(to Wednesday)

I'm Ms. Novak, your Dorm Mom.  
(MORE)

MS. NOVAK (CONT'D)

Apologies I wasn't here to greet  
you when you arrived, but Outcast  
Bio won't teach itself! I trust  
Enid has given you the old  
Nevermore welcome.

WEDNESDAY

(deadpan)

She's been smothering me with  
hospitality. I look forward to  
returning the favor... in her  
sleep.

Ms. Novak overlooks the dig and hands Wednesday the flower.

MS. NOVAK

A little welcome gift from my  
greenhouse. I try to match the  
right flower to each of my girls.  
When I read your personal statement  
in your application, I thought of  
this one.

WEDNESDAY

(taking flower)

A Black Dahlia.

MS. NOVAK

You know it?

WEDNESDAY

Of course. It's named after my  
favorite unsolved murder.

(genuine)

Thank you.

MS. NOVAK

Okie dokie, before I leave, I want  
to go over a few house rules:  
lights out by 10:00; no loud music  
and no boys... ever.

She winks mischievously, turns...

MS. NOVAK

(pointed to Enid)

Also, keep your claws to yourself.

(to Wednesday)

No smothering anyone in their sleep

(smiles again)

Are we clear? Good talk!

As Ms. Novak exits, OFF the girls, chastised.

CUT TO:

THE SOUND OF CLASHING BLADES

20A INT. FENCING HALL - NEVERMORE ACADEMY - DAY

20A \*

STUDENTS in white fencing outfits square off in 10 lanes. Thrusting and parrying as they move up and down this grand hall. They are under the watchful eye of COACH VLAD (30s), a debonair Romanian. Wednesday enters wearing

\*  
\*  
\*

AN ALL-BLACK FENCING ENSEMBLE.

She makes eye contact with Xavier, who has traded his pencil for a rapier. He gives her a friendly wave like he knows her. She glances away, confused, and focuses on the

\*

TWO FENCERS

closest to her. FENCER #1 toys with FENCER #2, moves in for the kill. Showing no mercy, Fencer #1 forces Fencer #2 to trip and fall. Fencer #1 holds the tipped blade to Fencer #2's throat, then flips off her own mask, revealing

BIANCA BARCLAY

She mockingly scowls at Fencer #2 as he wrenches off his mask. This is ROWAN LASLOW (16). Rowan's a bookish nerd. He stares at Bianca, bitter.

ROWAN

Coach, she tripped me!

COACH VLAD

It was a clean strike, Rowan.

BIANCA

Maybe if you whined less and practiced more, you wouldn't suck.

On the verge of tears, Rowan rises. As he storms to the exit, he passes Wednesday, offering her a wounded look with his bloodshot eyes.

BIANCA

Seriously, Coach, when am I going to get some real competition?

(to class)

Anyone else want to challenge me?

PUSH IN ON Wednesday, formulating her next move.

WEDNESDAY (V.O.)  
If there's one thing I hate more  
than a bully, it's a bitch.

The entire class, including Xavier, reacts in disbelief as Wednesday steps forward, saber raised.

WEDNESDAY  
I do!

BIANCA  
(smirking, unimpressed)  
You must be that psychopath they  
let in.

WEDNESDAY  
And you must be the self-appointed  
queen bee. Interesting thing about  
bees, pull out their stingers and  
they drop dead.

The class lets out a collective "Ooh" as Wednesday throws down the gauntlet.

BIANCA  
Rowan doesn't need you to come to  
his defense. He's not helpless,  
he's lazy.

WEDNESDAY  
Are we doing this or not?

Both girls step into the lane and eye-fuck as they put on their helmets and hook up their scoring cords.

COACH VLAD  
(raises his hand)  
En garde!

The class watches as the girls square off. Bianca thrusts first, Wednesday expertly blocks it, then attacks with a quick, clean stroke, scoring the first point!

There is an audible gasp from the onlookers. Xavier smiles. Even Coach Vlad is surprised.

The girls take their positions again. This time, Wednesday thrusts first, but Bianca is ready and strikes, successfully evening the score.

BIANCA  
(condescending)  
That first point was clearly  
beginner's luck. Let's finish  
this.

Wednesday takes off her mask, a glint in her eye.

WEDNESDAY  
(to Coach Vlad)  
For the final point, I would like  
to invoke a military challenge. No  
masks, no tips. Winner draws first  
blood.

BIANCA  
(removing mask)  
What are you trying to prove?

WEDNESDAY  
That I'm better than you.

Bianca bristles as her classmates giggle and whisper.

COACH VLAD  
It's your decision, Bianca.

She removes the protective cap from the tip of her saber and tosses her mask aside.

BIANCA  
(to Wednesday)  
Let's see if you bleed in black and  
white.

CUT TO:

SABERS CLASHING

20B

INT. FENCING HALL - NEVERMORE ACADEMY - MOMENTS LATER

20B \*

Wednesday and Bianca spar like Jedi while their classmates watch, mesmerized.

Wednesday's strokes are fast, precise, and confident. She's giving Bianca a run for her money. But Bianca is taller and stronger, giving her a natural advantage.

Bianca backs Wednesday into a corner, looks like she's going to strike, when Wednesday

BACK FLIPS OVER HER HEAD

and spins, taking Bianca by surprise. As Bianca faces her, Wednesday sweeps up her blade. But before she makes contact, Bianca limbos clear.

GO TIGHT as Wednesday's blade passes within a mouse-hair of Bianca's face.

Now Bianca goes on the offensive, swings up her sword, and expertly nicks Wednesday just above her right eye. SLO MO as

A TEARDROP OF BLOOD

drips onto Wednesday's black vest.

Bianca grins, raises her saber in triumph while the rest of the class erupts into cheers.

BIANCA

(re: bloody cut)

Your face finally got the splash of color it so desperately needed.

(off laughter)

Did you really think you were going to roll in here on day one and take me down?

(leans in)

Word of advice: stay in your lane, which is as far out of my eyeline as possible.

Angry and humiliated, Wednesday stabs her sword into a nearby wall and storms out. OFF Xavier watching her go...

CUT TO:

21 INT. INFIRMARY - DAY

21 \*

CLOSE ON a frosted glass door. "Infirmary" is etched across it in faded gold paint. It opens and Wednesday angrily strides out, now sporting three neat black stitches above her eye. Still fuming, she crosses the cavernous marble foyer, has her hand on the door when she hears a NOISE behind her. She spins, on alert, but no one is there. As she exits,

THING peeks out from behind a potted fern.

22 EXT. EDENVALE HALL - DAY

22

A THUNDERSTORM RUMBLES and fat RAINDROPS POUND the foot-worn stone steps. Wednesday fishes a black umbrella from her backpack, plumes it open, and steps into the DOWNPOUR.

ANGLE ON A MASSIVE STONE GARGOYLE

glowering from the roof as WATER CASCADES OFF its snarling face. It's under repair, surrounded by scaffolding. Suddenly, the BASE CRACKS and the HULKING STONE CREATURE SUPERNATURALLY LURCHES FORWARD.

Wednesday looks up as the Gargoyle smashes through the scaffolding and hurtles towards her! But a second before impact, she's tackled out of the way by

XAVIER.

As she smacks her head on the ground and blacks out...

CUT TO:

23 INT. INFIRMARY - EDENVALE HALL - DAY 23

CLOSE ON Wednesday as her eyes groggily open. She SEES A BLURRED FIGURE. It takes a moment for her VISION TO SNAP INTO FOCUS, REVEALING Xavier. He offers a smile of relief.

XAVIER  
Welcome back.

Wednesday sits up in the bed, disoriented, holds her head.

XAVIER  
Go easy, the nurse said you don't have a concussion, but you'll probably have a nasty bump to go with your stitches.

WEDNESDAY  
The last thing I remember was standing outside feeling a mixture of rage, pity, and self-disgust. I've never felt that way before.

XAVIER  
Losing to Bianca has that effect on people.

WEDNESDAY  
I looked up and saw that Gargoyle coming at me, thinking at least I'll have an imaginative death. Then you tackled me out of the way.  
(off his nod)  
Why would you do that?

XAVIER  
Call it instinct.

WEDNESDAY

So you were guided by latent  
chivalry, which is just a tool of  
the patriarchy designed to extract  
my undying gratitude?

XAVIER

Most people would say thank you.

WEDNESDAY

I didn't ask you to rescue me.

XAVIER

So I should have let that thing  
smash you to mush?

WEDNESDAY

I would rather have saved myself.

Xavier shakes his head, amused by Wednesday's attitude.

XAVIER

It's good to see you haven't  
changed. Still as defiant as ever.  
If it makes you feel better, let's  
just say I returned the favor.

(off her confusion)

Xavier Thorpe. You really don't  
remember me, do you? To be fair,  
the last time we met, I was two  
feet shorter and 40 pounds heavier.

WEDNESDAY

What happened?

XAVIER

Puberty... I guess. And I started  
hitting the gym... eating better.

WEDNESDAY

I meant what happened the last time  
we met.

XAVIER

(smiles, embarrassed)

It was my godmother's funeral. She  
was close with your grandmother.  
Apparently, they spent their 20s  
together in Europe swindling the  
rich and notorious. Anyway, we  
were 10 and bored.

(MORE)

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Decided to play hide and seek, and I had the inspired idea to hide in her casket. I got stuck as it was heading into the crematorium...

WEDNESDAY

(remembering)

I heard muffled screams. At first I thought your godmother had somehow cheated death and was trying to claw her way out. I've always wanted to see what a zombie looks like.

XAVIER

Either way, you hit the big red stop button and saved me from being flame broiled.

(stands)

So now we're even.

He smiles charmingly and exits. OFF Wednesday, confused by the new emotions brewing inside her.

CUT TO:

A record spinning on Wednesday's gramophone...

24

INT. WEDNESDAY'S ROOM - OPHELIA HALL - DAY

24

... it's Edith Piaf's plaintive **Non, Je Ne Regret Rein.** PULL BACK TO REVEAL Wednesday sitting at her desk, furiously typing. Suddenly, she sees the curtains flutter in her mirror. Suspicious, she YANKS THE NEEDLE OFF THE RECORD, stalks over, and whips back the curtains, revealing

THE WINDOW IS CRACKED OPEN.

She turns toward her desk when she sniffs the air like a predator sensing prey. With lightning speed, she reaches into the curtain folds and grabs Thing by the wrist!

WEDNESDAY

Hello, Thing.

It's a tug-o-war as the frightened appendage clings to the curtain for dear life, but with a forceful yank, Wednesday wrestles him free. Thing squirms in her grip.

## WEDNESDAY

Did you really think that my highly trained olfactory sense wouldn't pick up the faint whiff of neroli and bergamot in your favorite hand lotion?

Like a flapping fish, Thing tries to wriggle free, but Wednesday subdues him by grabbing him with her other hand.

## WEDNESDAY

I can do this all day long.

(beat)

Surrender?

Thing stops struggling and gestures "okay" with his fingers. Wednesday sits, drops him on her desk, and points her desk lamp at him, interrogation style.

## WEDNESDAY

Mother and Father sent you to spy on me, didn't they?

Thing points to himself, feigning surprise.

## WEDNESDAY

Don't try and play innocent. Your palm gets clammy when you lie.

She rubs her finger down his palm, sure enough it's moist.

## WEDNESDAY

I'm not above breaking a few fingers.

Thing wilts under the pressure and signs "yes." Wednesday leans back, absorbing his confession.

## WEDNESDAY

The fact that they thought I wouldn't find out just proves how much they underestimate me.

Thing signs "They are worried about you."

## WEDNESDAY

Thing, you poor, naive appendage. My parents aren't worried about me. They're evil puppeteers who want to pull my strings even from afar.

(opens her desk drawer)

The way I see it, you have two options.

(MORE)

## WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)

The first: I lock you in here for the rest of the semester and you go slowly insane trying to scratch your way out. That, of course, will ruin both your nails and your supple, smooth skin. And we both know how vain you are.

Thing recoils in terror, holds up two fingers.

## WEDNESDAY

Option two.

(beat)

Pledge your undying loyalty to me.

Thing thinks, then bows his fingers in compliance. Wednesday nods, offers her hand, and they shake.

## WEDNESDAY

Our first order of business is to escape this teenage purgatory.

Things signs "Do you have a plan?" \*

## WEDNESDAY

Of course I have a plan. And it begins right now.

OFF her malevolent smirk...

CUT TO:

25 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 25 \*

An SUV drives past a sign that reads: "WELCOME TO JERICHO. ESTABLISHED 1625. HOME OF PILGRIM WORLD". \*

26 EXT. MAIN STREET - JERICHO - DAY 26 \*

The SUV sweeps through this postcard-perfect New England town. A farmer's market is winding down in the town square, where a statue and fountain are under construction. The SUV parks in front of a handsome colonial building. \*

27 EXT. SUV - JERICHO - DAY 27 \*

Weems and Wednesday step out. \*

## WEDNESDAY

I haven't had a baby sitter since I was eight. I nailed the last one under the floorboards playing hide and seek. \*

PRINCIPAL WEEMS

(points to building)

Dr. Kinbott's office is on the second floor. Other Nevermore students swear by her.

WEDNESDAY

And you'll just wait here, until I'm done.

PRINCIPAL WEEMS

Perhaps afterwards we can stop by the Weathervane for hot chocolate.

WEDNESDAY

Principal Weems, this feeble attempt at bonding is beneath you. And chauffeuring students is clearly below your pay grade.

PRINCIPAL WEEMS

Given your history, I'm sure you're intent on running away. I'm here to prevent that from happening.

WEDNESDAY

(gauntlet thrown)

I wish you luck.

OFF Weems, as Wednesday heads inside.

CUT TO:

28

INT. WAITING ROOM - KINBOTT'S OFFICE - JERICHO - DAY

28 \*

Wednesday stands in front of a wall of carved folk masks from around the world. Wednesday leans in, studies one.

KINBOTT (O.S.)

That one was made by a remote tribe in Papua New Guinea.

Wednesday doesn't turn as DR. VALERIE KINBOTT (40s) steps to her side. She's an Earth-mother type, with a cashmere poncho draped around her elegant shoulders.

WEDNESDAY

Yes, the Citak. They're headhunters.

KINBOTT

Impressive. Are you interested in anthropology?

WEDNESDAY  
Decapitation.

Kinbott smiles tightly, motions Wednesday into...

29 INT. KINBOTT'S OFFICE - JERICHO - DAY

29

Calming dove-gray walls feature a dozen masks curated from Kinbott's travels. The space is accented by table lamps and scented candles which gently flicker.

KINBOTT  
I read the notes from your school counsellor.

WEDNESDAY  
Poor Mrs. Bronstein. She had a breakdown after our last session. Had to take a six-month sabbatical.

KINBOTT  
How do you feel about that?

WEDNESDAY  
Vindicated. But someone who crochets for a hobby isn't a worthy adversary.

KINBOTT  
(smiles demurely)  
Adversary? I hope we can forge a relationship based on trust and mutual respect.  
(gestures to chair)  
Go ahead and take a seat.

Wednesday perches on the edge of a white overstuffed armchair. Kinbott sits cross-legged opposite, a Moleskin notebook and Montblanc pen at the ready.

KINBOTT  
This is a safe space, Wednesday. A sanctuary where we can discuss anything. What you're thinking... feeling... your views on the world... personal philosophy.

WEDNESDAY  
That's easy. I think this is a waste of time. I see the world as a place that must be endured. My personal philosophy is kill or be killed.

KINBOTT

So for instance, when someone bullies your brother, your response is to dump piranha in the pool.

WEDNESDAY

You know the old saying. Never bring a knife to a sword fight. Unless it's concealed.

KINBOTT

The point is, you assaulted a boy and showed no remorse for your actions. That's why you're here.

WEDNESDAY

He lost a testicle. I was doing the world a favor. Mouth breathers like Dalton shouldn't be allowed to procreate.

(standing)

I've answered all your questions.

Kinbott motions for Wednesday to sit back down. She does reluctantly.

KINBOTT

Therapy is a valuable tool to help you understand yourself. It can teach you new ways to deal with your emotions. It can also help you build a life that you want.

WEDNESDAY

I know the life that I want.

KINBOTT

Tell me about it.

(off her hesitation)

Everything said in these sessions is strictly confidential.

Wednesday isn't convinced. She stares at Kinbott, then glances at the clock, still 40 minutes to go. Kinbott leans forward.

KINBOTT

Do your plans involve becoming an author?

(off Wednesday's surprise)

I understand you've written three novels about a teen girl detective. Viper Del Morte. Can you tell me about her?

WEDNESDAY

Viper's smart, perceptive,  
chronically misunderstood.

KINBOTT

Any luck getting your work  
published?

WEDNESDAY

Editors are short-sighted, fear-based life forms. One described my writing as 'gratuitously morbid' and suggested I seek psychiatric help. Ironic, huh?

KINBOTT

How did you take that?

QUICK FLASH CUT: Wednesday sending the editor a box of preset mousetraps. FLASH CUT: the EDITOR opening the box, getting her fingers caught, and screaming. CUT BACK TO:

WEDNESDAY

I'm always open to constructive criticism.

KINBOTT

I'm glad to hear that. Because I was sent the manuscripts as part of your psych evaluation.

She pauses, assessing Wednesday's reaction.

KINBOTT

The relationship I found most intriguing was that of Viper and her mother -- Dominica. Why don't we dig into that?

Wednesday looks away.

KINBOTT

Wednesday, part of this journey requires us going to uncomfortable places emotionally.

WEDNESDAY

I don't travel well. Would you mind if I used your powder room first?

Kinbott nods, motions to a door...

30 INT. POWDER ROOM - KINBOTT'S OFFICE - DAY 30

Wednesday twists the door latch, looks out the window. Sees that it opens onto the roof. She tries to slide it open and discovers a safety latch. She whispers to Thing.

WEDNESDAY

Suddenly, fingers plume through the top of the backpack with a nail file. Wednesday uses it to expertly jimmy the lock. She gently slides open the window, is climbing out when she accidentally knocks over a candle. It shatters on the floor.

KINBOTT (O.S.)  
(through the door)  
Wednesday, is everything okay? You  
can't hide in there for the rest of  
the session.

Wednesday  
Be right out...

She steps through the window onto the roof.

Wednesday  
... just preparing myself for our  
uncomfortable journey.

As she gently slides the window shut...

31 EXT. ROOF - KINBOTT'S OFFICE - JERICHO - DAY

Wednesday looks over the side.

WHAT SHE SEES: Weems' SUV parked. Weems is on the phone, still in the driver's seat. Across the street is the farmers market. Then she spots a drain spout.

CUT TO:

32A EXT. STREET - JERICHO - DAY

32A \*

Wednesday slides down the drain pipe like a fire pole. She drops behind a potted tree, crouch-runs to stay out of Weems' rear view sight line. She's half way across the street when

## WEEMS STEPS OUT OF THE SUV

to stretch. Forced to hide, Wednesday races into the Farmer's Market and bumps into a FARMER (50s) loading a crate of apples into the rear of a red truck. The contact triggers

33 ANOTHER PSYCHIC VISION

33

The IMAGES COME at Wednesday IN QUICK FLASHES: apples tumbling into a pool of blood, a truck tire spinning, the Farmer's face staring in blank astonishment, his neck horribly broken. The VISION ENDS.

BACK TO SCENE

\*

32B EXT. STREET - JERICHO - DAY

32B \*

Irritated, the Farmer "tuts" at Wednesday as he passes.

FARMER

Who let you out? Goddamn weirdo!

Still rattled, Wednesday sees Weems climb into the SUV. She takes off again, disappearing into the alley.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. WEATHERVANE CAFE & BAKERY - JERICHO - DAY - TO ESTABLISH 34 \*

On the corner, with striped white and sage-green awnings that shield the outdoor tables from the New England elements. \*

\*

35 INT. WEATHERVANE CAFE & BAKERY - JERICHO - DAY

35 \*

A vintage industrial ESPRESSO MACHINE, the size of a small organ, GROANS, SHOOTING STEAM from various orifices. TYLER GALPIN (16) is behind the counter, futilely trying to tame the mechanical beast. He's the kind of kid who's constantly overwhelmed by his underwhelming life. The MACHINE VIOLENTLY SHAKES, like it's about to explode. Freaked, he turns to flee, but is startled to find Wednesday standing a foot behind him.

TYLER

Holy crap! How long have you been...? Do you make a habit of scaring the hell out of people?

WEDNESDAY

It's more of a hobby.

TYLER

(re: uniform)

You go to Nevermore? Didn't realize they'd changed up the uniform.

WEDNESDAY

(ignoring his question)

I need a quad over ice. It's an emergency.

(MORE)

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)  
(off his look)  
That's four shots of espresso.

TYLER  
I know what a quad is. But --  
spoiler alert -- the espresso  
machine's having a seizure.  
(nodding to coffee pot)  
So all we have is drip.

WEDNESDAY  
Drip is for people who hate  
themselves and know their lives  
have no real purpose or meaning.

She looks at a MIDDLE-AGED MAN about to top off his coffee cup. Shamed, he puts it down and exits quickly.

WEDNESDAY  
What's wrong with your machine?

TYLER  
Uhhh... it's a temperamental beast  
with a mind of its own.  
(checking manual)  
Doesn't help that the damn  
instructions are in Italian!

Wednesday snatches the manual, gives it a quick scan.

WEDNESDAY  
Get me a tri-wing screwdriver and a  
four-millimeter Allen wrench.

TYLER  
Wait... you read Italian?

WEDNESDAY  
Of course. It's the native tongue  
of Machiavelli.  
(ignoring his confusion)  
Here's the deal, I fix your  
machine, then you make my coffee  
and order me a taxi.

TYLER  
(fishes tools from a  
drawer)  
No cabs in Jericho. Try Uber.

WEDNESDAY  
I don't have a phone. I refuse to  
be a slave to technology.

TYLER

Then you're out of luck.

(handing her tools)

Where are you going anyway?

She begins tinkering with the HISSING BEHEMOTH.

WEDNESDAY

That's on a need-to-know basis.

What about trains?

TYLER

Nearest station is Burlington.

It's half an hour away.

WEDNESDAY

You have a valve issue. I've seen  
it before.

TYLER

Where? You got one of these  
monsters at home?

WEDNESDAY

Steam-powered guillotine. I built  
it when I was 10.

(off his look, shrugging)

I wanted to decapitate my dolls  
more efficiently.

TYLER

(not sure she's kidding)

Sure, Grim Reaper Barbie, makes  
perfect sense.

Wednesday does a few adjustments and the MACHINE INSTANTLY  
STOPS GROANING.

TYLER

Wow... thanks. Never met a  
Nevermore kid who got their hands  
dirty. I'm Tyler, by the way.  
Didn't catch your name... Or is  
that on a need-to-know basis too?

WEDNESDAY

Wednesday.

TYLER

Tell you what, Wednesday. To show  
my appreciation, how about I drive  
you to Burlington myself?

WEDNESDAY

Perfect. Put that quad in a to-go cup.

TYLER

Whoa. Whoa. I don't get off for another hour. And I've got a ton of coffee orders to fill.

WEDNESDAY

(holds up \$20)

Fine. I'll sweeten the pot.

TYLER

(sarcastic)

Twenty whole dollars! Tempting, but no.

WEDNESDAY

I'll make it 40. Chop. Chop.

TYLER

Listen, Wednesday, one fun fact about me -- I can't be bought. So here's the deal. Wait an hour or find someone else to drive you.

CUT TO:

36 INT. SUV - DAY

36

Weems looks up from her papers and is surprised to see Kinbott standing on the sidewalk scanning the street. She checks her watch -- 20 minutes left in the session.

\*

37 EXT. STREET - JERICHO - DAY

37

Weems approaches Kinbott.

PRINCIPAL WEEMS

What happened?

\*

CUT TO:

38 INT. WEATHERVANE CAFE & BAKERY - JERICHO - DAY

38

Wednesday sits in a booth at the back downing her second quad while surreptitiously glancing at the clock.

LUCAS (O.S.)

What's a Nevermore freak doing out in the wild?

She looks up to find three local teenagers LUCAS (16), JONAH (16), and CARTER (16) incongruously wearing *pilgrim costumes*.

CARTER  
This is our booth.

WEDNESDAY  
Why are you three dressed like religious fanatics?

JONAH  
We're pilgrims.

WEDNESDAY  
Potato/pot-A-to.

LUCAS  
We work at Pilgrim World.

He flips over the laminated menu. The back page advertises "Pilgrim World" -- a Renaissance Faire-style "living museum" celebrating the town's early settlers.

WEDNESDAY  
It takes a special kind of stupid to build a theme park devoted to zealots responsible for mass genocide.

LUCAS  
(leaning in)  
My dad owns Pilgrim World. Who you calling stupid?

Not the least bit threatened, Wednesday gives him and his costume a dismissive elevator stare.

WEDNESDAY  
If the buckled shoe fits.

ANGLE ON TYLER, who sees what's happening, heads over.

TYLER  
Guys, back off.

LUCAS  
Stay out of this, Galpin!

Wednesday rises, stands toe-to-toe with Lucas.

WEDNESDAY  
Yes, stay out of this.

Lucas threateningly starts backing her into a corner.

LUCAS  
So tell me, freak, you ever been  
with a Normie?

WEDNESDAY  
I never found one who could handle  
me.

Without warning, Wednesday knees him in the groin! He doubles over, then recovers. Angry, he throws a punch, but Wednesday sidesteps it and Lucas' fist connects with

CARTER'S FACE

The teen staggers back, grabbing his bloody nose. Lucas throws another punch, but Wednesday catches his fist, and

SCORPION-KICKS

him to the floor. Jonah comes at her, but she connects with a spinning-kick, dropping him. Tyler is shocked as the three boys writhe in pain. Other PATRONS look on, stunned. Wednesday hasn't even broken a sweat.

TYLER  
Where'd you learn those...  
(awkwardly miming)  
... Kung Fu moves?

WEDNESDAY  
My Uncle Fester taught me. He spent five years in a Tibetan monastery.

TYLER  
Whoa... was he a monk?

WEDNESDAY  
Prisoner.

The front door opens and Galpin enters, surveying the scene.

SHERIFF GALPIN  
Tyler, you wanna explain what the hell's going on?

Tyler stammers for a response. Points to the boys.

TYLER  
They were harassing a customer and she put them in their place.

Galpin regards Wednesday, skeptical.

SHERIFF GALPIN

This little thing took down three  
boys? Did you help her?

TYLER

Dad, I swear, I wasn't involved.

Stunned, Wednesday eyes Tyler -- the Sheriff is his dad?  
Then she hears Weems' voice behind her:

PRINCIPAL WEEMS (O.S.)

Apologies, Sheriff, this one  
slipped away from me.

Galpin turns as Weems enters.

PRINCIPAL WEEMS

(to Wednesday, seething)

C'mon, Miss Addams, time to go.

Galpin reacts to that name, shocked. He steps in front of  
Wednesday and sizes her up.

SHERIFF GALPIN

You're an Addams? Don't tell me  
Gomez Addams is your dad?

(off her nod)

That man should be behind bars.

I'm guessing the apple doesn't fall  
far from the tree. I'll have my  
eye on you.

As Weems leads her out, Galpin sees his son tracking  
Wednesday, clearly smitten. OFF Galpin, simmering...

CUT TO:

39

INT. SUV - MOVING - DAY

39

Trees flicker past in a golden blur. Weems drives in  
silence. Wednesday's in the back mulling Galpin's words.

PRINCIPAL WEEMS

Your first day and you're already  
on Sheriff Galpin's radar. I wish  
I could say I was surprised.

WEDNESDAY

What did he mean about my father?

## PRINCIPAL WEEMS

I have no idea, but word of advice,  
stop making enemies and start  
making a few friends. You're going  
to need them.

Traffic slows, Weems eases on the BRAKES.

## PRINCIPAL WEEMS

Looks like an accident.

As the SUV crawls past, Wednesday sees:

## THE RED TRUCK DRIVEN BY THE FARMER

she bumped into during her escape from Kinbott's. The truck  
is smashed on its side, surrounded by EMT personnel. The  
front tire spins languidly, exactly like the one in her  
VISION. Next, she notices

APPLES LYING IN A POOL OF BLOOD.

Wednesday sits back, shaken. Weems continues to rubberneck.

## PRINCIPAL WEEMS

Hope the driver's okay.

## WEDNESDAY

(cold certainty)

He's dead. Broke his neck.

## PRINCIPAL WEEMS

How can you tell from this angle?

Wednesday doesn't answer, fidgets with her necklace. Weems  
studies her, curious. OFF Wednesday, the repercussions of  
her psychic ability weighing on her... \*

\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

40

EXT. DORM ROOF - OPHELIA HALL - NIGHT

40

A stirring string version of The Rolling Stones' **Paint it Black** haunts the night, which is illuminated by a dazzling, platinum-bright full moon. CAMERA FINDS

## WEDNESDAY

dwarfed under the row of soaring chimneys, playing her cello  
with the intensity of a maestro. Thing is on a stand turning  
the sheet music. As she continues to play,

BEGIN MONTAGE:

41

EXT. QUAD - NEVERMORE ACADEMY - NIGHT

41

ROWAN -- clings to the shadows as he makes his way along cloisters. It's deserted. He stops in front of

A MARBLE STATUE OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.

It's set back in a grotto. A stone raven rests on the great man's shoulder, beak pointed to the open book in Poe's frozen hands. Rowan checks the coast is clear, then finger snaps twice (i.e., vintage Addams Family style). The SOUND TRIGGERS THE STATUE TO SLIDE AWAY, REVEALING stone steps that descend into darkness. As he heads down...

CUT TO:

42

INT. NIGHTSHADE LIBRARY - NEVERMORE ACADEMY - NIGHT

42 \*

Rowan stands before a giant floor-to-ceiling bookcase filled with dozens of identical purple leather-bound volumes. His brow painfully furrows as he points to one and it

\*  
\*

TELEPATHICALLY

FLIES OUT OF ITS SLOT AND HOVERS IN FRONT OF HIM. The words "Nightshade Society" are embossed on its cover in faded silver. Wincing, he TELEPATHICALLY FLIPS IT OPEN AND FLICKS THROUGH THE PAGES UNTIL HE STOPS AT ONE. (NOTE: we DON'T SEE what's on the page.) He slashes his finger through the air, causing THE PAGE TO MAGICALLY RIP FROM THE BOOK.

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

43

INT. GARAGE - GALPIN HOUSE - JERICHO - NIGHT

43

TYLER -- aims a flashlight at a wall of old case file boxes, each marked "Property of Jericho PD." As he opens the lid of the first box and starts searching the dusty files...

CUT TO:

44

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - JERICHO - NIGHT

44

GALPIN -- opens his desk drawer and pulls a Budweiser off a hidden six-pack. He cracks the tab, steps to the oversized map of Jericho on his wall. The crime scene photos from the monster attacks are pinned to their respective locations. As he adds a photo of the Farmer's truck...

CUT TO:

45 EXT. NEVERMORE GROUNDS - NIGHT 45

REVEAL XAVIER in the shadows, watching Wednesday. His face conveys a mixture of intrigue and attraction. END MONTAGE.

46A EXT. DORM ROOF - OPHELIA HALL - NIGHT 46A

Wednesday finishes, whipping the bow off the cello's strings with a theatrical flourish. Thing gives her the deaf applause hand wave. From behind, she hears...

ENID (O.S.)  
(re: cello)  
How the hell did you get that  
oversized violin out the window?

WEDNESDAY  
(nods to Thing)  
I had an extra hand.

Enid regards Thing, who gives her a sheepish wave.

ENID  
Uhhh... where's the rest of him?

WEDNESDAY  
That's one of the great Addams  
Family mysteries.

Suddenly, the HOWLS OF WEREWOLVES RICOCHET from a nearby boarding house.

WEDNESDAY  
Why aren't you 'wolfin'g out'?

Enid sighs, drops her guard and confesses.

ENID  
Because I can't.  
(extends and retracts her  
claws)  
That's all I got. My mom says some  
wolves are late bloomers... but...  
(sitting next to her)  
I've been to the best Lycanologist.  
Had to fly to Milwaukee, would you  
believe. She said there's a chance  
that I'll never... you know.

WEDNESDAY  
What happens then?

ENID  
I become a lone wolf.

WEDNESDAY  
Sounds perfect.

ENID  
Are you kidding? My life would officially be over! I'd be kicked out of the family pack, with no prospect of finding a mate.

She turns away, emotional.

WEDNESDAY  
I fail to see the problem here.

ENID  
I could die alone!

WEDNESDAY  
We all die alone, Enid.

ENID  
You really suck at this.  
(off her blank look)  
Cheering people up.

Enid buries her head and starts to sob.

WEDNESDAY  
Why are you crying?

ENID  
Because I'm upset! Haven't you ever cried? Or are you above that too?

Wednesday thinks about that. After a long beat...

WEDNESDAY  
It was the week after Halloween. I was six years old. I took my pet scorpion Nero out for his afternoon stroll when we were surrounded by three neighborhood boys on bicycles...

**BEGIN FLASHBACK:**

It's cold and DESATURATED, like a forgotten Polaroid. SIX-YEAR-OLD WEDNESDAY holds NERO's leash while THREE 12-YEAR-OLD BOYS circle on bikes, laughing and taunting.

WEDNESDAY (V.O.)

They wondered what kind of freak  
would have a scorpion for a pet.  
Then one of them held me down and  
made me watch while the others ran  
their bikes over Nero until...

CUT TO:

48 EXT. ADDAMS FAMILY PET CEMETERY - DAY

48

Hard, gray flakes of snow FILL THE FRAME. PAN DOWN TO Young Wednesday kneeling under an ancient oak, patting back the dirt of a fresh grave.

WEDNESDAY (V.O.)

It was snowing when I buried what  
was left of him. I marked his  
grave with a black heart and cried.  
But tears don't fix anything, so I  
vowed never to do it again.

Young Wednesday looks up, her oversized eyes filled with unfathomable hurt and obsidian rage. END FLASHBACK.

BACK TO SCENE

\*

46B EXT. DORM ROOF - OPHELIA HALL - NIGHT

46B \*

Wednesday looks away, embittered by the memory. That's the most she's ever opened up. Enid regards her in a new light.

ENID

I haven't been a very good  
roommate. Bitching behind your  
back. If you used this against me,  
I wouldn't blame you.

WEDNESDAY

Your secret is safe with me.

ENID

Thanks.

(beat)

I still think you're weird as shit.

WEDNESDAY

The feeling is mutual.

The girls share a moment. Then...

WEDNESDAY

How would you like your single room  
back?

OFF Enid.

CUT TO:

49

INT. GARAGE - GALPIN HOUSE - JERICHO - NIGHT

49

Tyler is working his way through the police files when he finds a thick one marked "ADDAMS, GOMEZ." He's about to crack it open when...

SHERIFF GALPIN (O.S.)  
What the hell are you doing out  
here?

Tyler spins to find his father SILHOUETTED in the doorway. Only when he staggers forward does Tyler realize he's drunk. Tyler girds himself, hides the Gomez file behind his back.

TYLER  
Nothing... just research for a  
social studies project.

Galpin's bloodshot eyes bore into him.

SHERIFF GALPIN  
Look at you, suddenly the model  
student... burning the midnight  
oil.

Without breaking eye contact, he snaps the file from Tyler's hand. Sees the name on it.

SHERIFF GALPIN  
(agitated)  
This is about that Addams girl,  
isn't it? You seeing her?

TYLER  
No... I just met her. Paranoid  
much?

Without warning, Galpin open-palm slaps him across the face. Tyler takes it. Clearly not the first time he's been hit.

SHERIFF GALPIN  
You're a goddamn liar. Just like  
your mother.

Tyler glares, eyes full of loathing.

TYLER  
At least I'm not a drunk.

Galpin raises his hand again, but Tyler holds his ground before heading inside. Galpin shouts after him...

SHERIFF GALPIN  
Stay away from her! She's trouble,  
just like her father!

50

INT. TYLER'S ROOM - GALPIN HOUSE - JERICHO - NIGHT

50

Tyler angrily lays on his bed, his cheek flushed until he's interrupted by THREE SHARP KNOCKS ON HIS WINDOW. He peers into the empty yard, doesn't see anyone. Curious, he cranks open the window to investigate when

THING

springs up from the window ledge, does a 360 flip into the room, nailing a perfect landing on the desk! Freaked, Tyler jumps back, staring at the disembodied hand in terror.

TYLER  
Holy shit!!

Desperate, he grabs a tennis racket and wildly swings at Thing, who nimbly avoids each blow.

TYLER  
Get away from me! You zombie hand  
from hell!

Thing goes on the offensive, catches the racket midswing, and yanks it from Tyler's grip. Tyler's stunned as the hand torpedoes the racket out the open window before aggressively snapping his fingers, pointing for Tyler to sit. Scared shitless, Tyler nervously complies.

TYLER  
Okay. Taking orders from a hand...  
this isn't weird at all.

Thing opens his palm, revealing a note in Gothic cursive:  
"CALL ME NOW. WEDNESDAY."

Thing snatches Tyler's phone, which is charging on the desk, and tosses it to him. Tyler fumble-catches it, then anxiously FaceTimes the number written below the message.

ANGLE ON PHONE: It RINGS BEFORE CONNECTING. WEDNESDAY'S FACE FILLS THE SCREEN.

INTERCUT WITH:

51

INT. WEDNESDAY'S ROOM - OPHELIA HALL - NIGHT

51

Wednesday's huddled in front of Enid's laptop. Thing waves at her. Tyler keeps glancing at the hand, incredulous.

TYLER  
Uhhh... hi.

WEDNESDAY  
(re: Thing)  
That's Thing.

TYLER  
Is he... like your pet?

Annoyed, Thing flips him off. Wednesday intercedes.

WEDNESDAY  
He's sensitive.  
(gets down to business)  
Are you still willing to help me escape?

TYLER  
Figured after the shenanigans the other day, they'd have you in solitary.

WEDNESDAY  
There's a Harvest Festival this weekend. Attendance is mandatory. I'm going to use it as cover. If you're still willing to drive me to the train station, I can make it worth your while.

\*  
\*  
\*

Tyler glances at the photo of his mother.

TYLER  
I'm in. No charge. Consider it a freebie.

WEDNESDAY  
Why?

TYLER  
Because I wish I was going with you. At least one of us will get out of this hellhole town.

CUT TO:

52

EXT. LAKE JERICHO - NIGHT

52

CAMERA RISES OVER the trees REVEALING the Harvest Festival is in full swing. Carnival rides, food trucks fill a clearing along with game booths are strung with Edison bulbs.

Wednesday stands with Enid. They glance at Tyler, who's in a heated discussion with Galpin. Then watch as he storms away.

ENID

You sure you can trust that Normie?

WEDNESDAY

I trust that I can handle myself.

ENID

Good luck... and safe travels.

Wednesday nods her thanks. Enid goes in for a hug, but Wednesday steps back.

ENID

Still not a hugger. Got it.

As Enid heads off to join Ajax, Wednesday trades glances with Weems, who makes it clear she'll be monitoring her.

CUT TO:

53

EXT. DART-THROWING BOOTH - HARVEST FESTIVAL - NIGHT

53

CLOSE ON a BALLOON POPPING. REVEAL Wednesday expertly throwing darts, obliterating every balloon she aims at. The GAME OPERATOR's impressed. Xavier slides up to her, points to the prizes -- a row of giant stuffed panda bears.

XAVIER

(re: panda bears)

Keep it up and you'll be taking home a whole pack.

WEDNESDAY

Pandas don't travel in packs. They value their solitude.

XAVIER

Subtle hint taken.

He hands the Game Operator a ticket and is given a trio of darts. He takes his first shot. Completely misses.

WEDNESDAY

You should know that I'm waiting for someone.

XAVIER  
So, who's the lucky guy... or girl?

He misses again.

WEDNESDAY  
Why does it matter to you?

Tyler approaches, surprised to see Xavier.

TYLER  
Didn't mean to interrupt.

Xavier takes in the awkward situation. Glares at Tyler. Never anticipated Wednesday would be meeting him. There's clearly history here, but Xavier lets it go.

XAVIER  
You're not.  
(to Wednesday re: Tyler)  
Gotta hand it to you, Wednesday.  
You never fail to surprise.

He throws his last dart, finally nailing a BALLOON, and departs. Wednesday watches, conflicting emotions play across her face. Unaware, Tyler anxiously scans the crowd.

TYLER  
This is gonna be a little trickier than I thought. My dad's tracking me like it's hunting season.

Wednesday sees Weems sitting at a picnic table by a BBQ truck. She holds up a sandwich and gives her a smile.

WEDNESDAY  
I have my own dead weight I need to lose. Meet me behind the parking lot when the fireworks start.

As Tyler nods and leaves, Wednesday throws her last dart, demolishing a BALLOON. The Game Operator goes to hand her a giant panda bear. Wednesday nods over to Weems.

WEDNESDAY  
See that sad lonely woman over there? She needs this pathetic validation more than me.  
(holds up ten dollar bill)  
Mind distracting her?

The Operator smiles, takes the bill, then heads over to Weems  
with the bear. OFF Wednesday as she slips away.

CUT TO:

54A EXT. PARKING AREA - HARVEST FESTIVAL - NIGHT

54A

FIREWORKS explode in the sky washing the scene in a  
multicolored spectrum. Tyler steps out from behind a pickup  
as Wednesday approaches. He hesitates, cautiously pulls a  
file from his jacket.

TYLER

I wanted you to have this. It's  
your father's police file, you  
know, from when he was at  
Nevermore. I think it's the reason  
my dad hates him.

She takes it, regards it before handing it to Thing, who  
slides into her backpack.

TYLER

You okay?

WEDNESDAY

I'm not used to people being nice  
to me. Most see me coming and  
cross the street.

TYLER

You're not scary. You're just  
kinda... kooky.

WEDNESDAY

I prefer spooky.

The teens share a moment, their faces illuminated in the  
sparkling glow of a trio of giant Chrysanthemum fireworks.

WEDNESDAY

My train leaves in an hour. We're  
burning moonlight.

TYLER

Right... car's this way. It's a  
junker, but it'll get you there.

They turn to go, have almost reached the car when:

LUCAS, CARTER, AND JONAH

step from the shadows, holding baseball bats. They're looking for payback for the cafe incident. Wednesday is ready to face them, but Tyler grabs her arm.

TYLER

We can lose them in the crowd!

As they race off into the THRONG watching the fireworks, she collides with a teen in a green hoodie. It's Rowan. The unexpected contact triggers another

55 PSYCHIC VISION.

55

This one consists of THREE QUICK, PAINFUL FLASHES: the purple leather book tumbles through the air, cover ablaze; a droplet of blood splashes in SUPER SLO MO; and lastly, Rowan, in his green hoodie, looks up with dead eyes, blood pluming through his sweatshirt. The VISION ENDS.

BACK TO SCENE

\*

54B EXT. PARKING AREA - HARVEST FESTIVAL - NIGHT

54B \*

Wednesday's eyes snap open. Woozy, she spots the back of Rowan's green hoodie before he's swallowed in the crowd. Tyler catches up.

TYLER

C'mon, we gotta bounce!

Wednesday looks in Rowan's direction. It's a moment of decision. Tyler doesn't understand her hesitation.

TYLER

Wednesday, it's now or never.

Wednesday considers her option, then takes off after Rowan, leaving Tyler confused. PAN TO REVEAL Xavier, watching...

CUT TO:

56 EXT. WOODS - LAKE JERICHO - NIGHT

56

Eerie and moon-soaked. Wednesday powers through the mist and catches up with Rowan. Fireworks BOOM in the distance.

WEDNESDAY

Rowan, wait!

ROWAN

What do you want? Why are you following me?

\*

WEDNESDAY

I don't have time to explain, but  
you're in danger.

Instead of being surprised, he regards Wednesday coolly. He steps towards her, smirking with sudden malevolence. His face is warped by the surreal shadows cast as the firework display reaches its extravagant crescendo.

ROWAN

I think you've got it backwards.

Without warning, he raises his hand and

TELEPATHICALLY LIFTS WEDNESDAY OFF THE GROUND!

She's totally caught off-guard as he viciously HURLS HER AGAINST A TREE, PINNING HER AGAINST THE TRUNK.

ROWAN

You're the one who's in danger!

WEDNESDAY

(struggling)

What are you doing?

ROWAN

Saving everyone from you. I have  
to kill you!

WEDNESDAY

(alarmed, putting it  
together)

The Gargoyle. That was you?

(off his nod)

It's always the quiet ones.

\*  
\*

A SHEET OF FOLDED PAPER TELEPATHICALLY FLIES OUT OF HIS POCKET AND OPENS IN FRONT OF HER FACE. It's the one he ripped from the purple book in the octagonal room -- a drawing featuring Wednesday with her arms in the air and Nevermore in flames behind her!

\*

WEDNESDAY

You want to kill me because of some  
picture?

ROWAN

My mother drew that 25 years ago  
when she was a student at  
Nevermore. She was a powerful  
seer... told me about it before she  
died.

WEDNESDAY  
Rowan, put me down!

ROWAN

No! My mother said it was my destiny to stop this girl if she ever came to Nevermore because she will destroy the school and everyone in it!

He TIGHTENS HIS TELEPATHIC GRIP AROUND WEDNESDAY'S THROAT. Suddenly, an OMINOUS GROWL ECHOES FROM THE MIST. Rowan's eyes nervously track the trees.

WEDNESDAY  
(gasping)  
Rowan... we need...

Before she can finish her sentence, a MONSTROUS SHAPE blurs out of the dark and violently body-slams Rowan. It's the same one Wednesday saw in her VISION OF THE FARMER'S ACCIDENT. The teen screams as the beast thrashes him like a rag doll. The CAMERA DOESN'T LINGER as Rowan's disemboweled with a vicious swipe of the Monster's taloned hand.

RELEASED FROM ROWAN'S TELEPATHIC GRIP, WEDNESDAY DROPS TO THE GROUND. Dazed, she looks up, her breath catching in her throat, her vision in and out of focus as she locks eyes with

THE MONSTER

glaring at her. Its hulking body is CLOAKED IN SHADOW, its eyes a penetrating Arctic blue. With a LOW GROWL, it turns on its haunches and HURTLES into the night.

Weak and shaken, Wednesday crawls to Rowan. Blood plumes on his green hoodie and his dead eyes stare up, EXACTLY LIKE HER VISION. The DRAWING FLUTTERS TO THE GROUND in front of her. She snatches it and studies the image, deeply troubled:

\*  
\*

TRANSITION TO:

57

INT. WEDNESDAY'S ROOM - OPHELIA HALL - NIGHT

57

The sketch now sits next to the police file Tyler gave her. Wednesday tentatively opens it and finds a mug shot of TEENAGE GOMEZ staring back. The word "HOMICIDE" is stamped in red on the charge sheet. Suddenly, the CRYSTAL BALL ON HER DESK SWIRLS WITH BLUE LIGHT. She puts her hand on it and

MORTICIA AND GOMEZ

smile back, their faces gently stretched across the curving surface of the glass.

GOMEZ

Hello, my little black cloud!

MORTICIA

Tell us, darling, how was your  
first week?

Wednesday considers the question...

WEDNESDAY (V.O.)

Let's see. I narrowly avoided  
death twice, discovered that my  
father may be a murderer, learned  
that I could potentially destroy  
the school, and had a brush with a  
supernatural serial killer.

She glances at the sketch and the mugshot. So many questions  
to answer. Finally:

WEDNESDAY

As much as it pains me to admit,  
you were right, Mother. I think  
I'm going to love it here.

Wednesday's eyes flick up and she stares STRAIGHT AT THE LENS  
with a look of dark mischief. OFF the possibilities to come:

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE