

HERE WE WOE AGAIN

A Wednesday Spec Script

Written by

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TEASER

EXT. WEDNESDAY'S DRIVEWAY - DEAD OF NIGHT

Kneeling on her driveway behind the open trunk of her family's car with suitcases perfectly packed in like Tetris, WEDNESDAY ADDAMS (16) stands up and brushes off the dirt from her pants - though you wouldn't have been able to see the dirt anyway.

She's wearing black sweatpants, black combat boots, tall black socks, black gloves, and a black zip-up sweatshirt with the hood pulled over her head. The only parts of her that we can really see clearly are her face and her two classic braids, which move as the wind howls outside.

She tries to close the trunk but is unsuccessful, realizing a few of her suitcases are too big. She pushes down on the trunk of the car gently a few times, trying to ease it into place.

When that doesn't work, she stops and sighs, looking down at the ground, seemingly defeated and giving up.

Suddenly, almost like a jump scare, she aggressively tries to jam the trunk down. When that fails, too, she collapses onto the ground once again, watching from below as the trunk slowly rises up, mocking her. She sighs again, her shoulders dropping.

WEDNESDAY (V.O.)

Trust me. I wouldn't be doing this
if I had any other choice. This...
this is torture.

(beat)

And not the good kind.

BEGIN MONTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

-- Wednesday pulls out duffel bags from the trunk.

WEDNESDAY (V.O.)

You're probably wondering where I'm
headed, since I was expelled from
Nevermore Academy at the end of
last semester.

-- Wednesday puts them back in a different direction.

WEDNESDAY (V.O) (CONT'D)

(deadpan)

The answer is easy. Nevermore
Academy.

(MORE)

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Obviously.

-- Wednesday uses her back to squish the bags in further. One of them falls out.

WEDNESDAY (V.O) (CONT'D)

You would think they'd have offered me a spot when they reopened. It's not like I, you know, saved the school and the fate of the entire student body and faculty or anything.

-- Wednesday pulls out the duffel bags and the larger suitcases and puts them back on the ground. A few topple over in the wind.

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

I had help. Of course. But who am I to judge their decision. They have new staff, new administration, new everything.

(beat)

Actually, I will judge. I bet it's terrible.

(beat)

I can't wait to see it.

-- Wednesday rearranges the suitcases in a different order.

WEDNESDAY (V.O) (CONT'D)

It's not like I want to go back. I really don't. But in my time away from Nevermore, the messages have only become worse.

-- Wednesday is left with a singular suitcase and realizes she now can't fit in the duffel bags, either.

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

My stalker knows things they shouldn't. Things I haven't told anyone.

-- Wednesday takes out the suitcases again and puts them back in as they originally were.

WEDNESDAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 So, I have two options. I can
 continue wasting time here at home,
 twiddling my thumbs, moping around
 like a pathetic sitting duck
 waiting for the slaughter, as if I
 couldn't see it coming.

-- Wednesday carelessly throws in all of the duffel bags
 into the backseat of the car.

WEDNESDAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 But I do. I do see it coming. So
 instead, I'm gonna face it head on.
 (beat)
 I could be running head first into
 a trap. Frankly, that would be
 quite ingenious of them--

-- Wednesday slams the trunk, but is again met with
 resistance.

END MONTAGE.

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)
 Oh, you've gotta be--

Wednesday brings her face closer to the trunk to try and see
 what the culprit is. She stares into the crevice of the
 trunk but can't see anything.

THING (hand, seemingly beyond age) jumps out at her,
 completely taking her by surprise and scaring her. She
 stumbles backward and falls down to the ground. Thing lays
 on his back on the edge of the trunk, wiggling his fingers
 in the air, laughing at her.

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)
 THING!

Thing continues to wiggle around, laughing in different
 directions.

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)
 (shaky)
 You know you can't do that to me.
 Not with what's going on. I felt
 like I could've had a heart attack
 just now.
 (beat, smirking)
 I loved it. Do it again.

Wednesday reaches out her hand so that Thing can help her
 up.

He props the bottom of his wrist up against a suitcase so he can hold her weight and grabs her hand. Wednesday wipes her brow with Thing, who shakes off her sweat with his fingers.

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)
You brought that on yourself.

Thing jumps from Wednesday's hand and climbs up the car, finally closing the trunk for her. He crawls back up to sit on Wednesday's shoulder, and Wednesday starts to walk toward her house. All is quiet... too quiet, she soon realizes.

The wind has stopped, but that's not the reason. There's something else... someone else. She stops dead in her tracks.

She slowly turns her head to scan her surroundings. All she can see is her front yard, illuminated by the soft yellow glow of a streetlamp halfway down her driveway, which appears to be endless in the dark. The lamp flickers, and Wednesday's eyes widen.

Thing taps Wednesday on the shoulder and wags his pointer finger.

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)
(to Thing)
You're right. It's nothing. I know
it's nothing.

A distinct WHOOSH seemingly comes from somewhere behind Wednesday, who whips her body around. Again, nothing. Wednesday chuckles at herself.

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)
(to Thing)
I'm getting too paranoid for my own
good. It's clouding my judgment.

It's quiet again, but this time, the eeriness has subsided. Wednesday continues walking back to her house and makes it all the way up to her front doorstep when she hears a DING from her phone.

She brings the phone up closer to her face so both she and Thing can read it. In the background behind Wednesday as she's holding up the phone, we can see the shadowy figure of a person standing far away in her driveway underneath the streetlamp.

We cut back to the text and see that it's a PHOTO of Wednesday and Thing from behind in that very moment.

Wednesday drops her phone on the ground and turns around, prepared to fight at any moment. The shadowy figure that we saw just moments before has disappeared.

Wednesday sighs and picks up her phone, which has a few cracks in the screen from the fall. She stands up and rubs the screen with her thumb, debating what to do.

WEDNESDAY (V.O) (CONT'D)
Maybe this is a trap. But so what?

Wednesday opens the iMessages app on her phone. Her thumbs hover over the keyboard.

WEDNESDAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I'll bite. I'll play whatever role
you want me to.
(beat)
So go ahead. Here I am.

Wednesday types "*Game on.*" in response to the stalker's photo and hits send. She turns off her phone and looks up straight into the camera. She smirks.

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)
Come and get me. I'd like to see
you try.

ACT I

EXT. WEDNESDAY'S DRIVEWAY — EARLY MORNING

Wednesday slings her backpack over her shoulder, walking away from her parents, MORTICIA ADDAMS (late 30s) and GOMEZ ADDAMS (late 30s), through the front door, and the two hurry outside right behind her.

MORTICIA
I don't understand why on earth you
thought you could get away with
waiting to tell us this until the
last minute.

WEDNESDAY
I didn't think I could get away
with it. I *knew* I could.
(beat)
The school contacted me directly.

MORTICIA
And they didn't think they should,
at the VERY least, give us a heads
up that you would be enrolling?
(MORE)

MORTICIA (CONT'D)
As alums, I figured they would
treat us much better than-

WEDNESDAY
It's a whole new administration now
that Principal Weems is...

There's a sad silence.

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)
...gone.
(beat)
I'm sure the new principal just
forgot. She's got a lot of catching
up to do.

Wednesday opens the car door and puts her backpack in the
backseat.

MORTICIA
(suspiciously)
And who is she, then?

Wednesday looks up and stops. She can't get caught in a lie.
Not now. She's so close.

WEDNESDAY
(confidently)
I'm not sure. I spoke with her
secretary. She didn't use her name.

MORTICIA
I'm not happy about this. Not one
bit.

Wednesday closes the door to the backseat, opens the
passenger-side door and sits down.

WEDNESDAY
I'm confused. Unhappiness is one of
your favorite emotions.

MORTICIA
Not when it comes to you.

WEDNESDAY
I'm 16 now. It's boarding school.
They want us to start becoming more
independent, and so should you.

GOMEZ
(sincerely)
She's right, dear. It's time to let
go. Just a little bit.

Morticia puts her hand on Wednesday's shoulder — an unprecedented act of emotion for the two. Wednesday looks down at her hand with wide eyes and back at her mother, but Wednesday doesn't move it. Thunder suddenly BOOMS, and it starts to rain.

MORTICIA
Oh, look at how lovely. A proper
send off once again.

Wednesday and Morticia meet each others' gaze once more in silence, yet there's an unspoken understanding that there might be a thaw in their relationship. PUGSLEY ADDAMS (13) rushes out the front door in the background.

PUGSLEY
You're leaving now?! But you
promised I could go in the chair!
With electrocution this time!

WEDNESDAY
Don't let anyone else do it until I
get back.

Wednesday closes the passenger door. She turns to LURCH (age unknown as a Frankenstein-like monster), who looks back at her. Thunder BOOMS again. They nod at each other. Perfect.

EXT. NEVERMORE ACADEMY — A FEW HOURS LATER

The Addams' car pulls into the front entrance of Nevermore Academy. Lurch accidentally knocks over a gargoyle statue near the front walkway, and its head falls off. Wednesday and Lurch get out of the car to look at the damage.

WEDNESDAY
(to Lurch)
Don't worry. It looks better this
way.

Wednesday walks over to the same statue placed symmetrically on the other side of the walkway. She SMASHES the gargoyle's head on the ground so that it falls off, too.

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)
There.

Already caught in the act. Wednesday holds the body of the decapitated gargoyle as PRINCIPAL SHELLEY (38) stands menacingly in the center of the massive front door, and, perfectly on cue, lightning STRIKES as Wednesday and Principal Shelley lock eyes.

The door is already open, like the whole school had to prepare for Wednesday's arrival.

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)

(to Lurch)

Can you stay—

Lurch grunts. Wednesday strides calmly toward Principal Shelley, who turns and opens her arm toward the front hall, gesturing for Wednesday to come in.

INT. PRINCIPAL SHELLEY'S OFFICE — MOMENTS LATER

Wednesday sits in a chair directly in front of Principal Shelley's desk. Wednesday quickly looks around the principal's office and is shocked to see the decor, the complete antithesis of the Principal Weems.

To put it simply, it looks like it could be Wednesday's bedroom. Again, the two stare at in silence, baiting each other to be the first one to break it.

We cut back and forth between both characters' stares, quickening in pace. Wednesday finally breaks and opens her mouth to say something but is cut off by Principal Shelley.

PRINCIPAL SHELLEY

What lovely weather we're having today, wouldn't you agree?

Wednesday is confused — Principal Shelley is being completely sincere. Who the hell is this woman? Wednesday looks at the principal's collection of things in her office at the back wall.

WEDNESDAY

What's, um, that— that barrel?

PRINCIPAL SHELLEY

You mean the cask.

WEDNESDAY

Cask. Yes. Sorry.

For some inexplicable reason, Wednesday is intimidated by this woman despite their obvious shared tendencies toward the macabre.

PRINCIPAL SHELLEY
Amontillado.

Wednesday notices a short stone brick wall behind the cask, on top of which sits a skull, staring right into her eyes. A shrine. The woman has a shrine to Poe. Wednesday opens her mouth to speak but is yet again cut off by Principal Shelley.

PRINCIPAL SHELLEY (CONT'D)
You can't stay here.

Wednesday is stunned into silence. She expected some resistance but is overwhelmed by the, well, *everything*.

PRINCIPAL SHELLEY (CONT'D)
Yet.
(beat)
Stay here physically, I mean.

Wednesday is confused, and it obviously shows on her face.

PRINCIPAL SHELLEY (CONT'D)
Your sudden arrival, while expected, puts us in a complicated position. We need to find room for you in our campus housing. We will soon, but until then you need to find your own accommodations, though I imagine this won't be too difficult for someone like you.
(beat)
You're very gifted, Wednesday, yet I gather that's something you already know. Very humbly, I might add.

WEDNESDAY
Thank- thank you, Principal...?

She doesn't even know her name yet, and she's stumbling over her words... what is happening to her?

PRINCIPAL SHELLEY
Shelley. But it's very obvious you need to be serious about becoming a part of this school. We're a community. We need to be, more than ever now, after the... events of last year, which I'm sorry that you're all too familiar with already.

Still, Wednesday is silent.

PRINCIPAL SHELLEY (CONT'D)

I need you to show that you do genuinely value this institution, not just for our education but for our community, and it is a community that desperately needs rebuilding. As such, I want you to create a new organization for the students at this school. Something you're passionate about.

Wednesday scoffs.

WEDNESDAY

A club? You want me to start a club? Done.

PRINCIPAL SHELLEY

Don't be so dismissive.

Wednesday shuts right up.

PRINCIPAL SHELLEY (CONT'D)

You came to this school last year with no intention of staying, yet did because of an ulterior motive. Which, albeit, was ultimately to our benefit.

(beat)

I'm sure you have one again. Frankly, whatever it is, I'm fine with it. You're your own individual, and I want you to be. So go be.

(beat)

But you need to care. All I ask of you is that you prove it.

Wednesday takes that as her cue to leave. She slowly gets up from her chair, and gives Principal Shelley an appreciative nod.

WEDNESDAY

Thank you, Principal Shelley. I will.

Wednesday almost reaches the door to leave.

PRINCIPAL SHELLEY (O.S)

You've demonstrated a clear penchant for breaking the rules, something I... dare I say, secretly admire.

(MORE)

PRINCIPAL SHELLEY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Just don't break this one.

Wednesday almost closes the door.

PRINCIPAL SHELLEY (O.S) (CONT'D)

I like the gargoyles, by the way.

They were missing something.

Wednesday smiles softly and closes the door.

INT. NEVERMORE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Wednesday bumps into XAVIER THORPE (16) before she has time to process everything that just happened with Principal Shelley.

WEDNESDAY

Oh, I'm-

XAVIER

No no, I'm sorry. It's my fault.

Wednesday looks down at the ground with obvious guilt. She stands there in awkward silence, uncertain what to say.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

(disappointed)

I wish I had heard from you a little more, you know.

WEDNESDAY

Yeah, I know, I was... busy.

XAVIER

I saw you finally made an Instagram account. For, um, your writing.

Wednesday looks surprised that he knows that.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

I'm really glad that you were able to use that to help you after... well, everything.

WEDNESDAY

It's definitely been keeping me occupied, that's for sure. But that's not why-

She pauses. She's nervous to let him in.

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)
(serious)
I came back for a reason.

XAVIER
(concerned)
Is everything okay?

WEDNESDAY
Honestly... no. Someone's been...
watching me.

XAVIER
Watching you? Watching you how?

WEDNESDAY
Following me. Sending me things.
Pictures. They know things they
shouldn't.

XAVIER
Things like what?

WEDNESDAY
(sternly)
...Private things.
(beat)
Sorry. There's just a lot on my
mind at the moment. Principal
Shelley told me I have to find
somewhere to stay for a little bit.
There's no room for me, apparently.

XAVIER
(immediately, almost
interrupting)
Come stay with me.

Beat.

WEDNESDAY
...What?

XAVIER
Uh, if you want. I'm rooming with
Eugene this year. He'd be ecstatic,
I'm sure.

Another beat. Wednesday stares weirdly.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
Really. We'd love to have you. You
shouldn't be alone. Especially now.

DING. A message from Wednesday's phone. She winces and checks her texts. We see her screen:

UNKNOWN NUMBER: Have you told him about the dreams yet? I'm sure he'd love to know.

Wednesday's eyes grow wide and looks behind Xavier and then behind herself.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
(concerned)
Was that them? The stalker?

WEDNESDAY
It's fine. Um, yeah. I'll- I'll
stay with you. Thanks.

She smiles. Barely. It kind of comes off as a grimace, actually. But it's a step nonetheless.

INT. XAVIER'S ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Xavier holds open the door to his dorm for Wednesday. She tries to take her last suitcase that Xavier is holding.

XAVIER
No, no. I got it. Go in. Relax for
a second.

EUGENE (15) immediately jumps out of bed and runs over to Wednesday, hugging her. He's kind of squealing a little. She stares awkwardly and doesn't really return the hug for a few seconds, but she doesn't try to leave.

She pats him on the back with one hand. It's weird, but Eugene doesn't seem to notice or care.

EUGENE
Wednesday! It's so good to see you!
What are you doing here?

WEDNESDAY
I'm gonna be staying here for a
bit. If... that's okay.

She darts her eyes at Xavier and back to Eugene.

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)
Xavier said it was.

EUGENE
Well obviously!

This time Wednesday does crack a real smile. Small, but real.

Out of the corner of her eye, she notices something from the boys' corner window. She quickly walks over and peers outside.

ENID SINCLAIR (16) is whispering something to someone behind a wall. Wednesday just barely can't see who it is. The two friends lock eyes. Wednesday waves.

It's the biggest smile we've seen from her this whole time. But Enid's eyes widen and she freezes.

She turns to look at the other person, who grabs her and pulls her away behind the wall.

ACT II

Wednesday furrows her brow, slowly turning away from the window while keeping her eyes locked outside until the last second.

WEDNESDAY

Do you guys know what Enid's been up to lately?

XAVIER

Honestly... no, not really. She's been a little.. distant, to say the least.

Eugene snickers.

EUGENE

Yeah, well, there hasn't been a lot of distance between her and Ajax, that's for sure.

XAVIER

Eugene—

EUGENE

What? It's not like they're trying to hide it. I feel like I can't go two seconds without seeing them...

He moves his hands back and forth together, trying to mime two people making out... it looks weird.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

(grossed out)

It's like they're eating each other.

Eugene shudders.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Maybe that's a wolf thing, I don't know.

(beat)

You know, now that I think about it, she does have her claws out sometimes.

WEDNESDAY

(disgusted)

Okay, that's enough of that. If I wanted to vomit today I would've listened to one of Enid's Spotify playlists on my way here.

EUGENE

Not even Taylor Swift?

XAVIER

Who doesn't like Taylor Swift?

WEDNESDAY

(deadpan)

I don't ever wanna hear you guys say those words around me again.

Wednesday tucks her hair behind her ear, though it comes off more as disappointment rather than discomfort.

XAVIER

He's right, though. The two of them have practically been joined at the hip for the last month. I haven't ever seen Enid alone, actually. Not since they moved in together.

WEDNESDAY

They WHAT?!

INT. OUTSIDE ENID'S DORM — MOMENTS LATER

Wednesday bangs her fist on Enid's door. Xavier and Eugene race in the background behind Wednesday to catch up to her, but Eugene stops and puts his hands on his knees to catch his breath (he's obviously not very athletic).

EUGENE

Wednesday—

WEDNESDAY

(snapping at him)

Save it.

Xavier knows when to cut his losses, so he shares a silent glance with Wednesday as he stays to check on Eugene - he's still struggling a bit.

Wednesday BANGS on the door again, harder this time. Enid opens the door mid-bang, and she catches Wednesday's fist in the air. Her movements are too fast to be human.

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)

Wow. Hello to you too.

ENID

Aw, I forgot how sweet it is when you underestimate me.

The two hold their hands together in the air for a little too long. Ajax notices and shifts uncomfortably. Enid shoots out her claws from her fingernails.

ENID (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah. I can do this on command now way better than before.

EUGENE (O.S)

See, I told you they do it with her claws out!

Wednesday slowly turns her head around to look at Eugene, and Enid peeks around Wednesday to do the same. Xavier closes his eyes and shakes his head, grabbing Eugene by the shoulder and pulling him away.

XAVIER

C'mon, little man.

EUGENE

But—

The two walk away in hushed silence since Wednesday and Enid are obviously having a... moment. Wednesday and Enid realize they're still holding hands and awkwardly break them apart.

WEDNESDAY

Why are you dorming with Ajax?

ENID

Why is it any of your business?

WEDNESDAY

I just.. wanted to check up on you and make sure you're okay. I saw you outside earlier and you seemed scared.

ENID

Well, *friends* check up on each other. Something you clearly don't know anything about, since you haven't done so in months.

WEDNESDAY

I'm sorry.

ENID

I don't wanna hear it.

WEDNESDAY

I'm in danger.

Enid widens her eyes and sighs in a way that says "not again." She looks out from the door frame in both directions and then gestures for Wednesday to come into her dorm.

INT. ENID'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ajax stands awkwardly in the middle of the room with his hands in his pockets (as if that would somehow stretch out his too-tight skinny jeans) while Enid closes the door behind Wednesday.

AJAX

Hey, Wednesday.

Wednesday has her arms crossed. She gives him a curt wave with a slightly pained expression on her face.

WEDNESDAY

(to Ajax)

Would you mind giving us a little privacy? There's something I need to talk to Enid about.

AJAX

Sure thing.

Ajax is being too nice to someone who is very obviously disturbed by his presence, but it's clear that he's trying for Enid.

Ajax begins to put on his headphones over his beanie and goes to lay down in his bed.

ENID

Thanks, babe.

WEDNESDAY

Well?

Wednesday clears her throat, looks toward the door and back at Ajax.

AJAX (CONT'D)
But... this is my room. You came in here.

Wednesday feels no need to respond. Enid gives Ajax a small, guilty smile.

ENID
Just for a few minutes?

Ajax reluctantly starts to walk out of the room, but Enid gives him a quick kiss on the cheek before he leaves. Wednesday looks down, kicking her feet while she waits. She looks up at Enid after the door closes.

ENID (CONT'D)
(concerned)
Wednesday... what's going on? What happened to you?

The two move to sit down beside each other on Enid's bed.

WEDNESDAY
I've... been getting messages from someone. I don't know who. They keep sending me things—

ENID
Wait, I'm sorry, messages? Like, text messages? Since when do you have a phone?

WEDNESDAY
Oh, um, Xavier got me one before the end of last semester.

Enid raises her eyebrows.

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)
(harshly)
It's not like that.

ENID
Sorry, yes, not the point right now.

WEDNESDAY
Not the point ever.

ENID
(sarcastically)
Yeah, okay sure. We'll go with that.

(MORE)

ENID (CONT'D)
(beat)
So.. these texts.

WEDNESDAY
They started right as I was leaving
Nevermore.

ENID
It's been going on for that long?
And you're just now telling me?

WEDNESDAY
I didn't know who I could trust.

ENID
(slightly hurt)
Okay, I'm gonna let that one go
because we have bigger things at
stake here.
(beat)
You always have me, Wednesday.
We're gonna figure this out.

Their hands are close to touching. Wednesday notices, but
Enid doesn't.

Enid gets up from the bed and begins to head to the door.

ENID (CONT'D)
Oh! I almost forgot.

She races to her bedside table, opens it and looks for
something.

BUZZ. A text message lights up Enid's phone on her bed.
Wednesday's suspicious nature gets the best of her — she
quickly glances over to see what Enid is doing. She's still
rummaging through the drawers.

ENID (CONT'D)
Ugh, I know it's here somewhere. If
you couldn't tell, Ajax has the
most absurd definition of clean
I've literally ever seen. I'm gonna
have to talk to him about it soon.
At first I thought I could handle
it, but—

Wednesday leans over to read the message on Enid's phone.

AJAX: *Tell me how much she knows so I can figure out what we
should do next.*

ENID (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 -it's getting pretty ridiculous.
 All my stuff is crammed on my side
 of the room because his stuff is
 slowly creeping into my side. It's
 like a fungus that keeps growing.
 (beat)
 Are all guys like this? Sometimes I
 feel like I'd be better off without
 one.

BUZZ. Wednesday feels her own phone get a text message.

*ANONYMOUS: I see you've found your way back to Nevermore.
 Can't say I'm surprised. You've always had a knack for
 putting yourself in danger somehow. You're making this so
 easy for me.*

Enid suddenly stops rummaging through her drawers and looks
 up. She sucks in her breath through her teeth, realizing her
 comment about Ajax was kind of harsh.

ENID (CONT'D)
 Don't tell Ajax I said that.
 (beat)
 Ah, here it is!

She pulls out a black book from the drawer and dusts off the
 front cover. The title reads: *The 666 Most Bizarre Deaths
 Since 666.*

ENID (CONT'D)
 I got you this over the summer when
 I was working at that bookstore in
 Jericho. I tried to read it, since
 I knew it was something you'd be
 into, but it gives me the creeps.
 Honestly, I don't even like having
 it in my room, I feel like it's got
 this evil aura to it, but I felt
 like that would be perfect for you-

Enid turns around to give the book to Wednesday when she
 sees that Wednesday isn't paying attention to her and is
 staring at her phone.

ENID (CONT'D)
 Oh my god, are you okay? Did you
 get another text?

She glances around the room and lowers her voice.

ENID (CONT'D)
(whispering)
From the stalker?

Wednesday's eyes widen, but she quickly calms down.

WEDNESDAY
Uh, no. I mean, yes, I got a text,
but it's um.. from Eugene. He told
me I forgot one of my bags in the
front hall.

ENID
Oh, okay. That's a relief.

Wednesday immediately jumps off Enid's bed and hurries
toward the door.

ENID (CONT'D)
Well, wait! I should come with you.

Enid begins to follow Wednesday.

ENID (CONT'D)
It's not safe for you to be by
yourself right now.

WEDNESDAY
It's fine. It's daylight.

ENID
I kind of feel like the daylight
isn't gonna be the thing that stops
this sociopathic freak. Like,
what's he gonna think? "Now's the
perfect time to go get her. She's
alone and no one's around. Ah,
never mind, the sun's out."

WEDNESDAY
(interrupting her)
I don't need a babysitter.

Enid's face and shoulders drop. Wednesday opens her mouth to
apologize, but quickly decides against it. She turns around
to open the door.

ENID
Wait, your book!

WEDNESDAY (O.S)
I'll get it later.

The door SLAMS SHUT.

INT. NEVERMORE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Wednesday rushes down the corridor. Her arms are crossed, and she suspiciously glances at everyone around her, scanning the hallway as if she's looking for someone.

Her head is turned to the side, so she doesn't see it coming when BAM! She bumps into Principal Shelley, spilling her coffee all over her shirt.

WEDNESDAY

Principal Shelley, I'm so sorry-

Principal Shelley holds up her hand, as if to say "stop talking." Wednesday does.

PRINCIPAL SHELLEY

It's why I always wear black.

(beat)

Well, not really. But it's a nice perk.

Wednesday gives her a weak smile and begins to walk around her.

PRINCIPAL SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Wednesday?

Wednesday stops in her tracks.

WEDNESDAY

(nervously)

Yes?

PRINCIPAL SHELLEY

I just wanted to follow up about our discussion earlier.

WEDNESDAY

I'm working on it, I promise.

PRINCIPAL SHELLEY

I'm sure you are, but I wanted to let you know that you have two days.

WEDNESDAY

I'm sorry?

PRINCIPAL SHELLEY

We're getting a lot of transfer applications that I'm holding off on for you. I know you've got it in you.

She gives Wednesday a warm smile and walks off. Wednesday stares for a moment, then shakes her head and continues walking.

INT. NEVERMORE COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Wednesday sits on a stone bench on the side of the courtyard. She watches the rest of the students chatting away, smiling, giggling. Not a care in the world.

WEDNESDAY (V.O)

There's no way it could be Enid and Ajax, right? Enid couldn't hurt a fly if she tried. And Ajax... well, a gust of wind is enough to snap him like a twig.

She continues scanning the courtyard.

WEDNESDAY (V.O) (CONT'D)

But the rest of these... people... what would they have against me? They don't even *know* me.

BIANCA BARCLAY (16) suddenly walks in front of Wednesday.

BIANCA

Hey! I didn't know you were back.

Wednesday narrows her eyes.

WEDNESDAY

Hi, I, uh. I need to be alone right now.

Bianca scoffs.

BIANCA

Glad to see you've changed.

She rolls her eyes and walks away.

XAVIER (O.S)

Wednesday!

Wednesday sees Xavier from across the courtyard, eagerly jogging toward her. She gets up from the bench to meet him halfway.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Are you okay? What did he say?

His brow is furrowed in concern.

WEDNESDAY

What did who say?

XAVIER

The stalker. Who else?

WEDNESDAY

How do you know he texted me?

XAVIER

It's written all over your face.
You're staring at everyone like
your eyes could shoot daggers if
someone looked at you for too long.

He gives her a pained chuckle.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

That was a joke.

(beat)

Pew pew pew.

He mimes something shooting from his eyes with his pointer
fingers. Wednesday doesn't laugh.

WEDNESDAY (V.O)

Not him, too. Could it be?

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)

I think it's better if I stay
somewhere else.

XAVIER

What are you talking about?

Wednesday brushes past him, accidentally hitting the side of
his body.

WEDNESDAY

I need some time to think.

XAVIER

Wait a minute-

He grabs her shoulder to turn her around.

WEDNESDAY

Don't.

She glares at him, hurt and confused but still angry. Maybe
her eyes *could* shoot daggers.

EXT. CRACKSTONE'S CRYPT - LATER

Wednesday carries her backpack and a duffel bag, hunched over from the weight. She looks up at the crypt, towering over her. Defeated, she sighs and enters.

INT. CRACKSTONE'S CRYPT - CONTINUOUS

Wednesday throws her bags down on the ground. It's dark and damp, but she doesn't care. She gets down on the ground, too, and leans against a wall, putting her head in her hands. She hears a twig SNAP from outside. Her head raises sharply at the noise. We hear a PITTER PATTERN slowly inching closer.

Thing emerges from the darkness. He crawls over and sits down next to Wednesday.

WEDNESDAY

(to Thing)

It always seems to end up with just
you and me, doesn't it?

ACT III

INT. CRACKSTONE'S CRYPT - MORNING

Wednesday is fast asleep in the same position as the previous night, sitting down with her back up against the stone wall of the crypt. Thing is squished between Wednesday's head and shoulder — she's using him as a pillow. He squirms around, using his fingers to try and set himself free.

WEDNESDAY

(half-asleep, to Thing)

Will you stop?

XAVIER

Wednesday?

Wednesday jumps up to the sound of his voice, brushing the dust off her pants and shaking the hair out of her face. Thing stands upright on his fingers on Wednesday's shoulder.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

You have dirt on your face. Here—

He takes a step toward her with his hand outstretched, about to wipe it off himself.

WEDNESDAY

Don't come any closer. I know jiu jitsu. And— Thing knows how to get you where it hurts.

Thing turns his fingers to look at her as if to say, "why are you putting *me* up to fight?" She meets his "gaze" and shakes her head to shush him.

XAVIER

I'm not here to hurt you.

WEDNESDAY

How am I supposed to know that, Xavier? How am I supposed to trust you? Trust *anyone*?

XAVIER

Wednesday, you already accused me once of being the hyde. I went to jail because of you. It took a lot for me last year to forgive you.

WEDNESDAY

(panicking)

Well, that's all the more reason for you to want to hurt me, and frankly, I don't blame you. I was callous and impulsive and cruel, I know, but I just—

XAVIER

You're not hearing me. What I'm trying to say is that if I'm here right now, it's because I want to be. For you. Not for me.

WEDNESDAY

I've— I've just.. Heard those words before. And even worse, for the first time... I trusted them.

There's a weird beat of tension... Something still a little too raw and painful that it had been left unspoken until now.

XAVIER

I'm not him, Wednesday.

WEDNESDAY

I don't know that.

XAVIER

Yes, you do.

Wednesday bites her lip and shakes her head, her arms crossed as if she were holding and protecting herself. Xavier takes a step closer to her again and waits to see Wednesday's reaction.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Let me prove it to you.

He reaches out his hand. Standing perfectly, almost eerily still, Wednesday looks down with just her eyes at his outstretched hand and then back up at his face. Xavier nods his head ever so gently.

Thing jumps down from Wednesday's shoulder, crawls down her arm, hops into Xavier's hand and crawls up his arm. He situates himself on top of Xavier's shoulder in the same way he had sat on Wednesday's.

Xavier looks down at Thing, chuckles to himself and looks back at Wednesday. He raises his eyebrows as if to say, "well?"

Wednesday cracks a smile, but quickly shuts it down and returns to her famous resting.. well, blank face.

WEDNESDAY

Only cause I trust Thing. You still have some work to do.

XAVIER

Sir, yes sir.

Xavier lets his hand hang in the air for a few more seconds. The moment is ruined by a loud rustle in the leaves outside.

EUGENE (O.S)

(whisper-yelling)

God da- ow! Why must you be there right now?

Xavier drops his and, and he and Wednesday share a confused look. Eugene is yelling at... a rock?

XAVIER

Eugene?

Xavier and Wednesday lean over to peek out of the entrance and see Eugene holding one foot, hopping up and down. Eugene pauses mid-hop and turns to face them with an awkward smile on his face.

EUGENE

Hey guys.

WEDNESDAY

Have you been here this whole time?

Eugene shakes his foot and puts it back down on the ground.

EUGENE

Well ye-, um, the answer isn't...
no.

XAVIER

You could've come in, you know.

EUGENE

I hate to break it to you, but I'm
not sure that you really understand
the concept of eavesdropping. See,
what you're supposed to do is- god,
this really hurts.

Eugene picks up his foot and rubs it again.

XAVIER

Come on, little man. We gotta get
you back.

EUGENE

But I wanna help you guys find
this.. this stalker freak too!

WEDNESDAY

Well, you're not gonna be doing
much of that with...

She looks at Eugene. He's covered in dirt and sweat from
hiding outside, and he's still holding his foot in pain.
Wednesday licks her finger and tries to rub off a huge
smudge of dirt on his forehead, but it's pretty stuck on
there. She drops her hand in defeat.

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)

...the way you are right now. Let's
get you fixed up first and then
we'll see.

XAVIER

(whispering to Wednesday)
That could take hours.

WEDNESDAY

(whispering to Xavier)
I'm just trying to appease him for
now. What else are we gonna do with
him-

EUGENE
Guys, I'm literally right here—

XAVIER
(whispering to Wednesday)
See, he's already being difficult.

Wednesday goes over to Eugene and puts his arm around her shoulder to help him walk. She gives Xavier a look, and he sighs and chuckles.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
Alright, up you go, little man.

Xavier takes Eugene's other arm so he and Wednesday can hold him up and help him walk.

EUGENE
Guys, really, I'm fine.

His overconfidence comes back to bite him. He squirms out of their grasp, but then immediately falls forward onto the ground. Xavier and Wednesday look at each other simultaneously and bend down to help him up.

INT. XAVIER'S ROOM - LATER

Xavier and Wednesday sit Eugene down on his bed.

WEDNESDAY
We need to start gathering supplies.

XAVIER
I think I have a first aid kit somewhere in my bottom drawer—

WEDNESDAY
No. Supplies for our operation tonight.

XAVIER
Tonight?

EUGENE
Wait wait wait, I don't need an operation. My ankle is just sprained.

WEDNESDAY
No, the operation to catch my stalker. Operation Quoth the Raven.
(MORE)

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)

We're gonna trap the guy who's behind this. Even if it is... you know...

There's a bit of awkward, silent sadness in the air that no one knows how to tiptoe around.

EUGENE

I don't really like that operation name.

XAVIER

Yeah, it doesn't really have a good ring to it.

WEDNESDAY

(offended)

It rhymes! It sounds good!

EUGENE

Do you know what also sounds good right now? My ankle nicely wrapped up. Preferably with a bow. I'm kind of feeling like I'm gonna need to be able to walk if we're really gonna do this today.

WEDNESDAY

Okay, fine.

(beat)

Xavier?

Xavier opens his mouth to say something but decides against it. He kneels down to rummage through the bottom drawer of his bedside table for the first aid kit.

Wednesday aggressively opens up all of her duffel bags and begins pulling out a variety of... concerning items. A pair of handcuffs, some kind of thick twine, binoculars, and an arrow. She stuffs those three items into her backpack.

EUGENE

Why in God's name do you have all of that?

(beat)

Actually, never mind. I don't want to know.

Wednesday ignores him.

WEDNESDAY

Thing! Where is the crossbow? That was the one thing you were responsible for packing.

Thing bends his knuckles and backs up, cowering in shame.

XAVIER

Crossbow? Wednesday, no. Absolutely not.

WEDNESDAY

We don't know what we're going up against! But, if my... suspicions are correct about a certain pink-haired wolf-gorgon duo, we're gonna need defense.

XAVIER

You're right. We don't know what we're going up against, so you very well could be completely wrong and neither of them show up.

Xavier finds the first aid kit and stands up to help wrap up Eugene's ankle. He takes off Eugene's sock, and much to his disgust, a disturbing scent emanates from his foot.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Dude...

EUGENE

It's medical. I'm sorry.

Reluctantly and with a surprising ability to hold his breath for a long time, Xavier secures Eugene's ankle with medical tape. Wednesday continues to search through her duffel bags and suitcases, throwing things all over the boys' floor.

XAVIER

No, yeah, that's... totally fine, I didn't really want to see the floor anyway.

WEDNESDAY

I don't know how I don't have anything that works.

Xavier and Eugene look around at the floor, completely cluttered with Wednesday's clothes.

XAVIER

Yeah, I'm also having a little bit of trouble believing that.

WEDNESDAY

We need to go to Jericho. There's no way we're gonna pull this off looking like this.

Xavier and Eugene look at each other and back at Wednesday, completely confused. They're wearing the most normal clothes.

EUGENE

I'm struggling to see what we need to do differently.

WEDNESDAY

Yes, I'm well aware.

Eugene cocks his head, unsure if he should be offended or not.

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)

(to Eugene)

Are you able to walk on your foot now?

Eugene slowly gets off his bed and puts weight on his foot.

EUGENE

Actually, yeah, I can! Thanks, Xavier!

XAVIER

For Wednesday's sake and because it's getting late, I'm gonna pretend like your surprise there didn't sting a little bit.

WEDNESDAY

He's right. We gotta make sure we leave so we have enough time and so that we can catch the last bus back to Nevermore.

Xavier and Eugene share a nervous sigh.

XAVIER

Alright. What did you have in mind?

EXT. JERICO TOWN SQUARE - LATER

We see an establishing shot of Jericho and then the three standing outside of a thrift shop. They stare at a store sign that reads *Jericho's Jackpot*.

XAVIER
You've gotta be kidding me.

WEDNESDAY
You'd be surprised.

Wednesday opens the door and holds it so that Eugene and Xavier can walk in before her.

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)
You'll never guess where I got that crossbow. Remind me later to tell you-

XAVIER (O.S)
Nope, I'm good!

INT. JERICHO'S JACKPOT THRIFT STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Xavier and Eugene search through the clothing racks.

XAVIER
What are we even looking for anyway?

Wednesday browses through other miscellaneous items and trinkets.

WEDNESDAY
Anything that will help disguise you. Like some kind of camouflage or all black.

She pauses when she reaches a heavy metal candlestick. She picks it up and shows it to the boys.

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)
What do you guys think about this?

XAVIER
What is this, Clue?

WEDNESDAY
But just in case-

XAVIER
No. Weapons. We're just going to stake out the scene and see who shows up. Low stakes.

WEDNESDAY
No, everything is at stake. Like, you know, my life.

EUGENE

Have you ever considered maybe the stalker doesn't want to kill you?

Wednesday and Xavier stop browsing in unison and look at Eugene.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

I mean, let's be honest. If he constantly knows where you are, he's had a lot of chances already. So, maybe he just... enjoys the chase and likes having that kind of power over you. He just enjoys scaring you.

There's a beat of silence.

XAVIER

Little dude's got a point, actually.

Wednesday hesitates and considers this for a moment.

WEDNESDAY

I guess you're right.

The boys turn around and continue looking for a disguise. Wednesday starts to put the candlestick back on the shelf, but then she looks around the store to make sure no one is looking and puts it in her backpack.

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)

Alright, what've we got so far?

BEGIN MONTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Eugene and Xavier take turns in the dressing rooms trying on different types of outfits for Wednesday that will (ideally) camouflage them in the dark.

-- Xavier comes out in forest green colors.

WEDNESDAY

Right idea, but it's still too bright.

XAVIER

This is torture.

WEDNESDAY

Don't you know me by now? That's kinda my whole thing.

-- Eugene comes out in a red t-shirt and lime green basketball shorts.

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)

Okay, those aren't even remotely the right colors. Do you want us to get caught?

EUGENE

This is like the only thing they have in my size!

-- Xavier comes out in an army-style camouflage set.

WEDNESDAY

See? It's perfect.

XAVIER

(sarcastic)

All it's missing is the matching semi-automatic.

WEDNESDAY

(confused and deadpan)

They don't have that here.

XAVIER

I'm kidd- have you listened to a single word I've said about the weapons this entire time?

-- Eugene comes out in a black and gray flannel that's at least 5 sizes too big for him and black sweatpants that are probably 2 too big; they keep falling at his waist. Xavier and Wednesday turn their heads and look him up and down as if that will fix the problem.

WEDNESDAY

We'll just tie it with the twine.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. JERICHO'S JACKPOT THRIFT STORE

The store bell RINGS as the three walk out of the store in their new outfits: Xavier's army-esque set, Eugene's baggy mess, and Wednesday's cat woman-like all black, skin-tight outfit, tight black gloves and all. Xavier looks at Wednesday.

XAVIER

(to Wednesday)

You look incr-

Wednesday gives him a disapproving look with raised brows, as if to tell him that she doesn't really want to hear him say it but still lowkey wants to be complimented.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
-incredibly intimidating.

Wednesday gives him a singular nod and looks forward.

EXT. JERICHO TOWN SQUARE - MOMENTS LATER

The three sit down on the side of a fountain and huddle over a piece of paper in Wednesday's notebook that she's pulled out from her backpack.

Wednesday makes a rough sketch of the woods outside of Nevermore near Crackstone's Crypt and the lake. She draws little circles for where the three of them will be positioned.

WEDNESDAY
I'm gonna be up on top of the crypt
so I have a good vantage point to
try and see them from right above
so I know exactly when they goes
in.

(beat)
Xavier, you stay closer to the lake
shore so we can gauge how much time
it's gonna take for them to get to
the crypt from there.

(beat)
Eugene, you can-

Eugene looks up bright-eyed and bushy tailed at the implication that Wednesday is actually going to give him a real part to play in the plan.

Wednesday looks him up and down again as he pulls at and itches the twine that's holding up his sweatpants.

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)
Actually, just stay by me.

She pats him on the shoulder.

EUGENE
(defeated)
Can I at least use your binoculars?

Wednesday sighs.

Fine.
WEDNESDAY
(MORE)

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)

(beat)

I don't know what to say.

She pulls out her phone and opens up her messages to the text chain with the stalker. She takes a deep, shaky breath. She's putting on her signature cold, unwaveringly brave face, but Eugene and Xavier give each other a knowing look - she's really scared.

WEDNESDAY: Haven't heard from you in a bit. What's the matter? Getting cold feet?

She hits send and puts her phone face down next to her on the stone of the fountain's edge. It BUZZES immediately.

XAVIER

Wow, that was fast.

EUGENE

What a loser. Does he have nothing better to do than sit by his phone?

Xavier gives him a "what the hell" look.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Well, you know, amongst other things.

Wednesday picks up her phone and reads the message, holding her breath.

ANONYMOUS: Never. I couldn't forget about you if I tried.

Wednesday pauses for a moment to craft her response. She types something but then deletes it. She finally figures out what to say.

WEDNESDAY: Try harder. You'll never find me. You don't have the strength to get where I am.

Wednesday shows her phone to Xavier and Eugene.

WEDNESDAY

Is this good?

The boys look at her screen.

XAVIER

Yeah, I feel like that works. Could be, like, psychological strength, but also the upper body strength needed to row across the lake to the crypt.

WEDNESDAY

Thank you for mansplaining my own
idea to me.

EUGENE

Well, *I* didn't get it. So, thanks
Xavier.

Now it's Xavier's turn to pat Eugene on the back.

XAVIER

No problem, buddy.

Wednesday hits send and we hear the tell-tale iPhone
"whoosh" sending tone. She looks down at the ground, trying
not to let the fear show.

Eugene grabs her hand and squeezes it. Xavier then joins in
and grabs the same hand. She looks up at the two of them.

For the first time in a long time, a genuine smile crosses
her face. She relaxes her shoulders - she finally can see
that she's safe with them by her side.

ACT IV

EXT. NEVERMORE WOODS OUTSIDE CRYPT - NIGHT

Xavier hides behind a big rock near the lake shore.
Wednesday lies on her stomach on the ground, adjusting her
position to be comfortable. She tries to move quietly.
Eugene keeps shifting incriminatingly loudly, rustling all
of the autumn leaves underneath him.

EUGENE

I have to go to the bathroom. It's
uncomfortable.

WEDNESDAY

Why didn't you go before?

EUGENE

(childlike)

I didn't have to go then.

WEDNESDAY

Well hold it.

EUGENE

(mimicking her silently)

Well hold it.

He pulls out the binoculars and holds them up to his face
with a huge grin.

EUGENE (CONT'D)
 (excitedly)
 I've always wanted a reason to do
 this.
 (beat)
 I mean, I wish it were under
 different circumstances, obviously.

He looks through them. Wednesday pulls out the candlestick
 for defense.

EUGENE (CONT'D)
 Oh, I see Xavier. Hi Xavier!

Eugene waves. Xavier hears his name and looks around. He
 just barely spots the two of them in the distance on top of
 the hill with the crypt underneath. He sees the candlestick
 and Eugene's excitement. He throws his arms up in a "what
 the hell is wrong with you guys" kind of way.

FADE TO:

EXT. NEVERMORE WOODS OUTSIDE CRYPT - A LITTLE LATER

Eugene has rolled onto his back. He's put the binoculars
 down. He's now playing with the twine that's holding up his
 pants by twisting the ends around with his fingers.

EUGENE
 Where is this guy?

WEDNESDAY
 Oh, I'm sorry, Eugene, is my
 stalker taking too long for you?

EUGENE
 ...No.

BUZZ. Wednesday receives a text. Eugene shoots up from his
 position to look at her phone with her.

XAVIER: *Argue quieter. I can hear you.*

FADE TO:

EXT. NEVERMORE WOODS OUTSIDE CRYPT - EVEN LATER

Wednesday is still lying on her stomach, brows furrowed and
 eyes staring like she hasn't blinked in hours. She's waiting
 like she's in a trance - a predator ready to pounce at any
 moment.

Eugene is crouched down. He's anxiously bouncing his legs.

EUGENE

Wednesday, I really have to go. I
can't wait any longer.

Wednesday's annoyance breaks her out of the trance.

WEDNESDAY

Jesus, okay, just- find a tree or
something. Be quick. If your
bladder ends up being the thing
that gets us killed, I'm gonna kill
you first.

EUGENE

THANK you!

Eugene puts the binoculars on the ground and stands up,
scanning the area for a good tree for the job. Wednesday
squints and sees two figures in the distance.

WEDNESDAY

Wait, wait. I think I see
something.

Her eyes widen at the realization. She looks like she's seen
a ghost.

She was right. It's Ajax and Enid.

She waits for a moment, frozen in disbelief. She shakes
herself out of it and pulls out her phone to text Xavier.

WEDNESDAY: Why didn't you tell me they were coming?

BUZZ. Xavier responds immediately.

*XAVIER: Who? What are you talking about? No one's passed by
here.*

*WEDNESDAY: It's the two of them. They're working together. I
knew it. Get here now.*

Enid and Ajax have come a lot closer - Wednesday can see
them right beneath her. She hears them whispering.

ENID

I don't like this. We shouldn't be
here.

AJAX

It'll be fine. No one will find us.

Eugene realizes that someone is coming and quickly turns around. He trips on the binoculars, sending them flying down the hill. They land right in front of Ajax and Enid.

Wednesday gives Eugene a terrifyingly angry look. He doesn't even see it, though. He immediately grabs the candlestick out of Wednesday's hands and races down the hill. He's holding it above his head like he's ready to strike.

Enid and Ajax look up and see him charging down.

ENID

(scared)

Eugene? What are you doing here?

Wednesday sighs, shakes her head and gets up. She's determined to follow his bravery, even if it is impulsive.

EUGENE

Don't play dumb. We knew you were coming.

AJAX

We? Who else is here?

WEDNESDAY

Are you kidding me?

ENID

(surprised)

Wednesday?

WEDNESDAY

You can drop the act now.

(scoffing)

I knew it. I knew I couldn't trust you two.

(beat)

And after all we went through. I know I put you through a lot, but I just-

Wednesday stops.

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)

I can't even look at you right now.

ENID

What are you talking about?

Enid steps forward to get closer to Wednesday.

EUGENE

STAY BACK! Back I said!

Eugene holds the candlestick like he's about to enter a duel. He's trying his hardest to be menacing. For the first time, it's actually kind of working.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

If you want to get to her, you'll
have to go through me first.

Xavier runs up behind Enid and Ajax.

XAVIER

And me.

Xavier is definitely menacing. Wednesday, Eugene and Xavier now have Ajax and Enid surrounded.

ENID

Get to her? I don't know what you
guys think is going on here, but-

EUGENE

We know you've been following
Wednesday. Threatening her.

XAVIER

How could you do it?

Enid scoffs in disbelief.

ENID

Is this truly what you think of me?
You *really* think I could do
something like that?

(beat)

Wednesday?

Wednesday doesn't respond. She couldn't find the right words if she tried.

ENID (CONT'D)

I've put up with- with your bitter
comments, your ruthless honesty,
your complete lack of empathy and
inability to think about anyone but
yourself. And here you go again.

(beat)

I can't even begin to tell you how
worried I've been about you today.

WEDNESDAY

If you were so worried then why
didn't you check on me? How am I
not supposed to read that as
suspicious?

ENID

Oh please. It's not like you would've responded anyway.

(beat)

I've been a great friend to you. You should know that by now, and the fact that you don't tells me *everything* I need to know.

WEDNESDAY

But- why are you here then?

Enid looks at Ajax fearfully.

AJAX

You gotta tell her.

Enid sighs.

ENID

I- I've been... struggling recently... when I wolf out.

(beat)

It *hurts*. A lot. Something I wish somebody had told me earlier on.

(beat)

And I get so- just so *angry* because of the pain, and then I feel like I can't control myself after I turn. Ajax has been staying with me while I do it. He helps me calm down afterward.

(beat)

I've been so scared that I'm gonna hurt someone.

(beat)

I'm scared that I'm gonna hurt you.

Wednesday is completely silent.

ENID (CONT'D)

It's why I've been so distant - so I don't feel like I'm gonna hurt you. And yet, ironically, somehow that's what you thought I was doing all along anyway.

WEDNESDAY

I don't know what to say.

ENID

I don't even know what I want you to say.

The two stand opposite each other. The hurt and tension is so palpable you could cut it with a knife.

WEDNESDAY

I wanna stop hurting you.

ENID

I wanna stop hurting you, too.

WEDNESDAY

How do we do that?

ENID

You just... you have to start trusting people, Wednesday.

Wednesday stares straight ahead, eyes wide. For the first time, she starts tearing up in front of people.

ENID (CONT'D)

It's eating at you, I know.

Tears drop onto Wednesday's cheeks. She tries not to acknowledge it.

ENID (CONT'D)

It's gonna kill you from the inside if you don't let it out.

And Wednesday does. She can't hold it in anymore.

WEDNESDAY

(crying)

I don't know how I'm supposed to do this again. The last time I trusted someone- the last time I-

She pauses.

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)

The last time I loved someone...

ENID

We know, Wednesday.

Enid takes a step forward and puts her hand on her shoulder. Surprisingly, Wednesday lets it stay there.

ENID (CONT'D)

We know.

(beat)

We're gonna figure this out. I know it's paralyzing, but... you don't have to do this on your own.

WEDNESDAY

(wiping away tears)

Well, it doesn't matter anyway. I'm gonna be sent home tomorrow.

ENID

What are you talking about?

WEDNESDAY

I had to come up with a new club on campus in order to be able to stay here. Principal Shelley gave me a hard deadline, and I haven't come up with anything, much less have any members.

XAVIER

Isn't that such bullsh-

He looks at Eugene.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Isn't that... so ridiculous?

Eugene rolls his eyes.

EUGENE

I'm one-and-a-half years younger than you guys. I'm not a kid. Stop treating me like one.

Perfectly on cue, the twine holding up his pants loosens, and they begin to fall down. He catches them before they do.

WEDNESDAY

You're right, Eugene. You ran to save me without even thinking. That's the kind of bravery only real men can have.

His face erupts into a huge grin.

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)

Even ones your size.

(beat)

I better get back and start packing my things.

Wednesday gives Enid an apologetic look and a soft smile.

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)

(to Enid)

I'm sorry.

(MORE)

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)
(to Xavier and Eugene)
Thanks, guys. For everything.

She starts to walk away.

ENID
What if we found a way to kill two
birds with one stone?

Wednesday stops and turns back around.

WEDNESDAY
How?

ENID
Well, we could... make a true crime
club. A detective kind of thing for
mysteries on campus. Like
Encyclopedia Brown or Sherlock or
something.
(beat)
That'll be our cover. But we'll
really be helping you find out
who's behind this.

EUGENE
We can call it Jericho Yard!
(beat)
You know, like Scotland Yard.
Following the whole Sherlock-
British thing.

WEDNESDAY
Would you really do that for me?

ENID
When are you gonna get it in your
head that you've gotta stop asking
that question?

Wednesday looks at the four of them and gives an
appreciative smile.

INT. PRINCIPAL SHELLEY'S OFFICE - LATER

Wednesday SLAMS the candlestick down on Principal Shelley's
desk. Enid, Eugene, Xavier, and Ajax all stand behind
Wednesday.

PRINCIPAL SHELLEY
What is... this about?

WEDNESDAY

It's a gift for you. The symbol for my club. It's what inspired me to start it.

Enid kicks Wednesday's foot lightly.

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)

(coughing)

Um- what inspired us. I had some help.

She gestures to her friends behind her. Principal Shelley picks up the candlestick and admires it.

PRINCIPAL SHELLEY

I'm a little confused about the meaning of it, but it is beautiful. It fits so nicely with my other decor. Thank you, Wednesday. I'm glad you're able to officially rejoin us and that you have such good friends to help you readjust.

Wednesday smiles.

WEDNESDAY

Me too.

She reaches out to shake Principal Shelley's hand.

WEDNESDAY (CONT'D)

Thank you, Principal Shelley.

As soon as their hands touch, Wednesday's head shoots up to look at the sky, her eyes wide as if they were physically stretched open. She's having her first psychic vision ever since last year when she defeated Crackstone and Laurel Gates.

VISION FLASH

TYLER (16) sits on the floor in an orange jumpsuit inside a solitary confinement cell, leaned up against the wall. He taps his right pointer finger on the knuckles of his left hand.

A GUARD (40) slides food through a slot at the bottom of the cell door. Tyler waits a moment, then drags the tray toward him. He picks up a piece of bread, chews it and pretends to choke.

TYLER
(faking choking, gasping
for breath)
Hhhhelp! Help! Guard! P-please!

The keys jingle as the guard unlocks the door. We hear a SLASH and a terrifying SCREAM. Blood SPLATTERS on the cell wall. We hear the BANG of a heavy door and see a guard lying dead on the floor, alone.

END OF VISION FLASH

INT. PRINCIPAL SHELLEY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Wednesday snaps out of her vision.

PRINCIPAL SHELLEY
Wednesday? Are you okay?

Wednesday stares at Principal Shelley, completely motionless and in shock.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE.