

KATE'S LIGHT

Inspired by Real-Life Events

**KATE'S LIGHT**

FADE IN:

**EXT. BLACK ROCK LIGHTHOUSE - DAY**

SUPER: "Inspired by Real-Life Events"

The morning after a storm. Remnants of rain beat against a lighthouse.

SUPER: "1870 - CONNECTICUT"

**INT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - LANTERN ROOM - DAY**

KATE MOORE (65, small and wiry) looks out through a rain-spattered window. She jingles coins in her apron pocket before turning away and crossing the room.

She retrieves a small telescope from a nearby chest. She peers through it. She gasps, puts the telescope away and hurries down the stairs.

**EXT. BLACK ROCK LIGHTHOUSE - DAY**

Large swells from Long Island Sound break against the rocks below.

A wooden rowboat emerges from the swells, heading out into the open sea. Kate's NEPHEW (14) pulls hard on his oars. Gripping the rudder, Kate glances back at the lighthouse.

KATE'S VOICE (V.O.)  
The light. The island. It's all  
I've ever known.

Kate squints and rises off her seat, balancing carefully.

KATE'S VOICE (V.O.)  
And the sea. I know it, too. It has  
a way of visiting its choices upon  
us.

She holds one hand on the rudder while shielding her eyes with the other.

KATE  
Pull, lad. There's one ahead.

NEPHEW  
Alive?

Kate shakes her head "no."

NEPHEW (CONT'D)  
But you saw something?

KATE  
That I did. But not this one.

**EXT. ROWBOAT - DAY**

The boat nears a floating body. It's face down, in a man's clothing. Kate's nephew stows his oars and grabs a gaff. He uses it to pull the body next to the boat.

KATE  
Hold fast.

Kate leans over and pulls one of the man's legs into the boat, hooking the leg over the gunwale at the pelvis.

KATE (CONT'D)  
Now the arm.

The boy stows the gaff and pulls one of the man's arms into the boat.

KATE (CONT'D)  
Kneel on his hand. And be ready to grab the other.

The boy complies. Kate may look small and frail, but she is all sinew and grit. She grabs the man's other leg and hauls it in. She gives the boy a look.

KATE (CONT'D)  
Now the hard part. Are you ready?

The boy nods.

Kate grabs the man's belt, pulling him against the boat while turning one side of his torso upwards.

KATE (CONT'D)  
Now get his other arm.

The boy grabs the man's bicep and pulls hard. Kate puts her back in it and the corpse rolls into the boat.

NEPHEW  
Lordy! Do we take him in then?

Kate, barely fazed by her exertions, takes her place at the rudder. She shakes her head.

KATE  
I know I saw something. Let's go a  
bit further.

The boy puts the oars back in their rowlocks and resumes his  
toil.

**EXT. ROWBOAT AMID FLOATING DEBRIS - DAY**

Glimmers of morning sun break through the parting clouds.  
Kate stands and surveys the area. She points.

KATE  
Go to it, boy! I see someone.

The boy re-doubles his efforts while Kate adjusts the course  
of the boat.

**EXT. LIFEBOAT - DAY**

A wooden lifeboat, bobbing upside down. Draped across its  
keel and face down is an unmoving body. In the distance,  
Kate's rowboat approaches.

**EXT. ON THE LIFEBOAT - DAY**

Kate kneels over the body, holding her fingertips against the  
survivor's neck.

KATE  
This one's alive.

She gently rolls the unconscious body over. It's EMILY (19),  
a young woman, dressed in a man's clothes.

NEPHEW  
Is that...?

Kate smiles.

KATE  
A young lady. Half-dead by the  
looks of it.

Kate points at the rowboat's storage box.

KATE (CONT'D)  
Get me the blanket.

Kate begins stripping the wet clothes off of the young woman.

KATE (CONT'D)  
And avert your eyes!

**EXT. ROWBOAT - DAY**

The boy pulls methodically at the oars as the boat races back toward the lighthouse. The young woman lies cocooned in a blanket, her head resting on the man's corpse.

Sunlight glimmers onto the young woman's face. She shivers, coughs and opens her eyes -- light gray and sparkling.

Kate sees her eyes and gasps softly.

NEPHEW  
What is it?

Kate shakes it off.

KATE  
Nothing. She's awake.

Emily wriggles in the blanket, trying to re-orient herself.

KATE (CONT'D)  
Save your strength, Miss, we'll  
have you inside soon enough.

Emily turns her head, sees the man's corpse, and passes out.

**EXT. PATH TO THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - DAY**

A small, weatherbeaten white house shares Black Rock island with the lighthouse.

Kate and the boy carry Emily on a crude stretcher toward the house. Two goats and several chickens mill about the yard surrounding Kate's home.

**INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY**

Still in her blanket, Emily lies unconscious on a cot near a potbelly stove. Kate feeds kindling into the stove and stokes it.

KATE  
There, now. Let's get a kettle  
going.

Kate dips a kettle into a small barrel of water and places it on the stove. She cocks her head upon hearing a familiar, hacking COUGH.

**INT. FATHER'S ROOM - DAY**

Kate takes a seat in a rickety wooden chair next to her father's modest bed. She places her hand on his. FATHER (90) opens a pair of rheumy eyes and sees Kate.

FATHER  
Has the storm passed?

KATE  
Yes.

FATHER  
The light?

KATE  
In good order.

Father manages a smile, rests his head on a pillow, and closes his eyes.

FATHER  
Good girl.

Kate taps his hand and gets up. Father stirs and opens his eyes again.

FATHER (CONT'D)  
Some breakfast, dear?

KATE  
Soon. We have company.

Father struggles to sit up in his bed. Kate helps him. He looks at her.

FATHER  
Well?

Kate manages a small grin.

KATE  
A foundling.

FATHER  
Well, well. Tell him he is welcome.

KATE  
'Tis no man.

FATHER

A boy?

KATE

A young lady.

Father's eyes widen.

KATE (CONT'D)

And if appearances mean anything,  
this one will have a story.

**INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY**

Kate washes breakfast dishes. Emily sleeps in the cot by the stove. Kate dries off and places the back of her hand on Emily's forehead.

A KNOCK at the door. The boy enters and stands next to Kate. He looks at the plate of eggs and a cup of tea that occupies a small table nearby.

NEPHEW

She eat?

KATE

No.

NEPHEW

Can I?

He gestures toward the table.

KATE

Tuck in, then. There's much to do  
yet.

The boy pulls up a chair and attacks his food.

**EXT. BAYSIDE NEAR KEEPER'S HOUSE - DAY**

Kate and the boy are up to their knees in the water. They fill bushel baskets with oysters pulled from a staked out oyster bed.

**EXT. ROWBOAT BY PIER - DAY**

The boy plops one of the bushel baskets into the boat. Kate's basket is already there, brimming with oysters.

The boy climbs into the boat and waits.

Kate arrives with another basket -- this one full of wooden ducks carved from driftwood. She settles it into the boat next to the man's corpse and hands the boy a few coins.

KATE  
You've certainly earned it today.

NEPHEW  
Thank ye, Aunt Kate.

KATE  
Don't forget -- willow bark and  
arnica. Our young lady will need it  
this evening.

They both take a look toward the town across the bay.

NEPHEW  
I'll do my best.

KATE  
And mind what I said -- not a word  
of the girl. There will be time  
enough for that later.

Kate gives the boat a push. She watches as the boat pulls away. Sighs. Turns back to the house.

#### **EXT. KEEPER'S HOUSE - DAY**

Kate drops some food scraps into a trough near the house. Two goats rush over and gobble up the food. Kate scratches the nape of their necks. Nearby, chickens CLUCK.

Kate moves over and tosses some corn to the chickens. She reaches into a crate and pulls out two eggs. She deposits them into a cloth sack and inspects an adjoining crate.

Empty. Kate gives the oblivious chickens a reproving look. Shrugs.

KATE  
Tomorrow, dearies. We'll see what  
comes then.

#### **INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM**

Afternoon sun filters into the house. Kate snoozes in the rocking chair next to Emily's cot. A hand grabs Kate's shoulder. Kate awakens. Her eyes widen.



Emily, pale and sweating, releases her grip and tries to cover her mouth. Kate quickly positions a bucket and Emily retches into it.

FATHER (O.S.)

Kate!

KATE

I know!

Kate places the bucket on the floor and retrieves a towel. She folds and dampens it before she lays it across Emily's forehead.

With another towel she wipes Emily's face clean.

KATE (CONT'D)

How's that?

EMILY

Ugghh.

Emily pants a bit and then turns her head to look at Kate.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Where am I?

KATE

Black Rock island.

EMILY

I don't...

Kate pats Emily's shoulder.

KATE

You've been through it, lass. You should rest. I'll explain when you are feeling better.

Kate gets up, pours some tea and cuts off a hunk of bread from its loaf. She offers the bread to Emily.

KATE (CONT'D)

Just a nibble for now. Then the tea.

Kate adds a pillow under Emily and helps her sit up in the cot. Emily takes in her surroundings and eats a bit of bread.

A KNOCK at the door. Before Kate can respond, Kate's nephew comes in bearing a satchel. He hands it to Kate and pulls some coins from his pocket to give her.

NEPHEW

It's all there, as you asked.

Kate smiles.

KATE

You've done well. Will you stay the night?

NEPHEW

I told mother I would.

KATE

Good lad.

Kate's father shuffles in. Unkempt hair, night clothes, and leaning on a crutch. But smiling.

FATHER

A full house.

Emily gapes at him.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Don't mind me, lass. I'm no spirit.  
Not yet anyways.

*(chuckles)*

And you are very much alive, I see.

Father limps over to Emily, dragging a leg long gone lame. He peers down at her.

FATHER (CONT'D)

You have such pretty eyes.

He turns to Kate.

FATHER (CONT'D)

It's late. The boy and I will keep  
her company.

Kate nods and hands him the satchel.

KATE

There is willow bark for the tea.

Kate turns to Emily.

KATE (CONT'D)

My father and nephew will tend to  
you. I will return soon.

Kate pulls a shawl off a peg and goes outside.

**EXT. PATH FROM HOUSE TO THE LIGHTHOUSE - DAY**

One of the goats follows Kate as she makes her way to the lighthouse. She clasps her shawl tightly against the rising wind.

**INT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - SERVICE ROOM - DAY**

Kate fills a gallon tin with kerosene drawn from a large barrel's tap. When it's full, she grabs another tin and carries both up the winding stairway.

**INT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - LANTERN ROOM - DAY**

Kate uncaps an opening and pours the kerosene into it. A few moments later, she opens the Fresnel lens case and strikes a match, lighting a wick.

After Kate closes the case, the glow illuminates her face.

She begins to repeat the process with the second of eight lamps.

**INT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - SERVICE ROOM - DAY**

Kate tops off another tin with kerosene. She grabs a second full one, takes a deep breath and heads back up the stairs.

**EXT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT**

Kate hurries along the path back to the house. Behind her, the lighthouse's lamps burn brightly, slowly rotating.

Before she enters the house, Kate stops and pulls Emily's pants, shirt and coat off of a clothesline.

**INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT**

Kate sits next to Emily, the clothes piled neatly on Kate's lap.

EMILY

Is it true?

KATE

What's that?

EMILY

That you have have tended the lighthouse for 45 years? That you have rescued many like me?

KATE

It is. But many more than that were not so fortunate as you.

EMILY

How are you able...?

KATE

I've known no other way. Duty, I reckon. And loyalty to duty makes the hardest things easiest.

Kate pulls a small jar from a satchel.

KATE (CONT'D)

Did they not apply this to your bruise?

Emily shakes her head "no."

KATE (CONT'D)

It falls on me, then.

Kate applies some arnica cream to the bruise on Emily's cheek.

KATE (CONT'D)

There, that's better.

Emily smiles and pulls herself up.

EMILY

How will I thank the one who has saved me?

Kate glances at the clothes in her lap.

KATE

Tell me a story. About a young lady who takes to sea who dressed as a man.

Emily stares at Kate for a moment.

EMILY

I cannot much deny my heroine, can I?

KATE  
You have leave to refuse.

EMILY  
I will not be ungrateful. But will  
you promise me one thing?

KATE  
Of course.

EMILY  
Promise that you will not share my  
secret.

KATE  
And if duty compels me to?

EMILY  
What duty would compel you to crush  
my dreams?

KATE  
Put it like that -- I suppose that  
I must keep your confidence.  
Provided that you have done no  
great wrong.

EMILY  
None but impertinence and a desire  
to chart my own course.

KATE  
Then tell me.

Emily takes a deep breath.

EMILY  
I am Emily Mapother of Boston. I am  
of age to marry. That is what my  
parents desire. They have even  
arranged my engagement. They are  
kind, loving folk, but they do not  
understand me.

Kate nods.

KATE  
You wish more from life.

EMILY  
I begged them to no avail. They  
assured me my betrothed would bring  
me comfort and happiness.

KATE

And your intended?

EMILY

Stiff, proper, from a good family.  
A good match for many, but I feel  
nothing for him. I tried. I tried  
to see a future with him, but there  
was only an emptiness.

(beat)

And a creeping dread. I know I am  
young and perhaps do not know the  
full measure of my heart. But I  
know enough that I must find my way  
through life on my own terms.

A solitary tear runs down Emily's cheek.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I ran away. I had to.

Kate sighs.

KATE

I do not fault you. It is a  
familiar story.

EMILY

You see it, then? You will keep my  
secret?

KATE

I will do my best.

Emily gathers herself together.

EMILY

What happens now?

KATE

We'll get you back on your feet  
first -- seems you are well on your  
way. Best you rest now and we'll  
talk tomorrow.

Kate puts the clothes at the foot of Emily's cot. Emily  
manages a smile.

EMILY

Miss Kate?

KATE

Yes, Emily.

EMILY

Will you tell me your story?  
Tomorrow?

KATE

It is not much to tell, but it will  
help pass the time.

Kate tidies things in the room before winding up a grandfather clock.

KATE (CONT'D)

I hope you do not mind the chimes.

Kate glances over at Emily who is already asleep. Kate takes her place in the rocking chair and closes her eyes.

**EXT. OPEN SEAS - NIGHT**

Kate is **dreaming**. A young Kate stands at the rudder of the rowboat. Father (now late 40s) pulls at the oars, driving the boat through windswept white tops.

FATHER

Can you see it?

KATE

Ahead!

She points. Father turns and sees a floating mast and twisted canvas sails. Hanging onto the mast is a young woman. Dead bodies float nearby.

KATE (CONT'D)

Faster! The current is taking her!

Father pulls hard at the oars. The young woman floats further away, waving one arm.

KATE (CONT'D)

We must reach her!

The young woman floats further away, still waving, before disappearing behind the swells.

KATE (CONT'D)

We're coming! Hold on!

Two LOUD CHIMES sound. The sea turns to darkness.

**INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT**

Kate **awakens from her dream** and takes in a deep breath. She checks on Emily, her nephew and her father. All are asleep. Kate puts on her shawl and heads out the door.

**INT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - SERVICE ROOM - NIGHT**

An oil lamp lights the room. Kate fills a gallon tin with kerosene drawn from a large barrel's tap. When it's full, she grabs another tin and carries both up the dark stairs.

**INT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - LANTERN ROOM - NIGHT**

After pouring in the second tin of kerosene, Kate pulls out a white cloth and carefully polishes soot off the interiors of the Fresnel lens.

**INT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - SERVICE ROOM - NIGHT**

Kate pulls down on a metal chain, arm over arm. The chain **CLATTERS** with a ratcheting sound as it lifts an iron weight.

Kate pulls a lever and chain becomes taut. A loud, steady **CLICKING** noise accompanies the turning of the lighthouse's rotating shaft.

**EXT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT**

Kate hurries along the path back to the house. Behind her, the lighthouse's lamps burn brightly, slowly rotating.

**INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT**

Kate carries a bundle of drift wood into the house while doing her best to quietly shut the door.

She feeds a few sticks onto the iron stove's fading embers. She blows on the embers, kicking up dusty ashes that blow back in her face.

She squints and wipes her eyes with a sooty white rag. She blows again, gently this time, and flames leap up among the sticks. She closes the stove door without a sound.

Kate washes her face and hands over a small basin. She dries off and takes a seat in the rocking chair.

Darkness.



And then -- six LOUD CHIMES. Kate awakens and looks over at a window. Pale morning light filters through.

**EXT. PATH FROM HOUSE TO THE LIGHTHOUSE - DAY**

Two goats and several chickens -- bleating and clucking -- follow Kate as she makes her way to the lighthouse.

KATE

Hold on, dearies. I'll get to you soon enough.

**INT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - LANTERN ROOM - DAY**

Kate caps off each wick, extinguishing the light. She pulls out a white cloth and carefully polishes soot off the interiors of the Fresnel lens.

**EXT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - DAY**

Kate dumps a bucket of scraps into the goats' trough. She pulls a small bag from her apron pocket and tosses corn to the chickens.

After gathering eggs, Kate straightens her back and takes a moment to witness the sun rise over Long Island Sound. She turns back to the house and sees Emily's face in the window.

Kate smiles and gestures toward the sunrise. Emily smiles and nods.

**INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY**

Kate slides some fried eggs off a skillet onto four plates at the dining room table. Her father, nephew and Emily (dressed in men's clothing) express thanks as Kate serves herself.

Father eyes Emily's incongruous outfit and offers a wink.

FATHER

Who's this fellow?

KATE

Hush. Silly man.

Emily giggles.

EMILY

They say I'll make a fine young gentleman yet.

FATHER

Not without a proper hat. I may be  
of service for that.

Father pulls his crutch out and leans on it to rise. He  
shuffles off to his room.

KATE

I daresay you will have to humor  
him.

NEPHEW

He's tried it with me, but my head  
is too small for it.

Father returns with his captain's hat and a mischievous grin.  
He places it on Emily's head and adjusts it to produce a  
jaunty angle.

FATHER

I await your orders, Captain Emily.

Emily plays along.

EMILY

Trim the sails and ... mop the  
poopdeck?

They all laugh.

Emily takes the hat off and examines it.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You were at sea?

FATHER

Aye. A trade schooner. An Indiaman.  
Twelve years at the helm.

EMILY

What brought you here?

Father slaps his lame leg.

FATHER

A musket ball from a pirate's  
flintlock did me wrong.

Emily gapes. Kate frowns. The boy giggles.

KATE

Truth, old man!

FATHER

Fine, then. A loading crane  
collapsed on my leg, crushing it.

EMILY

You were lucky to survive.

FATHER

The luck was in the company I kept.  
They nursed me back to health and  
gave me this --

(waves arm)

--- plum sinecure. Must've felt  
sorry for me. And young Kate was  
there to lend a hand.

KATE

Lend a hand? Is that what they call  
it? Hauling whale oil and kerosene  
up those steps twice a night,  
minding the light from the wind --

Father waves his hand.

FATHER

It's true. I get the commission,  
but my angel does it all. Better  
than I ever could.

Emily looks at Kate.

EMILY

You do the work and he gets the  
pay?

Kate nods.

KATE

It's all in the family. No matter  
to it.

FATHER

And no sense in rocking the boat.

EMILY

But the credit --

FATHER

-- Everyone knows what she does. It  
may be a man's world, but Kate  
proves it otherwise to all who know  
her.

NEPHEW

She's been in the papers!

FATHER

*The New York Times*, no less. It's no secret what she's done. A damn sight more than I can claim.

KATE

Stop. You and mother taught me all I know. I am but your instrument.

Father shakes his head "no."

FATHER

Not out there, on the sea. I never asked you to do that.

KATE

You were there with me! Pulling on the oars, helping me fish bodies out of the waves.

FATHER

Maybe the first time or two.

KATE

I dreamt of it last night. A nightmare, truly. It was if we could not reach her.

FATHER

But we did, lass. Mary, was it?

Kate nods. Father pauses and fixes Emily in his sights.

FATHER (CONT'D)

It is a curious thing. Of the 21 Kate has brought back alive, only two have been women. The first -- Mary -- and now the last -- you, young Emily.

(long beat)

How old are you, Emily?

EMILY

19.

Father looks at Kate.

KATE

Mary was 18.

FATHER  
A pretty lass, like yourself.

EMILY  
May I ask -- do you know what  
brought her here? Her provenance?

Father sighs and gives Kate a brief look.

FATHER  
I will leave that to Kate, whose  
memory will better serve. You must  
excuse this old sailor.

Father slowly gets up. Emily stands and presents his hat back to him. He nods and grins as he takes it. Kate, providing support, accompanies him back to his room.

While no one is looking, the boy switches his empty plate with Father's half-laden one. Then digs in.

#### **EXT. OPEN SEAS - NIGHT**

Kate is **dreaming** again. She stands at the rudder of the rowboat. Father -- old this time -- pulls at the oars, driving the boat through windswept white tops.

FATHER  
Can you see it?

KATE  
Ahead!

She points. Father turns and sees a floating mast and twisted canvas sails. Hanging onto the mast is a young woman.

Kate squints. In this dream, the young lady is Emily.

Drowning Emily screams.

EMILY  
Kate! Kate!

#### **INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY**

Kate **lurches out of her dream** and takes in a deep breath. Emily's hand is on her shoulder.

EMILY  
It's three o'clock.

Kate shakes the cobwebs out. She sees Emily smiling at her.

KATE

Lord, you scared me. But thank you  
all the same.

EMILY

My apologies and my pleasure.

Kate looks at her.

KATE

How do you feel?

EMILY

Much better. Your hospitality is to  
thank. I daresay I could venture to  
your lighthouse today.

Kate grins.

KATE

It's better seen outside than in.

EMILY

There is no loss in doing both.

Kate chuckles.

KATE

No -- as long as you don't mind the  
work.

**INT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - LANTERN ROOM - DAY**

Kate and Emily, each carrying two one-gallon tins of  
kerosene, puff heavily as they ascend the last step.

EMILY

Forty-eight steps! If I did not  
know better, I'd say ninety at  
least.

KATE

Fifty-three from the outside.

Emily sets her tins down and unfurls the blanket over her  
shoulders into a cape. Kate does likewise and gestures toward  
the window facing Long Island Sound.

EMILY

Was I really out there yesterday  
morning?

KATE

We both were. For a bit. I will tell you of it, if you like.

EMILY

I would prefer to hear about your first rescue. Surely, that is the better tale, the more heroic one. You were well-practiced by the time you got to me.

KATE

That would take too long.

EMILY

Your father promised me you would tell it.

Kate stiffens, then relaxes.

KATE

Very well. But not because of some promise that was never made.

EMILY

I'm sorry. I was teasing.

KATE

And I'll tell it as I see fit.

Kate stares out the window. She jingles coins in apron pocket.

#### **BEGIN EXTENDED FLASHBACK**

#### **INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT**

SUPER: "1825"

ADOLESCENT KATE (12) helps her MOTHER (35) prepare dinner. Kate's three BROTHERS, all much younger than Kate, scurry about. Mother peeks out the window.

MOTHER

Where is that man? Go check on him, dear.

ADOLESCENT KATE

Yes, mother.

Kate wraps herself in an oversize coat, grabs a lantern, and heads out the door.

**INT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - SERVICE ROOM - NIGHT**

Kate lights the lantern and sniffs the air.

ADOLESCENT KATE

Father!

FATHER (O.C.)

Up here!

Kate hurries up the stairs.

**INT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - STAIRS - NIGHT**

Kate sees her father sprawled on the stairs. Two empty, overturned buckets lie scattered nearby. Father is covered in oil.

FATHER

Mind that lantern! I am soaked in  
this stinking whale oil.

Kate sets the lantern down and navigates the slippery stairs to reach him.

ADOLESCENT KATE

Are you hurt?

FATHER

In pride mostly.

ADOLESCENT KATE

Let me help you up.

Father shakes his head "no."

FATHER

The light, first. Can you manage  
it?

Kate gapes at him.

FATHER (CONT'D)

It cannot be helped. You must do  
it. Just as you have seen me do it.

ADOLESCENT KATE

But --



FATHER  
-- Please, Kate. You are able, I  
know it.

Kate nods.

**INT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - LANTERN ROOM**

Young Kate pours whale oil from a pail into a funnel feeding the reservoir for the wicks.

She retrieves a sparking device and then clicks it over a wick. Sparks fly and the wick ignites.

**INT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - SERVICE ROOM - NIGHT**

Kate pulls down on a metal chain, arm over arm. The chain CLATTERS with a ratcheting sound as it lifts an iron weight.

Kate pulls a lever and chain becomes taut. A loud, steady CLICKING noise accompanies the turning of the lighthouse's rotating shaft.

Kate hurries back up the stairs.

**EXT. PATH FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT**

Kate supports her father as they slowly make their way back to the house. Behind them, the lighthouse's lamps burn brightly, slowly rotating.

KATE (V.O.)  
I was 12 years old. Father helped  
as he could, but from that day  
forward, the duty fell to me.

When they reach the house, Mother opens the door and relieves Kate of her burden. The door closes.

**EXT. BLACK ROCK ISLAND - DAY**

SUPER: "1831"

A windy summer's day. YOUNG KATE (18) watches her brothers skip stones on the bay side. Goats and chickens wander about.

Father, on crutches, descends the path to the pier. The boys converge on him and they all pile into a rowboat.

KATE (V.O.)  
My brothers had little interest in  
making a life on the island.

Kate watches the boys pull on the oars, making their way to the town across the bay.

KATE (V.O.)  
They were free to make whatever  
life they chose for themselves.  
Once they were of age, they did so.  
I do not blame them.

Kate turns to see her mother hoeing a fenced garden patch near the keeper's house.

KATE (V.O.)  
For me, there was no other life  
than the one I already had.

Kate shrugs and walks over to join her.

KATE (V.O.)  
I daresay I was often too busy to  
consider any other way to pass the  
time.

#### YOUNG KATE'S LIFE ON THE ISLAND - MONTAGE

- Kate collects driftwood and stacks it near the house.
- From a barrel underneath a gutter spout, Kate dips out a pail of water and takes it into the house.
- Kate collects oysters and mussels from the rocks surrounding the island.
- Kate stakes out an oyster bed. She submerges several large rocks within it. She later takes oysters from a wet bushel basket and sets them on the underwater rocks.
- Kate squeezes a goat's teat between her thumb and forefinger. Milk squirts into a small metal pail.
- Their sleeves rolled up, Kate and her mother team up to wash and rinse dirty clothes in two large buckets.
- Kate hangs wet clothes on a clothesline.
- Kate spies an unusual piece of driftwood. Part of it resembles a duck's head. She examines it closely and then drops it off near the lighthouse door.

-- At night in the lantern room, Kate sits on a stool and whittles the same piece of driftwood.

-- Kate presents the completed wood carving to her smiling parents.

END MONTAGE

**INT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - LANTERN ROOM - DAY**

Kate scoops up her whittling residue and tosses it out of an open casement window. She watches the wood chips flutter down haphazardly through the gusty winds.

KATE (V.O.)  
I had my hands full. But I was  
young. And in moments of solitude,  
I couldn't help but think that  
there was something more out there.

She sees something on the rocks that shelter the island from Long Island Sound. She squints.

KATE (V.O.)  
My duties were not so hard to bear.

She retrieves a small telescope from a nearby chest. She peers through it. She gasps, puts the telescope away and hurries down the stairs.

KATE (V.O.)  
Others, not so.

**EXT. BLACK ROCK ISLAND - DAY**

Young Kate runs down toward the rocks. She stops when she reaches them. Turns back to the house.

YOUNG KATE  
Mother! Father! Come here!

She climbs down the rocks and halts at the water's edge. Turns back to the house.

YOUNG KATE (CONT'D)  
Come!

She squats down and reaches out with one arm. She grabs a man's shirt and pulls a dead body out of the bobbing surf and halfway onto a flat boulder.

She looks back and sees her parents and brothers making their way down the slope to the rocks.

**EXT. NEAR THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - DAY**

Kate and her brothers drag the body toward a clapboard shed.

KATE (V.O.)  
In those days, before the  
steamships came, many a masted ship  
would go down in stormy weather.

Kate's father opens the shed's door. They carry the body in. A few moments later they reemerge and Kate embraces her mother, burying her face in her chest. She sobs.

YOUNG KATE  
There was still warmth in him! I  
could feel it.

She turns to her father.

YOUNG KATE (CONT'D)  
Had we found him sooner, we might  
have saved him.

He consoles her.

FATHER  
It's a hard thing, I know. There is  
little to be done by the time they  
find their way to this rock.

Kate stifles her tears and stiffens her back.

YOUNG KATE  
That is what you think!

She storms off toward the lighthouse.

**INT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - LANTERN ROOM - DAY**

With the telescope, still red-faced and breathing hard from the ordeal, Kate scans the Sound. Nothing.

She takes the scope to the bay side of the room. She peers through it, guiding it from left to right. She sighs and puts it down.

KATE (V.O.)  
Even by that time, we had recovered  
many a dead body. Scores of them.  
(MORE)

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Cold to the touch. Bloated. Picked  
at by the crabs. There would be  
many more.

Frustrated, she folds her arms on the sill and plops her head down. Then she lifts her head and widens her eyes. She sees the rowboat tied to the pier. It bobs in the windy surf.

KATE (V.O.)  
But that day was the first that I  
saw that something more could be  
done.

Kate turns and, through another window, watches her father limp toward the house.

**EXT. BAYSIDE PIER - DAY**

SUPER: "Three months later."

Dawn. Gray skies. Wind.

Young Kate bails rainwater out of the rowboat while her father watches from the pier.

FATHER  
Kate, this is madness. The storm  
has barely passed.

YOUNG KATE  
I have asked for nothing from you,  
but this. One thing! Do I deny you  
so?  
(beat)  
Let this be our bargain. Please.  
Will you not keep your part of it?

FATHER  
But this --

YOUNG KATE  
-- We can try! If it is too much, I  
will relent.

Father shrugs.

YOUNG KATE (CONT'D)  
Come on then. Get in.

**EXT. OPEN SEAS - DAY**

Young Kate stands at the rudder of the rowboat. Her father pulls at the oars, driving the boat through windswept white tops.

FATHER  
Can you see it?

YOUNG KATE  
Ahead!

She points. Her father turns and sees a floating mast and twisted canvas sails. Hanging onto the mast is a young woman, MARY (18). Dead bodies float nearby.

Father pulls hard at the oars. They near Mary.

YOUNG KATE (CONT'D)  
Closer!

Kate rushes from the stern to the bow of the boat. She slams a gaff onto the floating mast and closes the gap.

YOUNG KATE (CONT'D)  
Keep us abreast!

Father maneuvers the oars.

Kate leans over and grabs the young woman under her arms. She heaves her into the rowboat.

FATHER  
You must get her dry!

Kate tears at the young woman's dress and removes it. Her father turns sideways and extends a blanket to Kate. Kate tucks the blanket under and around the woman.

Kate returns to the rudder and swerves it over. With father pulling at the oars, the rowboat turns back toward the lighthouse.

The surf pounds the boat as it plows through the waves. One jolt causes Mary to stir. She opens her eyes. Bright gray.

Kate gasps.

YOUNG KATE  
She's alive!

Father turns back and glances at Mary. Her eyes roll back and close.

FATHER

For now!

YOUNG KATE

Then go faster! Damn your hide!  
Faster!

Kate looks at the unmoving Mary.

YOUNG KATE (CONT'D)

And you! Hold on, damn you!

Mary's eyes flutter briefly as spray hits her face. Kate, triumphant, looks up, smiling as the spray soaks her own face.

**INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY**

Mother opens the door. Kate and her brothers carry the blanket-wrapped Mary through it. Father follows them in. He glances at Mother.

FATHER

We'll not be hearing the end of  
this any time soon.

MOTHER

You had me worried sick, going out  
in that weather.

Kate directs her brothers to carry Mary into her parents' room. Mary, pale, shivers violently.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Where are you --

YOUNG KATE

-- We must get her warm. Do you not  
see that?

MOTHER

Well... it's not every day this  
sort of thing happens! Lord!

She sighs.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

I will make some tea and soup. That  
will take the chill off.

Kate, the boys and Mary disappear into the other room. Father and Mother watch. A few moments later, Kate ejects the boys from the room closing the door behind them.

**INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN BEDROOM - DAY**

Kate maneuvers Mary out of the blanket and under the bed quilts. Kate quickly strips to her underwear and gets under the sheets. Kate draws Mary close.

YOUNG KATE

Lord, you're cold!

The door opens. Mother, with Father behind her looks in.

MOTHER

Child, what are you doing?

YOUNG KATE

She's freezing. Do you know a better way to warm her?

MOTHER

Well...

FATHER

It is what we'd do whenever I had a crewman go overboard into cold waters.

Mother looks at him.

MOTHER

Man to man?

FATHER

It was a necessity. There was no shame in it.

MOTHER

And if it had been a man this morning, who would be spooning him? You?

Father grins and gives Mother's shoulder a squeeze.

FATHER

If he were a more handsome fellow than me, perhaps it would be you volunteering to share a bed.

Mother catches herself - realizes she's being a prig. She gently elbows Father in the gut and laughs.

MOTHER

Perhaps I would.



Mother sits on the bed and touches Mary's cheek with the back of her hand.

YOUNG KATE

See?

Mother moves her hand to Kate's cheek. She nods.

MOTHER

My girl. My brave, brave girl.

Mother claps Kate on the shoulder and gets up.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Let us know when the shivering stops. We'll have everything ready.

Mother and Father leave the room. Kate holds tight to Mary.

YOUNG KATE

Don't die on me. I'll never hear the end of it.

Mary lets out a soft GROAN between waves of shivers.

**INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY**

Mary and Kate's wet clothes hang above the kitchen stove. Kate, draped in a blanket, holds her hands out to warm them.

MOTHER

Has she said anything?

YOUNG KATE

No. Only groans and noises.

MOTHER

Half-delirious, I would imagine.

Kate takes a steaming bowl of soup from her mother, cradling it as she returns to the bedroom. Her brothers cram the bedroom doorway, peeking in. Kate shoos them away.

**INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN BEDROOM - DAY**

Kate, above the sheets, naps next to a cocooned Mary. The half-empty bowl of soup sits on a nightstand.

Father comes in and sits next to Kate. Kate, drowsy, turns toward him.

FATHER  
It's time, dear.

Kate sits up, shakes out the cobwebs.

YOUNG KATE  
She did not eat much. Mother should  
try while I am out.

FATHER  
We both will.  
(beat)  
Wrap up tight -- the wind has  
risen.

YOUNG KATE  
What do your bones say?

FATHER  
Ohh, a small squall, maybe.

Kate frowns.

FATHER (CONT'D)  
Or a nor-easter.

YOUNG KATE  
A long night, then.

FATHER  
I'm afraid so.

#### **INT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - LANTERN ROOM - NIGHT**

The wind howls. The lamp flames flicker and bend with the drafts. One goes out.

Kate, wearing many layers, sets a book down and rises from her stool. She reaches into the wick area with her flint lighter. She relights the wick and sits back down.

Moments later -- a large gust of wind rattles the exterior windows. Two wicks go out. Kate puts her book down and tends to them.

#### **INT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - LANTERN ROOM - DAY**

An exhausted Kate extinguishes the wicks. When done, she retrieves the telescope from its chest. She peers through it.

On the rocks below, she sees two bodies entangled in the rocks.

She puts the scope down and grimaces.

**INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY**

Kate comes through the front door. Struggles to close it against the wind. Father hands her a damp cloth. She uses it to wipe the lamp soot off her face.

She plops down into a chair. Father hands her a cup of tea. Kate looks at him uncertainly.

YOUNG KATE  
I am afraid to ask.

FATHER  
Still alive. Mother is with her.

Kate, relieved, takes a sip and heaves herself back up to have a look.

She turns to Father.

YOUNG KATE  
There are two bodies on the rocks.

Father sighs.

FATHER  
Right. I'll get the boys.

Kate nods.

FATHER (CONT'D)  
We'll need you, too.

YOUNG KATE  
I know.

She gulps down her tea and rises to retrieve her coat.

**EXT. THE CLAPBOARD SHED - DAY**

Snow is beginning to accumulate. With Father watching, the Kate and her brothers drag a man's body into the shed. They place it on another body.

BROTHER #1  
Will we take them to town soon? I  
have not been in some time.

FATHER  
You'll go. Kate, too.

He waits for her assent.

YOUNG KATE  
It is best I stay here.

She glances at the house. Smoke rises from a small pipe on the roof.

**INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN BEDROOM - DAY**

Mother and Mary share the bed. Kate taps Mother on the shoulder. Mother awakens and slowly gets out of bed while Kate sheds most of her clothes. Mother eyes her.

MOTHER  
You look exhausted, dear.

Kate crawls into the bed and pulls up the blankets.

YOUNG KATE  
Yes. Wake me at noon, please.

Kate snuggles against Mary to warm her. Then falls asleep, oblivious to the wind howling outside.

**INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY**

Father, in a rocking chair, reads a book while struggling to keep his eyes open. He begins to nod off.

A pale hand appears on his shoulder. Father lurches from his slumber and sees the hand's owner -- Mary, clasping a blanket around her shoulders.

This startles Father even more and he lurches to the side, tipping over in his chair.

FATHER  
Ahhh!

Mother and Kate rush into the room to investigate. Both help Father back to his feet. Meanwhile, Mary backs away, mortified by the commotion she has caused.

Father sees her distress.

FATHER (CONT'D)  
S'alright, lass. It's alright. My apologies. It is no way for me to treat a guest in our home.

Mother procures a chair and gestures for Mary to sit in it.

MOTHER

You must be starving, child.  
Please, sit and let me bring you  
something.

Kate also finds a chair and moves it over to Mary's before  
she sits down. Kate takes Mary's hand in hers.

YOUNG KATE

You must be very confused.

Mary nods.

YOUNG KATE (CONT'D)

My name is Kate. This is my father  
Stephen and mother Amelia.

Both nod politely at Mary.

YOUNG KATE (CONT'D)

Your schooner capsized two nights  
ago. We found you hanging onto the  
mast. And brought you here.

MARY

Where... is here?

YOUNG KATE

Black Rock island -- we tend the  
lighthouse here.

MARY

The others?

Kate gives Father a glance. He shakes his head slowly.

FATHER

I'm sorry, miss.

YOUNG KATE

Were you traveling with family?

Mary shakes her head "no."

FATHER

Well, there's that then.

Mother and Kate frown.

EMILY (V.O.)

Where was she going?

**END EXTENDED FLASHBACK**

**BACK TO 1870**

**INT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - LANTERN ROOM - NIGHT**

65-year-old Kate eyes Emily.

KATE  
Patience!

Emily blushes. She adjusts her blanket to tighten it.

EMILY  
My curiosity -- and this cold --  
got the better of me.

Kate adjusts her own blanket.

KATE  
I have rambled on too much.

EMILY  
No, no. I must hear more, but in a  
warmer place?

Emily smiles.

KATE  
Very well. But it would be a great  
help if you could bring up two more  
gallons of kerosene.

**INT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - STAIRS - NIGHT**

Kate and Emily haul kerosene up the steps.

KATE  
It is one thing for you to want to  
leave your home. It is quite  
another to have a destination.  
Perhaps you will tell me where you  
were planning to go. What you would  
do once there?

EMILY  
I have only told my mother. She did  
not care for it. Felt it was both  
beyond and beneath me.

KATE  
You need not fear my reaction.

At the top of the stairs, they set down the kerosene tins and catch their breath.

EMILY

I will go to New York and become a doctor.

Kate registers surprise.

KATE

A woman doctor? I have not heard of such a thing.

They descend the stairs. Kate steps carefully. Emily fairly bounds along.

EMILY

There are a few. They run a hospital and medical school for women.

#### **EXT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT**

Kate closes the Lighthouse door. She and Emily stroll along the path.

EMILY

... By and for women. The Women's Medical College of the New York Infirmary. Founded by Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell.

KATE

Hmm.

EMILY

She is the first woman to receive a medical degree.

KATE

Lord!

EMILY

I know! I am inspired by her example.

KATE

Well -- it is a noble calling.

EMILY

Yes! You see it! And I...

Emily dances around Kate.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
I feel it. I am called to it.

Kate grins at an excited Emily.

KATE  
So you are, young lady. So you are.

They enter the Keeper's house.

**BACK TO 1831**

**INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT**

The wind HOWLS. Mary and Young Kate sit across from each other, near the stove. Kate takes a sip of tea.

KATE (V.O.)  
This one. This Mary, was not, at first, so vivacious as yourself. She had little to say about herself.

Mary rocks in her chair, eyes closed.

KATE (V.O.)  
In those first days, we found ourselves iced in, unable to reach the mainland. We would read *Ivanhoe* to each other to pass the time.

Mary opens one eye. Kate, book in hand, reads aloud in a soft voice.

YOUNG KATE  
"Thy speech is fair, lady, said Rebecca, and thy purpose fairer; but it may not be -- there is a gulf betwixt us. Our breeding, our faith, alike forbid either to pass over it. Farewell -- yet, ere I go indulge me one request. The bridal-veil hangs over thy face; deign to raise it, and let me see the features of which fame speaks so highly."

Mary reaches for the book. She reads.



MARY

"She took it off accordingly; and, partly from the consciousness of beauty, partly from bashfulness, she blushed so intensely, that cheek, brow, neck, and bosom, were suffused with crimson. Rebecca blushed also, but it was a momentary feeling; and, mastered by higher emotions, past slowly from her features like the crimson cloud, which changes color when the sun sinks beneath the horizon."

Mary sets the book on her lap. She appears lost in thought.

MARY (CONT'D)

We are meant to think Rowena and Rebecca both love Ivanhoe.

(shakes head)

But one wonders about these two ladies and their mutual teasing and blushing. What do you think?

YOUNG KATE

Between the two of them, Rebecca is the more interesting one.

MARY

That is not what I meant.

YOUNG KATE

I don't know -- doesn't he say something about their beauty? But, please, read on. We are so close to the end.

Mary rolls her eyes a little and reads on (MOS).

KATE (V.O.)

There was a sharpness to her. I was not used to it. It unsettled me at first, but later I saw a sort of playfulness to it.

Young Kate gets up as Mary closes the book. Kate laces her boots, then wraps herself in a coat and blanket. Mary eyes her with a grin.

MARY

Rebecca -- off to the holy land?

Kate does not know how to respond.

YOUNG KATE  
The light. I must...

Mary shakes her head, purses her lips and mutters something unintelligible.

Kate pauses for a moment before heading out into the night. Mary waves her away, flicking one hand at Kate while re-opening the book with the other.

**EXT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - DAY**

A bundled Kate trudges along the path to the lighthouse in the waning sunlight.

KATE (V.O.)  
I didn't know what to think at first.

Kate glances back.

In the window of the Keeper's house, Mary watches Kate. She waves.

Kate smiles and continues on.

KATE (V.O.)  
I'd never met anyone quite like her.

Kate enters the lighthouse.

**INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY**

As Kate finishes hanging her coats, the rest of the room is abuzz with breakfast preparation. Mary holds court with Kate's young brothers (7, 9, and 11).

MARY  
We played it all the time in Boston.

She glances at Kate.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Kate, can you hand me that scarf?

Kate obliges. Mary wraps it around one of the boy's head.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Now you are the blind man.

BLINDFOLDED BROTHER  
What do I do, Miss Mary?

MARY  
We will take our positions and then  
you must find one of us and say our  
name.

Mary and two of the boys scurry around the room, trying to  
hide. The blindfolded one bumps into a small table, nearly  
toppling its contents.

MOTHER  
Not in here you don't. Outside or  
in the bedroom. Just mind your  
father.

The four of them skip into the bedroom, a curious Kate  
following them.

Excited yelps and clatter emanate from the bedroom. Kate's  
Father emerges, befuddled. He plops into a chair and eyes  
Mother.

FATHER  
What'll it be then, dear? Steak and  
eggs?

Mother sighs.

MOTHER  
One egg and a biscuit and you're  
welcome.

**INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN BEDROOM - DAY**

The blindfolded boy, arms outstretched stumbles into the  
corner Mary occupies. He touches her sleeve and raises his  
hand into Mary's hair.

BLINDFOLDED BROTHER  
Is that Miss Mary?

Mary leaps up and tears the scarf off the boy's head.

MARY  
You got me!

BROTHERS #1 AND 2  
Your turn, your turn!

Mary begins to blindfold herself. She looks at Kate.

MARY

Join us.

YOUNG KATE

Oh, I don't know.

MARY

Don't you play games?

YOUNG KATE

But there is much to do...

MARY

(to the boys)

Is your sister always such a stick  
in the mud?

The boys grab Kate and drag her into the fray.

YOUNG KATE

One time, then.

Mary finishes applying her blindfold while Kate and the boys  
look for places to hide.

**INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY**

Father and Mother peer into a chest. Father shakes his head.

FATHER

Well, we can't live on that.

MOTHER

You'll take care of it, then?

Father nods.

FATHER

She'll understand.

**INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN BEDROOM - DAY**

Kate and a brother hide under the bed. Mary encounters a  
wall, then turns around. She moves toward the bed. She pats  
the bed's covers. No one.

Mary kneels and moves her hands down the side of the bed.  
They fall on Kate's face.

Kate stiffens her lips and freezes in place. Mary's fingers  
trace across Kate's face.

MARY  
I think I know who this is...

Mary's fingertips pause at Kate's lips.

MARY (CONT'D)  
It could be one of you scamps.

Mary's fingertips slide over Kate's lips again. Kate strains not to react.

Mary withdraws and stands.

MARY (CONT'D)  
I am at a disadvantage. You four  
are well-versed of each other's  
appearance.

Mary uses her foot to tap Kate's leg.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Is it Kate?

Kate, blushing, emerges from underneath the bed.

YOUNG KATE  
Yes. You have me.

Mary unwraps the blindfold and hands it to Kate.

MARY  
I knew you'd be there. No  
imagination!

Kate looks at the scarf.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Come on. Your turn!

Kate shrugs.

YOUNG KATE  
But there is much to do...

MARY  
No! You must reciprocate. That is  
the rule.

Kate complies.

**INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY**

Afternoon light streams in through the window. Kate, asleep in her rocking chair, startles awake when the small clock begins CHIMING 3 p.m.

She walks over to Mary's cot. Mary, dozing, appears unperturbed by the chimes. Kate pauses there a second and then shuffles over to the main door to grab her coat.

Mary, eyes now open, watches Kate leave the house.

**EXT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - DAY**

Kate emerges from the house. Father sits on a makeshift bench, petting a goat and looking out over the frozen bay toward Bridgeport.

Kate sees the blade on the bench. Father registers this.

FATHER

I'm sorry, dear. We didn't expect  
to be iced in so early.

Kate looks aghast.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Nor to have an extra mouth to feed.

YOUNG KATE

You can't!

Father shakes his head.

FATHER

I'll need some help...

Kate storms off toward the lighthouse. Father calls after her.

FATHER (CONT'D)

When you're done there...

Kate continues to stride to the lighthouse, not acknowledging Father. Father pets the goat some more.

FATHER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, girl. There's nothing  
for it.

**INT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - LANTERN ROOM - DAY**

All wicks aflame, Kate closes the Fresnel lens. Her cheeks are tear-stained. She wipes them with her sleeve and draws herself up.

She marches down the stairs.

**EXT. BEHIND THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - DAY**

In fading twilight, Father ties a second forepaw of the headless goat carcass to the skinning rack. He hears the CRUNCH of Kate's feet on the gravelly lawn.

Father hands her a tin basin. A bloody knife sits within it.

FATHER  
The worst is done.

Kate takes the knife. She gestures toward the ground.

YOUNG KATE  
Leave the basin there. I'll be in soon.

Father shuffles off as Kate begins to strip away the goat skin. She goes at it with grim determination. She does not notice Mary peering at her from behind the window.

**INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT**

Kate sets the meat-laden basin on a table. Then washes the blood off her hands and arms.

Mary watches while pretending to read a book. When Kate approaches the stove to warm her hands, Mary buries her nose in the book.

Kate scans the room. Everyone is there, minding their own business. She mumbles:

YOUNG KATE  
Excuse me.

She enters the bedroom and closes the door.

Mother glances at the door before returning to her task of salting the meat.

Mary turns a page. Stops. Listens.

A SOB.

Mary gets up and heads for the bedroom. Mother also starts in the same direction.

MOTHER

Wait. You don't...

Mother then sees her own hands, covered in pink-stained salt. She sighs and nods to Mary.

**INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Kate, face buried in hands, sits on the bed. Mary pauses at her side before sitting next to her. Uncomfortable, Mary sits on her hands, fidgeting.

MARY

I saw you. Outside. You've had to do that before, haven't you?

Kate wipes her face on her sleeves and straightens up. She nods at the floor.

MARY (CONT'D)

Aren't you used to it?

Kate nods.

MARY (CONT'D)

And it was just a goat. Not really a pet...

Kate shakes her head "no."

YOUNG KATE

You don't understand.

Kate faces Mary.

YOUNG KATE (CONT'D)

Do you have friends where you're from?

MARY

Of course.

YOUNG KATE

Out here. On this rock. I have my family. And I have the animals. I have no friends but them. Their friendship, their trust in my goodness -- it has sustained me.



Mary understands. She clasps Kate's shoulders and pulls her in. Kate accepts the gesture and leans her head on Mary's shoulder.

YOUNG KATE (CONT'D)  
She was my favorite.

Kate closes her eyes as tears stream down.

MARY  
I am on this island now. My life is  
in your hands. You saved me. I  
count you as my friend.

Mary gently slides her hand over Kate's hair. Kate withdraws her left arm from between her knees. She allows it to press against Mary's thigh.

YOUNG KATE  
I am glad for it.

Mary pulls her tight. In empathy with Kate, Mary also sheds tears. They sit in silence.

KATE (V.O.)  
I suppose I knew her time with us  
would be short. Still...

Kate sneaks a look at a genuinely upset Mary.

KATE (V.O.)  
I did not know what to think. It  
was all new to me.

**BACK TO 1870**

**INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT**

Emily and Old Kate sit next to the stove. Emily slowly nods at Kate.

EMILY  
Do you think she knew that?

KATE  
Yes. She did not say it. But she  
knew.

Emily cocks her head, unsure.

KATE (CONT'D)

I think it occurred to her that she had not previously gained a friendship by being cooped up with a stranger. It was new for her as well.

EMILY

She had certainly never met anyone like you before. I imagine.

KATE

Father would call it "uncharted territory."

Emily grins.

EMILY

Did you share secrets? Speak of your desires, your future selves?

KATE

Patience. I knew nothing of her at that point. She was not so forthcoming as you.

EMILY

But she did, yes? Later?

Kate nods.

KATE

Yes.

**BACK TO 1831**

**EXT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - DAY**

Mid-day sunlight refracts off a thin layer of snow. The boys are either blowing on cold red hands or scraping together meager snow balls. They wail on each other.

Young Kate and Mary toss feed to the chickens. A goat approaches Kate and nudges her leg. Kate pulls out a wad of hay and extends it to the goat.

MARY

Can I?

Kate gives her some hay.

YOUNG KATE  
Let him come to it.

The goat eats out of Mary's hand.

MARY  
Does he have a name?

YOUNG KATE  
William.

MARY  
That does not sound like a goat's  
name.

Kate smirks.

YOUNG KATE  
Then call him Billy if you like. He  
won't mind.

Mary comprehends, and smiles. She points at Kate.

MARY  
You have a sense of humor!

Kate shakes her head.

MARY (CONT'D)  
You do! Perhaps not so well-  
developed. But still...

Kates shrugs.

YOUNG KATE  
Perhaps.

She hands Mary some more hay.

YOUNG KATE (CONT'D)  
I did rather enjoy pulling your  
leg.

**INT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - LANTERN ROOM - DAY**

Four buckets of whale oil sit between Kate and Mary. They breathe hard, blowing out gusts of white vapor.

MARY  
You do this everyday?

YOUNG KATE  
Yes, several times.

Mary looks at Kate. Something between wonder and mock outrage. Either will do.

YOUNG KATE (CONT'D)  
I don't mind it. There is something  
to be said for having a  
responsibility. For seeing out  
one's duty.

Mary maintains whatever it is that she is doing.

YOUNG KATE (CONT'D)  
I like it.

MARY  
What about time for yourself? Don't  
you want to see more? Do more?

YOUNG KATE  
I only know the life I have.

MARY  
There is no other choice?

YOUNG KATE  
Perhaps. But this is my choice.

MARY  
I do not believe you. You mistake  
duty for choice.

YOUNG KATE  
One can choose to embrace duty.

MARY  
At what cost? Forsake all hope of  
experience off this island? Forsake  
all hope of love?

YOUNG KATE  
There is love enough here. And  
little of the ugliness of life out  
there.

Mary grabs her own head and wails.

MARY  
Arrgggh!

Kate rears back at the sight.

YOUNG KATE  
Why does my contentment vex you?

MARY

I do not begrudge you any happiness. It is your blithe certainty that vexes me.

YOUNG KATE

I do not mean for it to offend you so.

Mary struggles to stand up. She stretches and walks over to the windows.

She looks out across the frozen bay toward Bridgeport. Kate stands next to her, also looking out.

MARY

It is not you that offends. It may be that your life offers me a lens to see my own more clearly. But it is a lens that I do not wish to peer through.

YOUNG KATE

I do not know what to say. What is it that you fear?

MARY

That I will make the wrong choice. That once taken, what will I have lost for the path not taken? I see your life and I see that you are guided by some sense of duty. I know in my mind that there are things I must do for those who love me. Part of me resists that. What if in doing the things I must do, there is nothing left for what I want?

YOUNG KATE

I fear I have not considered the question as you have.

Kate goes to one of the buckets. She lifts it and begins to drain it through a funnel into the lamp's oil reservoir.

YOUNG KATE (CONT'D)

If you will steady the funnel, it would be a great help.

Mary jumps in to help.

YOUNG KATE (CONT'D)  
And if you tell me about this  
choice you face, I will offer a  
sympathetic ear.

Mary seems unsure.

MARY  
If I give you my confidence, will  
you honor it?

Kate smiles.

YOUNG KATE  
I am no gossiping hen.

Mary nods.

MARY  
No, I don't suppose you are. And if  
you were, who would you tell?  
William the goat?

They methodically empty the other buckets while Mary tells  
her story.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Lord, where to begin?

YOUNG KATE  
At the beginning will do. I know  
nothing of where you are from, of  
your family, of why you were on  
that ship. I know only of what I  
have seen of you.

MARY  
My family is in Boston. I am their  
only child. There was money at one  
time. A trading business. When I  
was little, the business began to  
founder. We had grown accustomed to  
being wealthy. Moving in those  
circles. But now, for my parents,  
it is difficult. They put on a good  
face and keep their troubles to  
themselves.

Mary pauses in her exertions and sighs.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Their situation is near hopeless.  
They see in me their last chance.

YOUNG KATE  
What do they expect of you?

MARY  
To marry.

YOUNG KATE  
There is someone?

MARY  
That adores me? Yes. And his family  
is very wealthy.

YOUNG KATE  
Is he not pleasing to you?

MARY  
He -- he is handsome and kind.

YOUNG KATE  
And?

MARY  
I do not love him.

YOUNG KATE  
In time, you might open your heart  
to him.

MARY  
I do not feel that within me. He  
speaks about our future, of raising  
a family, of where we would fit  
into society, of our future  
comforts and idle amusements.

YOUNG KATE  
There are many who would welcome  
such a life.

MARY  
I know. I am not immune to such  
possibilities. Yet, I feel nothing  
for him in my heart. And I resent  
that he and everyone else assumes  
that I will just offer myself to  
their conception of what my life  
should be without care of my own  
desires.

YOUNG KATE  
Is that why you were on that ship?  
Were you running away?

MARY

Oh, no. I could not do that to my parents. I had already flummoxed them so with my reluctance, that they felt compelled to show me an alternate future.

YOUNG KATE

I do not understand.

MARY

I have an aunt in New York. She was uninterested in what a life in Boston offered. Too many obligations and expectations she would say. She moved to New York to be her own person. She never married and never will.

YOUNG KATE

I see.

MARY

I'm not sure you do. My parents sent me to spend a month with her. My parents believe I will see her example and be deterred from her fate. But it is a rigged game, a charade.

YOUNG KATE

How so?

MARY

She is a disagreeable sort. A curmudgeon. Everyone knows she is alone and miserable. Oh, she'll insist that it is all for the good and that she has what she wants. No one believes that. Neither do I. So, the outcome is foreordained. If my choice is between her life and the one my parents desire, then I will have no choice.

YOUNG KATE

Are there no other choices?

Mary breaks down. She chokes out a few words between sobs.

MARY

In my heart, I know there is.

(beat)

(MORE)



MARY (CONT'D)

And each day I am away from them, I feel more certain of it. Don't you see? Each day...I am here, I am more certain of who I am. Fate has taken me from the example I knew to one I had not imagined. You, Kate. I see your life and I see that there are other choices.

YOUNG KATE

You want this?

She points to the lights.

YOUNG KATE (CONT'D)

You want to be a keeper of the lights?

Mary's sobs turn to laughs.

MARY

You are even funny when you don't mean to be.

Mary hugs Kate warmly. Kate stiffens at first, then returns the embrace.

YOUNG KATE

A good thing then. A woman lighthouse keeper is a rare thing.

Mary withdraws to face Kate. She smiles.

MARY

So you are, Kate Moore.

An awkward moment for Kate. She does not know what to say or do. Mary senses this and draws her in for one more embrace.

**BACK TO 1870**

**INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM**

In her rocking chair, old Kate leans back and closes her eyes. Emily gapes at Kate.

EMILY

Well, don't stop there. What did she want?

Kate opens her eyes and waits.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Well?

Kate sighs.

KATE

She did not say at the time. But  
there was little question of it.

Emily gestures for more.

KATE (CONT'D)

Lord, girl. Is it not obvious? She  
wanted love. As we all do.

EMILY

Hunh. So simple.

KATE

I would not call it that.

A GUST of wind outside the window.

Kate rises and begins donning layers.

KATE (CONT'D)

I must tend to the light.

EMILY

Do you need help?

KATE

No. You should rest. Tomorrow will  
be a long day.

Emily looks at her, a question on her lips.

KATE (CONT'D)

We will take you across the bay.

EMILY

Oh, right.

**EXT. PATH FROM HOUSE TO THE LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT**

Bundled heavily. Old Kate trudges along the path toward the  
revolving lights.

When she nears the lighthouse. She pauses and looks up at the  
revolving light.

**INT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - LANTERN ROOM - NIGHT**

The wind ROARS. Kate leans into the revolving light fixture and lights a match. The the wick ignites.

Kate closes the Fresnel lens and takes a seat. She watches the revolving light. The light blurs. The sound of the wind diminishes to nothing.

**BACK TO 1831****INT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - LANTERN ROOM - NIGHT**

Young Kate watches the light revolve.

MARY (O.S.)

You are so sure of yourself.

Kate turns and sees Mary. Mary points at the light.

MARY (CONT'D)

You are an anchorite, entombed in this lighthouse.

Kate does not follow.

MARY (CONT'D)

An anchorite, like the ones in *Ivanhoe*. But a woman. There was one -- a nun told me the story.

Mary turns to look out the window.

MARY (CONT'D)

Many churches in England had a small room near the nave. In each village, a woman would step forward to serve the lord in that room. She was locked in. Through a small slit in the stone wall, the anchorite could watch the priest hold mass. She would pray all day. Once a day, a monk would open the door to deliver a meal and remove her chamber pot.

Kate looks horrified.

YOUNG KATE

For how long must she stay?

MARY

Her entire life. When she became sick, or when she felt death approach, she would dig, with her hands, in the dirt floor. This would be her final resting place. Her grave. And when she dug, she would encounter the bones of her predecessor.

Kate cannot believe it.

YOUNG KATE

It is cruel!

MARY

Many did it. They believed it was their duty to god.

YOUNG KATE

Could they not leave if their belief wavered?

Mary shakes her head.

MARY

They would not risk the loss of Christ's love.

(beat)

One did leave. Disappeared one night.

YOUNG KATE

There is sense in that.

MARY

She returned three years later. She asked to return to her devotions in that small room. The priest, the bishop and many of the townsfolk refused to let her. She had to petition the Pope. He allowed it. She lived the rest of her life in that room.

YOUNG KATE

Lord!

Kate, stunned, stares at Mary. Then she remembers where the conversation began.

YOUNG KATE (CONT'D)

And you think I am an anchorite?  
That I choose this...

Kate waves her hand across the room.

YOUNG KATE (CONT'D)  
...this...solitude.

Kate's chin trembles. Mary gently grasps Kate's elbow.

MARY  
You said it was your choice. Your devotion is little different than the anchorite's.

YOUNG KATE  
It's not the same.

MARY  
You are married to this life, Kate. Just as the anchorite was to hers.

YOUNG KATE  
I have a choice. I have a life here.

MARY  
Will you ever choose to leave it? Leave your family? Go out on your own?

Kate tears away and stomps to the other side of the room. She turns and faces Mary.

YOUNG KATE  
This is not about me.

Mary nods and forces a smile.

MARY  
Oh, I know you mean me. And you are right in that. Clever Kate. Still, it also about you. We are the same, are we not?

Kate grimaces. Balls her fists.

YOUNG KATE  
Why do you do this? By what right do you stand in judgment of me?

MARY  
I cannot judge you more than I do myself. I am your friend, aren't I?

Kate nods reluctantly.

MARY (CONT'D)

Then I can only be honest with you.

YOUNG KATE

One can be honest without being  
cruel.

MARY

Is it cruel to want more for you?  
I've lived out there, Kate. Do  
you...comprehend what you deny  
yourself?

Mary closes the distance and grasps both of Kate's elbows.  
Kate tries to turn away, but Mary holds firm. Tentative, Kate  
faces her.

MARY (CONT'D)

Have you never felt a stirring in  
your heart for someone? The embrace  
of someone who loves you, above  
all. Their soft caress? Their kiss?

YOUNG KATE

I only know the life I have. Not  
the one I don't.

MARY

I know, Kate.

Mary leans in. Kate's eyes widen.

YOUNG KATE

But, we're...both...

Mary smiles.

MARY

Women. I know.

Mary guides Kate to the window. They look out into the night.

MARY (CONT'D)

Two women in a lighthouse. And not  
another soul in sight.

Mary looks at Kate. Kate looks at Mary. Mary gently pulls  
Kate in. They kiss.

**EXT. PATH TO THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Kate and Mary walk side by side. A loud CRACK from the ice in the bay echoes against the lighthouse. They pause and look. Mary takes Kate's hand and urges her on.

Kate clasps Mary's hand but looks out over the bay. She sees open water in the middle of the bay.

**INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT**

Young Kate, in a chair, warms her hands next to the stove. Mary, in the cot, watches her. She wiggles over to one side of the cot and raises a corner of the blanket.

MARY

Kate...

Kate sheds her winter coat and lays down with Mary. Mary pulls the blanket over Kate and snuggles into her back.

Kate settles in. She does not close her eyes. Mary raises her own head and looks at Kate.

MARY (CONT'D)

What are you thinking?

YOUNG KATE

I don't know.

MARY

What don't you know?

YOUNG KATE

I don't know who I am anymore.

MARY

Don't be silly. You are still you. Perhaps you know a little more than before, but you are still the person you have always been.

Mary adjusts the blanket to better cover themselves. Kate closes her eyes and tries to sleep.

**INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY**

Morning light streams through the window. Kate enters through the main door and hangs up her coat. Father, Mother and Mary eat breakfast. Mother gets up and offers her chair to Kate.

MOTHER

You eat. I'll get you some nice,  
hot tea.

Kate glances at Mary before tucking in.

FATHER

Mary says she has been helping you.

Mary smiles. Knowingly. Kate stops chewing for a moment  
before understanding sets in. She swallows.

YOUNG KATE

Yes. With the buckets and the  
filling and such.

MOTHER

I suppose it is nice to have some  
company to share in your toils.

Kate grins and looks at Mary.

YOUNG KATE

Yes, she is fair company.

The two girls giggle.

YOUNG KATE (CONT'D)

Very helpful. Yes.

The two girls suppress further giggles.

Father looks at them, then at Mother. Mother shrugs.

FATHER

Well, it's a good thing.

He thinks for a moment and then turns his attention back to  
his plate.

They eat in silence for a few seconds.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Weather has turned for the better,  
I'd say.

YOUNG KATE

Yes, father. It has.

MARY

Yes. I was beginning to wonder if  
it was always so cold and windy  
here.



Father nods agreeably. Points his fork at Mary.

FATHER

With any luck we should be able to cross the bay in a few days. Get word back to your folks.

MOTHER

Your poor mother and father, they must be sick with worry. For all they know, they may have lost you completely. It's terrible.

Kate sets her fork down next to the half-eaten food. She looks at Mary. Concerned. Mary registers this before a thought strikes her.

MARY

Kate could take me across.

Father nods.

FATHER

Yes, of course. If time allows...

Kate gets up and heads toward her coat.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Where are you off to already?

Kate dons the coat and hurries out. She avoids eye contact.

The door closes.

#### **EXT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - DAY**

Kate, holding tight to her coat, walks past the chickens and the goats. She glances at the bay. Sun glimmers on the spots of open water in the ice.

Kate continues on. She reaches the shed and puts it between her and the house.

She backs up against the shed, still holding the coat tightly around her. She closes her eyes, squeezing out a few tears.

She places her hands over her face and stifles a scream.

She struggles to compose herself, wiping away the tears with the back of her hands. She opens her eyes.

Mary is there. She offers a sympathetic smile and open arms. Kate falls into her embrace.

YOUNG KATE  
You will leave soon.

MARY  
I am not ready to.

YOUNG KATE  
What else can you do?

MARY  
I will hold fast to what I believe.

Kate draws away slightly and fixes Mary with a look.

YOUNG KATE  
What? What do you believe?

MARY  
That fear will not cast out love.

Mary pulls Kate back into an embrace.

**INT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - LANTERN ROOM - NIGHT**

The room appears empty. The rotating lights cast strange patterns on the windows and walls.

As we follow the patterns toward the floor, we see Kate and Mary intertwined, wrapped in a blanket, their heads sharing a pillow.

The rotating light CREAKS steadily. Kate, eyes closed, arches her head back, shudders, then releases. She reaches for the back of Mary's head and draws her close. They kiss.

**INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT**

Father peers out the window. Frowns. Then shuffles over to the door and opens it.

**EXT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Father looks up at the lighthouse. The rotating lights lack one lamp. He watches it for a few moments before heading back inside.

**INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT**

Father enters the house while Mother washes dishes.

FATHER

One of the lamps is out.

He sits and rubs his injured leg. Gives Mother a pleading look.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Could you be a dear?

Mother puts down her work and finds a coat.

MOTHER

Yes, love.

Once bundled, she grabs a steaming teapot and two cups. Father notices the gesture.

FATHER

That's a good idea. When you're back could you...

MOTHER

...you can manage your tea by yourself.

Father shrugs.

FATHER

I suppose so.

Mother exits the house.

**INT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - LANTERN ROOM - NIGHT**

The light mechanism CREAKS rhythmically. On the floor, it's hard to tell who is who under the blanket. They roll to exchange positions.

**INT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - STAIRS - NIGHT**

Mother is halfway up the stairs. The cups CLINK together. The teapot lid RATTLES.

**INT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - LANTERN ROOM - NIGHT**

Faint clinking sounds interfere with the rotating light's CREAKING.

Kate sticks her head out from under the blanket and cocks an ear. Mary starts to protest.

YOUNG KATE

Shhh!

(beat)

Is someone there?

MOTHER (O.S.)

Just me. I have a surprise for you  
two.

The CLINKING and RATTLING of the tea set grows louder.

The blankets fly off. Kate and Mary scramble to their feet and attempt to adjust their clothes out of their hopeless state of disarray. Not enough time.

Each dons an individual blanket.

No sooner than this is done, Mother appears, rising from the stairway's bend. She sees the two cloaked girls, each clutching a blanket tightly below their necks.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

You must be freezing up here.

The girls nod energetically.

MARY AND YOUNG KATE

Very cold. Yes, cold.

MOTHER

Well, it is a good thing that I  
brought something to warm you up.

She hands the cups to the girls and pours them tea.

Kate's hand shakes as she holds the cup.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Lord, Kate. You have the shivers.

Kate nods.

YOUNG KATE

Cold.

Is all she can manage in the moment.

Mother takes in the scene. She sees a book lying on the small table by the wall. She gestures toward it.

MOTHER

Reading to each other?

Mary follows the gesture, waits -- in futility -- for Kate to speak, and finally chimes in.

MARY  
Yes. *Robinson Crusoe*.

Mary crooks her arm and swings it a tiny bit upward to signal enthusiasm.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Really...really good.

Mother smiles. She gives Kate a glance.

MOTHER  
Father told me it was a true story.

YOUNG KATE  
Parts of it. Yes.

MOTHER  
It must be very good...

Mother glances at the rotating light.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
...to hold your attention so.

YOUNG KATE  
Yes. Very good.

Mother points at the lamps.

MOTHER  
You've let one go out. Did you not notice?

Kate sees it now. Is stricken.

YOUNG KATE  
I...uh...

Mary sees Kate's distress. She intervenes.

MARY  
We could read it to you!

MOTHER  
That would be lovely.

MARY  
But not here. Too cold.

Mary shoots a look at Kate.

YOUNG KATE

Yes. Cold. And...I must tend to the light. Top off the tanks and such.

She manages a smile to Mother.

YOUNG KATE (CONT'D)

We will be down soon.

Mary seals the deal with a smile and a nod or two at Kate's Mother.

MOTHER

Very well. I look forward to it.

She turns and takes a step down.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Don't forget the tea set.

Kate and Mary watch her descend. Mary turns and retrieves the book. She ruffles through it.

YOUNG KATE

A good thing you brought that.

MARY

I daresay I had some thoughts of reading it tonight.

**EXT. PATH TO THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Mary grasps Kate's elbow as they make their way back to the house. Kate sneaks a look at the bay which is now an even mix of ice and open water.

They enter the house and close the door behind them.

**BACK TO 1870**

**INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY**

Morning light streams in through the window.

Old Kate removes a coat and a thick wool sweater. She hangs them on a rack.

Emily sits on the cot, adjusting an old dress to improve its fit.

KATE

How is it?

EMILY

A little big for me, but not too noticeable.

Emily stands and does a slow 360.

KATE

It's better on you. Certainly more so than what you had before.

Emily ponders this.

EMILY

I arrived here as a boy and will leave as a young woman.

KATE

A clean break to start a new life.

EMILY

A new identity. A popular fantasy, that.

KATE

In those fantasies, how does the hero fare in the end? There must be some sense of guilt for those left behind.

EMILY

Do you mean that I should tell my family? Return to them?

Kate shakes her head.

KATE

No. But, when you are ready, you must. It would be a great kindness to them. Knowing that you are well will more quickly lead them to understand your reasons for leaving.

EMILY

And if they discover me before I am ready...before I know that I have made the right choice?

KATE

Avoid that as best you can but think much on what is lost and what is gained in the choosing.

Emily gasps, realizing something.

EMILY

They will be looking for me. They are not without the means to do so. They may even have engaged Pinkerton's. A man in every station between Boston and New York. And...

Emily runs over to her pile of boy's clothes. She rummages through them wildly.

EMILY (CONT'D)

No!

She searches again.

EMILY (CONT'D)

It's gone!

She looks at Kate. Desperate.

KATE

What is it?

Emily shakes her head. Hides her face.

KATE (CONT'D)

Tell me.

EMILY

I can't. It would not be fair to you. You have done so much already.

Kate folds her arms and nods.

KATE

Money. Is that it?

Emily nods.

KATE (CONT'D)

Lord, girl. Don't let that stop you.

EMILY

There was a letter of introduction as well.

Kate laughs.

KATE

Could it serve better than the story you will tell your Doctor ... what was it?



EMILY

Blackwell.

KATE

Blackwell. When she hears what you have done to reach her hospital... What you have been through...How could she insist on a mere piece of paper?

Kate turns to fix breakfast.

KATE (CONT'D)

And don't worry about the money. Or the train station. Or them Pinkytons.

EMILY

Pinkertons.

Kate turns back and gives Emily a look. Then thinks better of it. Her face softens into a wry grin.

KATE

You'll be just fine.

Kate turns back to the breakfast preparation.

KATE (CONT'D)

(sotto voce)

I know what to do.

She cracks an egg onto the skillet. It sizzles. Kate breathes in the aroma and closes her eyes. And remembers.

**BACK TO 1831**

**INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - DAY**

Mother scrapes an egg off the skillet and slides it onto a plate.

YOUNG KATE (O.S.)

Father!

Mother looks up. Rushes to the door.

YOUNG KATE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Father!

She opens it just as Young Kate means to enter. Kate nearly trips across the threshold.

YOUNG KATE (CONT'D)  
The boat is gone!

Mother grabs Kate's shoulder to steady her.

MOTHER  
Kate. Calm down.

YOUNG KATE  
But the boat...

MOTHER  
He's in it.

Kate draws back. Mary sits up in the cot.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
Got it into his head to send word  
on Mary.

YOUNG KATE  
I was to do that!

MOTHER  
What does it matter? Spares you the  
work.

Mother returns to the kitchen.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
And the supplies he'll be getting.  
We were short on flour...sugar....  
I haven't had a potato since I  
don't know when. Be nice to have  
one of those. Maybe some carrots...

Kate and Mary stare at each other. Neither knows what to do.

Kate plops down at the dining table. Mother lays a plate of  
eggs in front of her.

The boys pile down the ladder from their attic room. They  
scramble to find seats at the table. They stab at each  
other's eggs and punch one another in retaliation.

Mary takes a seat. One of the boys playfully pokes at her  
eggs with his fork. She wallops him on the arm.

BROTHER #1  
Hey!

He grabs his shoulder and squints in pain. Almost in tears.

BROTHER #1 (CONT'D)

That hurt!

Kate slaps the table.

YOUNG KATE

Quiet, you. All of you.

They eat in silence for a few moments. One of the boys looks at Mary.

BROTHER #3

Some blind man's bluff later?

MOTHER

And I wouldn't mind a little more  
of Mr. Robinson Crusoe.

Kate catches Mary's eye and -- ever so slightly -- shakes her head "no." Mary picks at her food for a moment. She forces a smile.

MARY

Of course.

Kate scrapes her plate clean. She stands and heads for the bedroom.

YOUNG KATE

I'm very tired. Wake me at noon.

She slams the door. Mother huffs.

MOTHER

She's cross.

She begins gathering empty plates.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

A nap will set her right.

She musses one of the boy's hair.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Mind the noise during your game.

Mary reaches for Fork Boy's arm. Gives it a pat. She eyes all the boys and draws her finger to her lips. She whispers.

MARY

Like this. The first who speaks  
above a whisper will wear the  
blind.

They nod and smile in agreement.

**INT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - LANTERN ROOM - DAY**

Kate and Mary stand at the bayside window. Afternoon sun colors the bay gold. They watch Father's boat pull up. The boys run to greet him and unload the boat.

YOUNG KATE  
I'm still mad at him.

MARY  
You shouldn't be. He meant well.  
You know that.

YOUNG KATE  
I know.

Kate shrugs.

YOUNG KATE (CONT'D)  
Let's finish here. We'll see what  
news he brings.

Kate and Mary work together to pour the whale oil into the lamp's reservoir.

**INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY**

In the fading daylight, the boys are busy lighting candles and lamps. Mother prepares a meal. Father sits at the table, sipping from a glass of whiskey. He's a bit tipsy.

Kate and Mary enter.

FATHER  
There you are!

Mother pauses in her work.

MOTHER  
The talk of the town! Both of you!

Kate grimaces. Mary gapes. They remove their coats and shuffle over to the table.

FATHER  
You should've seen it. No sooner  
did I tell the dock-master of your  
story, the entire town knew it.

Kate stares blankly.

FATHER (CONT'D)

I could barely put in for supplies.  
Every Tom, Dick and Harry was  
tugging at my sleeves begging to  
hear it, buying me drinks.

Father laughs. Shakes his head.

FATHER (CONT'D)

You should've seen it, Kate.

Remembering something, Father lurches clumsily and throws out his arms.

FATHER (CONT'D)

The Standard sent a man to request  
an interview with you!

Kate reacts.

YOUNG KATE

You did not agree to it. Yes?

Kate waits for a response. Father, flustered at first, then a little offended, blurts out:

FATHER

Of course I agreed. My very own --  
a hero. How could I not show my  
pride in you?

Kate weighs this. She sees Mary's pale face.

YOUNG KATE

But I did not agree.

Father, hurt but hopeful, gestures futilely.

FATHER

You weren't there.

Kate snaps back.

YOUNG KATE

I know! That was also your  
decision! Not mine! Yours!

Mother intervenes.

MOTHER

Kate, dear. Please. He did it for  
you, to spare you the trouble. Try  
to see it from his side.

YOUNG KATE  
Like he did for me?

MOTHER  
Stop! Think if it had been  
otherwise. Had you been the one to  
go, would you have borne the  
attention any better?

Kate absorbs this. Deflates. Then a quiet moment. Mary breaks the ice.

MARY  
And my family? Has word been sent?

Father re-animates immediately. He shakes his head in wonder. Then leans toward Mary.

FATHER  
Lass...if your family does not now  
know your fate, they surely will  
this evening!

MARY  
How is that possible?

Father slaps the table. Grins.

FATHER  
The post! The dock-master caught  
him in time, right before he left  
this morning. Lit a fire under him,  
he says.

Kate and Mary exchange looks.

FATHER (CONT'D)  
I don't want to raise your hopes so  
much, but there is a night coach  
that arrives tomorrow afternoon. It  
could well be you will be reunited  
tomorrow!

Mary forces a muted, polite response.

MARY  
That would be wonderful. I do not  
know if I am ready. It is so  
sudden.

Father taps her shoulder.

FATHER

Ahh, you'll be fine. They will be  
so pleased to see you. Nothing you  
do could diminish their joy.

Mary nods. Kate, stone-faced, reaches for Father's glass. She  
downs it. Then realizes she hates the taste.

Mother stiffens.

MOTHER

Oh lord!

All turn to her.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

We are not ready! All these people  
coming here. We must prepare.

Mother gasps.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Those...men. They must be reunited,  
too.

Mary gives Kate a "what is she talking about?" look. Kate  
shakes it off.

**INT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - LANTERN ROOM - NIGHT**

Kate and Mary sit on the top step, huddled under a shared  
blanket.

MARY

I don't know what to do.

YOUNG KATE

You will be reunited with them.  
With your fiancée as well.

MARY

Everyone is so certain this is how  
it must be! Even you!

YOUNG KATE

How could it be otherwise? We are  
not always so free to do as we  
please.

Mary grabs Kate by the shoulders.

MARY  
We could leave. Together, right  
now.

Kate shakes her head.

YOUNG KATE  
I cannot abandon the light at  
night. Many depend on it.

MARY  
Then, in the morning. At first  
light.

Mary stares hopefully at Kate.

MARY (CONT'D)  
We could be together. Do you not  
want that? Do you not feel as I do?

YOUNG KATE  
I do.

They hug.

**BACK TO 1870**

**EXT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - DAY**

In the warm afternoon glow, Old Kate and Emily sit on a  
bench, watching a rowboat make its way across the bay.

Kate points at it.

KATE  
My nephew has purchased the  
tickets.

EMILY  
Tickets?

KATE  
He will travel with you. And return  
once you are delivered.

EMILY  
You need not. I can do it alone.



KATE

No doubt you could. But if your family has sent men to find you, they will not be looking for a woman traveling with a child.

EMILY

But he is near my age!

KATE

In that dress and with the glasses he brings, you will look older. With your bonnet up, you could almost pass for an old maid.

Emily gets it. She smiles.

EMILY

Why do you do all this for me?

Kate thinks for a moment.

KATE

I... This time, I want your departure to be a good one. A happy one. You have so much to look forward to.

EMILY

This time?

KATE

It did not go so well the last time I sent a young woman on her way.

EMILY

Mary?

Emily grabs Kate's arm.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You have not finished her story! How does it end?

Kate sighs.

KATE

I will tell you some of it.

Kate looks at the approaching boat.

BACK TO 1831

INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Young Kate and Mary pack a satchel with things for their trip. They whisper and do all they can to not make noise.

A loud CREAK. The bedroom door opens. Father emerges. The two girls quickly sit on the cot and stuff the satchel out of sight.

Father rubs his eyes and then looks at them.

FATHER

Ah, good. You're up.

Father eyes Mary and raises an eyebrow.

FATHER (CONT'D)

You'll be lending a hand? You should not feel so obligated.

YOUNG KATE

What...?

Father nods towards the shed.

FATHER

As your mother said, we must move the men. Before we have our visitors.

Kate pales. Mary is confused. Father shuffles over to the ladder to the attic. He calls upwards.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Lads! It's time for chores.

RUSTLING noises upstairs. Kate begins shaking her head.

FATHER (CONT'D)

And not a minute too late. Those two will ripen soon.

Father scrunches his nose.

Mary beseeches Kate with a pleading look.

YOUNG KATE

You should stay here.

Mary is still in the dark.

**EXT. THE CLAPBOARD SHED - DAY**

Pale morning light. Father unlocks the shed and gestures for the boys to go in. Kate watches. Then holds her nose.

MARY (O.S.)  
What is that...?

Kate whirls to see Mary.

YOUNG KATE  
Please. You do not want to be here!

Mary shakes her head. Grabs her nose.

The boys drag out a half-frozen body and position it on a large oil-skin tarp.

Mary sees the dead man's face. Points.

MARY  
He...he was there. On the ship.

Kate nods.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Oh, god!

She turns and runs off.

The boys begin wrapping the body in the tarp.

**EXT. THE PIER - DAY**

Kate and the boys load the second tarp-wrapped body into the rowboat. Father is at the oars. They push the boat out. At the last moment, one of the boys jumps into the boat.

The boys on land wave. Kate is already running back to the house.

**INT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM**

Kate sits next to Mary on the cot.

YOUNG KATE  
I'm sorry.

MARY  
Did you know?

YOUNG KATE

Did I...?

MARY

Last night. When you said we would leave in the morning? Did you know?

YOUNG KATE

I ...

MARY

Did you know about the "chore."

She points out toward the shed.

Kate begins to tremble.

YOUNG KATE

I meant what I said. Maybe I should have known, but I wasn't listening to mother prattle on.

Mary looks doubtful.

YOUNG KATE (CONT'D)

Please. You have to believe me.

Kate searches her mind for some slender reed of hope.

YOUNG KATE (CONT'D)

And...and there is still time. They may not even come today. We could still leave.

Mary shakes her head.

MARY

I fear not. They will come.

**EXT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - DAY**

Mid-afternoon. Kate and Mary share a bench. Morose, they watch Kate's rowboat bob next to the pier.

YOUNG KATE

I could go to Boston. Once things here are settled. We could be...friends. As before.

Mary ponders this.

MARY

You would forsake your family, your duties here? For my friendship?

YOUNG KATE

That is what I feel.

MARY

Will you be so sure in a month, a year?

YOUNG KATE

Will you?

MARY

This is all so sudden. I do not know what to think anymore.

YOUNG KATE

When you are ready, then. Will you come for me?

Mary forces a smile. Gestures dramatically.

MARY

And take you away from all this?  
(sweeps arm)  
Forever?

Kate smiles at Mary. Mary, her hand still pointing outwards, freezes. Kate looks out over the bay.

A large rowboat nears the pier. A pilot, an oarsman and three well-dressed people occupy it. A young man stands near the bow, one foot propped up on the gunwale. He waves.

MARY (CONT'D)

They have brought James.

Mary dutifully waves back.

MARY (CONT'D)

My life is theirs now.

Kate grabs Mary by the elbows. Tears on her face.

YOUNG KATE

Promise me! You still have a choice. Promise me you will come back.

Mary tears up. Hugs Kate.

MARY  
You will always be in my heart.

KATE  
Please. Promise me.

JAMES (O.S.)  
Ahoy! Ahoy!

Mary stands. Wipes her face with the back of her hands, straightens her posture, and strides down the hill.

JAMES AND MARY'S PARENTS (O.S.)  
Mary! It's a miracle!

And similar EXULTATIONS.

Kate rises and folds her hands at her waist. She watches Mary stop at the shoreline before she is mobbed by James and her parents.

James falls to his knees and hugs Mary's legs. He looks up at her, joy in his eyes, babbling words of devotion. Mary's parents disengage and look on with approval.

Mary turns her head and meets Kate's gaze briefly. Mary raises her arms and gestures for the other three to walk up the hill to meet her savior.

Kate's family stands behind her, beaming proudly. The boys run about, screaming in delight. Kate wipes her eyes and steels herself.

James and Mary's parents approach Kate. All smiles and hands outstretched. Mary trails behind.

Kate stands amid a CACOPHONY of handshakes, hugs and exclamations from the visitors. She smiles, shakes hands and offers pleasantries as if on autopilot.

To Kate, the exclamations and shouts distill into a LOUD ROAR.

Kate sees Mary standing alone, outside the scrum of people. The ROAR dissipates while everyone else continues to move about. Mary silently mouths the words: I'm sorry.

#### **EXT. NEAR THE SHORE - DAY**

Later in the afternoon. Mary's parents wait with James in the boat. Mary and Kate stand on the hillside, facing each other, hand in hand. Kate, forlorn, cannot make eye contact.

MARY

Please, Kate. I cannot bear alone  
the sadness of this day.

Kate looks up at Mary.

MARY (CONT'D)

Let me see your smile.

Kate summons up something approximating a smile.

YOUNG KATE

I will miss you.

A long beat.

YOUNG KATE (CONT'D)

Go. Before I make a fool of myself.

They part. Kate begins to walk up the hill.

James, now out of the boat, bolts past a stunned Mary and  
runs toward Kate.

JAMES

Ms. Moore! Wait!

Kate stops and turns. James stops in front of her, digging  
one hand into a pocket.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I almost forgot.

He takes one of Kate's hands and drops five gold coins into  
it. Kate stares at the coins.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I...I wanted to do something for  
you. You saved my Mary.

He looks at Kate, waiting for some affirmation of his  
gesture. Kate nods without looking at James.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You will be in our prayers. Always.

He hurries back to the boat.

Kate watches the boat depart. After a few moments, her Father  
comes to her side.

FATHER

What did he give you?

Kate, still watching the boat, holds out her hand. Opens it.

FATHER (CONT'D)  
Half-Eagles!

He waves at the boat.

FATHER (CONT'D)  
Now there's a good fella! Mary is  
lucky to have him.

Kate slams the coins into Father's chest and storms off.  
Dazed, Father looks for sympathy from Mother.

FATHER (CONT'D)  
What has gotten into her?

Mother begins picking up the coins.

#### **INT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - LANTERN ROOM - NIGHT**

Mother ascends the final stairs to find Kate sitting on the floor. She hands Kate the five coins. Kate shuns the offer.

YOUNG KATE  
I don't want it.

Mother tries again.

MOTHER  
For god's sake, Kate. Take it. Use  
it for something special.

Mother won't move. Kate gives in and takes the coins.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
There's a good girl.

She strokes the top of Kate's head briefly before heading back down the stairs.

Kate stands and looks out toward the bay. She jingles the coins in her pocket.

Kate's face ages 50 years. All the while, she jingles the coins in her pocket.

#### **BACK TO 1870**

#### **EXT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - DAY**

Old Kate and Emily are on the bench.



EMILY

Did you ever see Mary again? Did  
she come back?

Kate pulls out the coins and studies them. They are worn down  
from decades of handling.

KATE

I thought she would.

She takes the coins and puts them into Emily's hand.

KATE (CONT'D)

They'll serve you better than me.

EMILY

I can't accept this.

KATE

I will be cross with you if you do  
not.

Emily looks at the coins.

EMILY

You kept these all this time?

Kate nods.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You cared for her, didn't you?

KATE

Yes.

EMILY

Did you tell her?

KATE

She knew.

EMILY

That is not the same as telling.

Kate sighs.

KATE

If things went unspoken, what does  
it matter as long as we knew?

EMILY

You were afraid?

KATE

We both were. She did her duty. I  
do mine.

They sit for a moment in silence.

EMILY

My grandmother would always tell me  
to not let fear cast out love. I  
never really considered what she  
meant by it. I think I understand  
now.

Emily turns to see Kate staring at her.

### **FLASHBACK TO 1831**

#### **EXT. THE CLAPBOARD SHED - DAY**

Young Kate presses her back against the shed. She opens her  
eyes.

Mary is there. She offers a sympathetic smile and open arms.  
Kate falls into her embrace.

YOUNG KATE

You will leave soon.

MARY

I am not ready to.

YOUNG KATE

What else can you do?

MARY

I will hold fast to what I believe.

Kate draws away slightly and fixes Mary with a look.

YOUNG KATE

What? What do you believe?

MARY

That fear will not cast out love.

Mary pulls Kate back into an embrace.

**END FLASHBACK**

**BACK to 1870**

**EXT. THE KEEPER'S HOUSE - DAY**

Kate quickly turns away from Emily and stares at the ground. Steadies herself.

KATE  
It is good advice.

EMILY  
Yes.

KATE  
May I offer you some advice?

EMILY  
Of course.

KATE  
Let love be the thing that casts  
out fear.

Emily thinks on it.

EMILY  
That is better, I think.

Kate stands and points toward the pier.

KATE  
My nephew is here.

Kate pulls up Emily's bonnet and pulls the drawstring so that it hides much of her head.

Emily stands and hugs a surprised Kate. Kate reciprocates.

KATE (CONT'D)  
You must go. The train...

Emily hesitates.

EMILY  
How will I ever repay you for your  
kindness?

Kate smiles.

KATE  
You already have, my dear.

Emily walks a few steps down the hill. Stops. Turns back to face Kate.

EMILY  
Do you think...?

KATE  
Lord, girl. There is little time.  
You must go.

EMILY  
But...

KATE  
Please. I could not bear it if you  
missed your chance.

Emily hesitates, then heads to the boat.

Kate watches them depart. The boat makes its way across the bay.

Kate watches over a dark and still Black Rock Bay. A reflection of the full moon glimmers on the water. Kate smiles.

KATE (V.O.)  
People talk about fate. I do not  
know if there is such a thing. On  
this island, I have only known what  
the sea provides.  
(beat)  
And I am grateful for it.

A baby goat BLEATS behind Kate, drawing her out of her reverie. She turns and kneels next to the goat, scratching its chin.

Behind them, the lighthouse light rotates steadily. Its beams cut through the darkness.

# **FADE TO BLACK**

TITLE CARD: "The relationships between Kate, Mary and Emily are fictitious. The real Kate Moore tended Black Rock lighthouse for over 50 years, one of only a handful of women lighthouse keepers. She rescued 21 people from sinking ships and recovered many more dead bodies for proper burial.

In 2014, the U.S. Coast Guard honored Kate's service by christening its newest cutter as the USCGC *Kathleen Moore*."