

WE BELIEVE YOU

Episode One

1 EXT. BRACKETT CEMETERY - NIGHT

A clearing, backed by dead-looking trees, beneath the moon. New England with winter coming.

A tiny white form in a far corner of the clearing: a GIRL, alone, lying full-length on the grass. Dark, lank hair. Sweatshirt over an old tea-gown. This is MARCIE DYER (17).

Just past Marcie's head, as she lies, we see a polished granite MARKER, flush with the grass, fringed with old flowers.

Slight WIDEN. We are in a cemetery that dates to Colonial settlement. The grounds around Marcie have been cleared for more recent burials. Upright, weather-effaced stones in the foreground.

Marcie sits up.

2 EXT. ISLAND - MOMENTS LATER

Marcie corners out of the cemetery through a pair of brick columns and heads down an empty sidewalk.

Camera FOLLOWS her to a street-lamp and STOPS just short of it. Marcie continues through its light, into the dark ahead and out of sight.

We might notice a FLYER on the lightpost: the phrase 'WE BELIEVE YOU' in block-capitals, with the address '17 GREENWOOD' beneath it, in smaller type.

PRE-LAP sounds of a FIST THUMPING against a wooden door...

3 EXT. DYER HOUSE - MORNING

Fog, birdsong. SEAN GILMARTIN (17, rangy, hooded sweatshirt and deck boots) stands on a vine-grown front stoop. He checks behind him, ill-at-ease, and turns back around as a door opens in front of him.

4 INT. DYER HOUSE - SAME

Dim vestibule. JAMIE DYER (16, slight, long hair) pulls the door open and lets Sean in past her. Marcie stands in a front hall, holding a bowl of cereal and a spoon.

JAMIE

It's just me and her. That's Marcie.

Marcie gives Sean a little wave with her spoon-hand. We do not get a clear look at either of the Dyer sisters.

MARCIE
Take those boots off.

SEAN
Oh. I wasn't even gonna come in, I just--

MARCIE
--Uh-huh. Wanted to ask something.
There's a room right there, where
we do this.

She jerks a thumb over her shoulder. Sean stands calculating.

MARCIE (CONT'D)
C'mon. Like ten more feet, you can
ask whatever you want.

She withdraws into the house.

SEAN
...Okay.
(aside, to Jamie)
You don't talk about any of this at
school, do you?

JAMIE
What do you think?

Jamie closes the front door behind him.

SEAN
...No. Okay. Okay.

He takes one more look down the hall, and starts prying at his boots.

PUSH INTO hall, from Sean's vantage, as Jamie heads off after her sister.

FADE IN a thrum of ocean-waves against a stone bluff.

BROOKE (V.O.)
(pre-lap, flirty)
...It is. You did this one--Yup.
And last year. Then--No, they
didn't come. Remember...?

5 EXT. BAILEY HOUSE - NIGHT

A view, from across a well-tended back lawn, of a sizable Victorian cottage. Cedar shingles, wraparound porch, hydrangea bushes.

A muted CRASH OF SURF from the other side of the house. Windows dimmed but for a lamp-lit second floor bedroom.

BROOKE (V.O.)
They were in...wherever they go. In Florida.

6 INT. BAILEY HOUSE - NIGHT

PUSH DOWN a short hallway toward a closed door. A boy's hand gives the door a soft KNOCK.

BROOKE (O.S.)
Oh, it's just summers. Okay.

7 BROOKE'S ROOM - SAME

BROOKE BAILEY (16, auburn-haired) sits on her bed, against the headboard, speaking into a cordless phone.

BROOKE
You told her that?

Her brother, DANIEL BAILEY (8), ENTERS in his pajamas, his eyes wide and face drawn.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
...Good. Did you, though...? Uh-huh.
(mouthing, to Daniel)
'What.'

He continues to a window, where he pulls a curtain aside and scans for a moment. He beckons to Brooke with his free hand. She swings her feet to the floor and joins him, still speaking into the phone.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
...Oh my God, what is that? That's your 'serious' voice?
(LAUGHS)
Stop. No--I'm serious: stop.
(peers through window)
Hold on.

She puts the phone to her chest, muting it.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Where.

DANIEL

See the...garage?

He traces a finger along the glass, and she squints past it to the dark lawn and trees, below.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Go over...See the sprinkler, then up, that white one, and the big one next to it? She's right next to that.

Brooke opens the window and leans out into the dark. She pulls back in, SNAPS her fingers at Daniel, thrums on his forehead.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I'm awake.

BROOKE

And you see her right now?

DANIEL

(checks again)

Yes.

He takes hold of her hand.

BROOKE

What's she doing?

DANIEL

Nothing.

Brooke SIGHS and pulls her hand free.

BROOKE

Stop.

(into phone)

Hale? Sorry, it's--Yah, you hear him? Okay. Like one minute.

She holds the phone out to find its power button, and we can just hear a boy's voice through its receiver.

HALE (V.O.)

He-ey, Daniel--!

BROOKE

(to phone)

Yup. He says 'Hi.'

She hangs up.

8 EXT. BAILEY HOUSE, BACK YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Brooke wanders out from the house, roughly to where Camera stood in our first view of the house.

She stops by the edge of the woods and looks back to the house. Daniel has closed the window on the second floor again, and he stares out at her, expressionless.

She gestures to the trees, muttering to herself.

BROOKE
Like...Here?

She turns back to the trees and weaves a short way into them, craning around. There is little to see here but a tangle of branches, marked for just a few feet by the lights from the house.

She tromps back out to the lawn and gives Daniel a broad SHRUG.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
I mean...? You come look.

She has brought the handset out with her, and she powers it on and hits a number on speed-dial. She calls up to the window, raising her voice now.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
I'm gonna ask her. Danny. Tomorrow.
I'm not kidding.

No response from Daniel. She stalks back toward the house, out of sight.

BROOKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(into phone)
...Hey. No, he's--I dunno. He's fine. He just wants to sleep in my room.

We hear a door close on her voice, offscreen. Daniel watches the same spot in the woods, from the window above.

9 INT. SCHOOL, CAFETERIA - NEXT DAY

Sean sits alone, poking at his lunch tray. Cavernous room. Background movement stilled, audio muffled.

Sean looks up as two boys appear and sit opposite him. These are MATT O'NEILL (17, apelike) and COLIN MERRITT (16, on crutches).

O'NEILL

You done?

He pulls Sean's tray across the table, inspects it.

O'NEILL (CONT'D)

Close enough. Whaddya think?

(stands)

Yeah, close enough.

O'Neill EXITS. Colin waits, eyeing Sean. The feet of Sean's chair SCRAPE against the tile, and he STANDS UP.

10

INT. SCHOOL, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Colin crutches down the center of an empty hallway. Sean follows, hangdog, behind him. O'Neill drifts along the hall's sides, trying the handles of locked doors and peering through windows into empty classrooms.

This wing of the school shows increasing signs of disuse, as they head deeper into it. They pass beneath the last of the working overhead lights. A few panels of frosted glass admit murky light from the outside.

O'Neill tries a door marked 'Guidance Counselor,' and stops at the next door to read the old, stenciled lettering.

O'NEILL

'School Store.'

He yanks HARD at the door's handle.

O'NEILL (CONT'D)

That'd come down. If you wanted.

He gives the door a last rattle and continues after the others.

11

INT. SCHOOL, GYMNASIUM CONCOURSE - MOMENTS LATER

Glass doors chained together and boarded up. Old pennants and banners. O'Neill pokes along a dust-filmed trophy case.

O'NEILL

You here when they still had this?
Sports and...all this? How long
ago's that?

COLIN
 (to Sean)
 He's talking to you.

SEAN
 I was sixth grade. Fifth or sixth.
 I barely remember.

A door stands wedged open, just past the trophy case. O'Neill heads in through the doorway. Colin stops at the door and motions Sean past him.

COLIN
 Keep following him.

12 INT. SCHOOL, BOYS' LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sean continues along a dark, narrow corridor. Double-doors propped open on his right. O'Neill's voice carries back from somewhere ahead.

O'NEILL (O.S.)
 ...Hale says there's an old
 teachers' lounge, bigger than this,
 somewhere in the...we don't know
 where. He's got everyone looking.

Sean passes the double-doors and looks in on a vast, abandoned gymnasium.

The corridor leads past lockers and showers and then opens into a small staff area. Here we see about a dozen students--boys and girls, middle- and high school-aged--slouched on chairs and benches, typing on cell phones, doing homework. Two boys play ping-pong. All well dressed and groomed.

With this scene, we begin to see and reference the Island's neighborhoods and social divisions:

-- Students in the lounge are from a wealthy district called THE POINT, on the Island's northern coast. Prior to this year, the Point families were all strictly summer residents.

-- Sean is from THE NECK, a working-poor neighborhood built around the commercial docks in the south.

-- The Dyer sisters live in THE FELLOWS, the wooded highlands at the Island's center. The Fellows are home to a mix of artists and hippies, eccentrics and shut-ins.

-- Later scenes reference a fourth neighborhood of dispossessed poor called THE HOLLOW or THE 'LOWS.

These distinctions are well-known to all students, and a student's dress and behavior will mark him or her out as belonging to one group or another.

As a rule these groups do not mix, so Sean's presence in the lounge draws a few stares.

O'Neill stops at a vending machine and points Sean through an archway.

O'NEILL (CONT'D)
Through there. That door, right there.

Sean continues alone to a small ante-room, with a second door at its far end. A boy with a matte knife is scraping painted lettering from the door's frosted glass. Only the letters "TIC DIRECTOR" remain.

Seeing Sean, the boy stands from his work and opens the door.

13 INT. SCHOOL, HALE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Sean ENTERS a spare white office of painted cinderblocks. A boy behind a desk digs in a drawer, head down.

HALE (O.S.)
Gimme a sec...

A third boy--RYAN MAHER (13, small, pallid)--sits on a counter with his legs swinging beneath him. Ryan lives in the Neck, like Sean, and wears that neighborhood's identifying hoodie and work-boots. At the moment, he is programming a NEW-LOOKING CELL PHONE. He looks up and blinks at Sean with some surprise.

RYAN
Hey, Sean.

Sean only frowns at him, as his eyes drift to a poster of a bikini'ed Heather Thomas, behind plexiglass in a steel frame. This is the room's only decorative detail.

HALE (O.S.)
(droll)
Yeah that's nice, huh.

HALE BOWMAN (16, polished) sits up at his desk and eyes the poster with Sean.

HALE (CONT'D)

I don't even know who that is. But I can't take it down without losing part of that wall. Whoever worked in here, he's god-damned if anyone's taking his poster. You wanna sit?

SEAN

(on Ryan)

What's he doing here?

HALE

(to Ryan)

Ryan? What are you doing?

RYAN

Me? Nothing. What?

Hale unfolds a slip of paper and flattens it on the desktop.

HALE

C'mon. Sit. This is what I wanted to show you.

He pushes the paper across to Sean, and we recognize it as a worn copy of the FLYER from opening scenes: 'WE BELIEVE YOU,' printed over a street address. Sean takes the chair opposite Hale.

HALE (CONT'D)

You know what that is? Or who it's for?

(no response)

All I know is, I got O'Neill tearing these down. And he's saying things he...probably shouldn't, about these girls.

SEAN

Which?

HALE

Which...girls? I dunno, they said it's two sisters, making these. Jamie and Marcie Dyer. Thought maybe you'd know that.

SEAN

What's he saying about them?

HALE

Oh, they're...hippie...witches, I dunno. You know his sister, Cass?

(MORE)

HALE (CONT'D)

Or--Cassandra? One of them used to babysit her. He says they're bothering her. They won't leave her alone.

SEAN

What does that mean?

HALE

Dunno. He won't explain it. And now he's saying he's gonna burn their house down. And our friends are listening to this, because they're not very smart. And...I dunno. It's starting to feel like a problem.

SEAN

(dubious)

He wants to burn their house down.

Hale SNORTS.

HALE

He says. Yeah.

SEAN

Surprised he'd go up there.

HALE

Uh-huh. 'Cause it's the Fells...? Mm, he probably won't. They're probably safe.

Hale pulls the flyer back to him.

HALE (CONT'D)

...But you did. Right? You were up there on Monday morning.

A flicker of TEMPER on Sean's face. He takes care not to look aside, at Ryan.

SEAN

Who told you that?

RYAN

Sean: he doesn't care.

HALE

Just tell me what you talked about--

SEAN

(stands)

--Ask them.

HALE
I did. I tried. Or...I will.

SEAN
(on Ryan)
And leave him alone.

HALE
What. He's the only one of you that
talks to me.

Sean crosses to the door and finds it BLOCKED from the
outside.

HALE (CONT'D)
Careful, there's a--

Sean RAMS the door open with enough force to SPILL THE BOY
OVER, into the ante-room. We hear the matte-knife clatter
across the floor as Sean EXITS.

HALE (CONT'D)
...Yup.

He sighs and looks to Ryan, who sits as before, programming
his phone.

RYAN
He's okay.
(shrugs)
He's got a temper.

HALE
Mm-hm.

Hale frowns at the flyer, re-folds it and tucks it away.

14 EXT. GILMARTIN TRAILER - NIGHT

MARCIE (V.O.)
(pre-lap)
Do you know where it is, in here?
When you see it?

A trailer home stands isolated in a field of stubble,
bordered on three sides by a dense birch wood.

15 INT. GILMARTIN TRAILER - SAME

LOCKED ANGLE IN from the front door, on a small den and
kitchenette. Bathroom behind an accordion door. Half-opened
pocket-door to a bedroom.

Marcie photographs the four adjoined rooms with an Instamatic camera, while Jamie measures them and writes in a pocket-notebook. Sean hands Jamie a tape-measure, to replace her yardstick.

SEAN
(shakes his head)
No. I can't...picture it at all,
right now.

JAMIE
Do you know it's not supposed to be
there?

SEAN
I don't think so. I think I know
there's something wrong...

MARCIE
Mm-hm. Just don't know what it is.
(off Sean's NOD)
Okay.

JAMIE
Gimme your hand. I'm gonna...

She takes Sean's wrist, uncaps a permanent MARKER with her teeth and mimes writing with it.

SEAN
Oh.

She rolls up his sleeve and starts WRITING on his inner forearm.

MARCIE
Just try to remind yourself. There
are four rooms--kitchen, den, bath,
bedroom. That should be it. If you
count any more than that, you gotta
call us.

SEAN
Okay.

Marcie notes the uncertainty clouding Sean's face.

MARCIE
Or...let's say any time you think
something's off--if you can explain
it, if you can't, it's okay. Just
call.

Sean NODS. Jamie lets his hand go, and he rolls his sleeve back down. Marcie resumes taking pictures.

MARCIE (CONT'D)
Any sense of...like, dislocation.
Things are out of place. Or you
are. Maybe something bad's
coming...

SEAN
Mm. That doesn't rule out much of
the day.

Marcie SNORTS.

JAMIE
That's okay. We don't mind.

She writes in her notebook.

SEAN
Or...night's probably even worse.

JAMIE
Then call whenever. I don't really
sleep, anyway.

A WARMTH, now, in Jamie's voice. Sean studies her as she tears a PHONE NUMBER from her notebook and hands it to him, no longer meeting his eyes.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
That's us. And--Here.

She gives him the marker and NODS to his arm.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
If that starts to wash off.

Marcie watches this exchange, and returns to her study of the den. She has shot her film roll, and she winds it out by hand as Jamie gathers her effects.

AUDIO FADES OUT.

PRE-LAP sound of DANIEL BAILEY'S BREATHING. Deep and even, as though in SLEEP...

16 EXT. BAILEY HOUSE - NIGHT

Repeat earlier shot of the Baileys' back lawn, though now we PUSH TOWARD the house.

17 INT. BAILEY HOUSE - NIGHT

Another slow TIGHTEN on Brooke's bedroom door.

Sounds of DANIEL'S BREATHING continue over these and following images.

18 SEQUENCE - DANIEL MADE INTO EFFIGY OF STICKS (DREAM)

POV up from the floor, in Brooke's bedroom. Daniel's nanny ANA (18, Brazilian) kneels over Camera, humming to herself while she works. She brings dead STICKS up from somewhere beside her and lays them over our field of view.

Sounds of STRUGGLE from Daniel, as though his mouth were sealed. We still, incongruously, hear the sound of his steady BREATHING.

VFX: Apply MORPH effect to certain jump-cuts and shifts in location or POV, creating a CONJOINED feel for different locations and angles, and a sense of acceleration--even SIMULTANEITY--for sequential events.

Sticks obscure all but slivers of our POV. Ana holds the sticks in place and binds them with a cord. Grunts and whines from Daniel as she cinches the cord tighter, constricting him.

ANGLE ON Daniel--a second representation of him, distinct from the POV on the floor--lying in Brooke's bed. Slow BREATHING sounds now in fore of mix. He rolls his head to our left. PAN off his look to Brooke, who sleeps beside him with her back to him.

PAN RIGHT again over Daniel, as his head rolls the other way. Continue past Ana, who kneels beside the bed, turned away from Camera. CONTINUE PAN to MATCHED CUT OF the BAILEY LIVING ROOM, where Brooke sits at the far end of a sofa, intent on a laptop with a chaotic-sounding video on its screen.

DANIEL (V.O.)
It's Ana. I told you.

No reaction from Brooke.

PAN left. We see Ana hunched as before, though now she is working OUTSIDE, on dry, wild-grown grass, in TWILIGHT.

Past her shoulder, on the ground, we see what looks like an ARM--Though it is only a tied bundle of STICKS crooked like an arm, in the same shirt Daniel is wearing.

SCORE: Ana hums a type of cycling folk melody called a *sutartinė*. As sequence progresses, we will hear this melody in overlapping parts, some of them REVERSED, in Ana's voice and in others', and on atonal wooden horns with drums and bells.

PRE-LAP AUDIO: FADE IN sounds of footfalls and a squeaking "coaster" WAGON on a dirt path.

PAN RIGHT again, toward Brooke.

DANIEL (V.O.)
See? I want to stay with you.

Brooke SNORTS. Like all speech in this sequence, her voice is MIS-TIMED with the movements of her mouth.

BROOKE (V.O.)
Where do you think you are?

DANIEL (V.O.)
I'm with her.
(no response)
...Brooke--

Brooke looks to Camera only as it passes her.

BROOKE (V.O.)
--Sh-h.

The DARKNESS to the right of Brooke resolves slowly into an EXTERIOR POV: We are bouncing along in the bed of the little WAGON, moving backward along a WOODED PATH.

Sticks, again, obscure most of our view. Sounds of Daniel bound and struggling, as before. Pinpoints of light recede in pairs at ground level: candles in wind-guards of hammered tin, marking this trail through the woods.

In the next moment we are on raised ground, deeper in the same woods. Daniel stands on a moss-grown dais of stacked stone. On a plinth above him, a crude wooden CHAIR stands alone and empty against the evening sky.

About twenty yards off, in the woods below, a dark FIGURE shifts through the trees, approaching on the candle-lit path.

CHANTING and HORNS grow louder, dissonant. Sounds of footfalls, Ana's humming, the grinding of the wagon's wheels all rise with the score. Something fearful getting closer.

Daniel looks from the path to some half-buried stones near the base of a tree. In the next moment, he is clawing through the soil with his hands, pulling roots apart.

He exposes a set of old flagstones laid in a circular pattern around an aperture about three feet across. The hole gives in to a WIDER CHAMBER beneath the ground, where we see hints of SOMETHING MOVING through the dark.

Score and audio reach an almost UNBEARABLE PITCH as the figure on the path draws near and rises into view. In the half-light we see this is ANA, pulling the wagon behind her. Screen begins to SHUDDER, as with the force of the audio. There is a second, UNMOVING FIGURE in the wagon-bed, and we can just make out some of its BLACK, BRISTLING SHAPE behind Ana before we JUMP-CUT TO...

Close, dark, quiet INTERIOR. Daniel sits in the circular, earth-walled chamber--about six feet deep and as many across--beneath the flags. A long-haired girl sits in a sundress opposite Daniel, facing into the wall, with her knees drawn up beneath her. This is CASSANDRA O'NEILL (6).

The soil here is veined with roots and flecked with tiny, dimly reflective shapes. Daniel digs at one of these in the wall and pulls out two 'Indian-head' pennies. He thumbs the dirt from the coins and GASPS.

Digging around the hole he has made, he finds more buried old objects: pennies and buffalo nickels, an arrow-head of chipped stone, brass shell-casings, glass prisms and bits of quartz, a jackknife and a sleek 'Matchbox'-style car.

This last item he cleans with special care, marveling as though it were a favorite toy he had considered lost.

DANIEL (V.O.)

This is mine.

(whispers)

...This is mine.

He notes a wood-framed, rectangular notch in the floor that was not here a moment ago, and he pockets his findings but for the car. He peers into the hole, which is too small for him to fit through, and sees more glittering artifacts in what might be a profound depth.

He reaches into the hole with his free hand, plunging his arm up to the shoulder.

CASSANDRA (V.O.)

That's all the older stuff.

DANIEL (V.O.)

I know.

Strains of the pagan MELODY return. Sounds of thudding and scraping from somewhere overhead. A change in atmosphere.

DANIEL (V.O.)
Don't look.

Our picture begins to SHUDDER again as audio peaks. Even as Daniel struggles to reach something beneath him, his head turns toward the space above them.

Cassandra has tipped her own head back to a nearly impossible angle. She sits frozen, mouth gaping and eyes prized open, staring straight up.

DANIEL (V.O.)
That's not me.

A JUDDERING TRANSITION to the stone dais, outside. Ana hunches here, on the left side of frame, setting the black FIGURE upright in the chair.

A shaking, STAGGERED PAN LEFT, as though Camera were being FORCED in this direction.

DANIEL (V.O.)
(rising panic)
I'm here. Cass, it's not me.

We get a quick, oblique look at the FIGURE as Ana makes some last adjustments and backs away. Our view is compromised by both the camera's motion and an enlarged GRAIN EFFECT, which suggests too tight a zoom on old film footage.

...But our impression is one of DANIEL'S BODY, OVER-STUFFED WITH DEAD STICKS. His clothes and even his desiccated skin have been pulled over a roughly boy-shaped EFFIGY. Thicker branches jut out through the skin and cloth at certain joints. The flesh of one hand hangs limp, and Ana pulls it up like a glove over the sticks that sprout from a cuff. The figure's hair, recognizable as Daniel's, bulges over its lumpen head, and its mouth has been stretched around a sawn-off stub. More sticks, in place of eyes, distend the skin around its empty eye-sockets.

The close-up sounds of Daniel grunting and struggling grow FRANTIC. A sort of closed-mouth SCREAM rises through these until we...

CUT TO:

19 INT. BROOKE'S BEDROOM - DAWN (END SEQUENCE)

Brooke, sleeping beside Daniel with her back to him, BOOTS him hard with her heel. He wakes with a GASP and tries to get his breath.

BROOKE
 (mumbles, half-asleep)
 Danny, c'mon. Whatever you're
 doing, stop.

Daniel sits up and dabs the drool from his mouth. He sees he is still holding the mud-grimed MATCHBOX CAR and, in his other fist, a flat, rose-quartz stone etched with two NORSE RUNES on each of its two faces.

BROOKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Serious, lie down. Or go.

He wriggles back beneath the covers, and sets the car and the quartz next to him. Silently, he brings the coins and shells and other items out from his pockets, to study.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
 Wet this bed, I'm telling mom. And
 she'll...go to the police.

DANIEL
 I won't.

BROOKE
 --Sh-h. And don't roll around.

20 INT. SCHOOL, CLASSROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Sean, eyes fixed on his desk, sets out his notebook and pen.

BROOKE (O.S.)
Hey.

He looks up to see that Brooke has taken the seat in front of him. She sits backward in it, beaming at him.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
 What happened with you and Hale,
 yesterday?

SEAN
 Who?

BROOKE
 You came to see him in that office
 he uses. I saw you.

No response. She leans aside to rummage in her bag.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
 He says you fought Mark Sutter,
 when you were a freshman.
 (MORE)

BROOKE (CONT'D)

You're supposed to be some kind of hard-case, he said.

(off Sean's LOOK)

I know. I said, 'Him? He looks too sweet.'

She has taken a box from her handbag, and she sets it on his desk: a new CELL PHONE, in its factory box.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

That's from Hale. He says none of you have these. He gets them through his dad's work, so--What. Take it.

SEAN

Don't get reception, in the Neck. It's why we don't have phones. Maybe his dad can do something about that.

BROOKE

It's not the point, whether you want it or not.

She searches Sean's face, SIGHS, and starts unboxing the phone herself.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

You noticed we're here, all of a sudden. Yeah? Any of you wonder about that? Maybe we forgot to leave, after the summer?

SEAN

Did you?

BROOKE

Six families from the Point said they're staying year-round, this year. It's us, the Sterlings, Merritts, O'Neills...Aldens, Sorensens...yeah. They had a dinner for us, in July. There's a plaque for it, in the Club.

(no response)

They're establishing residency. So they can sit on boards. And vote. Get their friends here, and retire with 'em. And where do you think you'll be, when that happens?

(no response)

Well. Maybe you'll find out.

SEAN

Just saying, I don't need a phone.

She sets the PHONE--the same model Ryan was programming in earlier scenes--out on Sean's desk, with a charger.

BROOKE

I don't care if you use it. Hale's gonna ask if you took it, and when I go, 'No,' he's gonna go, 'Why not,' and...maybe, could you two just spare me that?

Sean only stares at her. She grunts and stands, and grabs the phone.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Look--Dumb-dumb:

She picks up Sean's backpack, opens its outer front pocket, and zips the phone and charger into it.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

He still thinks he needs friends. And he's not gonna, for much longer. This is a good friend to have, I promise you.

She drops Sean's backpack and returns to her own desk.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

There. You're right, that was really hard.

21 EXT. ISLAND, ROADS NEAR SCHOOL - DAY

Empty, cold-withered landscape. Homes boarded up. Leaden skies. Jamie and Marcie walk up the long grade from school toward their home in the FELS. Secondhand coats, stringy hair, self-conscious.

Five POINT STUDENTS walk behind them, gaining on them. Brooke, O'Neill, and O'Neill's brother DEREK (15) in this second group.

O'NEILL

'Scuse me? Hey--!

Derek catches up to the Dyers, slips around them and makes them dodge past him.

DEREK

Hey. Ahh...Where you going?

He KICKS Jamie's foot as she passes. She stumbles.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Oh--Sorry. I'm sorry. But--Y'know,
you keep moving, and I'm trying to--
C'mon. I'm not even making a joke,
just wait...

FOLLOW Derek as he walks behind the girls. They turn off the street and continue on a foot- or 'desire' path over a few conjoined lawns.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Seriously, did you--either of you--
do like a...I don't know what you
call it--Like a hex? On my brother?

POINT BOY (O.S.)

A spell.

DEREK

Okay, but like a love spell?

BROOKE (O.S.)

Derek? Shut up.

The Dyers stop in the shaded lee of a boarded-up cottage. They turn to Derek.

The others stop as well--Derek closest to Dyers, O'Neill on the street where it enters a WOOD, the others ranged between them.

Derek sweeps a hand toward his brother.

DEREK

I mean, look at him. He's barely
eating. It's all he talks about,
now, is you two.

The Dyers only stare at him, from about ten yards away. His grin falters.

DEREK (CONT'D)

And he's saying...He wants to go
'thrifting,' he said? What even...
(stifles a GAG)
'Scuse me. What even is that...?
Hold on--

He lifts a trembling hand, stoops half-over and RETCHES in a torrent, through his nose and mouth.

Shrieks and laughter from the other Point students.

POINT BOY

Ohh--!

POINT GIRL

Derek--! Stop!

(off another BURST)

My God. What are you doing?

O'NEILL

What's he doing?

Derek, panting and disoriented, blinks at the vomit in the grass beneath him and gives a weak CHUCKLE. He exchanges a look with the Dyers, who watch him without expression.

The Boy jogs over to him, as he turns back toward the street.

DEREK

Okay. I'm good. I'm good. Nope, one more--

He retches again with even greater force, to more squeals and laughter.

O'NEILL (O.S.)

Jesus, just bring him. Derek.
C'mon.

POINT BOY

Derek. Let's go.

DEREK

Mm-hm--Nah, I got it. Get off. I'm good.

He throws the Boy's hand off, and the group continues up the road, toward the forest.

POINT GIRL (O.S.)

Ah--! Not near me.

The Dyers watch them for another BEAT, and head back to the road themselves. Voices and laughter diminish, offscreen.

We see that Brooke has stayed alone, behind the others, to scuff at something in the long grass with her foot. She looks up as the Dyers approach.

BROOKE

Hey. Sorry about that...Matt. And his stupid brother. And he's stupid, too. Obviously. Matt is.

(shrugs)

I'm Brooke. Bailey.

She gives them a little WAVE.

JAMIE

I know. You're in my chem class.
I'm Jamie. And...
(points at Marcie)
Marcie.

Brooke NODS and looks back down, to where she has flattened the grass around a weather-worn little stone OBELISK. We might note a few Norse RUNES cut into the stone, like those on Daniel's rose-quartz 'APPORT.'

BROOKE

What are these things, right here?
I've been seeing them all over.
They look old.

JAMIE

They're really old. That one marks out the path, here. It's an old cattle path. You can still, if you own a cow, you can--legally, you can walk it right through people's yards, graze it in the park...

BROOKE

They still have cows, here?

JAMIE

Oh. Not any more. Horses, they do.

O'NEILL (O.S.)

(from a distance)

Brooke--! C'mon.

All three look to the woods.

BROOKE

...Yeah, we're supposed to stay in groups. If we cut through there.
(back to the Dyers)
But...don't you two live that way?
In the Fells?

JAMIE

Mm-hm. We're on Greenwood.

Brooke NODS, and considers for a BEAT.

BROOKE

...Y'know, my brother's been...
seeing his nanny in there.
(MORE)

BROOKE (CONT'D)

At night. Yah. In the woods, near our house.

JAMIE

Doing what.

BROOKE

(searches Jamie's face)

Ahh...Apparently, not a lot. Just standing there, mostly. Sometimes she's holding a bunch of sticks.

She lets out a dry LAUGH and sees that the Dyers are looking past her. She follows their eyes to the Point Girl, who has reappeared on the street.

POINT GIRL

Brooke? C'mon.

Brooke turns back to the Dyers.

MARCIE

--Hope that boy's okay.

Brooks cuts off her own comment. Her smile hardens.

BROOKE

Yeah. I better go check. I'll...see ya.

She gives another wave as she heads off behind the Girl.

JAMIE

Bye.

Marcie notes, with a hint of disapproval, that Jamie is waving after her.

22 EXT. GILMARTIN TRAILER - NIGHT

Sean heads in through his front door, backpack over his shoulder and deck-boots in hand.

23 INT. GILMARTIN TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

We note a CHANGE IN ATMOSPHERE from similar shots in earlier scenes. Colors are re-graded, shadows have deepened. We hear a sourceless SOUND like a steady rush of air.

Series of TIGHT ANGLES as Sean stows his boots, drops his knapsack, peels his sweatshirt off and tosses it in a chair.

ANGLE ON a coffee table in front of the sofa. We hear Sean PAUSE, offscreen. A prolonged, suspended moment.

In the next moment, he drags a telephone over and sets it on the table, in frame. He drops to the sofa behind it, roots in his backpack and tosses his notebook down next to the phone.

After another PAUSE, he dials the phone and listens, clicking a retractable pen in his right hand, over the notebook.

He wears a tee-shirt, and we see the WRITING Jamie left, in marker, on his right arm:

KITCH, BATH, BED, DEN = 4
ROOM 5 = ? CALL DYERS

24 INT. DYER HOUSE - SAME

A wall-mounted telephone RINGS, unanswered, in a pantry.

25 INT. GILMARTIN TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Sean has replaced the phone's handset in its cradle. He digs in his backpack again and comes up with the FLIP-PHONE Hale has given him. He opens the phone and studies it, trying buttons and paging through screens.

REPEAT HIGHER, MEDIUM ANGLE ON den from the front door, to MATCH SHOT from earlier scenes. We see, behind Sean, that a strip of paneling between the kitchenette and bathroom is now a WALL WITH AN ARCHWAY set in it.

The archway gives in to a dimly lit HALLWAY that we might, from its wallpaper and wainscot and Persian runner, recognize as the SECOND-FLOOR HALL IN THE BAILEY HOUSE.

KEEP SHOT LOCKED as Sean raises the cell phone and takes a FLASH-PHOTO of the older phone. He studies the image on the flip-phone's screen, and then STANDS and crosses the den.

He pauses at the archway, raises the phone and takes a second photograph, and then continues down the hall and out of sight, taking new photos every few steps.

26 EXT. DYER HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

TIGHT ON a weathered stone OBELISK, like the one Brooke discovered earlier. This one stands in a corner of the Dyers' front yard, near the street.

WIDER VIEW of the house, just as its front door closes. We see that someone has spray-painted the words 'WE BELIEVE YOU SUCK' across its clapboard siding. The number 17 nailed to a post near the door.

After a BEAT, lights come up in the windows from somewhere deeper in the house.

We hear an electronic TONE from the Dyers' ANSWERING MACHINE, followed by Sean's voice.

SEAN (V.O.)

(from answering machine)

Hey. This is Sean Gilmartin. We... On Thursday, you were here. We were talking about the back rooms, I think. I know there's something I'm supposed to do, or tell you, or...I don't remember, exactly. But I know you said call if anything felt, like 'off,' so... Here's that, happening. And...I dunno, I hope this makes sense. To someone. Either of you. Ahh...Okay. So, I'm here.

27 EXT. GILMARTIN TRAILER - NEXT MORNING

FOLLOW HALE as he crosses the stubble field toward Sean's trailer. O'Neill jogs ahead of him. Both carry their backpacks, as though stopping on their way to school.

The trailer's storm-door opens before O'Neill reaches it, and JAMIE DYER appears on the stoop. She holds the door for Marcie, and the two of them step down to the lawn.

O'Neill plods by them and climbs the stoop.

MARCIE

He's not in there.

O'Neill slips into the house without comment. Hale draws up to the Dyers.

28 INT. GILMARTIN TRAILER - SAME

REPEAT MEDIUM ANGLE from inside the front door. Interior has REVERTED to the original four-room plan, with no sign of the archway or hall having been here.

O'Neill shuffles through each of the rooms.

O'NEILL
Hullo...? 'Lo...?

He pauses in the den and takes his phone from his pocket, scanning around him with distaste.

O'NEILL (CONT'D)
(mutters)
This is some...swell place, here,
buddy. Look at you.

NO SIGNAL on his phone. O'Neill sees the land-line phone on the coffee table, where Sean left it. He lifts the handset gingerly, with thumb and forefinger.

O'NEILL (CONT'D)
Yecch.

He keys a number on the phone's base.

29

EXT. GILMARTIN TRAILER - SAME

Hale swipes through photographs on his phone, showing its screen to the Dyers. We see the IMAGE SEAN TOOK of his own phone, followed by his shot of the archway.

HALE
...You can't see there, but--
(next image)
There. That's inside the Baileys'
house. And keep...Yeah.

Marcie takes the phone. She swipes from a wide look down the hall to a closer angle on one of the doors.

MARCIE
How do you have these?

HALE
They go up to a server. I didn't
see 'em till this morning, but...It
says he took them at eight-thirty,
last night. Which he couldn't have.
He's never been in that house--I
called 'em. He definitely wasn't
there last night.

JAMIE
(aside, to Marcie)
There's daylight, in that one.

HALE

I know there's something you two
were talking to him about--

The Dyers pause on an image of Sean's hand, holding a door open to what looks like DANIEL'S ROOM. Inside, Ana has half-stood from Daniel's bed, where he is still seated. She holds his hand behind her, and turns a PANICKED look to the camera. The flash catches a retinal reflex in her eyes. Weak morning light pools in the window-shades, in the background.

MARCIE

--Who's that?

Hale cranes for a look.

HALE

Oh...their nanny. That's Daniel,
behind her.

MARCIE

Where are they now?

HALE

Daniel and...? They're in the
house. Or, he is. She's probably
just getting there.

MARCIE

I'd check.

She hands his phone back to him.

HALE

I know. I just did.

MARCIE

I would again, though. Or I can.

HALE

--Nah, I...Okay.

He frowns at her and dials, muttering.

HALE (CONT'D)

I dunno what I'm supposed to say...

30

INT. BAILEY HOUSE - SAME

A cordless PHONE RINGS on its base, on a marble countertop.

Large, sunny, open-plan first floor. Ocean views in picture windows. A pronounced contrast between this and the Gilmartin trailer interior.

Brooke shouts down the stairs.

BROOKE (O.S.)
Ana...?

The phone stops ringing. BEAT. It starts again.

Brooke hurries down the stairs and grabs the phone, still zipping her backpack.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hello? Hey. Yeah, where are you?
(listens, dubious)
...Ahh, I can. They're right out front...No, I will. On my way out. I'm gonna see you in a minute. Uh-huh--I'm late.

31 EXT. BAILEY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Brooke, harried, trots down her front steps and scans the empty yard around her.

She circles to a corner of the house and peers around it.

BROOKE
Hey. Ana...?

She GRUNTS and continues toward the back yard.

32 EXT. GILMARTIN TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

O'Neill lets the storm door spring shut behind him.

O'NEILL
(to the Dyers)
Where is he?

HALE
They don't know.

O'NEILL
Mm. Colin says he's not at school.

Hale heads off toward the street. O'Neill stops in front of the Dyers and leans in close to them, pointing back at Sean's house.

O'NEILL (CONT'D)
 He's a friend of yours?
 (no response)
 Hello...?

He lets out a hard LAUGH in Hale's direction, and turns back to the girls.

O'NEILL (CONT'D)
 Well. Tell him come see us. Today.
 Okay? Or I gotta go look for him.

Still no reaction from the Dyers. He gives them another glare and walks off.

O'NEILL (CONT'D)
 Tell him he can come talk to Hale.
 Or he can come talk to Hale and get
 his ass beat, first.
 (quick look back)
 Or...Yeah, just stand there. Good
 for you.

ANGLE ON Jamie, as she watches the boys leave. She lingers for a moment by the trailer, studying its dimensions, peeking in through a window.

MARCIE (O.S.)
 Jamie?
 JAMIE
 --Sorry.

She catches up to Marcie, and they enter the forest behind Sean's house on another old foot-path.

FOLLOW the Dyer sisters into the darkening wood. Brooke's voice, in PRE-LAP, is uncharacteristically FLUSTERED.

BROOKE (V.O.)
 ...Oh my God. Okay. Jesus--Just,
 no--Thank God.

33 EXT. BAILEY HOUSE - SAME

Brooke paces around her front stoop, speaking into the same handset as before, her face red and tear-streaked. She lets out a long, hitching breath.

BROOKE
 But...What was she doing, though?
 Did anybody...Huh? No. I'm fine.
 It's not me I'm...I know.
 (MORE)

BROOKE (CONT'D)

I heard you. Yeah, I'll be right here. Uh-huh. Then I'll tell 'em you're coming.

34 EXT. ISLAND ROAD - LATER THAT DAY

The Dyers step out from the woods to a sidewalk on a coastal road, swatting a few leaves and burrs from their clothes.

They corner down a private-looking lane, where a series of large, 'shingle-style' cottages like the Baileys' front the water.

A raised placard marks this as the 'TORRINGTON POINT' neighborhood.

35 EXT. BAILEY HOUSE - LATER THAT DAY

Brooke, sitting on her front stoop, looks to the sounds of an approaching CAR. Her hands drift to her mouth as she stands. RED LIGHTS, faint at first, strobe across her.

36 MONTAGE - POLICE RETURN WITH DANIEL BAILEY

INTERCUT Daniel's return home with FLASHBACK scenes of police retrieving him, earlier this morning.

-- Brooke stands on her front walkway. We hear a PATROLMAN speaking offscreen, presumably to her parents.

NOTE THAT WE DO NOT SEE ANY ADULTS ONSCREEN.

PATROLMAN (O.S.)

...I gotta think--I mean as much as she thought any of this out--she's probably timing it to make that ferry with him. But, y'know, fortunately, we got a car there ahead of her. I'm guessing she musta saw that and panicked.

-- Cramped duplex house in the 'LOWS NEIGHBORHOOD. Strob ing lights and chatter on transceivers suggest that police have forced an entry into the house.

PATROLMAN (V.O.)

He certainly didn't see anything in the back of that apartment. He's just watching TV in the front. I don't get the sense he felt he's in any danger, at any point in this.

POV SHOT ENTERS a den, where Daniel sits at a fold-up kids' table. On a television in front of him, we hear the same CHAOTIC SOUNDS that accompanied the video Brooke was watching in his dream. He holds his Matchbox car in his fist.

POV sinks to eye-level with Daniel, though he keeps his eyes on the screen.

FEMALE OFFICER (O.S.)

Hi, you're Danny?
(off Daniel's NOD)
What are you watching?

-- Daniel heads up the walkway, car in his hand, a plastic police badge pinned to his sweater. Brooke takes him in her arms.

PATROLMAN (O.S.)

As to the...you know, the 'why' of it, what she had in mind to do-- We're still going through the apartment. They brought her sister in, so we'll talk to her. It's possible, y'know, she mighta said something herself, to Danny...

-- Duplex interior. A SECOND POV shot pushes down a narrow hallway.

POV ENTERS a bedroom. We see BLOOD splashed across the floor, the bed, and the far wall.

Ana's legs extend out from behind the bed, on the floor. One of her heels still drums against the floorboards.

-- Brooke holds Daniel out on the walkway to inspect him. She taps the car in his hand.

BROOKE

What's this?

He tucks it away from her sight.

DANIEL

My car.

BROOKE

Okay. Okay.

Brooke draws him close again, and spots something offscreen: Jamie and Marcie stand by a sea-wall, watching the scene from across the street. Jamie tries a WAVE.

PATROLMAN (O.S.)

...Kids his age, generally, we say
don't press 'em. You just wanna
keep an eye. But--Yeah, naturally,
if he does come out with something,
you let us know.

Rather than wave back, Brooke GLARES at the Dyers. She pulls Daniel protectively toward her, and guides him up their front stairs.

Jamie's hand falls back to her side. She and Marcie watch as Brooke heads Daniel into the house and pulls the door closed behind them.

37 EXT. 'NECK' NEIGHBORHOOD, FOREST - NIGHT

Sean WAKES, seated against the base of an old birch. He blinks and stands, shivering in his tee-shirt, trying to get his bearings. A vast wood, dark and trackless.

Patting his pockets, he finds his cell phone, and tries to steady his hands as he keys a number.

38 EXT. DYER HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Jamie pulls the front door closed behind her and TROTS down the walkway. She slows and adopts a more serious expression as she approaches the sidewalk, where Sean stands with his fists in his pockets, hunched against the cold.

She brings him a man's chamois shirt, and Sean takes it with a NOD and pulls it on.

JAMIE

It's just me. Marcie went out. But
she said if you came back, we had
to show you the Abenaki.

SEAN

Uh-huh. What's that.

JAMIE

She said show you.

She skirts past him and heads down a grade toward the Dyers' own corner of the woods.

JAMIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

...Where'd you go?

Sean eyes the dark trees without enthusiasm. He SPITS into the reeds beside the road and follows her.

39 EXT. 'FELLS' NEIGHBORHOOD, FOREST - LATER THAT NIGHT

CAMERA SINKS through trees to a ring of filthy, mismatched chairs by a dead oak. Sounds of Jamie and Sean approaching through the dark.

JAMIE (O.S.)

It's like anything--any living thing--it's got its material side, and its spirit side. And there are signs of the spirit anywhere you see the material body. They're just not, usually, as obvious.

Jamie appears and crouches by the oak. We see a little circle of scorched stone COBBLES in the crook of two larger roots. She clears the ash from the center of the circle and grabs newspaper, tinder and dead leaves from a plastic crate that sits next to the stones.

Sean wanders into the ring of chairs, hands in his pockets again and eyes wide.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

This one we found when we were camping here. When we were little. This all used to be cleared.

She steeples the kindling over the paper, takes a matchbook from her pocket and strikes a match.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

We think it's...something it's remembering, or it's dreaming, over and over...

40 EXT. BRACKETT CEMETERY - SAME (INTERCUT)

Marcie hurries in through the brick columns, this time carrying a gardening bag. Tools clinking inside it.

She returns to the far end of the cemetery and sets her bag down next to the granite marker.

PRE-LAP sounds of a small, crackling FIRE.

41 WOODS IN THE FELS (INTERCUT)

Jamie steps back from the little fire and studies it, with her head tipped. Smoke drifts up from the flames and pools in a cleft of the oak, where a low bough angles out from the bole.

We see a faint glow in the smoke that seems more of the moon than the fire. Hints, too, of a moving SHAPE.

JAMIE

Okay. Stand here. Where I am.

She pulls Sean over to her by a tail of his shirt, and guides his eyes to where the smoke filters up past the bough.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

You see a face? Right there? And his hand?

An inconstant, LOOPING image, in the smoke, of what seems to be the head and upper body of an INDIGENOUS MAN in middle age, on the hunt.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

He turns, crouches a little. He looks...there, and goes forward. It just repeats like that.

She looks to Sean, who watches the apparition, his face illegible.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

He's afraid, or he's hunting. He's watching something. You see it?

SEAN

Mm-hm.

JAMIE

...Okay. So, when someone gets a visit, like you, and they're not ready for it, we show 'em this. It's a reminder of what you know: that the Island's a living thing. With its own moods and urges, and its own awareness, all separate from ours. What it wants with you-- We can figure that out. But you know I'm here, and you're here, and no one's imagining this. And you can feel less, now, like you're losing your mind. Do you? You don't look it.

Sean takes a moment to respond.

SEAN
...Yeah, I don't know.

42 CEMETERY (INTERCUT)

Marcie sits by the granite marker and takes a few objects from her bag. The last of these is a trowel, and she turns its blade to the turf and starts digging.

43 WOODS IN THE FELS (INTERCUT)

The fire has settled to a few dying embers. Sean sits on a beach chair, low to the ground. He watches the Abenaki, as before, though the smoke has thinned and its image has become less distinct.

Jamie, in a lawn chair, holds Sean's phone. She considers the photograph of Ana and Daniel, in Daniel's room.

SEAN
That's the one time I've seen that kid, is that picture. His sister I'd just met. Maybe a day before.

JAMIE
She said he was seeing things, too. Probably some warning about this.

SEAN
I'm saying, though--I'm miles away. And...I don't know these people. At all. How would I be involved in any of that?

Jamie stands and pockets the phone.

JAMIE
Mm. That's true. I don't know.

SEAN
You can't ask?

She follows his eyes to the smoke.

JAMIE
Oh, like...? No. We listen. We interpret. Is what we do. It does work, you just...You gotta give it a minute.

She stamps out the last of the fire, and crouches to tidy the area around the stones.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

There were supposed to be...I mean,
there are ways they used to try and
listen closer...

44 CEMETERY (INTERCUT)

Marcie digs up a square patch of turf and fits one of the items from her bag into it.

JAMIE (V.O.)

...And send their own messages
down. Make demands. Which...if any
of that really did happen--which I
doubt--it's not something we'd ever
mess with.

Marcie digs a second hole and screws a glass tumbler into it, mouth-end down.

45 WOODS IN THE FELS (INTERCUT)

Jamie strolls back toward Sean, wiping her palms on her pant-legs.

JAMIE

But...If there's some plan for you,
you'll know it. I promise you. And
whatever it is, it's nothing to be
afraid of.

No response. Sean is surprised to see Jamie's face suddenly level with his.

She has sunk to her haunches, and holds an arm of his chair for balance. She looks briefly grave, like him. But a smile steals over her face, and he has difficulty suppressing his own smile.

SEAN

...What.

JAMIE

(shrugs)

I dunno. You want to go home?

He considers, and casts a look around at the treetops.

SEAN
Maybe just outta here.

JAMIE
Okay. Me, too.

She hops up and slips into the dark.

JAMIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Sean...?

SEAN
Yeah, I can't see where you went.
We hear her cluck her tongue and laugh.

JAMIE (O.S.)
Aughh, he's so helpless, this one.

SEAN
Just...Not my goddamn woods.
She laughs again.

JAMIE (O.S.)
Here...
There is little light, now, to pick out Jamie's figure. But she returns and draws up to Sean, and slips one of her hands into his.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Gimme--Here. You don't need to see.
She gives his hand a tug. After a few tentative steps he gets his footing, and falls into rhythm behind her.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Come.
PUSH behind Jamie, as she bounces ahead through the woods. We can just see her arm trailing back and her hair limned by the moon. FADE TO BLACK.

46 EXT. BRACKETT CEMETERY - NIGHT (END INTERCUT)

Marcie lies on her side and puts her ear to the glass' base.

We see that the stone marker by her head is inscribed with the name 'CASSANDRA O'NEILL' and the line, '*Let the children come to me, and do not hinder them.*'

Marcie listens through the glass for a BEAT. Nothing.

She picks up the object from the square she has dug: a read-along book version of PETER AND THE WOLF, with buttons that play audio by chapter.

She presses the Chapter One button. Narration over a tinny version of the Prokofiev composition. She turns the volume up and sets the book speaker-down in the soil.

As this plays, she presses her ear to the glass again. Nothing but muffled audio from the book, until: a KNOCK from deep beneath the ground.

Marcie's eyes flare open. She backs off of the glass, then listens again.

Another knock, then a flurry of blows, faint but distinct, as of something jerking, turning over, flailing in a tight space.

The sounds build into a frenzy, until the book stops, and the thumping ceases with it.

Marcie sits up and looks around her. When she has collected herself, she presses the button again and bends back to the glass to listen.

WIDE SHOT of her solitary figure in the cemetery.

PULL BACK into a fringe of dark, denuded trees.

LOWER ANGLE to the ground and FADE OUT.