



# THE ARMOIRE

Written by Johny Russell  
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Synopsis:

The Armoire is about a woman's struggle for her own sanity and sexuality. After finally giving in to the delusional world that has taunted her for most of her life, she fights for a place amongst the madness and finds a new form of fear hidden in a closet.

WHITE LETTERS ON A BLACK SCREEN:

"THE YEAR IS 1999"

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SCENE 1, CUT FROM BLACK, EXTERIOR 101 HIGHWAY, NORTHBOUND, PAST GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE, NEAR SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA, EARLY MORNING:

The road is at a steep incline, and wet from the heavy summer mist that creeps over the nearby hillside. The sun pierces the overcast morning, shooting shards of beautiful blinding light onto the noisy highway. Traffic is busy, as many cars speed towards us, battling each other by sharply switching lanes. At the bend in the road, to the far left, (the right shoulder) there is a frail yet attractive looking man, (*Tre' Gyles*), standing with his arm out and thumb up. In his early thirties, the drifter looks worn from his travels. His hair is very long, his pants are very torn, and his rucksack looks as though it weighs more than he does. He stares with a hopeless expression at the racing cars searching for a ride. A faded pale blue 1982 mustang, pulls off onto the shoulder and slows to a crawling stop. Tre' quickly picks up his rucksack and begins to jog towards the old looking car. He is excited at the possibility of getting a ride, and stumbles on what seems as nothing. He catches himself from falling just as he comes to the passenger side of the car. He eagerly bends down to the open window and begins talking to the driver. The trunk to the car then pops up. He smiles and runs towards the back of the car. A sudden gust of wind from a passing semi-truck, causes his hair to blow straight up. Tre' is unfazed by the sudden blast of wind, as he wrestles his rucksack into the trunk of the car. He then firmly shuts it, and scampers back to the passenger side door. After jumping into his seat, the car accelerates rapidly, kicking up tiny tar stones. A small plume of white smoke shoots out the exhaust pipe of the car as it reenters traffic.

SCENE 2, INTERIOR DINGY BLUE MUSTANG, (*DRINA'S CAR*), 101 HIGHWAY, SAME DAY:

Tre' looks behind to an empty back seat, to see if anyone else is in the car. He then looks up at the traffic, fretfully observing the aggressive lane merging by the female driver of the Mustang, (*Drina S. Curaco*).

**TRE'**

Thanks for the lift. I really  
appreciate it.

**DRINA**

Gladly. I was looking for the company, anyhow. My name's Drina.

**TRE' (FIXING HIS SHIRT)**

I'm Tre'.

**DRINA**

Tre'?

**TRE' (LOOKING DOWN AT HIS SEAT BELT)**

Yep. My full name's James Gyles the third. Everyone just calls me Tre'.

As Tre' fastens his seat belt and settles himself in, he glances over at Drina. The excitement of finding a ride begins to wear off, as he takes notice to just how strikingly beautiful, she is. She seems to be in her mid to late twenties. With her confident yet surprisingly modest demeanor, she instantly appears to be more mature than most ladies of her age. Her silken golden caramel skin showcases her Middle Eastern, or possibly Indian, features. Her long raven black hair, long youthful eyelashes, and her long sternly shaped nose, blend well with her elegant soft smile. Her lips are painted a brilliant red and match her bold, almost see-through, red sun dress. Her neck and wrist are decorated with tiny strands of different colored shoestrings. Tre' looks down at her smooth perfectly sculpted legs, and notices that she is driving without wearing shoes. Her almost free-spirited style of dress, only adds to her stunning beauty.

**TRE'**

So, how far North are you headed?

**DRINA (WITH A SLIGHT SMIRK)**

I'm going up, as far as Washington State, I think. Maybe further.

She takes her eyes off the road, for a moment, to get a good look at what she has just picked up. After looking very pleased with Tre's appearance, she bashfully smiles.

**DRINA**

You remind me of my first Foster Parents. They were artist, musicians, originally from Berkeley. You a musician?

**TRE'**

No, just a traveler. I love to get out on the road and stretch my soul.

**DRINA**

How far up are you going?

**TRE'**

If it's cool with you, I'll just head North with ya, 'til you get sick of me.

**DRINA**

I've been dying for someone to talk to, so I might talk your ears off.

**TRE'**

Cool. So, what's in Washington?

**DRINA**

That's what I'm going to find out. A bum, I mean transient, on the street, back home in LA, told me that I needed to follow the coast north to Washington State, and seek a Sea Witch.

**TRE'**

I see.

**DRINA**

No. It sounds weird, I know. I mean, you never know, it could have been a message. I have the time, so I thought, what the hell. I guess it's just an excuse to get out of town.

Tre' looks over at her with a strange, peculiar expression.

**TRE'**

I'm kind of shocked to see a woman picking up a male hitchhiker. I mean, aren't you afraid of picking up a nut?

**DRINA**

I'm an amazing judge of character.  
Besides, no one could be nuttier  
than me. I've been clinically  
diagnosed as a Paranoid  
Schizophrenic.

**TRE' (NOW LOOKING VERY NERVOUS)**

Really. Are you serious?

**DRINA**

Pretty serious. Don't get weirded  
out. It's under control, I'm on  
meds. I'm not dangerous or  
anything.

**TRE'**

That's heavy. What's that like,  
being diagnosed that, I mean?

**DRINA**

The little pharmacist in my brain  
sometimes, for whatever reason,  
dishes out the wrong chemicals,  
without a prescription. The meds  
just kinda regulate it.

**TRE'**

I had a friend that was schitzo,  
no offense, and he use to talk to  
the trees in his backyard for  
hours. It was pretty spooky.

Drina starts laughing, relating to his story, as she grabs hold of  
a pack of cigarettes. She pulls one from the pack and holds it up  
to Tre'.

**DRINA**

Smoke?

**TRE'**

No, thanks.

**DRINA**

Do you mind if I....?

**TRE'**

No, go ahead.

**DRINA (WHILE LIGHTING A CIGARETTE)**

I've never talked to trees, but I use to have these sort of hallucinations and shit.

**TRE'**

You'd see things?

**DRINA**

Yeah. Most people with the disorder don't show any signs until they're in their teens, but I started when I was really young, about three years old. Like a lot of kids, I had an imaginary friend. **(LAUGHING)** Only difference was, I had an imaginary friend until I was fucking thirteen. Plus, I could really see her. I mean, it was like she was real. Her name was Jeerio and she was the best, well, only friend I ever had, really. That's why, according to my psychiatrist, I invented her in my brain. He says that I create imaginary people when I can't handle certain amounts of stress.

**TRE' (LOOKING PUZZLED)**

Stress causes it?

**DRINA**

No, stress just makes the symptoms worse. I never knew my parents. I was one of those kids dropped off at the Hospital with only a name and a dirty diaper. So, I guess I had a lot of stress as a child.

**TRE'**

That's tough for a kid. Do you still, I mean, do you still...?

**DRINA**

I stopped seeing Jeerio when I became a teenager, years and years ago, but I saw other characters later. Then the medications helped out a bunch. Made the hallucinations go away for the most part. I haven't had a bad attack in years. Well, that's not completely true. Lately it's been a little iffy.

Tre' looks out his window with a visage of fear as if to say, "Oh my God, what have I just got myself into". Tre' turns back to the conversation and jokes to make light of his nervousness.

**TRE'**

Well, you'll let me know if you start seeing things now, won't you?

**DRINA (SMILING)**

Please don't worry. It's nothing to be scared of. My therapist thinks my hallucinations are due to the stress of my fiancé recently dumping me at the altar, in front of his entire family. **(ALMOST UNDER BREATH)** Plus he was my boss, so I also lost my job... and my roommate, so I also lost my apartment.

**TRE'**

Jesus, that sucks. Sorry to hear that.

Drina tosses her cigarette out the window, as traffic starts to slow down with congestion.

**DRINA**

No major loss, he wasn't of much use beyond the bedroom. My therapist thinks it's "The sudden loss of love". Really, it's just because, well, you're going to think I'm a serious "Whack Job",

but it's really just the lack of sex that's driving me crazy.

**TRE' (SMILING)**

Hey, I can relate to that.

**DRINA**

I've been also diagnosed as a problematic Sex Addict, because I use sex as a way of escaping stress.

**TRE' (SQUIRMING IN HIS SEAT)**

I thought everybody did that.

**DRINA**

Yeah, well I probably did it *a lot* more than most. Now, I'm completely celibate and the cravings are constantly haunting me.

**TRE'**

Sorry to hear that.

**DRINA (TEASING)**

Sorry that I'm haunted, or sorry that I'm celibate? I keep waiting for you to ask me to let you out at the next exit.

**TRE' (LAUGHING ALOUD)**

No, I'm cool. Besides, you don't want to get me started on my hang ups.

**DRINA**

Let's hear it. I could use the diversion of someone else's problems, for once.

**TRE'**

I was one of the first computer geeks, back in the day. I designed some of the very first computer programs for the U.S. War Department back in the early 70's. Then one day, I decided that I

wanted to follow the path of  
peace, and I just started  
wandering.

Drina turns her car abruptly around a slowing truck, entering into  
the fast lane.

SCENE 3, CUT TO, EXTERIOR 101 HIGHWAY, NORTHBOUND, NEAR SANTA  
ROSA, CALIFORNIA, SAME MORNING:

Drina's pale blue mustang enters the Carpool Lane. She starts to  
speed up passing much of the slowing traffic.

SCENE 4, CUT BACK TO, INTERIOR DRINA'S CAR, 101 HIGHWAY, SAME  
DAY:

Tre' watches the now almost parked cars on the highway, strobe by  
as he continues to converse with Drina.

**TRE'**

Working for something that you  
don't believe in, for so long, can  
be a real drag, I'll tell ya.

**DRINA**

Wow. You must have been really  
young when you worked for the  
military. Really young.

**TRE'**

I'm older than I look. I'm always  
worried that the government is  
going to put a hit out on me for  
ditching the program.

**DRINA (GIGGLING)**

And I thought I was paranoid.

**TRE' (LAUGHING)**

You have no idea. See, we're both  
a little nuts.

They laugh for several seconds, occasionally making eye contact.  
Then, a sudden flash of blue and red lights, flicker through the  
back window.

**DRINA (LOOKING IN HER REARVIEW MIRROR)**

Fuck me. That's just great.

SCENE 5, CUT TO, EXTERIOR 101 HIGHWAY, NORTHBOUND, NEAR SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA, SAME DAY:

Drina's car starts to maneuver through the yielding traffic as a white police car, with green markings, follows close behind. The green markings read:

"SONOMA COUNTY SHERIFF"

The police car's bright flashing emergency lights, sparkle in the wet highway, as Drina pulls off onto the right shoulder, and slows to a stop. Both the police car and the pale blue mustang, pause parked alongside of the highway.

SCENE 6, INTERIOR DRINA'S CAR, 101 HIGHWAY, SAME MORNING:

**TRE' (LOOKING PANICKED)**

I have to go. I'm sorry, me and  
cops don't mix.

**DRINA**

Are you serious?

**TRE'**

Pop your trunk.

**DRINA**

Are you sure you want to do that?

Drina reaches down and pulls the lever, popping up the trunk of her car. She looks in the rearview mirror, seeing a large police officer exiting his vehicle.

**TRE' (TALKING FAST AND FIRM)**

Listen carefully, Drina. Take the  
outer most path, near the North  
Cove. Past the town of Dexter,  
near Cape Lament. Look for a  
crooked road. Follow it North,  
till you find the Sea Witch. She's  
waiting for you.

**DRINA (LOOKING FRIGHTENED)**

Cape Lament?

**TRE'**

You haven't much time. Find the crooked road.

Drina pushes her back to the driver's side door, waiting for Tre' to open his door and confront the police officer. Tre' doesn't move. He only stares at Drina with a blank expression, motionless. Suddenly, Tre's entire body becomes translucent, as if supernatural forces were carefully erasing his image from view. Drina sits there in shock, as the drifter softly vanishes into thin air. After completely disappearing, a wisp of blue smoke remains from where Tre' once sat. The dancing smoke then fades away, and Drina's eyes well up with tears.

**DRINA (TO HERSELF)**

Not again.

The police officer walks with heavy steps over to Drina's car. He slows to look inside the trunk and is bewildered at why she would open it for him. He sees a small hard-shell suitcase, a spare tire, and an empty bottle of radiator fluid. (The rucksack has mysteriously vanished). The officer then steps over to the driver's side window and lightly taps on it. Drina, wiping tears from her eyes, reluctantly rolls down her window.

**POLICE OFFICER**

Good morning. My name is Officer Cole. Can I see your license, registration, and proof of insurance?

**DRINA**

Yeah, sure.

Drina reaches to the center console and picks up her wallet. She pulls out her California driver's license and then reaches over and opens the glove box. She pulls out some papers and hands them to the officer, making eye contact with him for the first time. The officer sees that she is crying and shows a hint of compassion in his expression.

**POLICE OFFICER**

Are you aware that you need to have two or more persons in your car in order to use the carpool lane?

**DRINA**

Yes. I knew that.

**POLICE OFFICER (AFTER A PAUSE)**

Okay, sit tight, and I'll be right back.

Drina watches the police officer in her rearview mirror as he walks back to his car with her license and paperwork in hand. She bends over to the open glove box and takes out two prescription bottles of pills. The label on one of the bottles has Drina's name on it and reads:

"RISPERDAL"

One by one, she frantically begins stabbing her fingers into the air, counting the hours until she can take another dose of her medication.

**DRINA**

Shit.

She angrily throws one of the bottles of pills back into the glove box. She opens the other bottle and throws two pills into her mouth and swallows without water.

**DRINA**

Xanax it is, then.

She then sits back into her seat. Putting her shaking hands over her face, she begins sobbing uncontrollably.

SCENE 7, CUT TO, EXTERIOR PUBLIC TELEPHONE, 7 OFF OF THE 101 HIGHWAY, SAME MORNING:

The roar of the busy highway traffic has subdued. Drina's car is parked in a gravel covered parking lot of a small roadside market. The sun has begun to work on bringing in the afternoon by obliterating the overcast sky. Drina, still crying, staggers up to a public telephone that is hanging on the side wall of the run-down mini mart. She empties her fist, dropping several quarters down onto the small metal shelf under the phone. She picks up the receiver bringing it to rest on her shoulder, inserts some coins, sighs, and dials a memorized telephone number. As she puts the receiver to her ear, she tries to collect herself by wiping the

smudged makeup from her eyes. The receiver volume is very loud. Several rings and then someone answering, can be clearly heard.

**RECEPTIONIST**

Chaney and Stryczek's. Can I help you?

**DRINA (TRYING TO STAY CALM)**

Dr. Stryczek, please.

**RECEPTIONIST**

May I tell him who's calling?

**DRINA**

Tell him it's Drina Curaco. (**SHORT PAUSE**) This is an emergency. I need to talk to him right away.

**RECEPTIONIST**

Hold on, let me see if I can get him.

**DR. STRYCZEK**

Drina?

As soon as she hears the psychiatrist voice, she loses her composure, speaking loudly in a frenzied state.

**DRINA**

It's happening again. I need help, I feel like I'm really losing it this time. I just spent the last fucking hour talking to someone that wasn't there. I drove all the way up here because a bum on the street told me to, and I just got a three-hundred-dollar ticket for being in the carpool lane *by myself*.

**DR. STRYCZEK**

Alright, Drina. Settle down.

**DRINA**

I've been taking the new medication, and I still can't fucking tell what's real and what's....

**DR. STRYCZEK**

Have you called your therapist?

**DRINA**

No, I haven't. It's not something I can just talk out of my system.

**DR. STRYCZEK**

Okay, where are you right now?

**DRINA**

I'm in the middle of fucking nowhere, above San Francisco, at a pay phone. I think I need to go back on the Thorazine, or maybe the Haldol.

**DR. STRYCZEK**

What's the number your calling from?

**DRINA (WITH ANGER AND SKEPTICISM)**

You're going to have to call me back?

**DR. STRYCZEK**

No, but I am going to have to put you on hold. Just in case we get separated, I want you to give me the number that's on the pay phone. I want to make sure you're safe.

**DRINA**

There's no phone number. Only an address and...

**DR. STRYCZEK**

Okay, give me that.

**DRINA**

It's fifty-eight fifty-six Pacific Coast, Marin City, phone box 121. Why? I don't think you can call me back on a pay phone.

**DR. STRYCZEK**

I want you to take a deep breathe.  
I'm going to put you on hold. Only  
for a moment, and I'll be right  
back. Hold on, okay?

**DRINA**

Alright. Hurry.

Drina hears herself being placed on hold as the instrumental version of Patsy Cline's song "Crazy", blares through the receiver. She taps her fingernail on the wall, impatiently waiting for the psychiatrist to return to the phone. She slowly paces around, and then suddenly jumps back in a shock. She sees a little girl standing about six feet from her.

**DRINA**

Holy shit. You startled me,  
sweetie.

Drina looks up to see where the parents of the little girl are. After seeing no one else in the parking lot, she turns back around to the phone. The presence of the small child is strange to Drina, but she is concerned only with her phone call. The little girl looks to be about eight years old, with braided pig tails. She's wearing black stockings and shiny black Sunday-shoes that mismatch her plain white dress. The little girl doesn't move and continues to gaze at Drina with an eerie pose. Drina then turns back around to her.

**DRINA**

I'll be on the phone for quite a  
while, if you're waiting.

The little girls does not respond. Drina turns back to the phone, placing her back to the girl , growing even more impatient with being placed on hold for so long. Sensing that the strange little girl is still there, Drina turns to her in frustration.

**DRINA**

Can I help you?

Drina studies the child in detail, then drops the phone in complete utter disbelief. A frightened stare glazes over Drina's face.

**DRINA**

Jeerio? Is that you?

**JEERIO (THE LITTLE GIRL)**

What are you doing, Drina?

Drina does not answer, she only continues to stare in disbelief.

**JEERIO**

You've tried all the medications,  
and they sent you to seven  
therapist. What do you think  
they're going to do to you now?

**DRINA**

I know that you're not real. I  
know it.

**JEERIO**

They're going to lock you up  
again, Drina. They're going to put  
lightning into your brain.

Drina hears that Dr. Stryczek has come back to the phone. She reaches behind her and picks up the dangling receiver, without taking her eyes off of Jeerio.

**DRINA (INTO THE PHONE)**

Guess who I'm seeing, now. My  
childhood imaginary friend is  
standing right in front of me. I  
was thinking about her earlier,  
and I know that's why she's here,  
but she looks so real.

**DR. STRYCZEK**

Stay focused. You've been through  
this before and survived. You'll  
survive this again.

**JEERIO**

Hang up the phone, Drina.

**DRINA (INTO THE PHONE)**

She's telling me to hang up now.

**DR. STRYCZEK**

No, stay on the phone with me.  
Drina, are you there?

**JEERIO**

Even if I weren't real, have I  
ever steered you wrong? You need  
to hang up the phone. We're best  
friends. Remember?

Though it is against Drina's better judgment, she smiles at the child, giving into her delusion. Dr. Stryczek is trying to convince Drina to keep talking to him as she cautiously hangs up the phone. Still staring at Jeerio with amazement, she takes a step towards her car.

**JEERIO**

Listen carefully. The sea witch  
needs your help. It's most urgent.  
When you get to the 105 highway,  
turn to the coast. Find the  
crooked road.

The little girl sharply turns her head in the direction of the highway and then looks up at the sky.

SCENE 8, SWIPE CUT TO, EXTERIOR 101 HIGHWAY, SOUTHBOUND, NEAR SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA, SAME DAY:

The white police car with green markings is heading south on the 101 highway. It makes a sudden abrupt turn onto the medium spinning around into a U-turn. The police car then jumps into the northbound side, heading north with great speed.

SCENE 9, SWIPE CUT BACK TO, EXTERIOR PUBLIC TELEPHONE, OFF OF THE 101 HIGHWAY, SAME DAY:

The little girl closes her eyes for a moment then opens them widely into a glare.

**JEERIO**

You have to go now. Right now.  
Hurry, there isn't much time. Stay  
off of the main roads.

Drina dashes for her car, swings the door open, and bounces in. Her tires spin, kicking up dirt and gravel. Jeerio still stands firm, watching Drina's car race off onto the highway.

SCENE 10, CUT TO, INTERIOR DRINA'S CAR, 101 HIGHWAY, MOMENTS LATER:

There is no sign of Drina's tears, as she checks her rearview mirror with a severe expression, determined to escape whatever is behind her. The car engine sings with acceleration, as she changes lanes, and merges onto a different highway.

SCENE 11 WE FADE TO BLACK, AND QUICKLY OPEN ON A DARKENED IMAGE, 11 EXTERIOR CLIFFSIDE, JUST AFTER SUNSET:

The image of a darkened man standing near the edge of a blackened cliff, silhouettes against the cloud covered angry crimson sky that glows in the distant horizon. The wind blows a howling song, like that of a lonely wolf, forcing the tall grass on the cliff and the man's cap of hair to dance briskly. The approaching sea throws wave after wave, to pound at the rocky shore far below, keeping an odd methodical rhythm. A bright beacon of white light scrolls into view and then disappears without revealing the eclipsed figure. He takes a step closer to the edge and peers down at the black brine below. Letting his body first go limp and fall forward, he jumps off the cliff. The night's red glow blurs by as he falls further and further downward. After falling into complete darkness, there is a sudden sound of cracking bone and flesh hitting stone. The beacon of white light again sweeps overhead, and gives enough illumination to see a man's body, twisted and mangled on the jagged rocks. Sea water seeps from the man's shirt, mixing white foam with bright red blood. Then a large wave crashes over the lacerated body and covers it with ocean.

SCENE 12, CUT TO, INTERIOR DRINA'S CAR, PARKED ON DESERTED PAVED ROAD, EARLY MORNING THE NEXT DAY:

Drina jerks violently, waking from a nightmare. She quickly sits up in her seat. Though she is startled by the dream, it doesn't appear to be anything new or out of the ordinary for her. She rest her head on the steering wheel and lets out a loud sigh.

**DRINA (THINKING OUT LOUD)**

Fucking water dreams are the worst. I wonder if dreaming of water makes you need to pee, or if

the need to pee causes you to  
dream of water.

SCENE 13, EXTERIOR DESERTED PAVED ROAD, EARLY MORNING:

Drina's car is parked on the unpaved shoulder of a small desolate highway. The road is surrounded by tall forest redwood trees that shadow the morning light. A murky vapor hugs the damp ground, and the car windows are covered with early frost. With paper napkins in hand, she expeditiously jumps out of her car and begins to dance and stomp her bare feet around to the back tire. Her shaking about, looks much like an Irish folk dance. Still squirming, she looks around to see if anyone is coming. She then squats down spreading her legs. Lifting up her long red sun dress, she pulls her scanty black underwear down and brandishes herself to the ground. The face of relief puts an end to her dancing as she urinates. There are birds chirping in the trees, and insects buzzing the air, yet still nothing is as prominently loud as the sound of water now hitting the ground. She pulls her dress up higher, exposing the naked flesh of her buttocks, as whiffs of steam rise from the puddle of urine. She wipes herself. Then she springs to her feet, pulls up her underwear while straightening her dress, and walks back to reenter her car.

SCENE 14, INTERIOR DRINA'S CAR, PARKED ON A DESERTED PAVED ROAD,  
EARLY MORNING:

She reaches for a cigarette and lights it as she rolls down her window. She takes a quick pull on the cigarette and then exhales a stream of smoke.

**DRINA (THINKING ALOUD)**

Cancer for breakfast, the day has  
begun. **(LOOKING ABOUT)** I can't  
still be in Oregon, so where the  
hell am I. I can smell the ocean,  
so I'm near the coast and....

**(PAUSE)** well, every road I've been  
on has been fucking crooked. This  
is insane.

Drina makes a pruned face as though she has a bad taste in her mouth. She tosses the cigarette out, then rolls her window back up. The dew on the windows drip down in oblique lines. She turns the key in the ignition and holds it until her car wakes up and follows her command.

**DRINA (THINKING ALOUD)**

I need to get some real sleep. I  
am so fucking stressed.

**SCENE 15, EXTERIOR DESERTED PAVED ROAD, EARLY MORNING:**

The windshield wipers come on and toss the remaining dew to the side. Drina's car then speeds off onto the road, while the white paper napkins fly up and linger in the air.

**SCENE 16, INTERIOR DRINA'S CAR, DRIVING ON THE DESERTED PAVED ROAD, MORNING:**

The sun is shooting streaks of light through the forest haze, painting the morning a soft color of orange. The light strobes, as a bed of ferns sweep by in Drina's side window. She aimlessly drives on. With both hands on the steering wheel, she arches her back and stretches. There is no sign of any other traffic on the road ahead. She looks in the rearview mirror, seeing nothing but empty road behind her. She stretches again, while wiping sleep from her eyes. As she yawns, the road straightens and becomes boresome. Drina holds the steering wheel true with her left hand, then reaches down and slowly, almost seductively, pulls her dress up. She scrapes her long fingernails across her exquisite inner thighs, toying and teasing her own skin. After inching her hand towards her knees, she begins moving the palm of her hand across her skin with long strokes. She checks her mirror again and again sees nothing behind her. Gracefully, she reaches underneath her black underwear and begins to touch herself with tiny swift motions. Becoming overwhelmed with feeling, her right foot stretches, causing the car to slightly accelerate. Drina closes her eyes for a moment, feeling the sensation of her own fingers. She looks in the rearview mirror once more, while moving her hand faster on herself. Then, she looks forward, screams in sudden dread, and slams on her brakes. A small boy stands in front of her, in the middle of the road, with the stare of a frightened deer. There is a loud sound of screeching tires, as Drina jerks the steering wheel, swerving to miss the small boy. To no avail, the car hits the child, causing him to fling over the hood. His tiny head comes to crash with a thud, into Drina's windshield, shattering the glass and splattering it with blood.

**DRINA (SCREAMING, HORRIFIED)**

Oh my God! Oh my God!

She gazes at the small lifeless body, as it slides down the shattered windshield, smearing the gore and revealing a round

concave impact hole where his head hit. After putting the shifter into park, she flings open her door.

SCENE 17, EXTERIOR DESERTED PAVED ROAD, CROSS ROAD, MORNING:

Drina leaps from her car. To her amazement, the boy has vanished. The windshield is in perfect condition and clean, apart from a few insect carcasses. Hyperventilating, confused, dazed, and with trembling nerves, Drina steps backwards to look at the scene. Her car idles and is now the only sound heard. Except for the burned rubber marks on the road, there is no sign of any kind of car accident. It didn't happen. She sees something move out of the corner of her eye. She looks up. Peering from behind a large tree near a crossroad, the little boy, looking completely healthy, smiles at Drina with a devilish grin. He's about six years of age, with brown shorts and wide red suspenders. Drina gapes at the boy in a state of trauma. The small boy's smile becomes a baleful chuckle as he darts off into the forest in the direction of the dirt road. Drina feels as though she cannot breathe. Chocking for air, she dives back into her car and opens the glove box.

SCENE 18, CUT TO, INTERIOR DRINA'S CAR:

She grabs the prescription bottle, furiously flipping off the lid and pouring pills into her hand. She picks out one of the pills and slams it into her mouth, again swallowing it with only her saliva. Once more she gasp for air, as her eyes become glossed. Her heavy breathing suddenly stops, as she looks up to the tree where the boy was. The child is gone. Drina squints her eyes, trying to read a road sign that stands at a lean near the tree.

SCENE 19, EXTERIOR DESERTED PAVED ROAD, CROSS ROAD, MORNING:

Curious, she steps out of the car to get a better look at the sign.

**DRINA (THINKING ALOUD)**

Son of a bitch.

The small, single lane, dirt road, that crosses the deserted highway, looks unused. Next to the entrance of the road, is an old wooden sign that reads:

"CROOKED ROAD"

**DRINA (SCOFFING & THINKING ALOUD)**

You got to be fucking kidding me.

She sluggishly steps back into her car and closes the door. Still trembling, she drives at about three miles per hour, creeping the car onto the dirt path.

SCENE 20, INTERIOR DRINA'S CAR, CROOKED ROAD, MORNING:

There is a loud annoying rattle coming from under the car as the tires flick up tiny pebbles. The dirt road has many sharp turns, and she approaches each bend with extreme caution. The further up she travels the more desolate the scenery becomes. The sun ducks behind a patch of darkened clouds that now threaten the day with rain. Drina nervously lights a cigarette and rolls her window down part way. Off to the left side ahead, she notices a long, dingy, silver motor home type trailer. She might take it for something abandoned, if not for the rather newish looking Ford truck that is parked nearby. Looking farther ahead, the road seems to end with a gated barricade. On the gate is a large yellow sign that reads:

"PRIVATE ROAD"

As she travels closer to the trailer, she realizes that someone has made camp in a large turnout. Drina takes a hit off her cigarette as she lets her car coast to a stop. She pauses, letting the dust settle past. She then inches her car to park at the edge of the turn out and turns off the engine. She puts on her sandal-type shoes and then taps her cigarette into the ashtray several times to extinguish it. With an inquisitive eye, she grabs her keys in hand and steps out of the vehicle.

SCENE 21, EXTERIOR MOTOR HOME TRAILER, PARKED ON CROOKED ROAD, EARLY DAY:

There is laundry hanging on a rope that is tied from a tree to the back of the sturdy pickup truck. Several stuffed trash bags are piled up next to the truck's front tire. The old metal trailer is long, slender, and looks more like a World War II bomber than that of a motor home. Near the top, on the curvature that begins the roof, there are bold hand painted letters that read:

"PROHASAR MAN OPRE PIREND- SA MURO DJIBEN SEMAS OPRE CHENGENDE."

Drina stops her approach and tries to read the bizarre writing. She then looks at a strange flag hanging like a banner from the large awning that is attached to the trailer. The flag has a wide bright green stripe on the bottom, and an equally wide blue stripe above it. In the middle, where the two stripes meet, there is a

red wagon wheel. A slight breeze gives the flag some movement and causes several wind chimes, that also hang from the awning, to clatter a chaotic tune. Two folding lawn chairs are set up to face each other, next to two old fashion 1960's T.V. trays. Drina continues forward towards the trailer, more curious than ever. She comes within a few yards of the makeshift camp when the front screen door, swings open, crashing into the side of the trailer. Drina is startled by the sound and stops dead in her tracks. An old decrepit woman, (*Yolanda L. Chovex*), steps out from the trailer holding two plates of food. Her movements come with great strain, and trying to balance the plates from spilling, only adds to her difficulty. The short, dark skinned, ethnic looking woman looks to be about eighty years of age. Her long gray hair is carefully braided to rest on her hunched back. Wearing scores of silver jewelry, aged denim pants, and a loose-fitting blue blouse, the feeble woman does little to appropriately dress her age. After placing the plates down on the T.V. trays, she looks up at Drina as if she were already aware of her presence.

**YOLANDA**

Drina, mishto hom me dikava tute.  
(english translation: I am glad to  
see you.)

The woman speaks with a thick accent and Drina is uncertain as to whether or not she heard the woman say her name. Cautious that she might be again hallucinating, she stays firm in her stance and only glares at the old woman.

**YOLANDA**

Ne rakesa tu Romanes?  
(english translation: Can you not  
speak Romany?)

Drina does not answer and only gives her a bewildered expression. The old woman laughs with an endearing cackle. Her accent is still heavy, yet she is very articulate and easy to understand as she begins to speak English.

**YOLANDA**

You have no idea who you are. Do  
you, child?

**DRINA**

Do I know you.

**YOLANDA**

No, but I know of you. I cooked  
you a breakfast. Come sit, Drina.

Drina doesn't move, frightened to hear the woman speak her name.

**YOLANDA**

Do you have the feeling, right  
now?

**DRINA (AFTER A PAUSE)**

What feeling?

**YOLANDA (AGAIN CACKLING)**

That special tingling feeling that  
you have had since birth. A  
churning in your stomach. The  
little hairs on the back of your  
neck, stand straight up. A feeling  
as though something is soon to  
take place, yet somehow, it is  
something that has already  
happened. You know the feeling, to  
which I am speaking of, don't you,  
child?

**DRINA**

Yes... yes, I do.

**YOLANDA**

Well then, are you feeling it now?

**DRINA**

No.

**YOLANDA**

Then I am real, not someone in  
your mind. And being that there is  
nothing to fear, come eat. Your  
eggs are getting cold.

Drina walks, with careful steps, over to the awning's darkened  
shade. As she gets closer to the old woman, Drina starts to feel  
at ease. Drina sits down, as the old woman pours wine into two  
juice glasses. After setting one of the glasses down on the tray

next to Drina, the woman lets out a large sigh and sits in the adjacent chair.

**YOLANDA**

Eat, child, before your meal grows mold. You have a big day ahead of you.

Drina pulls the old-fashioned tray to her and picks up her fork.

**DRINA**

Are you the sea witch?

The old woman lets out a winded cackling laugh that quickly turns to a cough.

**YOLANDA**

My name is Yolanda Chovex. My second name was taken from the word "chovexani", which means "witch" in our native tongue.

**DRINA**

What language is that?

**YOLANDA**

It is the language of the peoples of Rrom.

Drina takes a bite of the food, then finds herself hungry and begins to eat more. She is very careful to only sip the wine, knowing that she had just taken her medicine.

**DRINA (WITH FOOD IN HER MOUTH)**

Where is Rrom?

**YOLANDA**

It is not a place, child. It is only a people. Do you know nothing of your heritage?

**DRINA**

My heritage? You're saying I am a Rrom.

**YOLANDA**

Yes, child, you are Romani. Your second name, Curaco, means "raven". Did not you know that?

**DRINA**

I don't know anything about my name, or my nationality. I only know that I am a sex addict, nicotine addict, and Xanax addict. But my body gets Xanax and nicotine far more than it gets sex. **(SHORT PAUSE)** How is it that you know so much about me?

**YOLANDA**

I used to know a woman with your second name, *Thee Amazing Curaco*. You might be blood to her. She was once retained by a lady named Margaret Fox to rid her attic of a poltergeist. After that, Margaret and her sister started the whole Spiritualism thing. **(LAUGHING)** And they call us swindlers.

Drina stops eating, intrigued with the conversation. Though peeked with interest, she is more confused than anything and has trouble focusing from lack of sleep.

**DRINA**

How do you know my name?

**YOLANDA**

You look tired, child.

**DRINA**

I haven't slept much, traveling and all. **(INSISTENT)** How do you know me?

**YOLANDA**

You take a medicine to stop your visions. Perhaps that is why you are tired.

**DRINA**

How do you know that?

**YOLANDA**

Jeerio told me a lot about you.

Drina drops her fork to clang on her plate. She looks at the old woman with widened eyes. Trying to find words, she stammers a response.

**DRINA**

How do...? Jeerio is...

**YOLANDA**

You are not the only witch that can see her, child. In fact, it was I who sent her to find you. One month ago, I sent several people to seek out my replacement.

**DRINA (NERVOUS)**

I don't understand.

**YOLANDA**

Drink your wine and remain calm. There is no reason to be frightened.

As Drina hesitantly takes a sip, Yolanda gets up from her chair with a grunt and walks to a side panel in the trailer. Without blinking, Drina eyes the old woman pull from the makeshift cupboard an old-fashioned corn cob pipe. Yolanda strikes a match on the side of awning's metal leg and lights the pipe to inhale smoke.

**YOLANDA (WHILE WALKING BACK TO HER SEAT)**

Cherry flavored tobacco, an invention second only to the wheel.

**DRINA**

Who are you?

**YOLANDA**

We have much to discuss, you and I. (**CUSSING AND THEN THINKING ALOUD**) Sheka. Where should I begin?

The old woman takes several short puffs off of her pipe, lost in thought.

**DRINA**

Have you spoken with my therapist?

**YOLANDA**

You must stop taking the pills,  
Drina. I am sure it is good  
medicine for those that are ill,  
but for a witch, it is poison.

**DRINA (WITH GREAT SKEPTICISM)**

I'm a witch? **(WITH SARCASM)** The  
pills haven't done much for me  
lately, anyway. I'm here talking  
to my imagination again.

**YOLANDA**

I assure you that this is not  
something fabricated in your mind.  
If you search inside you, than you  
will know that I am real. You will  
have a much clearer picture of  
life once you stop taking those  
pills altogether. You must trust  
me on this.

Drina contemplates for a moment, looking off to the side. Then she  
begins shaking her head yes, admitting Yolanda's words to be true.

**DRINA (WITH A WRINKLED FOREHEAD)**

Yeah, I *do* know when I'm going to  
have a hallucination. I guess I've  
always known.

**YOLANDA**

You come from a long line of a  
struggling people, dear. I will  
tell you as my mother told me. Our  
culture dates back to the cradle  
of civilization. We came to be  
from the tribe called the Beria, a  
sub-caste of the Dom. We moved  
from what is now called Northwest  
India in about 1000 AD for reasons  
that have been lost to history. In  
the fourteenth century we traveled  
into Europe. The white faces  
there, assuming that anyone with  
darkened skin was from Egypt,

branded us with the name Gypsies,  
short for Egyptians.

Drina sits up in her seat and clears her throat, enthralled with gaining knowledge of her ancestry. The old woman puffs on her pipe, looking like an old locomotive.

**YOLANDA**

Some think that parts of the ancient Egyptian religion were borrowed from our own. Because we held the beliefs of thee, "Old Faith", throughout history, we have been the target of unspeakable abuses. We have been hunted, enslaved, tortured, hanged, even burned at the stake. During the Holocaust, five hundred thousand Rroma were exterminated. We are a culture without a country.

**DRINA**

You're saying that I'm a Gypsy?

**YOLANDA (STERNLY)**

You are Romani. And you should be proud of that.

**DRINA**

So, what does my race have to do with my hallucinations?

**YOLANDA**

Why are you so certain that they are hallucinations? You must listen to me carefully, child. Throughout time, the source of all folklore about witchcraft and sorcery, can be somehow or another, traced back to the Gypsy. You see, every so often, a Romani woman will be born with a special gift. The power of foresight and a hindsight, all at the same time. We see ghost.

A swift breeze blows up a small cloud of dust and rattles the wind chimes. Drina stands up.

**YOLANDA**

Sit, child, there is much, much more.

Drina slowly sits back down as she talks.

**DRINA (EXTREMELY SARCASTIC)**

The crazy girl isn't really crazy; she just sees ghost. That's a bit cliché, don't you think?

**YOLANDA**

The fabric of the cosmos is made up of tiny vibrating strings.

**DRINA**

Look, I don't even believe in life after death.

**YOLANDA**

At different resonance's, these strings make up the different particles or building blocks to everything. You sense these strings where others cannot. It's the Great Ennead.

**DRINA**

The great what?

**YOLANDA**

Many of the earliest religions, including the ancient Egyptian's, believed in a family of nine gods, representing the nine dimensions in the universe. Six of which are not noticeable to those of us living in a three-dimensional world. We have the power to see two more dimensions. Where others see only what *is*, you see what *was*, a transitional stage of existence. You were born with this power, child, like it or not. It is who you are.

**DRINA**

So, you're telling me that Jeerio is a ghost?

**YOLANDA**

I know that this must be a lot to chew all at once. I would have known of you earlier. I sought a replacement long before this.

**DRINA**

Replacement for what?

**YOLANDA**

I have a job for you, Drina. To take my place, so to speak. (PAUSE) I'm dying. Well, we are all dying but my path is ending sooner with Brain cancer.

**DRINA (LOOKING CONCERNED)**

How advanced is it?

**YOLANDA**

I have not long to live. And because I am very close to that transitional stage myself, I'm losing my power. About a month ago, a doctor, not far from here, gave me the news.

**DRINA**

What does this have to do with me?

**YOLANDA**

It is more of a career than a job, I suppose. One that sometimes pays very well and is always rewarding. The task of helping lost souls find themselves.

**DRINA**

I'm still trying to find *myself*.

**YOLANDA**

Helping others might just help you, child. You see, when we die, there is a portal, that appears

for us all. Through that portal is a passage to the final dimension. That to which is unknown. For whatever reason, some people just have trouble seeing the path. It has always been the job of a few chosen Gypsies, to help these lost souls find their portals.

**DRINA (LOOKING FRIGHTENED)**

I'm feeling that feeling now.

Drina sees something moving in the brush behind Yolanda. Sensing that Drina is extremely afraid, the old woman spins her head around but cannot see the bush moving. Then, the same little boy that Drina hit with her car, darts from the bushes, and runs by a marsh that is behind the trailer.

**DRINA (EXCITED)**

There's a little boy.... He's running....

**YOLANDA (SMILING)**

Does he have black hair, and red suspenders?

**DRINA**

Yes.

The boy runs past the marsh, into the thick of the forest, and disappears.

**YOLANDA**

That's a mischievous little brat, named Matthew. When I first got here, he told me his name and then began playing pranks on me. I would have helped him, (**SCREAMING TO THE WOODS**) had he only stopped fidgeting and talked to me.

**DRINA**

That was a ghost? A real ghost?

**YOLANDA**

Come with me. I want to show you something.

The old woman takes Drina by the arm and leads her to the trailer. She swings the screen door open, then grabs hold of the small handrail and pulls herself up the small steps. Drina patiently stays close behind, ready to catch the old lady if she should fall. They enter the trailer.

SCENE 22, INTERIOR MOTOR HOME TRAILER, CROOKED ROAD, EARLY DAY:

As Drina steps into the metal house on wheels, she is overtaken by the aroma of burning sage and spiced incense. She's surprised at how orderly the old woman keeps the trailer, and at the lengths to which she has gone to make it a home. The decor has an overall ethnic theme, with many beautiful gold and maroon colors. They stand in the tiny kitchenette, which is the right side of the trailer. The old woman gets her barring and tidies up a few pots off the two-burner stove. The left side of the trailer is the makeshift living room. It has a tiny, overstuffed love seat that looks more like a luxurious couch in such a small environment. A short narrow hallway, with a small restroom/shower on one side, leads to a tiny bedroom, complete with a large closet with several dresser type drawers. The small bed, smaller than a twin, is covered with a multicolored thick quilted blanket, and several down feathered pillows. The tiny living room before the bedroom has a Caucasian Rug lying under a tiny antique mahogany round table. Atop the table there is a yellowed lace doily used as a place mat for a cantaloupe sized crystal ball. The outside blueish glow peers in through the horizontal blinds and reflects in the crystal, which shimmers miniature rainbows on the facing wall.

**DRINA (FACING THE CRYSTAL BALL)**

You can see the future?

**YOLANDA**

Of course not, child. But many people have ghost nearby them, that will give you the information needed to invent a fortune. It is easy to befool a fool.

**DRINA (UNDER HER BREATH)**

How's that helping people?

**YOLANDA**

We help ghost. Beyond that, we hunt for gas money. Look here, child. You must see this.

The woman points to a three-foot retaining wall that does little to separate the kitchenette from the rest of the trailer. On the wall there hangs a cork board with many newspaper clippings. Drina leans over to the board to get a closer look. She glances over the headlines and articles, admiring them. Each one, a story of deeds and accomplishments by Yolanda. One headline reads:

"MURDER SOLVED BY TRAVELING WOMAN"

Another reads:

"MISSING GIRL FOUND"

Drina then eyes a plaque next to the board. The plaque reads:

"IN APPRECIATION TO YOLANDA CHOVEX FOR HER ASSISTANCE AND SUPPORT. R.C.M.P., VICTORIA POLICE, BRITISH COLUMBIA PROVINCE."

**DRINA**

Wow. This is pretty spectacular.

**YOLANDA**

That's my life's work. You'll have a board of your own, soon.

**DRINA**

So, you work with the police?

**YOLANDA**

We help anyone that needs help. It's a great bonus when you can find someone to fund it. Sit down with me.

Drina has trouble moving in the confined space of the trailer. She finds her way to the love seat and sits down. Yolanda side steps around Drina and then lets herself fall into a sitting position on a short wicker stool by the table.

**YOLANDA**

I have traveled, from place to place. As spirits seek me out, if I can, I help them. Often, it is the living that seek me out. They pay me to rid their place of ghost. Sometimes even the police

have paid me to help with unsolved murders or missing persons.

**DRINA**

How do they seek you out, if you're always on the road?

**YOLANDA**

I have a website and a car phone, of course.

**DRINA (SNEERING UNDER HER BREATH)**

Well, that figures.

**YOLANDA**

What keeps some spirits from seeing their portal, is usually a lie of some kind. As though the spirit has been unjustly wronged or hurt in some way. They have unfinished pursuits. These spirits are lost, trapped in pain, and often refuse to believe that they are dead. We have to sometimes play detective, uncovering the lie and exposing it, in order to free the spirit. It doesn't always work, but when it does, it is the greatest feeling you'll ever know.

**DRINA**

I'm not sure that this would be the life for me. I have spent most of my life running from these ghost.

**YOLANDA**

Before each case that I take on, I have incredibly vivid dreams, nightmares if you will. I lose quite a bit of sleep, I'll tell you. I traveled to this area, after receiving a call from an owner of a light house. He wants to pay me to rid his little museum of a ghost. Something terrible has happened there. This was to be my

last case and now I was hoping it would be your first.

**DRINA**

I don't think I'm mentally ready to take on all of this right now.

**YOLANDA**

Even if you do not except this life, Drina, I need your assistance with this last job. I do not want to go to my grave, thinking that I have left a soul unhealed. Someone is hurting a great deal and needs our help. Yes, we are surrounded by ghost, at all times. But once you have had one of these vivid dreams, you'll understand what I am talking about.

**DRINA**

I think I've had these kind of dreams before. In fact, I think that I had a dream about a lighthouse last night. Someone jumped off a cliff.

**YOLANDA**

Good, good. See, you have already began to connect yourself to the case.

**DRINA**

I'm not sure that I'd know what to do.

**YOLANDA**

And I will teach you. The lighthouse owner is expecting you tonight.

**DRINA**

Oh, no. No way in hell. I'm not ready to take on all this *tonight*.

**YOLANDA**

I am without much time. There are few of us left and it was difficult finding someone with your talents. I am a dying woman that is in need of your help, dear child. You must choose. Do you want to be someone with the gift of sight, or do you want to be someone suffering from hallucinations?

**DRINA**

What do I have to do?

The old woman smiles from ear to ear showing mostly gums.

**YOLANDA**

Great, great. Let's go for a short walk and I will teach to you the trade.

Yolanda is excited and lifts from her seat with surprisingly nimble motions.

**YOLANDA**

Quick, come with me. You will become more acquainted with your talents once you are no longer on those medicines.

SCENE 23, EXTERIOR MOTOR HOME TRAILER, CROOKED ROAD, AFTERNOON:

The woman uses both of her arms to exit the mobile home. She keeps gesturing to Drina to hurry, yet the old woman moves at a snail's pace. An easeful breeze again blows the chimes to tinkle a soft haunting tune, as Drina steps from the door. Yolanda steadily leads her to the back of the trailer and stands still.

SCENE 24, EXTERIOR BACK OF MOTOR HOME TRAILER, MARSH AREA, AFTERNOON:

There they find themselves starring at a marsh type wetland, completely covered with moss and lush bright green pond lilies. No water is actually visible to the eye, but the air is filled with the smell of stagnant water. Several dragonflies chase each other

dodging the stalks of reeds that grow in patches along the marsh. Drina looks to the other side of the trailer and notices that a shallow hole has been dug. A military entrenching tool, (small folding shovel), has been stabbed into a pile of earth next to the hole.

**DRINA (POINTING TO THE HOLE)**

What's that?

**YOLANDA**

That is a hole.

Yolanda turns to the marsh and inflates her lungs.

**YOLANDA (SHOUTING TO THE WOODS)**

Matthew. Matthew, come here, boy.

Matthew.

She starts to choke on the phlegm she created by yelling. Yolanda then coughs and bends down to catch her breath. Drina steps to console the old woman by placing her hand on her back, touching her for the first time.

**DRINA**

Are you okay?

While the woman is still attending to her cough, Drina is startled by the sound of splashing water. She looks to just beyond the marsh and sees some tall grass and a thick bush move with forceful strokes. The woman lifts herself up, sensing that Drina has seen something. Seeing the fearful look on Drina's face, she grabs hold of her hand. Yolanda squeezes her hand tight, giving her a sense of security.

**YOLANDA (FINISHING THE LAST OF HER COUGHING FIT)**

Are you having the feeling now?

**DRINA**

Yes, Matthew is nearby.

**YOLANDA**

Now, I want you to let go of your fear and concentrate. The strongest part of this feeling is sensing that something is about to happen. But I want you to focus on

the lesser emotion. The feeling that what is to happen has already happened. Focus on it, child. Say to yourself, "it is not the present, nor the future, it is the past."

25 FAST CROSS DISSOLVE, DAYDREAM, 25 EXTERIOR LONELY DIRT ROAD, DUSK:

Drina finds herself standing alone on a lumpy muddy road. The mud is a thick terra-cotta clay, and many wagon wheel marks are imbedded in the road. The terrain looks very similar to that of the deserted paved highway she were driving on earlier. To the left, across the road, is an old sordid shanty house with peeling whitewashed paint. Plumes of black smoke exhaust from a stove pipe that protrudes from the hut's rusted corrugated tin roof. Some loose chickens feed off the shabby unlevel porch and go unprovoked by the dog that sleeps nearby. Drina squints her eyes, astonished that the house sometimes seems translucent, with the marsh appearing through it. She still has her arm out as though she were still holding the old woman's hand, only the old woman is not there. As Drina drifts in and out of this strange daydream, she can still hear the old woman chanting, repeating instructions.

**YOLANDA (VOICE OVER)**

It is not the present, nor the future, it is the past.

The image of the house becomes opaque as Drina hears the ranting of a young woman, coming from inside.

**YOUNG WOMAN'S VOICE (YELLING WITH A SOUTHERN ACCENT, VOICE OVER)**

You better get back here, little Mister, or I's going to take a birch to yo' britches.

The squeaking screen door opens with a clamor, startling the chickens to cluck loudly and flutter their tiny wings. The black-haired boy, (Matthew), dressed in brown shorts, and wide red suspenders, comes racing out of the house. He jumps off the porch and heads across the muddy road. Then, without a warning, and without an approaching sound, two horses, pulling a large wooden wagon, gallop at full speed past Drina and towards Matthew. The driver of the cart pulls on the reins, desperately trying to control the runaway horses. Drina screams to the boy.

**DRINA (SCREAMING)**

Matthew, look out!

Matthew stands frozen like a spooked deer, trapped in the path of the speeding prairie schooner. The horses rear around the child, just missing him, but turning sharp enough to cause the heavy wooden cart to overturn. The driver goes flying to the air as the cart comes crashing down on the frightened boy. Drina turns away in horror and closes her eyes, burying her eyebrows into her cheeks.

SCENE 26, CUT BACK TO, EXTERIOR BEHIND THE MOTOR HOME TRAILER, MARSH AREA, AFTERNOON:

**DRINA**

Jesus Christ!

Drina opens her eyes to find herself back at the marsh behind the trailer. The old woman lets go of Drina's hand and positions herself to stand in front of her. The movement in the bushes beyond the marsh as ceased, and apart from the buzz of several dragonflies, all is quiet.

**YOLANDA**

What did you see?

**DRINA (FLABBERGASTED)**

I saw.... I saw the little boy  
being killed by two run away  
horses.

**YOLANDA**

That is how we investigate. And  
that is how we uncover the lies  
that trap souls in this world. We  
find the truth that sets them  
free.

**DRINA (CATCHING HER BREATH)**

That was amazing. I can't believe  
it. It was almost as though I were  
really there, yet somehow, I knew  
that I wasn't.

**YOLANDA**

It takes some getting used to, but  
it is a powerful tool, we witches

possess. And if that doesn't work,  
there is always the internet.

**DRINA (CHUCKLING)**

It's kind of hard to get online in  
the middle of nowhere?

**YOLANDA**

But almost every library has a  
computer, now. You see, Drina. We  
are psychic investigators seeking  
truth. No different than that of  
a... what is the word... a man who  
digs up the past...

**DRINA**

An archeologist?

**YOLANDA**

Yes, that's it.

**DRINA**

Only, they get paid a hell of a  
lot more.

**YOLANDA**

And once we find the truth and  
expose it, the portal appears for  
those who are lost. Always  
remember, the truth and the lie  
are revealed together. You must  
get ready to go. You should take  
my truck.

**DRINA**

Now? Really? You're not coming  
with me?

**YOLANDA**

I'm afraid I would only get in the  
way. My health is, well, frankly,  
I'm not sure when I'm going to  
kick off. This is something that I  
need you to do in my stead. Each  
case that I take on, I always  
insist, that I be allowed to spend  
the night, alone, in the place  
that is thought to be haunted. It

gives me a chance to really focus.  
(WINKING AT DRINA) Plus I get a  
chance to snoop around for  
anything that the owners might not  
miss.

Drina looks at the old woman with a scornful smirk.

**DRINA**

You steal their stuff?

**YOLANDA**

What? A woman has to survive,  
doesn't she? Tell me what is wrong  
in lifting what will never be  
missed.

**DRINA**

Well, it's against the law, for  
one thing.

**YOLANDA**

Oh child, laws are only made to  
protect the rich from the poor.  
Besides, people would be  
disappointed if a Gypsy did not  
lift at least something. They have  
come to expect it.

**DRINA**

Yeah, well, if I have to spend the  
night in a haunted museum, my mind  
isn't going to be on "*lifting*"  
anything.

scene 27, EXTERIOR MOTOR HOME TRAILER, CROOKED ROAD, AFTERNOON:

The two walk back to the shade of the awning.

**YOLANDA**

The owner of the light house is  
expecting me at five o'clock. It's  
only down the road from here, but  
we need to hurry. There is much  
for me to teach you about our  
craft. (CACKLING) I bet he won't  
be expecting such a young fiery

Yolanda. He promised a history lesson before he leaves.

**DRINA**

He's just going to let a perfect stranger hang out in his place all night?

**YOLANDA**

You must insist on half of the money up front. If he has trouble paying you the rest, (**ONCE AGAIN CACKLING**) I always pretend to be able to release the ghost from my pocket. It works every time.

**DRINA**

How do I know when I've done it?

**YOLANDA**

You'll know. You should take my truck and leave your belongings here.

**DRINA**

Why?

**YOLANDA (WITH FLAMBOYANT ARM GESTURES)**

You are Yolanda Chovex now. The *Gypsy Sea Witch*.

**DRINA (WITH A SARCASTIC TONE)**

Shouldn't I travel by broom?

**YOLANDA (LOOKING DOWN AT DRINA'S FEET)**

You should change your dress.

Drina looks down. Her dress is somehow splattered with the same terra-cotta mud that were in her daydream.

**YOLANDA**

Plus, a Gypsy woman should only wear red on her wedding day.

**DRINA (UNDER HER BREATH)**

Everything I own is red.

We look at the mud on Drina's dress and fade to black.

SCENE 28, FADE IN ON EXTERIOR NORTH SHORE WAY ROAD, LIGHTHOUSE PARKING LOT, CAPE LAMENT, LATE DAY:

Drina drives the sturdy brown pickup truck steadily down a desolate one lane road, that hugs the pacific coast. The road has many sharp turns, as though it were carved and paved around every conceivable obstacle. There are few trees, only large open areas covered in tall grass. The grass vibrates from the gusty wind and sparkles from the evening sun. The sound of waves crashing on a distant shore can be heard as a fine sea mist sprinkles on the windshield. The truck approaches a large cul-de-sac that is being used as a parking lot. The parking lot is empty except for one very expensive looking sedan that is parked near a decorative iron gate. A short man wearing a suit, (*Marcus Gorey*), stands by the car, pacing and looking at his watch. He is chubby and balding, with overgrown gray hair just above his ears. He sees Drina pulling up in the truck and starts walking towards her with a look of relief on his face. Drina parks close to the entrance of the parking lot and steps out. She is wearing another red dress, similar to the last, only it buttons up the front and is adorned with laced trim. The ocean breeze catches the dress and causes it to flare. Drina looks up over head at a murder of cawing crows. After watching the numerous crows chaotically fly across the partly clouded sky, she reaches back into the truck for her black button up sweater. She begins putting it on as Marcus arrives with his arm extended to greet her. Drina struggles to quickly put her arm through the sweater sleeve in order to shake his hand, creating an awkward moment for both of them.

**MARCUS**

Are you Yolanda?

**DRINA**

That I am. You're Mr. Gorey?

**MARCUS**

Marcus. How ya doin'? I'm glad you could make it. I was really happy to hear that you finished with your other case early. Things have been getting weird around here.

Drina pretends to know what the man is talking about as she puts her hair back into a sloppy bun. There is a long moment of uncomfortable silence as she locks up Yolanda's truck and slings

her small black purse-like backpack onto her back. He stands still, patiently waiting. Drina then reaches to the bed of the truck and picks up a tightly rolled sleeping bag.

**MARCUS**

Okay, then. Let's get started.  
Follow me. (PAUSE) You sounded  
different on the phone.

**DRINA (ANSWERING QUICKLY WITH A FAUX  
ACCENT)**

I had a really bad cold.

Drina senses that her accent was a poor imitation of the old woman's and so quickly drops it.

**DRINA**

I think you also spoke with my  
grandmother. Her name is also  
Yolanda. She works as my secretary  
sometimes for me, answering calls  
and such.

Marcus only nods his head in response.

**MARCUS**

Well, let me give you a tour of  
the place, and I'll give you the  
history that you asked for.

The two walk across the parking lot and arrive at a set of stairs. The stairs has a locked gate in front of it, with an ornate wrought iron arch above it. Marcus pulls from his pocket a wad of rattling keys and begins to unlock the gate. Drina reads an adjacent metal plaque that is imbedded in a stone pillar. The plaque reads:

"NATIONAL LANDMARK. CAPE LAMENT LIGHTHOUSE. BUILT IN 1856. IT  
WAS CONSIDERED THE "SAILOR'S SAVIOR" UNTIL IT WAS DECOMMISSIONED  
IN 1955."

The gate squeaks open while Marcus is still trying to get his key out of the lock. He jiggles the key free and then begins taking it off of the crowded key ring.

**MARCUS**

Okay then, watch your step.  
Nothing ever happens, I mean, the  
strange occurrences don't start  
happening until after seven.

Drina again pretends to be clued in and just nods her head with a wanly smile.

SCENE 29, CONT., EXTERIOR METAL STAIRCASE, CAPE LAMENT, LATE  
DAY:

They begin walking down the metal staircase. The stairs are extremely steep, almost to the point of being considered a ladder. Drina then realizes, for the first time, that she is on a very high cliff, with a good hundred-foot drop. She firmly grabs hold of the handrail, as she notices that the steps to the staircase are made of a metal mesh, letting her see through them to the shore far below. The stairs twist and turn downward, leading to the sea level, where there is an extremely long, elaborately crafted, metal bridge. Drina follows the path with her eyes, seeing that the long bridge crosses over the rocky beach and the encroaching tide. Beyond that, there is yet another set of stairs, built of wood. The wooden stairs are almost as steep and lead up a giant island sized rock that is peacefully perched in the middle of the ocean cove. Atop the giant rock that protrudes fifty feet or so from the sea, is a tall white lighthouse tower. Drina is awestricken by the sheer beauty of the structure, and how it so perfectly fits in with the scenery.

**DRINA (SURPRISED)**

The lighthouse is on a little  
island?

**MARCUS**

Really, it's geologically  
considered a rock. But it's called  
Shadowed Island.

Drina stops as the cold wind again grabs hold of her dress. With one hand on the rail and the other holding the sleeping bag, she can do little to stop her dress from flaring up and exposing her black laced underwear. Marcus keeps walking and does not turn around. Drina waits for the wind to settle before continuing down the stairs, creating some distance between them. Two seagulls pass by and screech at each other.

**DRINA (TALKING LOUDER TO BE HEARD)**

Wow, this is quite a hike.

**MARCUS (BECOMING OUT OF BREATH AND YELLING)**

Yeah, I had these stairs put in about six months ago, and that bridge down there, we just put in last month. People use to only be able to see the lighthouse from a distance, standing in the parking lot. I bought it a year ago, and I've been trying, ever since, to make it so that guest could actually come onto the island.

**DRINA**

What made you buy a lighthouse?

**MARCUS**

My wife's a romantic. Plus, I thought I could make a little money with the museum and tours. We were supposed to open to the public in a month, but I decided to expand the parking lot and put in a souvenir shack. That way I could charge admission before people go down the stairs. I can't even begin to tell you how much money I've spent on crap to sell.

**DRINA**

Are you planning on using the fact that the lighthouse is haunted as a selling point for tourist.

Marcus sharply turns around to Drina, closes the distance between them, and then speaks with a deliberate slow pace.

**MARCUS**

Yes. But that is not why you are here. Let me be clear. I like the idea of this place being haunted, so long as it is not actually haunted. My wife is pretty adamant about this. Do you understand?

**DRINA**

So, let's hear some of the history?

**MARCUS**

Well, the legend goes that the place is haunted by a lighthouse keeper that killed himself here. People have said to have seen him walking around the island in the fog. Ghost stories are great for business, but not if they scare away customers. And employees. Which is why I called you. The working crew won't come near the place, and I can't get anything done. Things just move by themselves. And there's strange sounds that... It's hard to describe. Robert's ghost is not a happy ghost, let's just put it that way.

**DRINA**

Robert's his name?

**MARCUS**

Robert Porter, the caretaker that killed himself. I'll tell you more inside.

SCENE 30, CONT., EXTERIOR BRIDGE, CAPE LAMENT, LATE DAY:

Marcus and Drina reach the last step and begin walking across the long bridge. The ocean has overtaken the shore, leaving only a few sporadic rocks to poke through.

**MARCUS**

During low tide, you don't even need this bridge. But at night, if it weren't for this bridge, you'd have to use that boat over there.

She looks back to the metal stairs, where Marcus is pointing, and spots an old wooden rowboat that is chained to a small dock. The boat is covered in seagull droppings, and there are several brown sea lions using it as a resting spot.

**DRINA**

Wow, look at all the seals.

**MARCUS (UNINTERESTED)**

Yeah, they attract visitors as much as the lighthouse.

The two cross the bridge and begin ascending up the wooden stairs.

SCENE 31, CONT., EXTERIOR WOODEN STAIRCASE, CAPE LAMENT, LATE DAY:

The wind picks up and blows Drina's hair to fall from the bun. She stops for a moment to hear a loud ringing sound, coming from the lighthouse.

**DRINA**

Is there someone else on the island?

**MARCUS**

No, that's the fog bell. It sometimes rings in the wind.

Drina continues following Marcus, flipping her hair from her eyes. She then stops again.

**DRINA**

That's a... it sounds like it has a pattern. Doesn't it?

**MARCUS**

Yeah, it does, but I'm sure it's just the wind. The wind is pretty strong here and howls through this cove. They say it sounds like a "grieving widow", hence the name Cape Lament, which means to mourn loudly.

Drina ignores the information and continues to focus on the ringing of the bell. There is a definite intermittent pattern to the ringing, with one soft short clang, a long deep resonating tone, then three more short clangs. A sudden gust of wind causes Drina to fall back a step and almost causes her to drop her sleeping bag. She catches her balance and then continues with her climb.

The stairs seem never ending, and Drina finds it difficult to now keep up with Marcus. As they get closer to the top, the tempo of the bell becomes faster, and the pattern repeats in shorter intervals. Marcus reaches the top and turns around to wait for her. At the top of the stairs there is another gate with two small fence pieces on either side. The fences end with barbed wire to keep anyone from climbing around them. Marcus takes the key that he separated earlier and unlocks the gate. The ringing abruptly stops in the middle of its pattern, as the gate swings open.

SCENE 32, CONT., EXTERIOR SHADOWED ISLAND, WEST SIDE, LATE DAY:

Drina steps up on the island and is amazed at the sight. There are three separate structures, a small Victorian style house, a tiny shack, and a giant magnificent cylinder tower. It appears that Drina is facing the back of all three structures, being that an entrance is not visible. Two small coastal pines grow near the house. Though there is little topsoil on the giant rock type island, tall grass still covers the entire lighthouse grounds. She pauses to catch her breath as Marcus quickly walks in the space between the house and the tower to investigate the ringing sound. Drina steps to her left to see where Marcus was going in such a hurry. He stops at a giant-sized bell that hangs from a cast iron stand, outside the entrance to the house. He looks under the bell with a puzzled look. He then stands up and signals for her to follow him with extreme hand gestures. As she walks towards the bell, she looks up at the fifty-three-foot-high masonry tower. It looks like a standard lighthouse, with large panes of glass at the top to protect the lamp's lens, and a narrow balcony encircling it. The roof is painted black and the trim around the balcony is painted a dark gray. Drina can't seem to stop starrng at it, marveling at its beauty. The sun reflects a bright star in the windows of the lighthouse, obscuring her from seeing inside it. As she steps closer to the tower, the sun's reflection shifts just enough for Drina to see a woman standing completely still behind the glass, in front of the lens, and looking down at her. A cold chill races down Drina's spine and the hairs on the back of her neck stand at attention. The woman in the lighthouse looks fragile and pale, with long flowing blonde hair. She is wearing only a white laced slip with a torn shoulder strap. The girl then begins to slowly vanish, much as the drifter did in Drina's car. Drina stops, and watches as the image of the girl is completely erased from her view. A small puff of blue smoke floats into the air where the image was and then is gently blown away. Drina is frightened by what she sees yet not surprised.

33 CONT., EXTERIOR REEDER HOUSE, SHADOWED ISLAND, EAST SIDE,  
LATE DAY:

She then turns her eyes to Marcus who has been watching her intently.

**MARCUS**

Are you okay?

**DRINA (WHILE WALKING)**

Are you sure that the ghost is a male?

**MARCUS**

That's what I thought. Why?

**DRINA**

Just asking.

Drina walks over close to him, eyeing the giant bell.

**MARCUS**

This is a one thousand, six-hundred-pound bronze bell that the lighthouse keepers would ring out as a warning in time of heavy fog. That's how strong the wind can get here. It takes a heavy wind to blow this bad boy around. Let me show you something.

Marcus leads her over near the entrance to the lighthouse tower, and points to a safety railing at the very front of the island.

SCENE 34, CONT., EXTERIOR LIGHTHOUSE TOWER, SHADOWED ISLAND,  
EAST SIDE, LATE DAY:

The metal fence type railing is made of two simple horizontal poles and guards the ground that ends abruptly. Drina walks over to the railing and looks down the steep cliff.

**MARCUS**

This is where Robert Porter...

**DRINA**

This is where he ended his life.

Marcus is caught off guard with her knowing this. He pauses with uncertainty of how to continue.

**DRINA**

I've been here before. I mean, I have dreamt of this spot.

**MARCUS (NOT BELIEVING HER)**

Yeah, his body was found on the rocks below. Be careful. My wife says that I need to put a chain linked fence around the whole island so that no kids fall off. She's probably right, Parents don't watch their brats these days.

**DRINA (LOOKING CONCERNED)**

Yeah, that's quite a fall.

Drina steps back from the cliff and looks around. The place looks identical to the place in her dream, only her dream did not include the safety railing. She then pensively looks beyond the cliff out at the vast open ocean. A flock of pelicans, fly in a perfect line across the horizon, disappearing for a moment as they cross the sun's bright twinkling reflection on the choppy sea. Drina turns back to the tower. Several ropes are piled over some planks of new wood as part of a make-shift scaffolding, near the steps that lead to the front door of the lighthouse. Four-gallon cans of white paint rest on the steps. Marcus sees Drina looking at the paint cans.

**MARCUS**

I was in the middle of having it painted, when the workers got spooked. They dropped the scaffolding and ran. I planned on giving tours inside to the top of the tower, but the lens is very expensive. You can go up inside if you want.

**DRINA (WITH A FEARFUL EXPRESSION)**

That's okay. I've had enough of stairs.

**MARCUS**

Most of the strange occurrences  
happen inside our museum.

Suddenly, a strange mechanical grinding sound is heard coming from the top of the tower. The sound is ominous and getting louder. A bright beacon of beaming light then comes on and begins to rotate overhead.

**MARCUS (SEEING THAT DRINA IS STARTLED)**

The lighthouse is now automated.  
(LOOKING AT HIS WATCH) It must be  
five-thirty. We should head inside  
the museum.

She looks back over at the cliff with a long-glazed stare. Marcus stands looking at Drina, waiting for her to follow him.

**MARCUS**

Yolanda?

**DRINA (BREAKING HER STARE)**

I'm sorry. Museum, great.

The two walk past the large bell and towards the house. Drina keeps looking up at the tower to see if the girl in the slip has returned. She doesn't see her. She then draws her attention to a small shack on the back side of the island.

SCENE 35, CONT., EXTERIOR REEDER HOUSE, SHADOWED ISLAND, EAST SIDE, EARLY EVENING:

**DRINA**

I hope to hell that's not an  
outhouse.

**MARCUS (LAUGHING)**

No, don't worry. There's indoor  
plumbing now, believe it or not.  
That over there, is the oil house.

**DRINA**

What's an oil house?

**MARCUS**

It's wear they use to keep the  
kerosene, sperm-whale oil, or lard

oil that operated the lens. Before there was electricity, the Fresnel lens in this tower would burn up to five gallons of kerosene each night.

**DRINA**

Can I look inside it.

**MARCUS**

The oil house? Sure. We just use it mostly for storage. Tools and stuff.

As they walk past the front of the Victorian style house, Drina studies the architecture. It is small in size, resting on a two-foot-high foundation. There is a fresh coat of white paint with black trim around the tiny windows. The four gabled roof is painted black and clashes with the tall brick chimney that has been painted bright red. It is apparent that a great deal of work went into restoring the old house to its original state. Drina looks unnerved by the idea of having to spend the night there and picks up her pace to get to the small shack.

SCENE 36, CONT., EXTERIOR OIL HOUSE, SHADOWED ISLAND, EAST SIDE, EARLY EVENING:

Marcus takes off a pad lock and then pulls hard to open the large flimsy door to the shack. There are many garden tools, rakes, shovels, hoes, all neatly hanging on the walls, covered in dust. A tangled garden hose sits on top of the many boxes and crates that are stacked up high. Drina does not see anything of interest inside but does notice several old-fashioned manacles (handcuffs) hanging from a small shelf.

**DRINA**

What are those?

Marcus picks up one of the manacles and holds it up for her to look at.

**MARCUS**

These are genuine Civil War shackles. Confederate prisoners were sent here to repair the tower. They don't really fit in with the museum, but I can't get

rid of them, being antiques and historically part of the island.

**DRINA (WITH A CHUCKLE)**

They look kind of kinky next to the creepy modern gardening tools.

**MARCUS**

I don't really need the gardening tools either. I was planning on planting some shrubs, but the only place with enough soil is right next to the house. The rest is solid rock. We also found some old wooden ladders and rusted buckets in here that we now have on display in front of the tower. It's getting late, I should show you the place. It's supposed to rain later on tonight.

Marcus shuts the door to the shack. Drina hugs her sleeping bag tight to her chest, shivering from the cold wind. They walk back to the front of the house, fighting the sprinkles of ocean being blown at them. They enter through the front door.

SCENE 37, CONT., INTERIOR REEDER HOUSE, MAIN ROOM, EARLY EVENING:

**MARCUS**

Whelp, here it is. The Historical Reeder house. Our museum.

Drina stands in awe, slowly looking about the spacious room, as Marcus closes the front door and flips on the lights. She is somewhat surprised to see just how well it has been kept. Apart from all the museum plaques, signs and display cases, it looks as though they had just stepped back into time. To the left, near the front door, is a shelving unit filled with unlabeled canned foods, and burlap sacks of grain. The shelving unit, that was obviously used as a pantry, opens up to a spacious kitchen type area, with a table, chairs, and an old-fashioned coal stove. The furniture is displayed as though someone were still living in the house, complete with an old wicker broom in the corner. On the kitchen table there is an aged lace tablecloth and bowl of plastic fruit. On the entire length of the left wall, (kitchen area), there is wainscoting made of flat stones that are held together with a thick

gray grout. On top of the wainscoting there is a two-inch-thick wooden plank, used to shelve many antique dishes and trinkets. Guarding the kitchen from guest, there is a long flat display case that rest on thick poles, three and half feet from the uneven floor. The display case stretches the length of the left wall and returns to run the width of the back wall. A stack of paper flyers sits on top of the display case next to a large guest book. In the center of the back wall, to the right of a small window, is a large fireplace made of heavy boulders. Though the fireplace looks as though it has not been used in many years, it still has areas that are blackened with soot. Atop the mantle of the fireplace, hangs a large brown and white photograph of the lighthouse tower in a cherry wood frame. To the right of the fireplace, there are two small steps leading up to a very narrow door with an old-fashioned dartboard hanging on it. Several old darts, with feather flights are stuck in the dartboard. On the wall to the right of the narrow door, there are several old photos of the lighthouse taken from many different angles. The display case ends there, before the right wall begins, leaving space enough so that someone could walk through. A velvet rope stretches from the display case to the wall, keeping guest from walking past. The right wall is split in half with a doorway. The doorway has ornately carved molding around it, that seems to melt with the many years of paint. The large oak door is open, and another velvet rope stretches across the doorway. To the far right of the right wall, is another door that is closed with a restroom sign on it. Drina drops her sleeping bag and purse-like backpack on one of the two rocking chairs that are by the entrance to the house. The rocking chairs are old fashioned in style, yet they are obviously reproductions and meant to be sat on. Next to the rocking chairs there is an empty hat rack stand and umbrella bin. An old-fashioned clock, that is also obviously a reproduction, hangs on the wall just above the hat rack. The clock reads five-thirty-five. Marcus puts his hand on the display case.

**MARCUS**

Most of the history of the place  
is right here. My wife and I have  
dug up quite a bit. We gotta lot  
of help from the A.L.F.

**DRINA (WALKING TO THE DISPLAY CASE)**

What's that?

**MARCUS**

The American Lighthouse  
Foundation. You can read through

all that we have, hopefully it  
will help you.

Drina walks over next to Marcus and looks down at the display case. Neatly displayed under glass, there are many facts about the lighthouse and the caretakers, printed on thick card stock. Drina first squints her eyes to read the first card, then leans over for a closer look.

**MARCUS**

So, you said, on the phone, that you had to conclude a psychic research of the place, before the ghost will leave. What is a psychic research?

**DRINA**

I can see them.

**MARCUS (LOOKING WORRIED)**

Do you see the ghost right now?

**DRINA**

No, in fact I don't even sense anything in the house. I have to find out why the ghost is here. After that, if I expose the truth, or something like that, I think, maybe the ghost will leave.

**MARCUS**

You think? That doesn't sound very reassuring.

**DRINA**

If I can't get the ghost to leave you alone, you won't have to pay me anything. Okay?

Marcus shakes his head in agreement, seeming upset with the entire situation. Drina continues to intently look at the cards. He occasionally looks down at the display case himself, but for the most part, Marcus paces about the large room rambling out facts that he has memorized.

**MARCUS**

Well, I promised my wife I would try. She is the one that is convinced this place is haunted.

**DRINA**

You're not convinced.

**MARCUS (IGNORING THE QUESTION)**

The lighthouse was constructed in 1856 before the Washington Territory had become a state. A government survey recommended a lighthouse be built here because of the many shipwrecks on the nearby reef. In fact, in 1853, the supplies to build the lighthouse, were in the hull of the ship that sank two miles offshore. It delayed the construction of the lighthouse by a year. The area was called the Graveyard of the Pacific.

Drina moves over to read other cards yet occasionally looks up at Marcus to assure him that she is listening.

**MARCUS (CONTINUING)**

The first Fresnel lens was put in place in March of 1856 and produced a light that could be seen twenty miles out to sea. This area is known for its strong winds at night and it's dense fog in the morning. That's why they had that large fog bell outside.

**DRINA**

So, who were the people that lived here?

**MARCUS**

The first lighthouse keeper was Jonathan Reeder. He died in 1878 of consumption. The second lighthouse keeper was Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Strauss. He was struck by

lightning and died three days  
later on February second, 1895.

**DRINA**

But you think the spirit's name is  
Robert.

**MARCUS**

Yeah, here.

He points to a part further down in the display case, causing Drina  
to skip over several cards of information.

**MARCUS**

One week later, Robert S. Porter  
and his wife Isabella, took charge  
of the lighthouse. I don't know if  
it's because he killed himself  
here, or what, but everyone seems  
to be convinced that he is the one  
haunting the place. Once I was  
talking about him to my wife  
and....**(PAUSE)** I feel funny saying  
this, but I thought I saw him walk  
by in that window. He looked just  
like his picture, and I had this  
strange, cold feeling. I came down  
with the flu later on that night,  
so it might have just been a  
fever. I don't know.

**DRINA (WITH A DISPARAGING TONE)**

Yeah, I know the feeling you speak  
of.

**MARCUS**

He was once hailed a hero and then  
later that year he was fired and  
told to leave the island. That's  
right before he killed himself.  
Here, read this.

He points to a laminated official looking piece of paper with the  
word "award" printed on top, and the word "Copy" handwritten in  
the right margin. Drina reads it aloud, with fluctuating tones.

**DRINA (READING ALOUD)**

It is our esteemed pleasure to award, Robert Samuel Porter, in recognition for his heroic deeds on January 12, 1901. On this day, at three thirty- seven PM, Captain James Gordon of the Merchant Vessel, the Marquise, entered into the ship's log, that his ship was lost in dense fog and feared too close to shore. Robert Porter had the presence of mind to send a message of rescue, using the fog bell and Morse Code, saving the ship from running aground. In appreciation for your excellent efficacy, Federal Lighthouse Service, United States of America.

**MARCUS**

As you can see, it was an important job at one time.

**DRINA**

Wow, where did you get all this old stuff?

**MARCUS**

We have a lot of history on the Porters, and all the tragedy of his life. I was playing up on the whole ghost story thing. Little did I know, how destructive dead people could be to a business. The lighthouse keepers job was a tough one in the old days. The supplies, cleaning the lens, filling the kerosene, keeping watch...

**(INTERRUPTING HIMSELF)** In fact, his wife couldn't take it and left him.

He eagerly steps back around Drina to some cards that she skipped over.

**MARCUS**

Here's the "Dear John" letter.

She looks to where Marcus is pointing and sees a handwritten note neatly attached to blue foam core. The old note is wrinkled, aged, and appears to have been hastily torn from a tablet or book. Time has erased some of the ink, making it difficult for Drina to read the writing. Marcus leans over next to her and reads the note aloud.

**MARCUS (READING THE NOTE)**

Tuesday, August first, 1899. My dearest Robert, I can no longer yield to this life we have forged. I must leave you and our marriage, in order to live beyond the misery of this island. Please do not look for me, for I shall not return to this position. The howling winds are far too much for me to bare. Respectfully, adoringly, Isabella.

**DRINA**

Well, that's loyalty for ya.

Drina looks next to the handwritten note and sees an old book opened up as to display it's content. It's Robert's personal journal. She begins reading it.

**DRINA (UNDER BREATH READING ALOUD)**

Eighteenth of February 1898. After filling the order, and polishing, I lit the lamp for the night and stood watch. No fog today, but the mist is heavy early. Today I have received orders to keep a special eye for Spanish Ships. No vessels reported or logged. Remember the Maine.

Marcus sees Drina reading the journal and is anxious to comment.

**MARCUS**

We left it open to that page because it was right before the Spanish-American War, a couple days after one of our ships was sunk in Havana.

**DRINA**

Was this his diary?

**MARCUS (SMILING)**

More like a ship's logbook. Most men kept a journal in those days.

**DRINA**

Where's his wife's?

**MARCUS**

I doubt that she kept one. She would have been too busy running the house.

**DRINA**

Trust me. A woman doesn't pass up a chance to write down her feelings with poetic cheese. If the men kept a diary, the women definitely did as well.

**MARCUS (LAUGHING)**

Well, we don't have a record of one. Or no one thought it was important enough to save.

Drina skips across many cards, many pictures, many different antique artifacts, and stops on a letter displayed in a protective clear plastic. She begins reading it, this time loud enough for both of them to hear.

**DRINA**

Monday, September 30, 1901. Robert S. Porter, due to extreme dereliction of duty, you are hereby ordered to stand down from your post, and are hereby relieved of all lighthouse duties, beginning 1<sup>st</sup> of October 1901. You must vacate the property, no later than the 15<sup>th</sup> of October 1901, or until such time a replacement can be found. Charles Madison.  
Washington State  
Inspector/Administer. Federal  
Lighthouse Service. (**STOPS READING**)

**AND TURNS TO MARCUS)** It doesn't say why he was fired.

**MARCUS**

I believe he was thrown in the Dexter jail for rioting, and he didn't tell them that he was the lighthouse keeper. Being that his wife left him, there was no one else to man the lighthouse.

**DRINA (WITH A QUESTIONING TONE)**

You said you had a picture of him.

**MARCUS**

We have several. Here's one right here.

They walk over to the end of the display case. Drina looks closely as Marcus moves the velvet rope to go behind the counter. He then pulls one of the photos off the wall for Drina to study.

**MARCUS**

That's him.

Drina now holds in her hand an old sepia toned photograph of Robert Porter, standing by the lighthouse tower. He is very attractive, tall, well built with dark hair and a mustache. His coat and hat look like what a captain of a ship would wear.

**DRINA (TAKEN BACK BY HIS LOOKS)**

He was a good-looking man.

**MARCUS**

I swear he looked just like this picture when I saw him right out that window.

She looks out the window and then quickly turns her attention to the only other room in the house.

**DRINA**

So, this be the bedroom, huh? She stands at the velvet rope peering into the tiny room.

SCENE 38, CONT., INTERIOR REEDER HOUSE, BEDROOM, EARLY EVENING:

There is an old simple metal bedstead holding up a lumpy mattress. A cream-colored coverlet is neatly overlaying the mattress, with two thin pillows atop. An old kerosine lamp rest next to some aged books on a bedside table and an old leather coat hangs from a nail on the wall. The room appears authentic, though the vase filled with dusty fake flowers is a sure give away that the room is on display. Directly in front of the door, against the far-left wall of the room, is a small sturdy armoire. Made of cedar and oak, the armoire is pristine in spite of its age. Drina, unsatisfied with the profile view of the armoire, leans her head in the room to get a better look. There is little embellishment on its face, mostly plain, yet it is still clear that much went into its creation. It stands six feet high and is about three feet wide. The legs arch, fashioned in a typical Victorian style and hold up two dresser drawers stacked on each other. Above the drawers are two large doors that look as though they would open up to a space wide enough to hang clothes. The black metal hinges match the rather large lock that keep the doors closed. The lock has a thick skeleton key resting in its keyhole as though waiting to be turned.

**DRINA**

This is gorgeous.

**MARCUS**

The chifforobe belonged to the Porters. All the other pieces of furniture in this room are originally from here, but we're not sure which caretaker they belonged to. Some of the stuff was found in the attic and some of it was found in the oil house. Like I said on the phone, the bedroom is a museum, and there's nowhere for you to sleep but the floor.

SCENE 39 CONT., INTERIOR REEDER HOUSE, MAIN ROOM, EARLY EVENING:

**DRINA**

It's quite alright. I think I'll be awake most of the night anyway.

**MARCUS**

I would like to keep this room untouched, if you don't mind.

**DRINA**

No problem.

**MARCUS (LOOKING AT HIS WATCH)**

I promised my wife that I would leave before seven. Listen, there is something I think you should know. My wife left here... (**LONG UNCOMFORTABLE PAUSE**) Something scared the shit out of her. She's the one that made me call you. Just be careful, that's all. I'll leave you the key to the gates, in case you decide to leave early for any reason. Please lock up (**WHILE HANDING HER A KEY**). I'll be here early in the morning. The heater is on, and the thermostat is right here.

He points to the thermostat on the wall by the light switch.

**DRINA**

Okay. See you in the morning.

Marcus looks hesitant to leave. Not knowing quite what to do with himself, he walks out the front door in a hurry.

**MARCUS**

Good luck. I'll lock the gates on the way out.

SCENE 40, CONT., EXTERIOR REEDER HOUSE, SHADOWED ISLAND, EAST SIDE, SUNSET:

Drina stands on by the front door waiting for Marcus to leave the island. The wind has become a steady roar, and she again hugs herself from the cold. The sound of the gate being slammed shut, seems extremely distant and the moaning wind drowns out any other sound of Marcus leaving the island.

SCENE 41, CONT., INTERIOR REEDER HOUSE, MAIN ROOM, SUNSET:

Drina steps inside, leaving the door open. She places the gate key and Yolanda's car keys down on the glass of the display case. She then walks over and unrolls her sleeping bag out on the hardwood

floor. In the sleeping bag, Drina has stuffed a pack of cigarettes, a lighter, and a compact makeup case. She quickly grabs a cigarette and walks back to the front doorway and lights it.

SCENE 42, CONT., EXTERIOR REEDER HOUSE, SHADOWED ISLAND, EAST SIDE, SUNSET:

She stands in the front doorway, enjoying the smoke with a sense of relief that Marcus has finally left. As she looks around the darkened island, and realizes just how alone she is, the feeling quickly turns to concern. She gazes out at the setting sky and exhales smoke to the brisk wind. Crouching down, she puts the cigarette out on the front step, then enters the house, and shuts the door.

SCENE 43, CONT., INTERIOR REEDER HOUSE, MAIN ROOM, NIGHT:

**DRINA (THINKING ALOUD)**

I don't care if my medication *is*  
poison, I wish I had the shit  
right now. I don't know why I  
listened to her about leaving it.

She looks about the room, listening to the wind whistle through the windowpanes.

**DRINA (THINKING ALOUD)**

And now what the hell am I  
supposed to do?

As if compelled by something, she walks to the bedroom. She unhooks the velvet rope and lets it fall to bang against the door frame. The sound echoes about the house as she carefully steps into the room.

SCENE 44, CONT., INTERIOR, REEDER HOUSE, BEDROOM, NIGHT:

She realizes that the bedroom floor is the original wood, as it squeaks with each step. Drina sits on the edge of the bed, smirking as if to be glad to break the lighthouse owner's rules. She eyes the armoire for a long moment, before walking to it. With a careful motion, she turns the skeleton key, unlocking it. The two large doors creek as she opens them. The armoire is completely empty and bare except for a horizontal wooden dowel, that spans the width of the inside. The dowel was meant for hanging clothes but now is only covered with dust. She touches the door admiring the thickness

of the wood. It's solid construction gives no doubt as to why the closet has stood the test of time. Drina sees some markings crudely carved inside on the left wall. Rubbing her hand across the markings, she notices that they are shallow and discolored, as though carved many years ago. She grabs hold of the wooden dowel and leans in so that she could read the markings. There are dashes between the first three set of numbers and clear spaces between the others. The carved message clearly reads:

"09-14-19 01 15"

**DRINA (THINKING ALOUD)**

Looks like a combination to a very large safe. (SNICKERING) Wouldn't that be nice.

She shuts the armoire leaving the doors slightly ajar. Drina exits the bedroom.

SCENE 45, CONT., INTERIOR REEDER HOUSE, MAIN ROOM, SHADOWED ISLAND, NIGHT:

She replaces the velvet rope to hook across the doorway, while whispering the numbers as if trying to memorize them.

**DRINA (WHISPERING, THINKING ALOUD)**

Zero-nine, fourteen, nineteen,  
zero-one, fifteen.

She looks about the room for a pen, stopping at the display case. Finding a pencil, she turns one of the small paper flyers over and begins writing the number sequence down, with dashes between each set.

"09-14-19-01-15"

She folds the flyer up and places it in the pocket of her small purse-like backpack on the rocking chair. She quickly forgets about the carvings as she returns to the display case and looks down at Robert's journal. She becomes lost in thought. Drina then claps her hands together as if to say she is ready to get to work. She takes off her black sweater and tosses it on top of her sleeping bag.

**DRINA (THINKING ALOUD)**

If I was a lighthouse keeper's  
wife, where would I hide my diary?

**(CHANTING)** It is not the present,  
nor the future, it is the past.

**(NOW WHISPERING)** It is not the  
present, nor the future, it is the  
past.

SCENE 46, FAST CROSS DISSOLVE, DAYDREAM, INTERIOR REEDER HOUSE,  
MAIN ROOM, NIGHT:

A strange metamorphosis starts to take place. Though receiving the desired effect, Drina is still surprised by what she sees. A second image of the room appears translucent on top of the present one. Faint music, (song: Scott Joplin's, Maple Leaf Rag), comes from the bedroom, sounding as though it were being played on an old Victrola gramophone. The arrangement of the furniture is much different in the ghostly image. A long table appears in front of the display case, and a large cabinet tries to replace the rocking chairs. The table is covered with clutter. A half loaf of hard bread is resting next to a rather large book. The book reads:

"THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE."

On the center of the table, there is a cleared off space with only an ink well and steel-nib pen, indicating that someone were writing. Drina catches movement out of the corner of her eye and jerks her head to the right. She sees the same young woman that she had seen in the tower earlier. The transparent young woman runs towards the kitchen area holding a black book. She is, again, dressed in only a white slip with a torn shoulder strap. Looking frightened, the woman wiggles one of the flat stones free from the wainscoting, exposing a small hole. She then tucks the black book into the small hole and replaces the flat stone. As though the woman were startled by a sharp noise, she jolts towards Drina and runs directly through her. Drina winces and closes her eyes as the image passes through her body.

SCENE 47, CUT BACK TO, INTERIOR REEDER HOUSE, MAIN ROOM,  
(PRESENT TIME) NIGHT:

The ghostly image of the room and the woman, vanishes as Drina is brought back into the present. Overwhelmed and breathing hard, Drina crawls under the display case to the kitchen area. She stands in front of the wainscoting and tries to move the same stone that she saw in her vision of the past. With great difficulty, she

finally gets the stone to jiggle. She pulls hard until the stone pops out of the wall and gets away from her. She jumps to her left, so that the stone misses her feet. It bangs onto the floor. The hole is there, as well as the black book. She pulls the book out, spilling dirt and grounded mortar all over her dress. She blows inches of dust off the cover.

**DRINA (SMILING WITH PRIDE)**

Maybe I have a knack for this job.

Forgetting that the kitchen area is a display in a museum, she sits down in one of the chairs and sets the dusty book down on the white laced tablecloth. She moves the bowl of plastic fruit out of her way and then opens the book. The worn pages have browned and many of them have stuck together. She turns the fragile pages with great care. The ink is faded in part, and the handwriting is difficult to read. After skipping many pages, she stops on one. The voice of Isabella Porter, (the young woman in the white slip), can be heard and a faint image of Isabella writing in the journal can be seen as Drina reads.

**ISABELLA (VOICE OVER WITH AN ENGLISH  
ARISTOCRATIC ACCENT)**

Thursday, the 24th day of November  
1898. The lighthouse life is  
taking its toll on my dear  
husband. He refuses to converse  
with me at any great length. When  
he is free from his duties, he  
leaves me isolated with my  
thoughts. The howling wind, and  
the loud sounds from his incessant  
dart playing, I can feel them both  
tearing at my sanity. Tonight, he  
has left me imprisoned here on  
this island, while he goes into  
town for supplies and drink. I  
fear the tavern owns more of my  
husband than I.

**DRINA (THINKING ALOUD)**

And there's the poetic cheese I  
was talking about. She skips some  
pages and then continues to read.

**ISABELLA (VOICE OVER)**

Tuesday, the 29th day of November  
1898. I await the day the hospital  
allows me to pay a visit to my

Christina. Robert has insisted that I make no mention to having a sister born slow-witted. Despite his distaste for having family in a mental hospital, I feel no shame. Her stay and her medications, cost far less than Robert's daily grog.

**DRINA (THINKING ALOUD)**

Okay, skipping.

**ISABELLA (VOICE OVER)**

Sunday, the 12th day of February 1899. My beloved husband has forbid me from attending Service on this day. His senses must have escaped him, for he will no longer allow me to keep the Lord's Day, voicing that our virtueless passions will surely offend all that is holy. I do not understand his reasoning. I can only imagine, to what my fellow wives of the congregation must be saying of my absence. I know that I should not speak of these things, but this matter fills my spirit with great concern. He has shown much anger during our love making and closes his heart to me after he finishes. Each night, he returns from the tavern, a quarrelsome drunk. I give in to his wishes, longing for comfort from his eccentric deportment.

**DRINA (THINKING ALOUD)**

Juicy. Now, that's more like it.  
**(TALKING TO THE AIR)** Well, at least you were still getting some, sweetie. Try being a sex addict and going without.

**ISABELLA (VOICE OVER)**

Friday, the 3rd day of March 1899. He has grown increasingly bizarre with his request of me.

Unspeakable acts that I must  
endure for his enchantment. I  
blame myself for these tears,  
giving in to his strange desires  
early on. He has gone for the  
lighthouse supplies and will bring  
to me news from my darling  
Christina. Her drawings, that  
speak to me a thousand words, are  
all that I hold dear now. I love  
my sister before all things in  
this world, and for her sake, I  
must abide these bawdily events  
and my husband's rage.

Drina becomes soaked in the drama of the journal. She skips pages more quickly, as one crumbles in her hand. She stuffs the pieces back into the book and continues to read.

**ISABELLA (VOICE OVER)**

Monday, 31st day of July 1899. If  
I am discovered in my intentions,  
this may be my last entry. The  
consequence of me leaving the  
island are seemingly lesser in  
weight than my spite for him. Damn  
him. I will now write to him a  
farewell, and make my escape  
midday tomorrow, the moment after  
he first leaves for town. I shall  
write to my sister when I arrive  
in safety's arms, wherever that  
may be. The moon is no longer  
high, and my husband is soon to  
return. I worry what will be  
expected of me on my final night.

She turns the page that she had just read, and sees a small remaining crescent piece of paper, near the spine. A page has been torn from the book in haste.

**DRINA (THINKING ALOUD)**

Wait a minute.

She jumps up from the table. She picks up the book and crawls back under the display case. She sets the book on the glass, next to the "Dear John" letter that she saw in the case earlier. The letter

is of the same size as the worn pages and the tare on the left side matches the tare in the journal.

**DRINA (THINKING ALOUD)**

Well, will you looky there.

**(MOCKING MARCUS)** Not only *did* she keep a diary, but you even have a page from it in your display case.

She turns the remaining piece of the missing page, in order to continue reading the next entry. We again hear Isabella's voice, this time without the image of her writing.

**ISABELLA (VOICE OVER, CRYING)**

Wednesday, the Second day of August 1899. My heart is weary with despair, and I am having trouble relating the events of just last night. Robert doubled back, somehow sensing that I were about to leave him. He pulled me back into the house by my hair, where he found the farewell letter, I had written. He hit me for what seemed as an hour and told me that if ever I tried to leave Shadowed Island again, he would cease payment to my sister's hospital stay, surely seeing her to an unspeakable fate. To ensure my confinement, he has burned all of my clothes, save one undergarment. There is no one to help me, for he has told everyone that I left to live in New York. To my fortune, I was able to secure this journal without his knowing, for it is now my only comfort. I am filled with much sorrow, as I have been unjustly imprisoned here, and with no love left in my heart, condemned to serve as my husband's whore.

**DRINA (THINKING ALOUD)**

God Damn, that's hardcore. So, she didn't leave, and there's entries dating all the way to August 13<sup>th</sup>

of 1901. She lived here about...  
Jesus, two years after it was  
believed that she left.  
**(PARAPHRASING YOLANDA)** The truth  
and the lie are revealed together.

Drina skips to the last page of the journal, noticing that the entries are smaller, and reads it aloud.

**DRINA (READING ALOUD)**

Tuesday, 13th day of August 1901.  
I have yet to hear from my sister.  
I am tired from the day's events.  
My workload seems heavier than  
ever. Why has the good Lord  
forsaken me so. **(DRINA CLOSSES THE  
BOOK).**

Drina hears a creaking noise coming from the bedroom. With a skittish reflex, she turns her head sharply to investigate. The creaking sound stops. She stands silently still starring into the bedroom at the profile of the armoire. Drina's breathing is rapid, and she seems dizzy. She contributes the sound to the wind and turns her body around to face the display case. She puts her hand on the book and sighs.

**DRINA (FRIGHTENED, WHISPERING)**

And here comes that feeling  
again....

A quite modern, electronic bell sound is faintly heard causing Drina to swiftly look to her left. The clock near the door strikes seven, with seven chimes. The creaking sound is then heard once more, only much louder. She stops breathing all together, then turns back to the bedroom with an even motion. A frightened Drina looks on with fearful eyes, as the armoire doors slowly open. A woman's naked leg stretches out from behind the armoire door. Isabella, again dressed in only the white slip, steps out of the tiny wooden closet. The ghost is in solid form, as though alive here in the present. She moves her long flowing blonde hair away from her eyes. She is a very petite girl, soft, pale, and elegantly attractive. She moves to the doorway.

**ISABELLA**

May I help you?

Drina is stunned and does not reply. Isabella steps into the main living area. Though Drina is convinced that she is looking at a spirit, she is still mystified by seeing Isabella's body pass through the solid velvet rope. The velvet rope does not move, and the spirit's body has a hint of a bluish glow as she crosses the threshold.

**ISABELLA**

You ought not be here. You must  
depart at once.

Drina stands rigid in fear, saying nothing.

**ISABELLA**

Did you not hear my words? My  
husband is soon to arrive. (**WHILE  
TAKING A STEP CLOSER**) You are not  
safe. Leave now.

A strange cold enters the room and causes Drina to shiver. Just then, Isabella violently falls face first to the floor, as though someone pulled her feet out from underneath her. She screams while something picks up her feet and drags her back into the bedroom. Isabella claws the floor trying to escape. Drina takes a step towards the ghost with her hand out to help, then freezes.

**ISABELLA (TO THE AIR)**

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. (**TO DRINA**)  
Help me.

Isabella is pulled back into the armoire as though there is far more space inside than there actually is. The armoire doors slam shut, and Isabella's shrill screaming abruptly stops. Drina runs towards the bedroom, unlocks the velvet rope, and darts in.

SCENE 48, CONT., INTERIOR REEDER HOUSE, BEDROOM, NIGHT:

She flings open the armoire doors and then screams, at the top of her lungs in complete horror. Inside the tiny wooden closet, is Isabella's decaying corpse, sitting curled up in a crouched position. Maggots have eaten half of the face exposing the skull and now wiggle out the remaining decomposing flesh. Isabella's mouth has been gagged with cloth, and her rotting hands have been tied to the wooden dowel. Though her arms are stretched above her head, they give little support to the position. Isabella's ghastly cranium then turns towards Drina as if to fall with gravity. Drina

puts her hands over her mouth and nose to protect herself from the horrid smell of death. She backs up in terror to fall backwards onto the old bed. Then, the armoire doors slam shut once more, with a thunderous noise. Drina sits on the bed, not knowing what to do or how to handle her emotions. She continues to stare at the armoire as the doors again slowly and steadily open with a loud squeaking sound. The armoire is now empty.

**DRINA (THINKING ALOUD)**

Okay, fuck this shit. I'm out of here.

She stands up and begins walking out the room. As though hit by a charging bull, Drina is then blasted backwards back onto the bed. She lie on her back, stunned from the blow, as her arms are then somehow yanked up over her head. She tries to move her hands but feels them being held strong by some unseen entity. A cold fear, greater than she has ever known, swarms over her body and attacks her every nerve. Then, two antique Civil War shackles swiftly crawl from underneath the bed as though they were alive and conscience. The shackles slither up the sides of the bed with the movements of vipers, clanging their long chains behind them. The shackles clamp on to her wrist as though devouring prey. The chains spring taut. Drina cries out, while desperately trying to break free of the shackles. The top of her dress is then torn open and her laced bra yanked down. She can feel her exposed naked breast being grabbed and fisted. Leaning her head up, she sees her nipples being pulled on, as if they were moving on their own. Her dress is violently pulled upward, and her underwear is ripped off with an easy swift swipe. Her bare legs are then thrown apart. She cries hysterically and screams toward the armoire.

**DRINA (CRYING)**

Isabella, help me.

Her entire body flinches as though someone were entering inside her. She tries to close her legs but cannot fight the pressure that holds them apart. Her body starts to move in a slow rocking motion that almost seems surprisingly endearing and tender. Still crying, she starts to relax, excepting the violation. Half screaming, half panting, Drina's fear has turned to anger. While struggling with the shackles, she starts to join the rhythm of the motion, adding speed to it. There is a crackling sound of thunder coming from outside as the contour smokey shape of a man slightly appears above Drina. She senses that it is Robert. She can feel him grabbing at her, but she cannot make out his image. It is as though he were made of swirling smoke and the stronger he thrust

himself, the more rapid the smoke swirls. Though she is actually starting to feel some sense of pleasure in her body, Drina lifts her head in rage.

**DRINA (PANTING)**

I know what you've done, Robert. I  
know that you killed your wife.

The motion suddenly stops, the shackles vanish with the sound of chain hitting the wood floor, and the armoire doors slowly creek closed. With her face soaked in tears, she gets up from the bed, pulls her dress together, and stumbles out of the bedroom.

SCENE 49, CONT., INTERIOR REEDER HOUSE, MAIN ROOM, NIGHT:

Isabella's journal lie open on the display case, while the pages quickly turn as if being blown by a strong wind. The book then flies across the room to the empty fireplace. Looking like something had just ignited a ball of flammable gas, the book burst into flames. Drina takes a step towards the fireplace to rescue the book from the fires, then stops as she hears the long echoing moan of a man in pain. Then, the door to the bedroom slams shut behind her, causing the entire house to quake and rumble. Drina runs to the display case and grabs her keys, forgetting the gate key. She grabs her purse-like backpack and throws open the front door.

SCENE 50, CONT., EXTERIOR REEDER HOUSE, SHADOWED ISLAND, EAST SIDE, NIGHT:

Heavy sprinkles of rain blow in the now raging wind. Drina jumps from the threshold of the house, missing the steps completely. She comes crashing down in the wet grass, as the front door slams shut. She gets to her feet and runs.

SCENE 51, CUT TO, EXTERIOR SHADOWED ISLAND, WEST SIDE, NIGHT:

As Drina comes running towards the locked gate, it breaks open with a clamor. She doesn't argue with the invitation to leave and so begins her rapid ascend down the wet wooden stairs.

SCENE 52, CUT TO, EXTERIOR WOODEN STAIRS, CAPE LAMENT, NIGHT:

Her feet occasionally slip on the rain that has puddled up on the steps, yet it does little to slow her down. She is determined to ascend as quickly as possible even if it means falling.

SCENE 53, CUT TO, EXTERIOR BRIDGE, CAPE LAMENT, NIGHT: 53

She jumps off the last step and then runs across the bridge. A loud crash of thunder causes Drina to stop and turn around. She looks up to the top of the island. Robert stands at the edge, looking down at her, in solid form, a silhouette in the night. Drina holds her dress closed and fights the wind and the rain to peer back up at the malevolent ghost. The lighthouse tower shoots out a rotating beam of light that splits the darkness in half. The light shines over Robert's head, as he shouts to her in a deep voice.

**ROBERT**

You are not welcome here, witch.  
Do not return.

Drina turns and darts up the stairs towards the parking lot. She skips many steps in order to climb as quickly as possible.

SCENE 54, CUT TO, EXTERIOR LIGHTHOUSE PARKING LOT, LAMENT ISLAND, NIGHT:

The front gate also breaks open for her and causes the ornate arch to rattle for a long while. Drina, panting with fear yet finally feeling safe, steps onto the parking lot and looks back. A wide shaft of blinding white light, flashes in front of her. A bolt of lightning strikes the bridge, completely destroying it, shooting orange sparks high into the air. The harsh sound of the immediate thunder is deafening and causes Drina to let go of her dress and protect her ears. The pieces of the bridge are stolen by the angry sea and blue volts of electricity frantically dance all the way up the metal staircase.

**DRINA**

Holy shit.

She backs up from the glowing gate, as the frenzy of electricity dissipates. She looks to the island again; the darkened silhouette of Robert slowly turns and begins slowly walking towards the house. She then turns and runs across the parking lot towards Yolanda's truck.

SCENE 55, CUT TO, EXTERIOR BACK OF MOTOR HOME TRAILER, MARSH AREA, NIGHT:

The heavy drops of rain are few and far between. The wind is much calmer away from the ocean and the gentle sound of the wind chimes stay in tune with the tranquil singing of crickets. A soft orange light is coming from the hole that was dug behind the trailer. The hole is much deeper and the sound of someone digging is followed by the sound of the old woman grunting. A heavy fog blankets the marsh and radiates an unworldly blueish glow. The fog begins to swirl, and the trees click their branches together as the breeze picks up. Bright vehicle headlights strobe across the ground as the sound of Yolanda's truck pulling up, consumes the night. The old woman lifts her mud-covered head out of the hole and listens to the truck's groaning windshield wipers. The engine then shuts off and the sound of Drina stepping out of the truck prompts the old woman to bellow.

**YOLANDA (YELLING WITH A CRACKED VOICE)**

I'm behind the trailer, child.

The old woman stands up in the hole, revealing that she has dug it to about four feet deep. Drina steps behind the trailer to the spot where she had the daydream of Matthew. Her tears have subsided, yet the signs of crying are still on her face as she gazes at the strange blue fog. Yolanda holds up her camping style lantern, high above her head in order to see.

**YOLANDA**

Over here.

Drina looks to her right, squints to see past Yolanda's bright light, and then rushes to her aid. She lends a hand to help the old woman out of the hole.

**DRINA**

What the hell are you doing?

**YOLANDA**

I'm digging my grave, child, while the earth is still soft. I figured that if I didn't drop dead soon, the hole would be a good place for my toilet water.

The old woman cackles to herself as Drina puts her attention back on the bizarre glowing fog and becomes mesmerized with it.

**YOLANDA**

It's just Ignis Fatuus. Nothing to fear. Will-o'-the-wisp. Foxfire.  
(PAUSES WAITING TO BE HEARD) It's just swamp gas, Drina.

With the last description Drina stops staring at the marsh and turns to the old woman.

**DRINA**

Where is my car?

**YOLANDA**

I sold it.

**DRINA (IN SHOCK)**

You did what?!!

**YOLANDA**

I couldn't get much for it without the title, but every little bit counts.

**DRINA**

Who the fuck told you that you could sell my car?

**YOLANDA (SMILING)**

Come, I'll explain.

SCENE 56, EXTERIOR MOTOR HOME TRAILER, CROOKED ROAD, NIGHT: THE TWO WALK AROUND THE BACK OF THE TRAILER TO THE AWNING.

**YOLANDA**

You are back much earlier than expected.

**DRINA**

Who did you sell my car to?

**YOLANDA**

Come inside, you'll be happy to see this.

Yolanda opens the screen door with unusual spryness. They enter the trailer.

SCENE 57, INTERIOR MOTOR HOME TRAILER, CROOKED ROAD, NIGHT:

The small wood table no longer has the crystal ball on it. Instead, there are pictures and documents neatly spread out.

**YOLANDA**

Come, here, look for yourself.

Drina looks closely at the documents. She sees an Oregon state driver's license. It has Drina's picture on it, with her age, birth date, height, and weight. Only, the name on the license is Yolanda Ludu Chovex, and the address is unfamiliar.

**DRINA**

What is all this?

**YOLANDA**

I traded your car for your new identity. Birth Certificate, Social, Driver's license, the whole Vardo. You're going to need it if you plan to follow this path and disappear from your past.

**DRINA (SITTING DOWN ON THE COUCH)**

I wish you wouldn't have done that. I don't think I'm cut out for this life.

**YOLANDA**

Did not you get half of the money?

**DRINA**

No, I did not. I wasn't thinking. And I can't go back there now.

**YOLANDA**

What happened?

Drina puts her face into her hands and starts crying.

**YOLANDA**

What is it, child?

**DRINA**

I failed, and I was attacked. The ghost, Robert, he forced himself on me and tried to kill me.

**YOLANDA**

Shesti.(english translation: Nonsense).

**DRINA (RAISING HER VOICE)**

There are two ghost there, one kept by the other. It was fucking horrible.

**YOLANDA**

You must calm yourself, my dear. I will fix you some special tea.

The old woman walks over to a cabinet above the stove and pulls from a jar some old, blackened leaves. She sets them by the stove and then turns on one of the electric burners to heat up under a kettle.

**YOLANDA**

Two ghost means twice the money.

**DRINA**

Robert's ghost is evil. I mean *really* evil.

**YOLANDA**

There are no evil spirits, only lost souls. And I have come to find that there is no such thing as evil at all, only different levels of lost.

**DRINA (ANGRY)**

Well, Robert is very fucking lost, I'll tell you.

**YOLANDA (SMILING)**

Te na khutshos perdal tsho ushalin, my dear.

**DRINA (DRYING HER TEARS WITH HER TORN DRESS)**

What the hell does that mean?

**YOLANDA**

It's an old saying. It means, try not to jump over your own shadow.

Yolanda stuffs the blackened leaves into a coffee cup and then pours hot water over them. After taking out the leaves and throwing them into the sink, she brings to Drina the tea, then sits on a stool near her.

**YOLANDA**

Drink this, Drina, it will help you see things more clearly.

Drina begins fighting the heat of the tea in order to drink.

**DRINA**

Thank you.

**YOLANDA**

You are not going to want to hear this, but you must. A ghost cannot do anything to you without your permission.

**DRINA (OFFENDED)**

What's that supposed to mean?

**YOLANDA**

You are alive, a spirit is not. You are the one with the power, you only need to learn how to channel it and control your fears.

**DRINA**

I'm telling you that I had no power over this thing.

**YOLANDA**

A ghost does not have the power to physically touch you. He can't feel, touch, smell, taste... he is not a part of the living, unless you give him that power. Somehow, you let this spirit into your dimension. You brought it to life, so to speak, and you hold the ability to send it back.

**DRINA (UNDER HER BREATH)**

I unlocked the chifforobe and...

Drina becomes lost in thought.

**YOLANDA**

Sometimes we need to physically do things in order to spiritually do them. It's much like harnessing the wind with your mind. You'll get the hang of it before you know it.

**DRINA (SLURRING SOME OF HER WORDS)**

No, I'm done. I'm done with this whole ghost shit and I'll never, no matter what, go back to that lighthouse.

**YOLANDA**

Then you do not have to.

**DRINA**

I'm not cut out for this shit.  
(AFTER A PAUSE) Can you drive me to the nearest bus station?

**YOLANDA**

Drina, you don't understand. The truck and the trailer are yours now.

**DRINA**

You're giving me your trailer? You don't even know me.

**YOLANDA**

It's a 1994 Airstream Excella, my most prized possession. Now it is yours.

**DRINA**

I can't except such a gift.

**YOLANDA**

Yes, you can. Just as you can except who you are, and what you

are meant to do. It takes time,  
that's all.

Drina starts to faint, falling to the side on the love seat. She catches herself in time yet does not fight the urge to lay down.

**DRINA**

I feel funny.

**YOLANDA**

It is the tea. We drink it only so  
that we may sleep.

Drina looks heavily drugged and while mumbling, she slips into a state of unconsciousness. The old woman pulls out a crochet blanket and covers Drina.

**DRINA (MUMBLING WHILE FALLING ASLEEP)**

Robert is so cruel. How could  
someone so good looking be so  
evil? I mean, he's so horrible and  
warm. And big. It felt so real and  
alive or something. At first, I  
couldn't figure out if it was my  
fantasy or a nightmare. It was  
cold, and I swear I'll never go  
back there.

**YOLANDA**

May kali i muri may gugli avela.  
(english translation: The darker  
the berry the sweeter it is).

SCENE 58, INTERIOR BEDLAM MENTAL HOSPITAL, THE YEAR IS 1900,  
*THIS SCENE SHOT AS DRINA'S POV, STEADY CAM, EARLY MORNING:*

Drina walks into a dilapidated, poorly lit, white room, where there are many small beds, all of them unmade. A large woman and two men stand around one of the small beds, where a child lies dead, with a lifeless stare. Their style of dress and the decor of the room is that of the late 1800's. The two men have their backs to Drina and are whispering to each other at great length. The child's facial features show signs of Down Syndrome, and there are many old-fashioned medicine bottles on her side table, indicating that she were ill. Drina walks closer. The large woman covers the child's face with a sheet in such a manner that clearly shows that she is emotionally detached from the death. As the men walk to the

foot of the little bed, Drina can now see that it is Robert talking to who appears to be the Hospital Director. Robert is wearing an old sea captain's overcoat, that sharply contrast the Hospital Director's shabby brown suit and tie. The large woman then turns to another room and waves her hand. A skinny man dressed in filthy attire, answers the woman's hand gesture by walking into the room. He prepares the child's body for transport, as Robert and the Hospital Director leave the room. Drina quickly follows close behind them.

SCENE 59, CONTINUED SHOT TO THE HALLWAY, 59 ALL SHOT AS DRINA'S POINT OF VIEW:

They enter a long corridor, turning left. A loud annoying screeching sound comes from the wheels of an empty gurney that is being pushed by a strange looking orderly.

SCENE 60, CONTINUED SHOT TO CLASSROOM, 60 ALL SHOT AS DRINA'S POINT OF VIEW:

They then turn right and enter another room filled with young, retarded children. Some of the children are not moving and are bound to wooden wheelchairs, while others sit at little desk drawing crude pictures on thick construction paper. Some sort of art class is taking place, while the impassive instructor sits in the corner of the room reading a book. Robert takes a step back, positioning himself in the back of the room, as the hospital director walks up and down the rows of tiny desk, forcefully yanking up the drawings, collecting them in hand. He then walks over to Robert and hands to him the stack of drawings.

**HOSPITAL DIRECTOR**

We never have a shortage of  
"Mongol" drawings.

In exchange for the stack of drawings, Robert gives him some coins. With a malicious glare, Robert then turns his head to Drina.

**ROBERT (TO DRINA)**

Wake up, witch. You're dreaming.

SCENE 61, INTERIOR MOTOR HOME TRAILER, CROOKED ROAD, LATE NIGHT:

Drina wakes up suddenly, with a startled jerk. She looks about the trailer for signs of Yolanda but finds it to be empty. She looks down at herself to see that she is wearing a white laced slip. She

notices that one of the shoulder straps has been torn and then realizes that she is wearing Isabella's clothing. Drina sits all the way up on the love seat and looks at the frosted window, frightened, as the echoing voice of Isabella calls to her from outside.

**ISABELLA**

Help me, Drina. Help me.

The front door to the trailer then slowly opens by itself. Drina stands up and looks out the door.

**DRINA**

Yolanda, is that you?

Isabella's distant voice again calls from the night.

**ISABELLA**

Help me, Drina. Help me, please.

SCENE 62, CONT. EXTERIOR MOTOR HOME TRAILER, CROOKED ROAD, LATE NIGHT:

Drina exits the trailer. A breeze blows her white slip against her body revealing her slender but shapely figure. The wind chimes sound off once more, only this time, they sing a repetitive rhythmic tune. It is similar to that of the fog bell she heard on Shadowed Island, but it is musical with more notes. There is a soft note, a long tinkling of notes, then three more short chimes, before it repeats. Drina walks in a trance to the back of the trailer.

SCENE 63, CONT. EXTERIOR BACK OF MOTOR HOME TRAILER, MARSH AREA, SAME NIGHT:

The dense blueish glowing mist again swirls with the wind as reeds sway from side to side. Drina walks to the edge of the marsh and stands still. Coming from just beyond the fog bank, she hears the voices of Robert and Isabella.

**ISABELLA (SCREAMING)**

Where is my sister?

**ROBERT**

She's where she has always been.

**ISABELLA**

You lie, Robert. In your polluted state, you left me this week's periodical to read. The hospital has been shut. Now, I demand that you give to me Christina's whereabouts.

**ROBERT**

Your sister past some time ago.

**ISABELLA (AFTER A SHORT PAUSE)**

And her drawings?

**ROBERT(WITH DISGUST)**

Drawings from other mongoloid children.

**ISABELLA (WHILE CRYING)**

Why?

**ROBERT (SHOUTING)**

Where do you think you are going?

**ISABELLA (WITH ANGER)**

I'll leave naked if I must.  
Nothing keeps me here now.

**ROBERT (WITH EQUAL ANGER)**

*I am* keeping you here. You belong to me.

There is a sudden sound of iron chains clanging together as the mist parts in two. All shackled together as prisoners, two rows of corpses, with their flesh rotted away by time, emerge from the darkness in a military march. The marching dead are wearing Civil War Confederate uniforms that are dusty and torn. Each horrific skeleton like soldier, struggles to march through the swamp, kicking up water and rattling their chains. Then, a bearded man dressed in a blue U.S. Calvary uniform, rides his black horse out from the fog and stops near the marching men. Both, the man and his horse, look as though they had just come from the grave, only his uniform is new and neatly pressed.

**UNION SOLDIER ON HORSEBACK**

Hurry up, dogs. We have a lighthouse to save.

The breath of the exhausted steed is visible as vapors in the cold. He pulls on the reigns, causing the beast to rear up and whinny. He then gives the animal his spurs, and gallops ahead to disappear into the night. As each confederate soldier marches out of the marsh area, they slowly vanish. As the last soldier starts to disappear, he turns his head to Drina. With most of his face decayed, his blaring teeth resembles a smile. Drina steps back with fear. The wind then blows at a gale's force, causing the darkened trees to careen. Looking like a nest of tiny snakes, the mist seems to come alive and swarm. Bursting from the ground, shooting water and mud high into the air, the armoire from the Porter house, arises. The doors open abruptly. The mist slithers around the armoire towards Drina, appearing as reaching hands made of smoke. Drina starts to run but the blue glowing smoke grabs her by her ankles before she could escape. She falls to the ground, soiling the white slip. The smoke then pulls her to the armoire, as she digs her fingers into the mud and tries to claw her way to safety.

**DRINA (WITH A HIGH PITCH SCREAM)**

Help me!!

With an almost unreal speed and with the fierceness of an attacking carnivore, the mist violently pulls her into the armoire. The same shackles that had just been seen on the marching prisoners, come from the water and chain her wrist to the armoire's wooden dowel. Then, in the same instant, shackles attach themselves to her ankles, as the armoire's doors slam shut.

SCENE 64, CONT. INTERIOR ARMOIRE, NIGHT:

Bright flickering white lights shine through the cracks in the doors. The confined space of the tiny closet leaves Drina little room to move. She is bound tight, and her mouth is gagged with a handkerchief. She tugs on the chains, yanks at the dowel, kicks her feet and then slams her body into the doors, yet the armoire does not budge. Drina continues to try and free herself for several minutes before growing tired. With a feeling of complete despair, she raises her foot. Using the lip of the shackle that is around her ankle, she begins to dig into the left side wall of the closet. She first crudely carves a zero and a nine. Then a dash followed by a one and a four. Then she carves another dash followed by the number nineteen. She then leaves a small space before vigorously scratching out a zero-one. She rest her leg for a moment and begins to sob. She then takes an exhausted deep breath and raises her leg again to carve the number fifteen. Drina then drops her leg in exhaustion, banging the chains. She looks down and starts to scream

into the cloth gag. Thousands and thousands of maggots, worms, and cockroaches start crawling into the armoire. Drina's effort to break free becomes frantic as the insects start to crawl onto her naked legs. She again screams.

SCENE 65, INTERIOR MOTOR HOME TRAILER, CROOKED ROAD, AFTERNOON:

Drina jolts her body to a sitting position, ending the nightmare. She is still in the torn red dress that she had fallen asleep in, yet she is in Yolanda's bed instead of the love seat. Drina shakes off the memory of the dream and squints her eyes to fight the daylight that beams in through the bedroom window.

**DRINA**

Yolanda? Hello?

Drina grabs her head with one hand as if she were suffering from an intense headache. After awkwardly scooting down off the bed, she stands up. She holds her dress closed, being reminded of what had taken place just last night. She starts to walk down the short hallway.

SCENE 66, CUT TO, CONT. EXTERIOR MOTOR HOME TRAILER, CROOKED ROAD, AFTERNOON:

Drina opens the door and steps down out of the trailer, holding her dress closed with one hand.

**DRINA**

Yolanda?

**YOLANDA**

Good afternoon. It seems you did not sleep well.

Drina again grabs her head showing pain and walks over to where the old woman is sitting. Yolanda seems to be in good spirits, while painting a thin, handmade, wooden cross with white paint.

**DRINA**

What time is it?

**YOLANDA**

It is one fifteen in the afternoon. The day is almost spent.

**DRINA**

What was in that tea you gave me?

**YOLANDA**

Marcus Gorey phoned early this morning with feathers ruffled.

Drina sits down in the lawn chair next to Yolanda.

**YOLANDA (POINTING TO THE WHITE WOODEN CROSS)**

I don't want any kind of head stone. Just this white Christian Traveler's Cross, and nothing more.

**DRINA**

What else did Mr. Gorey say?

**YOLANDA (CHUCKLING)**

At first, he tried to blame you for all the damage to his property. I explained things to him and warned him of what he has living in his lighthouse.

**DRINA**

I need to speak to him about my dream.

**YOLANDA (CHUCKLING)**

I'm not sure he wants anything to do with us now, my child.

**DRINA**

I need to call him.

Yolanda gives out another grunt as she gets up out of her chair. Drina watches her walk over to the outside cupboard where she keeps her tobacco. She pulls out an old-fashioned, brick-sized portable cellular phone. She hands the phone to Drina.

**YOLANDA**

Just hit the call button, twice. Try to keep the conversation as short as possible, child. This phone cost me four thousand bucks

ten years ago, and (**CHUCKLING**)  
back then it damn near cost that  
much each time I made a call.

Drina presses the send button two times and waits for an answer.

**DRINA (INTO THE PHONE)**

Mr. Gorey? It's Dri.... Yolanda  
Chovex. I think I know how to get  
rid of your ghost.

Drina pauses listening to Marcus talk on the phone. Yolanda sits  
back down. She leans her head forward, trying to listen in on the  
phone conversation, but cannot hear the lighthouse owner's voice.

**DRINA (INTO THE PHONE)**

No. No, listen, you have to  
correct a historical fact, and I  
think the ghost will leave.  
Isabella Porter, his wife, did not  
leave him. I think she was killed  
there. (**PAUSE**) I don't know how,  
but I know that he kept her there  
as a slave, rather as some sort of  
sex slave. I read her journal.  
(**PAUSE**) No, the ghost burned it  
up. (**SHORT PAUSE**) I know it sounds  
crazy, but you have to correct  
your display case, and... (**PAUSE**),  
no. (**PAUSE**) I still don't know who  
was 15 years old. No. I don't have  
proof. Listen... (**PAUSE**) Marcus?  
Hello? (**TO YOLANDA**) Shit, he hung  
up on me.

**YOLANDA**

That is a shame. I so wanted you  
to succeed. Though, I guess it's  
good that you learn early that you  
can't win them all.

**DRINA**

I need a shower. May I?

**YOLANDA**

But of course. Go. There's still  
plenty of water in the tank.

**DRINA**

I also need to use your laptop.

**YOLANDA**

I don't have a computer.

**DRINA**

I thought you said you had a website.

**YOLANDA**

I have a website but no computer. But most every library has a computer now.

**DRINA**

Then I need to use your car.

**YOLANDA**

I told you...it belongs to you. Where are ya going?

**DRINA**

First, I'm going to find the nearest public library. Then I'm going to find a hardware store and buy some bolt cutters. I have to go back to the lighthouse tonight.

Drina springs up with great enthusiasm and walks inside the trailer. With a bold, prideful smirk, Yolanda sits back in her chair and looks up at the sky.

**YOLANDA**

Nais Tuke  
(English translation: Thank you)

SCENE 67, EXTERIOR LIBRARY, TOWN OF DEXTER, DAY:

A small old Victorian style building, made of large stone bricks, is on the corner of two busy single lane streets. There is a sign on the building that reads:

"DEXTER PUBLIC LIBRARY"

Drina pulls into the small library parking lot. She hops out of the truck. She is wearing tight blue jean pants, a bright red

cashmere sweater, and healed black boots. She throws her small black purse over her shoulder and then locks up the truck. Drina looks determined as she then walks up between two worn stone lions to the steps of the library.

SCENE 68, CUT TO, INTERIOR LIBRARY, TOWN OF DEXTER, DAY: 68

Drina sets several books down at a long table and then sits. She starts thumbing through an encyclopedia labeled:

"NUMBER 12, M."

She turns the pages quickly.

**DRINA (THINKING ALOUD)**

Morris Code, Morris, got it, Morse Code. (Reading from the document)  
A system of sending messages that uses short and long sounds combined in various, et cetera and so forth. A short sound is called a "dit", a long sound a "dah".  
Written code uses dots and dashes. The American Morse code became the international code....

She runs her fingers on the page, scrolling down a chart for Morse Code letters and words. She stops on one and again thinks out loud.

**DRINA (THINKING ALOUD)**

A dot, a dash, and three dots, means "wait" or "stop". That's what I heard the bell ringing out. That must have been the rescue message Robert sent to the lost ship in the fog. Or maybe it was a message to me. **(CLOSING HER EYES, TAKING A PAUSE)** Shit, it was a warning. She was trying to warn me.

Drina then starts tearing into another book. She thumbs through several pages, then closes the book quickly with a frustrated expression. She smirks as she becomes entranced in thought.

**DRINA (THINKING ALOUD)**

Zero-nine, fourteen, nineteen,  
zero-one, fifteen.

Drina reaches into her purse and pulls out the paper flyer with the number sequence written on it. She stares at it for several moments.

**DRINA (THINKING ALOUD)**

This is not Morris Code. Nor is it a combination. Wait, there was a dash after the first nine, and a dash after the four, but then no dash and just spaces. What if it was a date, **(LONG PAUSE)** and in the dark and not meaning to put a space after the nineteen.

September 14, 1901. When I dreamt of the chifforobe, I dreamt I was carving my name so people would know I was there. The "1" was an "I" and the "5" was really an "S." I started to carve Isabella's name.

She quickly looks around the library. Her eyes then stop on a desk across the room, marked:

"INFORMATION"

Drina pushes out her chair with her rear and stands up. She then eagerly walks across the library and begins speaking to the elderly man behind the information desk.

**DRINA**

I was wondering if you could help me with something.

The elderly man begins to laugh. His unruly peppered eyebrows and gray beard, look odd with his long gray hair that is neatly combed back into a braided ponytail. He adjust his glasses.

**LIBRARIAN (WITH A BIG SMILE)**

Well, just how can I help you, pretty lady?

**DRINA**

I'm looking for something that happened around here on September 14, 1901.

**LIBRARIAN**

Well, Miss, you just happen to be talking to the library's authority on Washington territory newspapers. All the really old newspapers are on microfiche and microfilm. Follow me.

The elderly librarian jumps around the desk.

SCENE 69 INTERIOR LIBRARY, TOWN OF DEXTER, BACK ROOM, DAY:

The two enter a darkened back room of the library where there is an old dusty microfilm reader machine. The librarian sets down several small boxes next the machine and pulls out the chair for Drina to sit down.

**DRINA**

I'm looking for something that happened locally, in this city. At least, I think. 1901, specifically nine, fourteen, O-one.

**LIBRARIAN**

It wasn't all too common to write the date out numerically back then, but I'll bring you all that we have for that year. Be right back.

The librarian steps out of the room. Drina begins looking through the boxes that the librarian left, scrolling through the different film files. Moments later the librarian returns with two more smaller boxes of films.

**LIBRARIAN**

Do you know how to use one of these machines?

**DRINA**

Yeah, (**CHUCKLING**) my high school had one of these things.

**LIBRARIAN**

Whatever you're looking for will be either in the Weekly Pacification or the Gazette, these two boxes. (POINTING TO THE NEW SMALLER BOXES HE JUST BROUGHT IN). We've been planning to pay someone to transfer all the Dexter Newspapers over to CD-ROM. City won't spend the money, though, until this machine finally craps out.

**DRINA**

Which one would have any events that took place in this area, with people that lived here?

**LIBRARIAN**

Just about everything that has ever happened here was written up in the Gazette. It was a small-town newspaper, that started back in 1896.

**LIBRARIAN**

The first ones were only a few small pages long, but it was a big deal to have a daily publication back then, instead of the regular periodicals. We don't have all of them. Quite a few are missing from the early years. It's still a better collection than you'll find in the major libraries. We're lucky to have them.

He reaches over and pulls out a microfilm from one of the smaller boxes and puts it in the machine and then flips a switch. The machine takes a few seconds to respond but then starts to glow blue.

**LIBRARIAN**

The Dailies, 1901. It was more of a gossip magazine rather than a real paper, but there's some good history in it. It cost a nickel, which was a lot of money in the

late 1800's. Not everyone could afford it, so it was mostly read second hand in restaurants, and barbershops. It was printed using the...

Drina begins to look agitated with the librarian's winded information.

**DRINA (INTERRUPTING THE LIBRARIAN)**

Thank you, very much. I'll take it from here.

**LIBRARIAN**

Okay. They're all in chronological order to the date. Each box is the year, and each tab is the month. If you could help keep them in order, it would be appreciated.

**DRINA**

Thank you for your help.

**LIBRARIAN**

No problem. let me know if you need anything else.

The old librarian walks off again, leaving the back room. Drina turns the large black knob on the machine causing the information on the screen to strobe by. She stops for a moment to read and then continues on.

**DRINA (THINKING ALOUD)**

September fourteen, September fourteen, here we go. (**READING FROM THE SCREEN**) Wednesday, September 14th, 1901. The President has succumbed to his wounds and has died. The nation is in a state of mourning. Gangrene and infection set in causing him to pass this morning at 2:15 am.

She skips several articles.

**DRINA (THINKING ALOUD)**

Yet nothing locally reported, except for something about a flour

sale. So what president are we talking about, here?

She turns the knob to the left going backwards on the film quickly.

**DRINA (READING FROM THE SCREEN)**

Dexter Daily Gazette, Saturday, September 7th, 1901, it's confirmed. The President of the United States has been shot. Leon F. Czolgosz, a known anarchist, fired two shots at President McKinley, yesterday, after the president's trade speech, in Buffalo, New York. One of the bullets pierced the President's stomach. He was rushed to a local hospital for surgery. Still no word on his condition but....  
(**THINKING ALOUD**) But what happened in this area, damn it?

She studies the articles, slowly turning the knob forward so that the old newspaper slowly scrolls on the screen.

**DRINA (READING FROM THE SCREEN)**

September 8<sup>th</sup>, 1901. A peaceful demonstration for support for the President broke out in violence yesterday morning, about eleven-thirty, in downtown Dexter. Several were arrested for drunken and disorderly conduct.

Drina scours through the names and finds the name Robert Porter among those that were arrested.

**DRINA(THINKING ALOUD, LOUDLY)**

Bingo!

Drina looks about the room to see if anyone heard her. She grabs a three inch by three-inch piece of scratch paper off the desk next to the machine. She then reaches into her purse for a pen. While she continues to read aloud, she writes down some facts and dates.

**DRINA (READING FROM THE SCREEN)**

Porter was seen slugging a police officer outside of Trevor's Pub. Demonstration organizers say that.... **pause**) Oh my God. He fucking left her there to die. He just left her there to die.

She spins the knob left several times and then stops. Drina once again falls into a trance. She stares at the screen but appears as though she were staring through the screen at something beyond it. The screen reads:

"DEXTER DAILY GAZETTE, MONDAY, MAY 13, 1901. LOCAL BUSINESS OWNERS ARE IN AN UPROAR. THE BEDLAM HOSPITAL, A FACILITY BUILT TO HOUSE THE MENTALLY ILL, HAS CLOSED ITS DOORS YESTERDAY, DUE TO LACK OF FUNDING. SOME PATIENTS HAVE BEEN RELOCATED TO INSTITUTIONS NEAR SEATTLE; HOWEVER, MANY HAVE BEEN RELEASED TO ROAM THE DOWNTOWN STREETS OF DEXTER."

**DRINA**

September 14<sup>th</sup> must be the day she died. Same day as the President. It took her six days to die. She was trying to carve proof that she was still on the island. Her ghost must have then tended the lighthouse while Robert was locked up. He never told anyone because he didn't want to be found out about keeping her there against her will. When Robert returned to the island, he found her dead and then just hid her body. He was then fired for not being at his post, so the fucker then killed himself. Jesus.

The microfilm on the screen starts to burn, as the letters on the newspaper start to move in many different directions like a disrupted line of ants. Drina starts to blink her eyes rapidly to sooth her fatigued eyes, as we dissolve from the scene.

SCENE 70, DISSOLVE TO, EXTERIOR NORTH SHORE WAY ROAD, LIGHTHOUSE PARKING LOT, CAPE LAMENT, DUSK:

The sun has sequestered for the night, leaving a bright after glow in the western sky. The parking lot has changed a great deal from the night before, with two large work lights that stand as guards to the piles of building materials that have been placed in the center. There is a small Bobcat type bulldozer parked next to a giant pile of rolled up chain linked fencing. Marcus is walking across the parking lot, past the large stacks of lumber, toward his sedan that waits for him at the entrance with the engine running and the door open. Drina drives very slowly down the small road with her high beams on. Marcus is just about to enter his car when he spots the truck. She turns out her headlights as she approaches the parking lot and comes to stop near his car. She covers the bolt cutters on the front seat with a sweater. Marcus stands to look over his hood, leaving his driver's side door open. Drina then turns off the engine and slowly exits the truck, leaving her door open as well.

**DRINA (FEELING CAUGHT)**

I must talk to you, please.

**MARCUS**

Listen, I thank you for trying, but after last night, I'm going to just concentrate on the souvenir stand in the parking lot and leave the island alone for a while.

**DRINA**

You have to let me try and help the ghost that is trapped down there. I just need one more night.

**MARCUS**

Oh no. No, I'm sorry. The ghost has never caused so much damage before. Either you threw a party last night, or we pissed the ghost off but good.

**DRINA**

I really think I can help Isabella. I just need one more night.

**MARCUS**

Look, Yolanda, all the locks on the entire island were busted, the bridge is going to cost me a fortune, I need to find a welder, and I just can't afford for anything else to get damaged. Also, you know, I told you that I didn't want you to touch the bedroom. You were on the bed, and I even found your underwear near the chifforobe.

**DRINA (WITH ANGER AND SARCASM)**

Yeah, well, like you said, Robert's ghost is not a very happy ghost.

Marcus stutters for a moment and then freezes into a gaze. He does not respond to her statement in fear of pressing the issue. The passenger side door to his sedan then opens and an elderly woman, (*Mrs. Gorey*), dressed in expensive business attire, steps out. She walks to Drina and stands firm in front of her. She swallows deep, glaring at Drina with an empathetic serious expression.

**MRS. GOREY**

Do you really think you can help?  
Drina is stunned for a moment.

**DRINA**

I do.

**MRS. GOREY**

Can you make him leave the island?

**DRINA**

I think so.

**MRS. GOREY**

And are you sure you want to go back in there?

**DRINA**

I have to.

Mrs. Gorey contemplates for several seconds. She then starts barking orders at her husband, all the while continuing to stare at Drina.

**MRS. GOREY (TO MARCUS)**

Marcus, give her the keys.

**MARCUS**

But....

**MRS. GOREY**

Give her the God damn keys.

He makes a wrinkled face and then pulls from his pocket a wad of rattling keys. He then steps in front of his wife to Drina.

**MARCUS**

This small key here is the key to the boat. These small keys are to the new pad locks, and this one....

**MRS. GOREY**

Just give her all the keys.  
(PAUSE) And give her your cell phone.

Marcus turns to his wife to object. After realizing it is pointless to argue the matter, he hands Drina his cell phone. A defeated Marcus, then drags himself into his car and shuts the door without saying another word. Mrs. Gorey steps forward and takes Drina's hands into her own.

**MRS. GOREY**

If you're in trouble, use the cell. You can only get reception near the house for some reason. Be careful, sweetheart.

Mrs. Gorey then returns herself to the passenger seat.

**DRINA**

Thank you.

**MRS. GOREY (RAISING HER VOICE TO BE HEARD)**

We'll be back first thing in the morning.

The door shuts and the car pulls away. After watching the sedan fade away down the narrow road into the night, she reaches into the truck and grabs a thick navy-blue flight jacket and begins putting it on. She then puts the cell phone into the front pocket of the jacket and zips it up. The breeze grows in intensity once more, and gives off a foreboding moan, as Drina looks to the distant silhouetted lighthouse tower. The ever-rotating beacon shines it's beam of light at Drina, causing her to break her stare. After grabbing up a long Maglite flashlight from behind the seat, she slams the truck door shut and begins walking towards the front gate.

SCENE 71, EXTERIOR BRIDGE AREA, CAPE LAMENT, DUSK:

She finishes with the last set of metal stairs, arriving at the mangled bridge. The ocean is at high tide and working hard against the rocks. Seeing that the bridge has not yet been repaired, and that there is no way to cross the unpredictable swelling ocean, she turns to the small dock on her left. She finds the small rowboat with her flashlight and carefully walks to it. She then drops to one knee and touches the pad lock that keeps the boat chained to the dock. The breeze blows the ocean spray into her eyes causing her to briefly hide her head under her arm. With the flashlight held by her chin and shoulder, she then pulls from her jacket pocket the wad of rattling keys. A sudden loud monstrous shrilling growl comes from behind the boat and startles Drina to fall to her back. The flashlight falls and rolls across the wood planks. Drina dives to the flashlight, catching it just before it falls off the dock. Shinning the light at the noise, she sees a frightened sea lion screaming at her. The animal then torpedoes into the breaking surf and swims for safety.

**DRINA (THINKING ALOUD)**

Jesus! I'm pissin' off the  
wildlife now, too.

Drina tries to recover from the shock, while struggling to unlock the pad lock. The lock then snaps open. She throws the chain, that it is attached to a large iron ring on the bow of the boat, inside to clang against the bottom boards. She then gives the boat a shove, and jumps in. Drina lifts up the oars and fights them into position. The boat begins to violently rock over the increasing waves, as Drina paddles with great difficulty.

SCENE 72, CONT., INTERIOR ROWBOAT, BRIDGE AREA, CAPE LAMENT,  
DUSK:

The boat rises and falls about a good three feet with the encroaching and receding tide. Drina attempts to steer and row at the same time, while battling the wind's insulting spray of sea. The darkened island ahead of her is dressed in a skirt of expanding fog and the wooden stairs are barely visible. With her teeth clinched, she makes a sharp stab at the water before forcefully pulling the oars to her chest. The boat scuds atop a swell. Drina quickly repeats the action in order to gain distance before the sea falls again. She enters the fog and arrives at the shore made of jagged rocks.

SCENE 73, EXTERIOR WOODEN STAIRCASE, CAPE LAMENT, DUSK:

Striving to keep her balance, she steps to the front of the rowboat and jumps to a large moss-covered rock. She grabs a strong hold on the boat's chain. Jumping from rock to rock, Drina pulls the boat to follow her steps. She arrives at the wooden staircase. She then reaches into the boat for the padlock and almost falls. After regaining her footing, she wraps the chain around the remaining mangled railing of the broken bridge and secures it with the lock. She grabs up the flashlight and steps back. Letting out a deep sigh of relief, Drina pauses, staring at the boat.

**DRINA (TO THE BOAT)**

Now don't go nowhere.

She then proceeds up to the wooden stairs and starts her ascend.

SCENE 74, CUT TO, EXTERIOR SHADOWED ISLAND, WEST SIDE, LATE  
DUSK: 74

Her flashlight shines in all directions, as she runs up the stairs. A new chain and lock binds the dented gate. Drina tries three different keys before succeeding at unlocking it. She steps onto the island and looks up at the ominous circling light, high on top of the lighthouse tower. The sound of mechanical wheels grinding and turning, blend with the howling wind.

**DRINA (THINKING ALOUD, QUIETLY ALMOST  
UNHEARD)**

I sure hope I know what I'm doing.

Drina runs across the swaying blades of grass, then through the space between the tower and the house.

SCENE 75, CUT TO, EXTERIOR REEDER HOUSE, SHADOWED ISLAND, EAST SIDE, DUSK:

The day is almost forgotten as the remnants of sunlight yield to the invading night. The moon is high, full, and illuminates the eastern side of the island with a gentle glow. The breeze is slightly stronger here and whistles around the tower. Drina's run becomes a jog as she corners the house and heads towards the shed. A crow perches the giant fog bell and caws several times at her. She comes to a sudden stop as the shiny black bird takes flight. Drina then turns to look at the front of the house, which looks eerie to her with no lights on inside. She runs past it, as if trying to avoid it all together. The tower's rotating shaft of light, shines overhead and gives off a gleam that rakes across the ground.

SCENE 76, EXTERIOR OIL HOUSE, SHADOWED ISLAND, EAST SIDE, DUSK:

The flashlight clicks on as she stops in front of the overshadowed oil house. She unlocks the doors and swings them open with a forceful shove. The light shines on the iron shackles and the chains that swing with the breeze. Drina ponders for a moment at how undisturbed they look, in the same position that they were last night. Her light then scours about the tiny shed, stopping on an old, rusted pickaxe. She picks it up and walks out. Fumbling with the weight of the tool, she shuts off her flashlight and puts it in her jacket pocket to stick out. Walking steadily through the tall grass, she then surveys the entire island with her eyes.

**DRINA (THINKING ALOUD)**

He couldn't take a chance on  
throwing her body into the ocean.  
Someone might find it. So, where  
did he bury her?

She closes her eyes to concentrate and then slides into a state of meditation.

**DRINA (CHANTING WITH A BOISTEROUS VOICE)**

It is not the present, nor the  
future, it is the...

**ISABELLA (INTERRUPTING)**

Why are you back? You're not safe  
here.

Drina, startled, opens her eyes and spins around, dropping the pickaxe to the grass. Isabella appears from behind the shack as a translucent figure, with the edges of her body glowing blue against the night. Her image fades in and out with the current of the breeze and the sound of distant waves, as if controlled by them.

**DRINA**

Isabella?

**ISABELLA (FLOATING CLOSER)**

You must leave. He will be home soon.

**DRINA**

Isabella, I must find where you were buried. What did he do with your body?

**ISABELLA (LOOKING PUZZLED)**

What do you mean? I am here.

**DRINA**

What happened after he killed you?

Isabella looks bewildered and stares silently.

**DRINA**

I need proof that you didn't leave, and that you were kept on the island long after the date of the farewell letter. This proof might just set you free, Isabella.

The ghost sprints towards Drina with excitement, then vanishes into the air.

**ISABELLA (AS SHE DISAPPEARS)**

Follow me.

Drina does a fast about face, hearing the front door of the house slowly and ominously creek open.

SCENE 77, CONT., EXTERIOR REEDER HOUSE, SHADOWED ISLAND, EAST SIDE, DUSK:

She walks with uncertain steps to stand in front of the house. She peers through the open door to the darkness of the interior, unsure of the invite. A long sigh is exhaled from Drina's lungs as she works up enough courage to enter the house. She hesitantly walks in, and quickly flips the wall switch, which turns on the florescent lighting in every room.

SCENE 78, CONT., INTERIOR REEDER HOUSE, DUSK:

As the lights flicker on, Drina sees the narrow door, with the dartboard on it, slowly swinging open on its own. Drina is again hesitant but continues to follow the ghostly lead. She crawls under the display case while pulling out her flashlight. Her light reveals a set of narrow stairs, leading upward. She enters.

SCENE 79, CONT., INTERIOR STAIRS TO ATTIC:

A nervous Drina climbs up to the tiny landing, hunched over to avoid the low ceiling. She turns the corner and sees another set of stairs with a much steeper incline. The small narrow space is confining and reminiscent to her dream of being in the armoire. At the top of the stairs, a door opens on its own, stirring up dust to fall like flakes of snow in the beam from her flashlight. She continues up the long set of stairs and enters a pitch-black room, ducking her head under the low door frame.

SCENE 80, CONT., INTERIOR ATTIC:

Drina stands just beyond the doorway, shinning the light about the dreary attic.

**DRINA**

Isabella? Are you up here?

There is no reply. The room is silent, apart from the sound of the wind rattling the tiles on the roof. Many cardboard boxes and stacks of paper line the back wall. In front of the boxes is an eclectic collection of junk, to include an old sewing machine, trunks, suitcases, wooden crates, and modern filing boxes. A thick layer of dust covers everything and cobwebs dangle from the framed ceiling. Obviously, no one has been in the attic for quite some time. She takes a step into the room. The sound of cracking lumber causes Drina to stop and shine the light at her feet. The decrepit

attic floor looks unstable. She then walks to the right corner of the room with extreme caution.

**DRINA**

Isabella?

A sudden noise of something moving causes Drina to freeze in fear. She shines the light on the floor ahead of her, and sees a stack of old broken picture frames, moving on their own as though alive. The frames continue to move, spreading left and right, until a tarnished brass plaque is revealed. The movement then stops. Drina stands rigid, holding the light on the plaque for several seconds before bending down to read the engraving.

**DRINA (READING THE ENGRAVING ALOUD)**

1st Place in the Bulldog Flights  
Annual Contest. Robert Porter,  
"DEADEYE BOBBY". January twelfth,  
1901.

An extremely loud crashing sound comes from her left. She blanches in fear and lets out a short scream. Shinning her light left, she spots a metal sign that has just fallen off from on top of an old trunk. The sign reads:

"NO TRESPASSING. GOVERNMENT PROPERTY."

The sign takes a moment to settle as the lid to the trunk then slowly opens. A fine cloud of dust floats down in her light as Drina moves closer to the trunk. She looks inside as the lid finishes opening. To her amazement, she sees several old sepia tone photos and several piles of browned newspaper clippings, moving against each other inside the trunk. It is as though someone were shuffling the contents of the trunk like a deck of cards, sifting through it to search for something. The movement then abruptly stops. Now, atop the pile of photos and paper, is a worn notice type flyer. Sensing that this was meant for her to read, Drina drops to a knee and picks it up. The flyer is eight inches by eight inches and was printed long ago on heavy card stock. Drina reads the flyer aloud, with an inquisitive voice.

**DRINA (READING ALOUD)**

Saturday, January twelfth, 1901.  
The fourth Annual Bulldog Flights  
Contest. Contest starts at three  
o'clock sharp. Twenty-five cents  
to register. Sign-ups until one

hour before the first throw.  
Winner receives ten dollars,  
trophy, and all the ale he can  
drink.

She stands up quickly.

**DRINA (THINKING ALOUD)**

Wait a minute. I know this date.

She takes two side steps and bends over to pick up the tarnished brass plaque. With the plaque and flyer in hand, Drina runs out of the room, ignoring the unstable floor.

SCENE 81, CUT TO, EXTERIOR BRIDGE AREA, CAPE LAMENT, NIGHT:

The choppy ocean rocks the rowboat and sways the stern from side to side. The area has grown quite dark, with little moonlight reaching the broken bridge. The wind pauses for a moment as the lock, that keeps the boat chained to the railing, snaps open. Controlled by forces beyond, the lock turns until the chain falls, freeing the boat. The wind resumes as the unmanned boat drifts out to sea.

SCENE 82, CUT TO, INTERIOR REEDER HOUSE, MAIN ROOM, NIGHT:

The cold night wind pushes through the open front door, giving the picture frames on the wall movement of their own. Drina enthusiastically sprints down the attic stairs with heavy feet. Turning off the flashlight, she sets it on the display case and moves to the walk space at the end. The velvet rope falls to bang against the wall as Drina rushes around the case to the spot containing the letter that hailed Robert a hero. Comparing the dates on the flyer, plaque, and the letter, Drina smiles with a spark of revelation.

**DRINA (READING ALOUD)**

It is our esteemed pleasure to award, Robert Samuel Porter, in recognition for his heroic deeds on *January twelfth, 1901*. On this day, at three thirty-seven PM, Captain James.... **(THINKING ALOUD AFTER A SHORT PAUSE)**, If Robert were at a dart throwing contest at

three-thirty, how was he also here saving a ship.

**ISABELLA**

That's because I rang the bell with a stone.

Drina recoils in surprise at Isabella's sudden presence. She turns around and sees Isabella standing before her in solid form.

**ISABELLA (WITH A PRIDEFUL SMILE)**

I worked in a telegraph office before coming West. Robert doesn't even know the code. It was I who sent the message to the ship. I told it to wait and veer east. I stood watch whenever he were away. It was I, all by myself mind you, who lit all eighteen wicks in the lens, when he did not return home in time.

Drina, stunned, cannot muster a response, and only watches the ghost as she boast about her deeds. The clock strikes seven, seven times. Isabella looks to the clock, then turns back to Drina with dread in her eyes.

**ISABELLA**

You must leave. Now. He comes.

**DRINA (FRANTIC)**

Isabella, can you hide from him?

**ISABELLA**

I dare not; he hates it when I hide. It is much worse when he finds me.

**DRINA**

You have to trust me and give me some time. I think I can set you free from this island once and for all.

**ISABELLA**

I'm frightened.

**DRINA**

Hurry, Isabella. You must hide,  
now.

Isabella runs towards the fireplace. Her body passes through the display case and then vanishes into the back wall. Drina tucks the flyer and plaque under her arm. Like a football player running with the ball, she runs across the room. Just as she is about to exit the house, the front door violently slams shut. Drina screams in sudden terror, as the narrow attic door behind her, also then slams shut. The dartboard that hangs on the attic door, creates another loud banging sound, reacting to the slamming door. She spins around in fear, clutching the flyer and plaque with both hands. The room is now silent. The old-fashioned darts begin to wiggle in the dartboard. She watches with a helpless expression, as the feathered darts come alive. They then fly across the room at Drina. Each dart stabs the front door around her with a thud, thud, and a thud. She tries to duck, as the fourth dart jabs deep into her shoulder. She reacts instinctively to the intense pain by reaching up and pulling the dart out of her flesh. Drina drops the bloody dart to the floor and swings open the front door, letting the now raging wind rush in. She jumps out the house landing on her feet.

SCENE 83 CONT., EXTERIOR REEDER HOUSE, SHADOWED ISLAND, 83 EAST SIDE, NIGHT:

Drina stops and turns around to the threshold, trying to quickly contemplate her next move. She then hears a gargling whisper that is as loud as a scream, echoing from inside the house.

**ROBERT (VOICE OVER)**

I told you never to return, witch.

Her hair, that waves like a banner, falls to her back and then waves again in the opposite direction, as the wind wistfully swirls around her. Then, with the strength of a hurricane, a gust of tempestuous wind, suddenly blows Drina to the ground. She catches her fall with one hand, saving the flyer and plaque. The wind continues to rage, blowing her along the ground. She screams while trying to find a way to fight the wind, desperately grabbing a fist full of grass and shrub.

SCENE 84, CONT., EXTERIOR LIGHTHOUSE TOWER, SHADOWED ISLAND,  
EAST SIDE, NIGHT:

As if something were kicking and shoving her, she tumbles across the island, past the tower to the edge of the cliff. The forceful wind blows her under the metal safety railing. She tries to grab hold of it, but the wind is too strong, and she misses. She drops the flyer and plaque just in time to use both hands to grab hold of a coarse rock at the edge of the cliff. The wind blows her body off. Dirt and sand slide past her as she dangles from the edge. She looks down, seeing the plaque fall some fifty-five feet below to the shadowed rocky shore. The card stock flyer catches an updraft and soars out beyond Drina's sight. Drina starts to cry, desperately holding on to the edge of the cliff.

**DRINA**

Oh, my God.

She kicks her feet, trying to gain footing, but the wall of crumbling mud is too soft and steep. While trying to pull herself up, her left hand slips off the rock. She lets out a yelp. Drina now hangs by one hand as her strength starts to give out. She can't seem to reach up to use her left hand, and her right hand starts to slip.

**JEERIO**

Drina, grab the rope.

The ends of two ropes tied to a small board, fall next to Drina. She looks up, recognizing the voice. Through her tears, Drina can see Jeerio leaning over the edge of the cliff, peering down at her. The tower's spotlight sweeps across the sky above Jeerio's head, as she shouts down.

**JEERIO**

Grab it, Drina.

Drina uses her free left hand to grab hold of one of the ropes. She then brazenly throws her right hand over head to the other rope and begins pulling herself up. Jeerio now sits on the ground behind the safety railing and pulls hard on the ropes to help Drina up. Though just a small child, Jeerio is able to pull the ropes with great might. Drina pants and whimpers as she reaches the safety railing. She slides under the railing and rolls over to the topsoil. With a loud sigh of relief, she lies on her back looking up at the moon.

**DRINA**

Oh, thank God.

Before she can completely catch her breath, she turns her head, noticing that Jeerio is no longer there.

**DRINA (SITTING UP)**

Jeerio?

The gust of wind has settled to a strong breeze, and there is no sign that Jeerio was even there, apart from the tangled scaffolding that she had used to rescue Drina. The moonlight is even brighter now as it bounces off the blankets of fog that roll inland. The lights in the house flicker and flash as a surge of electricity flows throughout the island. Drina looks up to see the tower's rotating light also flickering. A shouting angry voice comes from inside the rumbling house, growing louder, softer, and then louder again.

**ROBERT (VOICE OVER)**

Isabella! Isabella, where are you?  
I demand that you show yourself.  
Where the hell are you?

As Robert's shouting continues, the fog bell begins to ring with single hits. Drina covers her ears to protect them from the bells piercing clangs that ring out over the entire coast. Then, there is a softer, more distant bell, coming from the ocean behind her. She drops her hands from her ears, while slowly turning around to the ocean. She is astonished to see a giant wooden sailing ship, emerging from the fog bank, heading right for her. The sailing ship is a magnificent relic of the past, with tall timbers for mast and giant paddle wheels on the port and starboard side. The massive canvas sails inflate and then deflate while the wind plays havoc with the keel. Though the ship sometimes appears translucent, the thick black smoke coming from the engines tall funnel, remains opaque. Drina steps back, afraid the giant ship might ram the island. The fog bell continues to pound out a ring, as the sudden loud sound of snapping wood is followed by the sound of a crashing wave. Drina steps forward, watching the ship run aground just a hundred feet from the shore. The tall mast sways to the right as the ship leans, taking on water. A man on the deck desperately spins the helm while others scramble to hold on. The noise of the shipwreck is excruciatingly loud and filters through the softer sound of a hundred men screaming. The horrific noise then fades, and the massive vessel vanishes, engulfed by the fog. The last hit

of the fog bell sings for several seconds before being overtaken by the distant sound of Robert shouting.

**ROBERT**

I will find you; I swear it.  
Isabella, you must come to me now.  
Where are you, damn it. Isabella,  
I implore you.

Drina turns her attention on the flickering lights of the now trembling house. Her eyebrows drop over her eyes.

**DRINA (THINKING ALOUD)**

I am alive. I am the one with  
power. You cannot hurt me.

With a sudden burst of confidence, Drina marches towards the house with determination and resentment in her eyes.

SCENE 85, CUT TO, INTERIOR REEDER HOUSE, MAIN ROOM, NIGHT:

The flashing, flickering lights, look like a cross between a strobe light and lightning. The entire house aggressively quakes, rattling photos off the walls to crash into the display case. Knickknacks fall off the long kitchen shelf, and the bowl of fruit vibrates off the table. The velvet rope on the bedroom threshold falls as the door frame cracks, sending plaster to the floor. The sound of buzzing electricity meshes with the low frequency rumbling roar. Robert's voice starts in the bedroom, then finishes in the kitchen, before starting again in the bedroom, as his spirit races about the house, searching for his wife.

**ROBERT (VOICE OVER)**

Where are you? Show yourself,  
woman. Isabella!

Drina runs into the house and stands firm, facing the bedroom. She has scrapes on her head that bleed into her sweaty brow. The front door then slams shut, and the glass begins to shudder in the window frames. She shouts at the top of her lungs over the roar, with her hands clinched into fist.

**DRINA (SHOUTING)**

I know what you did, you son of a  
bitch. You kept your wife as a sex  
slave. Then you kept her locked in

the closet after she found out  
about her sister.

The house trembles more violently. Drina shouts even louder.

**DRINA (SHOUTING)**

When you were sent to jail you  
told no one about your wife, like  
a fucking coward. You left her  
there to die, you bastard.

**(SCREAMING)** You left her there to  
die.

The quaking settles down and then stops. The florescent lights  
flicker a few more times before returning to a consistent glow. A  
calm has taken over the house, as Robert materializes in a solid  
form, sitting on the edge of the bed in the bedroom. Drina leans  
to her left, then steps to her left, to get a better look at him.  
He drops his head, a beaten man, and begins to sob.

**DRINA (QUIETLY BUT LOUD ENOUGH TO BE HEARD)**

And then like a true coward, you  
killed yourself.

Robert lifts his head showing a face full of tears.

**ROBERT (SOBBING)**

You don't understand. I loved her.  
She was going to leave me.

Drina bravely walks closer to the bedroom. Robert stands up.

**ROBERT**

Please, tell me where she is.

**DRINA (STILL WALKING CLOSER)**

She's gone forever, and I doubt  
that you'll ever be able to find  
her.

The baritone rumbling sound slowly starts back up, as Robert  
returns to his angry state.

**ROBERT**

Tell me where she is, you wretched witch.

**DRINA (RAISING HER VOICE)**

She finally found her portal to the next world. How ironic that it was in the chifforobe all along.

Robert's body suddenly goes through a rapid metamorphosis, becoming a cloud of blue smoke. The armoire doors violently swing open and the smoke shoots inside it. After the last of the smoke enters into the back inner wall of the armoire, Drina sprints into the bedroom. Panicked, she shuts the armoire doors and holds them closed with one hand.

SCENE 86, CONT., INTERIOR REEDER HOUSE, BEDROOM, NIGHT:

Drina then lets out a frantic grunt, as she turns the skeleton key, locking the wooden closet. She takes the key out of the lock and stuffs it into the pocket of her pants. The armoire starts to shake with fierce jolts and loud thumping sounds come from inside. The shaking grows so intense that the legs of the armoire, alternate leaving the ground. Drina walks backwards to get distance from it, backing into the bed. Uncertain with what to do next, Drina stands still, and watches in terror, while Robert's fury grows stronger.

**ROBERT (VOICE OVER)**

Let me out of here. Let me out!

The pounding becomes louder and more vicious as Robert brutally tries to break free. The armoire starts to wobble away from the wall and towards the right corner of the room. Drina takes notice to a peculiar cut in the floorboards under where the armoire was. There is a long dirt filled line, making a three-foot square, as though someone has replaced the boards at one time. Drina holds up her hand to the armoire and closes her eyes. She seems to use some sort of mystical power that she didn't know she had to stop the armoire from shaking. She then slowly walks to the now revealed floorboard.

**DRINA (THINKING ALOUD, PARAPHRASING MARCUS)**

The only place with enough soil is right next to the house. The rest is solid rock.

She dashes out of the room. The sound of the front door opening is followed by the familiar sound of wind rushing in. The armoire stays calm.

**ROBERT (WHISPERING)**

Let me out of here. Let me out, I say. Please let me out.

Drina comes back into the room panting, with the pickaxe in hand. She drops it to the floor and begins pushing the armoire completely off of the curious section of floorboard. Her arms quiver as though made of pasta, while holding on to the wooden closet. She then grabs up the pickaxe, raising it high above her head. Looking down at the floorboards, grinding her teeth, she strikes. Wood chips fly. She throws the pickaxe back up and then strikes again. Then once more. Wedging the ax end, under the broken floorboard, she pries open a hole exposing a small mound of fine dirt. She sifts through the dirt until part of a human skull is exposed. Robert's whispers stop. Drina vigorously pries up more of the floor. She then drops the pickaxe again, and steps backwards, gazing at Isabella's skeletal remains. She stands next to the bed trying to compose herself, gazing at her find for a long uncomfortable moment. Hearing a sound behind her, she looks over her right shoulder to see a whiff of blue smoke floating in the air. The smoke then forms the contour of a person and changes to the image of Isabella, appearing in solid form. Drina breathes heavily, speechless. Isabella's solid form passes through the bed as she walks past Drina, gawking at the skeleton with widened eyes and mouth agape. Isabella stops just short of the hole, baffled by the sight of the corpse. The long pale hair is still attached to the skull and there is still some remaining torn fabric, of what was once her white slip. Isabella recognizes that the corpse is her own remains. Her shocked expression then turns to acceptance as she begins to understand. Suddenly, at the edge of the room just before the doorway, there is an intense explosion of blinding white light. The loud blast of rushing air blows Drina back onto the bed. The light then slowly dims, to show a blue circle of bright glowing vapors. As the circle enlarges to the size of the doorway, sparks flash inside it, giving it a strange but beautiful storm like appearance. Drina grabs hold of the metal frame at the foot of the bed. Wind swirls around and then zooms into the vortex. It is as though every molecule of air in the room is being sucked into it. Isabella turns her eyes to Drina, her long blonde hair flowing in the turbulence, and smiles with tender eyes.

**ISABELLA**

Thank you.

Isabella then walks into the portal, with a steady even pace, disappearing to another dimension. The circle closes with a bright flash, then vanishes completely. The air is now still. Isabella is gone. Drina stares about the now silent house, overwhelmed by the whole experience. It's over. She feels her jacket for the cell phone, unzips her pocket, and pulls it out. After a long quiet moment, she smiles to herself, then flips open the phone.

SCENE 87, CUT TO, EXTERIOR LIGHTHOUSE PARKING LOT, CAPE LAMENT, NIGHT:

A long shot of Shadowed Island from the parking lot, shows a much more halcyon and tranquil lighthouse. The moon shines a blue outline of the lighthouse tower. The bright light atop, rotates it's beam out to sea, then sweeps across the still fog bank. As it rotates towards us, flinging a star of blinding light, we slowly cross dissolve to...

SCENE 88, DISSOLVE TO, EXTERIOR CROOKED ROAD, JUST BEFORE SUNUP:

...the bright blinding headlights of Drina's truck, heading towards us, up the unpaved crooked road. The sun is just starting to wake, showing only a promise in the star filled sky. The truck speeds past us.

SCENE 89, CUT TO, EXTERIOR TURN OUT, CROOKED ROAD, JUST BEFORE SUNUP:

Drina pulls up in the truck, skidding to a stop. She jumps out, giddy with excitement, and runs to the front of the trailer. Loud distorted Indian folk music blares from a small radio that rest on one of the lawn chairs. The music has a steady quick tempo with a sitar plucking out a lighthearted melody.

SCENE 90, CONT., EXTERIOR MOTOR HOME TRAILER, CROOKED ROAD, 90 JUST BEFORE SUNUP:

Yolanda is dressed in a green traditional European-Indian "Sori" dress and is wearing large amounts of gold jewelry. The old woman has heavy make up on her face, and her long gray hair is tied up in a tight bun. Drina stops at the edge of the awning, pleasantly surprised to see Yolanda dancing. Though her movements are that of an old woman, her style of dance is still cheerfully seductive.

**DRINA (SHOUTING OVER THE MUSIC)**

Yolanda, I did it!

**YOLANDA**

Yes, I know, child. That is why I celebrate. Come, dance with me.

Yolanda takes her by the arm and leads her close to the music. Drina starts to laugh, awkwardly trying to match the old woman's dance moves. The two raise their arms above their heads, moving to the music and rejoicing out loud.

**DRINA (SHOUTING)**

I saw the portal that came for her. It was beautiful.

Yolanda dances her way to the radio and turns the volume down until the music hangs faint in the background. She sets the radio on the ground and sits in the chair, with heavy lungs.

**YOLANDA**

Congratulations. I am so proud of you, Drina. I knew you could do it. You are now on your way to becoming the person you were born to be.

**DRINA (STILL MOVING TO THE MUSIC)**

I can't believe it. I actually did it. I think this might be the life for me after all.

**YOLANDA**

Did Marcus pay you?

**DRINA (EMBARRASSED)**

Actually, I sort of traded my services for furniture. Is that alright.

**YOLANDA**

Hey, it is your business now. You run it as you see fit. Just remember who you are and where you came from, and you will do splendidly. There are many books about our people inside. You should give them a read.

**DRINA**

I will.

Yolanda pours wine into two glasses, then hands one to Drina. She stops dancing, gulps down the wine, then hands the empty glass back to Yolanda.

**DRINA**

It was so cool seeing Isabella's face when she was finally set free.

**YOLANDA**

And what will you do next, my dear? Yolanda pours her another glass.

**DRINA**

Well, I'm going to take some time. Then I thought I'd try to find Jeerio and help her find her way.

**YOLANDA**

Good choice. That's a case long overdue for you.

**DRINA**

Then I might come back here and try to help out our little mischievous one, Matthew.  
(SMILING) I think he's nearby; I've been having the feeling again.

**YOLANDA**

Don't forget to take on some cases that will also allow you to eat. I left you instructions about your website by the bed, along with some money to get you started.

**DRINA**

Well, you're coming with me, aren't you?

**YOLANDA**

Of course, dear. I will ride with you for as long as I can.

**DRINA**

You should have seen me. It felt like I actually had a purpose, for once.

**YOLANDA**

Now, fetch me my tambourine. I want to do some real celebrating. It's setting on the table inside.

**DRINA (LAUGHING)**

Tambourine, huh. Now we're really gunna party.

Yolanda raises the volume on the small radio and resumes dancing, while Drina walks to the trailer. She opens the screen door and steps up.

SCENE 91, CONT., INTERIOR MOTOR HOME TRAILER, CROOKED ROAD, JUST BEFORE SUNUP:

As Drina flips the switch to turn on the lights, the music mutes.

**DRINA**

Yolanda?

Lying peacefully on the small sofa, dressed in jean pants and a blue blouse, is the old woman. Her eyes are closed, in a tranquil sleep. Drina gapes at the sight, bewildered and confused. A bright flash of white light, then fills the area outside the trailer, and is followed by the sudden sound of rushing wind. Drina spins around. As quickly as it came, the light and wind are gone. She leans out the trailer.

SCENE 92, CONT., EXTERIOR MOTOR HOME TRAILER, CROOKED ROAD, THE IMAGE OF YOLANDA IN THE GREEN SORI, IS NOT THERE.

SCENE 93 CONT., INTERIOR MOTOR HOME TRAILER, CROOKED ROAD, JUST BEFORE SUNUP:

Drina, stunned, pulls herself back in and walks over to Yolanda's body that rest on the small sofa.

**DRINA**

Yolanda?

The old woman has taken down from the clipboard all of her newspaper clippings and achievements and is now hugging them close to her chest. Drina sees that the old woman's chest is not moving. She bends over and places two fingers on the old woman's neck, searching for a pulse. After not finding one, Drina quickly stands up.

**DRINA**

Oh, Yolanda. Drina smiles, as her eyes well up.

SCENE 94, AN EXTREMELY LONG DISSOLVE TO, EXTERIOR MOTOR HOME TRAILER, CROOKED ROAD, LATE DAY:

It is a sight seldom seen in this area in this time of the year. The sun is bright, the sky is clear, and there is no trace of wind. The awning has been rolled up against the trailer, the truck is in place to be hitched, and the small camp has been policed up. A white van is parked next to the truck with its side door open. A robust man stands smoking and talking to a short dark-skinned man. Another taller, thinner man stands in front of the trailer door, welding a patch. It looks as though the door opening to the trailer has been cut four inches wider and is now being repaired. The piercing blue flame from the welding torch throws out bright orange sparks and leaves an unattractive molten scar along the seam of the cut. Long faded red hoses stretch from the torch to a large settling tank inside the van. The shorter man then steps over the hoses and starts to walk around to the back of the trailer.

SCENE 95, CONT., EXTERIOR BACK OF MOTOR HOME TRAILER, MARSH AREA, LATE DAY:

A mound of fresh soil is in the place where the hole use to be and a simplistic white cross marks the soil as a grave. Drina, dressed in yet another red sun dress, bends down to place yellow wildflowers by the cross. She flicks her hair from her eyes to look up at the marsh area. Looking like dancing fairies, scores of dragon flies, spar with each other in flight. Drina watches them

with glossed eyes, as their movements lull her to drift off in peaceful thought.

**THE SHORT MAN**

Miss Chovex, we're just about done.

Drina breaks her stare to answer him.

**DRINA**

Okay, thanks. I'll be right there.

The man walks back to the front of the mobile home. Drina stands up, looking down at the grave.

SCENE 96, CONT., EXTERIOR MOTOR HOME TRAILER, CROOKED ROAD, LATE DAY:

The short man speeds up his walk to get to his coworker.

**THE SHORT MAN (WHISPERING)**

You thought the bitch was crazy for cutting up her trailer, well, check this shit out. She's putting flowers down where she buried her pet. She looks all trastornado.

**THE ROBUST MAN**

Shut up, fool. She'll hear you. Mr. Gorey hasn't paid us yet.

**THE SHORT MAN**

I'm ready to get the fuck out of here.

**THE ROBUST MAN**

After this, we'll have a week's worth of work fixing that bridge. So, keep it down.

**THE SHORT MAN**

If he sees how fucked up the trailer looks, he won't let us touch his bridge.

**THE SHORT MAN (LAUGHING)**

I warned her how it would look.

The shorter man starts to rub his upper arms for warmth. The larger man nudges the shorter man signaling that Drina is coming. As she walks closer, the welder flips up his mask and shuts off the torch.

**THE WELDER (THINNER MAN)**

Okay, there ya go. We got rid of all the shelves inside, cut off the legs to the closet, secured it in place, and welded up the hole. This is as good as we can fix it. I told you it would be messy, but it's strong.

**DRINA**

No. I know. It looks great. Thank you very much.

**THE SHORT MAN (STEPPING UP)**

Can I ask you a question?

**DRINA**

Sure.

The two other men look nervous that he's going to embarrass them.

**THE SHORT MAN**

What's that writing say?

The short man points to the words, painted in bold red writing, near the roof of the trailer.

**DRINA**

It's an old Romany saying. It says, bury me standing. I've been on my knees all my life.

**WELDER (THE THINNER MAN)**

Is there anything else, you need done?

**DRINA**

Nope, that's it. Thank you, boys. Tell Marcus thank you for me, too.

Drina walks over to the screen door, opens it, and then closes it, testing that it still works. She then enters the trailer. The three men start packing up the welding equipment into their van.

**THE SHORT MAN (UNDER HIS BREATH)**

Hey, is Romany people from Rome?

**THE ROBUST MAN**

I don't know. I guess.

**WELDER (THE THINNER MAN)**

Let's save the talk for when we get out of here.

**THE SHORTER MAN**

What do you think was in that closet?

**WELDER (THE THINNER MAN)**

I said shut up, dick.

SCENE 97, INTERIOR MOTOR HOME TRAILER, CROOKED ROAD, EARLY DAY:

Drina locks the front door to the trailer and peeks out the window, watching the three climb in the van and leave. She turns to the kitchen sink and runs the water. Cupping her hands, she splashes water on her face and sighs. She wipes her face with a ragged towel, while looking out the window again to make sure the van is completely gone. Drina then walks the tiny hallway to the bedroom and begins inspecting the men's work. All of the trailer's shelves and closets have been ripped out to make room for the armoire from the lighthouse. The armoire's legs have been cut off to accommodate its height and large L-brackets have been used to permanently fasten it to the wall of the trailer. Though it now somehow seems the perfect fit, it's cumbersome size makes it look extremely out of place in the tiny trailer. The tiny bed has been moved over to the left side wall, so that there is enough space in front of the armoire for someone to stand. Drina stands in this space, admiring the wooden closet, her well-earned trophy. She then opens a petite jewelry box that rest on a small shelf by the head of the bed. She pulls from it, the gold skeleton key. She pivots back around and puts the key into the lock of the armoire door, and then nonchalantly turns it. The doors swing open and Robert blast out of the armoire, in solid form. He grabs Drina by the throat and forcefully begins choking her. Drina grabs his strangling hand, struggling to breath.

**ROBERT (ENRAGED)**

Tell me where she is, witch, or I'll kill you where you stand.

**DRINA (CHOKING BUT STARTING TO SMILE)**

Let me go right now, or you'll  
never fucking see her again.

He drops his hand, letting go of her neck. Drina gasp for oxygen, while almost laughing. Robert looks baffled at his new confined surroundings.

**ROBERT**

Where is this place? Where am I?

**DRINA (STILL GASPING BUT NOW LOOKNG STERN)**

Listen to me, very carefully. You  
will do exactly what I say, when I  
say it, or I'll never show you  
where she has gone. Do you  
understand me?

**ROBERT (WITH A CALMER TONE)**

Tell me where she is.

Drina collects herself and stands tall with her shoulders back.

**DRINA**

Shut up. You are going to serve  
me, much like you made your wife  
serve you for so many years. If  
not, I'll lock you in that closet  
for an eternity. Do you understand  
me?

Robert's expression of confusion turns to dismay, as he realizes that he is powerless to the situation. Drina steps back from him.

**DRINA**

Isabella has crossed over. I can  
help you cross over as well so you  
can find her. But understand this,  
there is no guarantee you will  
find her once you cross over. With  
how you lived your life, you may  
find only darkness. So, I am  
giving you the opportunity to  
serve part of your penance, which  
might increase your chances of  
crossing over to light.

Robert drops his shoulders and bows his head in shame. Drina reaches towards the small bed and pulls from under an afghan blanket a leather harness with a smooth, brown peg-shaped phallus attached. She holds the device in her fist, letting it dangle and threaten him.

**DRINA (CONTINUING)**

Also, you should know, that I have since fine-tuned my craft. I can control your form and how you present yourself to me. You cannot hurt me, Robert. But I can hurt you. **(SHORT PAUSE)**Now, disrobe.

**ROBERT**

Pardon me?

**DRINA (RAISING HER VOICE)**

Take off your fucking clothes. All of them.

Robert, protesting with his eyes, obeys and takes off his long sleeve white shirt. He lets it fall to the floor.

**DRINA**

All of them.

**ROBERT**

Yes, Milady.

He kicks off his shoes, takes off his stockings, then drops his trousers and under shorts. He waits for Drina to respond to his nudity, but she does not. She only stares at him blank faced. With a defeated poise, he then steps out of his pants and kicks them aside. A very attractive and very naked, muscular man now stands before Drina.

**ROBERT**

How long must I serve you?

Drina steps close to him and firmly grabs him by his manhood. He flinches back, responding as if he were alive. She holds on to it with a firm grip and then pulls it until he stands up straight before her.

**DRINA**

For a lifetime.

Cut to Black,

Silence,

Darkness,

Credits,

The End.