

WEAVER, Chapter One:
"Dust"

By Newton Sweeney

[CONTENT WARNINGS](#)

Scene: 1

MUSIC: OPENING THEME PLAYS THEN FADES OUT.

LORNA:

Helena.

Helena, I'm alone here.

SOUND: WOOD CREAKING.

The curtains are closed. It's dark. If you were here, would you defeat the dark? Chase it away? You glowing girl, Helena, the clearest thing I have. The dust would run from you, the curtains would fly open, and...

SOUND: THE CURTAINS ARE PULLED OPEN.

What would you do? Would you tell me you loved me then? You must love me.

SOUND: WOOD CREAKING.

I think I must love you. Your name is the only other one I have. Helena. I think I love you like religion.

SOUND: WOOD CREAKING.

Would you kiss me? I can't touch anything here. The curtains are closed and there is nothing to be done about that.

SOUND: THE CURTAINS ARE PULLED SHUT.

You wouldn't kiss me. Would you? Surely you could touch me. Maybe you're my savior. Maybe you'll pull me free.

SOUND: WOOD CREAKING.

Free. Hm. What is that? Has there ever been anything different? There was someone here before the dust. But he

was not free. He drank from a bottle and yelled at any who came to his house.

SOUND: GLASS AND BOTTLES CLINK.

My world. Has there ever been anything different?

Once, he was gone for a long while. The bottles were smashed.

SOUND: THE GLASS SHATTERS.

He'd fallen down the stairs-

SOUND: THE MAN FALLS DOWN THE STAIRS WITH SEVERAL THUMPS.

- the noise would have startled anyone, had anyone been there - and he lay there for... a time. Time must have passed. Surely.

SOUND: WOOD CREAKING.

I thought he was sleeping, Helena. He was so still. The lines on his face filled with blood from a place on his head where his skin split -

SOUND: WET, MEATY NOISES OF THE GLASS IMPALED IN THE MAN'S HAND.

I think it was the bottle. It was in his hand. Shattered glass stuck out of the meat there, and I was glad I could not touch. I think I was glad.

He wasn't sleeping. I think he was making a choice when he laid there, the glass in his hand and the gash in his head.

SOUND: WOOD CREAKING.

His mind was moving, his body wasn't. I think he was deciding if he was going to survive this. I think he made that choice every day.

I don't. I don't know if there is any choice for me. I think I'm not meant to be alive like he was then.

After he was done thinking, he pulled himself up with the hand that didn't have glass.

SOUND: WOOD CREAKING.

He said something. I don't... What did he say? Hm.

Helena, if you appeared then, you would have healed him with a glance. I'm sure of it. The glass would fly out and his skin would stitch itself together and he would smile and say, "Thank you thank you how can I repay you O goddess."

I don't think he talked like that, though. And you didn't appear.

SOUND: WOOD CREAKING.

He stood up, though. All on his own. He didn't know I was watching; he never did. No one did, I suppose. But he was the only one I ever knew. I didn't like him. He was an angry man and it made me think of...

SOUND: WOOD CREAKING.

Hm.

He went to the kitchen and pulled the phone from the wall and pushed three buttons and spoke into it.

SOUND: THE MAN PULLS THE PHONE OFF OF THE WALL, AND THREE BEEPS ARE HEARD AS HE DIALS.

And then some people came and they took him away. And then I was alone.

Helena, the man came back that time. I was alone for... time, but then the man was back in the house with white wrapping on his hand and a bandage on his head.

SOUND: THE MAN OPENS THE FRIDGE AND PULLS OUT A BOTTLE.

He took another bottle from the refrigerator and then he went downstairs.

I don't know what he did downstairs. One day he stopped going down there, though. Put a big padlock on the door and hid away the key.

SOUND: THE DOOR IS LOCKED AND SLOWLY PULLED SHUT.

I didn't mind. I don't like to go there. I don't think I've ever gone there. I suppose I could just walk through the wall and float down, but... No. I'm not to go there. Sometimes I imagine I'll turn to a pillar of salt if I look.

SOUND: WOOD CREAKING.

Just like... Hm.

This room is where I stay. Sometimes I venture up the stairs. My feet don't touch them but I go up them anyway. Is that worth noting, Helena? Is that strange?

The man slept in a sad room with clothes all over the floor. He kept the curtains drawn there, too.

SOUND: THE CURTAINS ARE PULLED SHUT.

Sometimes he would sleep for days, I think. The light would come and go and come and go and he would sleep and sleep.

I must have tried to join him once. It looked so simple: cover yourself in warmth and comfort and close your eyes and breathe. Escape. It didn't work.

SOUND: STATIC GROWS AND NEARLY OVERTAKES LORNA'S SPEECH.

Can you sleep within a dream? There's fog in my head,
everything is muddled and...

SOUND: STATIC CUTS OUT.

_____Hm.

There is another room upstairs. I don't know what is in
there either. Something that makes me scared. Something
that should stay hidden? Maybe he keeps a treasure there,
and pirates will come and take it now that he's gone. Maybe
it carries a curse.

He never went in that room, either.

SOUND: THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

He sealed it up tight and buried it under wallpaper where
no one would ever find it and wore black for years and
years. I think it was years. It must have been.

He's gone now. One day he slept and he didn't wake up. The
light from the outside made his silver hair shine. He
didn't glow, not like I know you do, Helena, but he was
more than just human now. He wasn't the man anymore. He
was... somewhere else, I think. I think I would know if he
was still here.

SOUND: WOOD CREAKING.

It took a long time for someone to take what remained of
him, though. I don't think he had other people to check in
on him. I think he was alone. I'm alone, too, even more
than he was.

He had me. I watched him.

SOUND: WOOD CREAKING.

I couldn't do anything, I couldn't tell the world outside that he was gone, but I watched him anyway. He wasn't alone.

Maybe I'm an angel.

No. No, I'm not. If anything, I'm the pillar of salt. Unworthy of salvation. Is this a punishment?

I've never known anything else.

I wish I could clean. The dust builds, you know. Maybe he's part of it. Dust is what they leave behind. People. With bodies.

SOUND: WOOD CREAKING.

The skin flakes off their hands and their legs and their scalps and their shoulders and floats in the air long after they're gone. And if you aren't going to appear and blow it all away I would like to sweep.

As it is, I just stand guard over this empty house. I've always been alone, I don't mind. I only wish I could clean. Even the curtains I'm used to. He never was one for the sun.

SOUND: THE SPIDER BUILDS ITS WEB.

There is a spider in the corner of the ceiling in this room. I watch him now. He's building his trap. It's a great skill, I think. Requires a tactical eye. It's funny how beautiful the web is.

SOUND: BUZZING OF A FLY CIRCLING THE ROOM.

Something so deadly to a fly, caught in a hypnotic pattern that pulls you in. It looks almost like an eye. I wonder if flies get nightmares. If they do, I bet they dream about spiders.

SOUND: GROWING STATIC JOINS THE BUZZING.

Helena, am I the fly? Have I been caught? Is that why I'm alone here?

SOUND: STATIC AND BUZZING CUT OUT.

Hm.

Helena, can I tell you a story?

Once upon a time, there was a girl in a house. She was alive, she laughed and the house loved her for it. It gave her anything she wanted, anything in the world. She wanted friends, so it brought children like her to its doorstep.

SOUND: CHILDREN'S LAUGHTER.

The children were wonderful, and they brought her food and everything else she could need. She never had to go to school. She never had to leave. The house kept her safe.

One day, she said that she wanted to venture out into the world. She had grown up while the house watched over her, and she was ready to leave the nest. She wanted more than the simple contentment the house gave her.

"House," she said. "I am all grown up now, and it is time for me to learn who I am without you." She loved the house like a parent, but like any parent, it had to let her go.

The house never spoke, but at that moment, the doorbell rang.

SOUND: A DOORBELL RINGS.

She knew the house well enough to understand that this was to be its response, so she opened the door.

In front of her, sitting on the front porch, was a basket. In it she found money,

SOUND: THE GIRL PULLS OUT THE MONEY.

She found a hunting knife,

SOUND: THE KNIFE IS UNSHEATHED.

she found a canteen of water.

SOUND: WATER SLOSHES IN THE CANTEEN.

She found a hat and gloves and a coat in which to face the cold.

SOUND: FABRIC RUSTLES AS THE GIRL PUTS ON THE CLOTHES.

And she found a note.

SOUND: THE GIRL PULLS OUT THE NOTE.

It was from one of the children that she used to play with, one that had grown up faster than she. The note was a marriage proposal. The girl laughed, a bubbling, melodic sound,

SOUND: THE GIRL LAUGHS.

then pulled on her hat and coat and ran out the door for the first time.

SOUND: THE GIRL OPENS THE DOOR, THEN CLOSES IT BEHIND HER.

The house stood tall. It loved her so.

She walked into the town, which bustled and was busy as the house once was, back when the house brought her friends every day. People looked at her strangely.

SOUND: THE NOISE OF THE MARKET FADES IN: WE HEAR WATER RUNNING, PEOPLE TALKING, ANIMALS CHIRPING, AND CHILDREN PLAYING.

Perhaps it was her fancy dress - she'd been excited to venture out, and she wanted to make a good first impression.

The girl stopped a woman at a booth and asked her where she could find the friend who'd written the note. The woman froze when she heard the name.

"Get away from me," the woman spat. Her voice bit the girl more than the cold did.

The girl was confused. She'd only asked a question. She thought she had been perfectly polite; after all, she may have been a sheltered child, but she'd interacted with enough friends to know basic social skills. She didn't think she'd asked anything taboo.

"What did I say wrong?" she asked, but the woman was gone.

Confused and a little offended, the girl wandered around the market for some time, asking others the same question.

One man told her she was looking in the wrong place.

Another burst into tears.

A child she stopped simply asked her, "Who?"

No one would tell her where to find her betrothed. She had never had this happen before, had never had to work for an answer. She missed the house.

Finally, she came across an old, old man sitting on a bench, staring at the bustle of the market. The girl had grown desperate and frustrated. She threw herself down on the bench beside the man and began to cry. She tried to be silent, but she had no practice in hiding how she felt.

"What bothers you, child?" the man asked. His voice was soft and his eyes were kind.

"No one will help me," she answered through her tears. "I need to find my friend so that we can be married."

"What is your friend's name?" he asked.

She told him, and he shook his head.

"My girl, that child haunts us," he answered. "We are a cursed people. Children disappear time and time again, head into the woods and haunt us, too. We have to keep them locked up inside the houses so that they don't get trapped."

SOUND: A DOOR CLOSSES.

"They go into the woods?" the girl asked. She came from the woods.

The old man nodded, his shoulders sagged. "There is a house there that lures them in. I was lured in, once. Now they haunt us, but their bodies are part of the house. Their souls feed it. They keep it alive."

The girl cried harder.

"I recognize you," the man continued. "I recognize the girl in the house that I played with." He wouldn't look at her, Helena. She was their curse. "You were kind to us, but the house was hungry. The house needed to keep you happy so that you would not leave it. Why are you here?"

The girl was lost. Entirely and completely forsaken. "I grew up," she answered. "I needed to leave, so the house let me go."

The man was silent at that. Then he stood, shakily, leaning on a cane. "The house will never let you go, child," he told her as he stared ahead at the market. "It never lets any of us go."

The closer she looked, the more she could recognize him. And the woman who'd told her to be gone, the child who'd cried. The man who'd told her she was looking in the wrong place. She knew them all.

"Do you understand, now?"

SOUND: THE MARKET FADES OUT.

She looked down at her hands. They were pale and cold. Stiff.

She nodded.

"Yes."

Helena, that was a sad story. I'm sorry. Maybe she escapes the house. Maybe she can move on. Maybe they all can, I don't know. I hope they can. It must be nice to move on.

Did the angry man with silver hair move on? He must have, right? He's not here. Unless... Unless... No. He's not here. He's gone. I'm alone.

Hm. Alone.

SOUND: AS LORNA SPEAKS, STATIC OVERTAKES HER WORDS UNTIL IT IS ALL THAT WE CAN HEAR.

Helena. Helena, I'm alone here. The curtains are closed. It's dark. If you were here, would you defeat the dark? Chase it away? You glowing girl, Helena, the clearest thing I have. The dust would run from you, the curtains would fly open, and... What would you do? Would you tell me you loved me then? You must love me. I think I must love you. Your name is the only other one I have.

SOUND: THE STATIC CUTS OUT SUDDENLY.

Helena. I think I love you like religion.

SOUND: A DOOR CREAKS OPEN. SOME FOOTSTEPS AS THIS NEWCOMER TAKES
JUST A FEW STEPS INTO THE HOUSE.

GOOSE:

Home, sweet home.

THE END

MUSIC: END THEME PLAYS.

VOICE:

Weaver is written and produced by Newton Sweeney. This episode featured Newton Sweeney as Lorna and Michael Martin as the Newcomer. Our script editor is Veda Wheeler. Our production consultant, sound designer, and sound engineer is Newton Schottelkotte. Our theme is composed and performed by Rhea Ming. Our cover art is by James Smith. To find cast and crew bios, links to our social media, episode transcripts, and more, check out our website at weaverpod.carrd.co for more information. Thanks for listening.

CONTENT WARNINGS

Mild gore SFX

Spiders and flying insects SFX

Static SFX

Death

Isolation

Memory loss

Alcoholism