

WEAVER, Chapter Ten:
"Point of No Return"

By Newton Sweeney

[CONTENT WARNINGS](#)

Scene: 1

MUSIC: OPENING THEME PLAYS.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS AS GOOSE RUNS UP THE STAIRS.

GOOSE:

Evelyn, stop!

EVELYN:

Hey, Goose.

GOOSE:

What...

EVELYN:

Room's open.

GOOSE:

I can see that! Why would you- You took the damn door off its hinges? What the hell, Evelyn?

EVELYN:

I couldn't pick the lock. You coming?

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS AS EVELYN STEPS OVER THE DOOR AND INTO THE CARPETED ROOM.

LORNA:

Why did I follow? I didn't even question it; the thought of this room exposed makes me ache to hide away, as far from its cavernous threshold as I can possibly manage, yet I followed Goose here. I'm here, and the door lies abandoned on the ground, the boards that once covered it having been pried off, and I cannot bring myself to look past it.

I can't say the same for Evelyn, though, who has courageously stepped over the threshold and entered the room. Goose, Goose, please, don't-

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS AS GOOSE FOLLOWS.

Never mind. They're inside. Helena, I don't want to look. I don't.

GOOSE:

Is this...

EVELYN:

Her room. Looks like you were right.

GOOSE:

Jesus, this is creepy. I don't think it's even been touched since she disappeared.

EVELYN:

The bed's not even made.

LORNA:

Her room... The girl who lived here. The girl in the photo. The girl who disappeared and was replaced by me, the tethered soul, the lonesome lover of a goddess. She lived here, in this room. I... I must look, I think.

Helena, beyond the fallen door, the floor is covered in a thick layer of dust. So thick that I can't even see what the floor is made of, wood or tile, or carpeting... But where Evelyn and Goose have stepped, they leave footprints in the dust. I think it's wooden, this floor. Like the other bedroom, the one the man died in.

Should I cross the threshold? Do I dare?

EVELYN:

Is she here? Lorna?

GOOSE:

I think so. Probably. Lorna? You here?

EVELYN:

She's not going to answer you.

LORNA:

I'm stepping forward. One step, two, and... I'm inside. If I could feel, I'd swear the air was different in here. Oppressive. It's dark; thick curtains hide the room from outside light. I'm a bit surprised the man didn't board up the window, too.

EVELYN:

She's not trying to kill us yet.

GOOSE:

She wouldn't-

EVELYN:

Or whatever she's tied to. I told you it would be fine if we looked inside. Better than waiting around for something to happen.

GOOSE:

She didn't want us to go in.

EVELYN:

Too bad. Help me look around.

GOOSE:

Don't touch anything!

LORNA:

Let me tell you about this room, Helena. Give me a reason to look, a reason to share, anything to keep me from fleeing. Because I know I need to see what is here.

The bed is in the middle of the room, its simple wooden headboard the only thing that touches the wall. Evelyn was right, the sheets are pulled back and rumped, lived in. But not recently. The dust covers this, too, a thick sheet of-

(A SHARP INHALE)

SOUND: SOME STATIC STARTS TO RISE UNDER HER SPEECH.

What? What is-

I see a flash of something... Helena, what is-

Suddenly, I'm not only here, standing and facing the bed, but I am in the bed. The covers pulled up, all the dust gone. It has fled, and light streams in from the window. In the bed, I am not alone. I feel a pressure, a warmth on my chest, and... Oh. Someone is with me. A girl, her head resting just over my heart. This bed is too small for the two of us, but we make it work. Huddled together. I can feel her breath on my collarbone where my tank top doesn't cover my skin, the summer heat unable to stop our closeness.

Helena?

She looks at me. Her eyes are a dark, dark brown. She's beautiful... Who is she? She opens her mouth, and-

SOUND: THE STATIC SUDDENLY GROWS IN INTENSITY, SHOCKING LORNA FROM HER VISION. THEN, IT CUTS OUT.

And she's gone. All is returned to as it was... What was that?

Helena, who was that girl? Was she... Was she you? Did that happen? Will it? Was that a vision of the past or the future? Or was it only a fabrication?

I step closer to the bed. Goose and Evelyn are silent, now, looking around this room. What other secrets does this place hold?

The walls are bare. Nothing in here but the bed and a bookshelf. On the shelf, colorful spines peek out even under the coating of time, some thick, some thin, some paper, some hardcover. I... I can't read any of the titles. The shelf is tall, taller than me. With my hand raised above my head, my fingertips would only just graze the top, even if my hand didn't pass through the solid material.

There are too many stories here to count. Tales to be told.
A *library*.

I wonder... No. No, my hand passes through the tomes. They simply sit here to taunt me, remind me of what I can't achieve. I can't pick up and read a book. I am denied even that temporary escape.

EVELYN:

What do you think?

GOOSE:

We should leave.

EVELYN:

That won't help anything. Here. Let's get some light in here.

SOUND: EVELYN PULLS BACK THE CURTAINS ON THE WINDOW.

LORNA:

Light flows in from the window. The surfaces seem almost to glimmer. Should I try to stop her from disturbing this perfectly preserved room? Every step should feel like a further violation. And yet...

EVELYN:

Better, huh?

LORNA:

Somehow, this is easier with them here. The room doesn't inspire as much fear now that I am inside and with... well, not friends, but. People. Even if they can't hear me, can't see me. I'm not alone. I only wish I had you, too, Helena.

The bed, again, catches my eye. There's something about it... a secret. Something hidden. I approach it again; this would be easier if I could touch. Rifle through the sheets, search for whatever it is the bed is hiding.

Wait. Under the bed. Maybe it's under the bed.

I'm crouching down. My knees reach the floor, and -

A box. I haven't looked yet, but there is a box under the bed, I know this. A box of secrets, of hidden dreams and a library all her own.

SOUND: STATIC, AS IN THE LAST VISION.

Oh- Another flash hits me, almost a physical force crashing into me, a wave, leaving me gasping and reaching for shore.

I am sitting on the floor, the clean, wooden floor, a journal sprawled open on my lap. The sound of scribbling pencil reaches my ears; the sensation of paper is familiar under my hands. What am I writing? Something about-

I hear footsteps approaching, climbing the stairs towards my room, and my stomach lurches. These stories are mine and mine *alone*, he can't find them. He wouldn't care enough to read them, but... the knowledge that he is aware of my work would be too much. Without hesitation, I shove the journal into the shoebox where it resides, sliding it under my bed and hopping up onto the mattress. I try to appear enraptured in a book that's lying by my pillow, but the footsteps pass my room without stopping; approaching and then growing softer as he sulks away to his own room.

I look down at my hands. Along the outer side of my left palm, gray pencil lead is smudged, and this is familiar to me. Rarely are my hands clean of my work. She, the girl who laid on my chest before, is the only one who knows.

And my work is safe and protected in its box underneath my bed.

SOUND: STATIC SHOCKS HER OUT OF IT, AS BEFORE.

...What? What are these flashes, Helena? What was I writing? This terrifies me, love. I'm drowning, these waves

are crashing into me and washing me farther and farther from the safety of shore. Do I dare swim deeper?

I think I do. I look. Crouch down and... It's there. An old shoebox, exactly the same as I saw before, only with more dust coating it. Oh, how I wish I could reach it, pull it out on my own. Evelyn and Goose are preoccupied with gazing out of the now-open window, where too-bright light streams in and mocks me with the forbidden outside world.

GOOSE:

Nice view.

EVELYN:

C'mon, let's dig around.

GOOSE:

You don't think we should, I don't know, wait? See if Lorna tries to stop us?

EVELYN:

It's like you told me when she showed up before. If she wanted to stop us, she would've done it by now.

GOOSE:

Okay, what if the thing Lillian felt tries to?

EVELYN:

We're already here. The door's already been opened. You're not even a little bit curious?

GOOSE:

I am, but- What happened to being scared of her trying to kill us? After what happened to your mom, I thought-

EVELYN:

We're here, and we can't leave. I'm done waiting around for something to kill us. Whatever secrets this house has, I'm going to find them. I thought you'd be on board with that, considering you're the one that's all about "uncovering the secrets of the universe," or whatever it is you do.

LORNA:

Helena, I wish they would stop bickering and help me out here. I want to see this box. I'm... I'm curious. Huh. At the same time, though-

GOOSE:

Fine. Lorna, if you're listening, sorry. Hope you don't mind.

EVELYN:

Hey, there's something here.

LORNA:

She doesn't even realize that she's right next to me, looking at the same box as I.

GOOSE:

What is it?

EVELYN:

A shoebox. Think it's got love letters in it?

GOOSE:

Are you sure we should-

SOUND: SOME SLIGHT FUMBLING AS THE BOX IS PULLED OUT FROM UNDER THE BED.

LORNA:

She pulls out the box. Do I- I wish I didn't need her to open it. Something in me hates the idea of her seeing what I've written. Or. Or, whoever I was in that vision. Whatever that was. It's the same feeling in my stomach that I felt when the footsteps approached the room that I feel now, only I cannot hide the journals from her eyes like I could his. Not in the form I'm in now.

SOUND: THE LID IS REMOVED.

She removes the lid, disturbing the dust and making it float, a cloud in the air. And inside...

EVELYN:
A journal.

GOOSE:
What?

EVELYN:
Lorna's journal. Look.

SOUND: PAGES FLIPPING.

Here. Her name. Lorna Blair, 1989.

GOOSE:
Two years before she disappeared.

LORNA:
The journal is well-worn, the leather cover slightly ragged from use. It's thick, and from what I see as Evelyn flips through the pages, every page is filled with a sloppy handwriting in pencil.

SOUND: EVELYN FLIPPING THROUGH THE JOURNAL.

Some sections are smudged; she must- I must?- be left-handed. She's going through it too fast for me to read; I'm almost tempted to try and take it from her.

GOOSE:
Maybe this'll tell us what happened to her. Why she's stuck here.

EVELYN:
What, her unfinished business?

GOOSE:
Yeah. Or whatever the thing is that scared Lillian off.

EVELYN:

Think she happened to write, like, "Dear Diary, today I made a deal with a witch and now I'll be trapped in between life and death for all eternity?"

GOOSE:

I'm just saying, there might be some hints. Maybe we can help her move on.

LORNA:

Maybe... Maybe I should let them read this. If I can't, they might at least find something... But you, Helena, I'm waiting for you. Aren't I? Aren't you the only one I want? My savior, my glowing girl, the clearest thing I have? I do still love you like religion. I do.

GOOSE:

Let me see.

Wow. There's a lot here.

EVELYN:

Yeah. Here, we can look at that later. Let's see what else is in here.

LORNA:

And she gets up, brushing the dust from her clothes and walking to the closet.

SOUND: THE CLOSET DOOR OPENS, CREAKING SLIGHTLY.

EVELYN:

Woah.

LORNA:

The closet is small, but still packed with clothing. With life. Colored shirts, jeans and skirts, mostly plain, but...

GOOSE:

Is that a prom dress?

EVELYN:

Very eighties. Bit dated for, what? 1988?

GOOSE:

Depends if it was junior or senior year, but yeah. Wow. Girl had style.

LORNA:

Did she? The dress really is hideous, an eyesore of a thing, bright blue with enormous sleeves and -

SOUND: STATIC, SAME AS IN THE PREVIOUS FLASHES.

And I'm wearing it, looking in a mirror. Anticipation in my chest as I judge the way it hugs my body, worried if it shows too much cleavage or exposes too much of my flabby arms. Will the people at the dance think I look good? Will they like me? I was so excited to buy this, I had worked so long to afford it, but... I had to exchange appearance for cost, and the second-hand dress is hardly the most trendy. Something big will happen tonight, I'm sure of it. Maybe I'll finally be accepted at school, maybe she'll even-

Wait.

SOUND: STATIC GROWS SLIGHTLY, MORE GLITCHING.

My face. I can see my face in the mirror, and... It's exactly the same as the photo Goose showed me. I recognize her, this other girl, *Lorna Aileen Blair*, with her round face and her makeup that is caked on to hide her acne and eyebags and her hair that is tucked away in a sloppy updo. I am wearing the dress and so is she. My reflection... the girl in the mirror, the girl of before, before I was tethered to the dark thing and lost in fog. Could I be her again?

SOUND: LORNA GASPING AS THE STATIC ENDS.

GOOSE:

Reminds me of my mom's prom photos. All that big hair and poofy sleeves.

LORNA:

And Evelyn is once again holding the dress, and I am back to myself. Whatever that means.

What happened to her? To... to me? Oh...

Oh, these are memories? These are *memories*. I'm starting to... They are, that's... (LAUGHING) I was right, to think that this room held something terrible, that once it was open there would be no return. Am I starting to remember? What happened to me?

SOUND: SOME FAINT STATIC, BUT BY THE END OF THE SPEECH IT IS GONE.

My name... is Lorna Aileen Blair. I am the girl in the mirror, I am the ghost in the house. My... My father was Duncan Blair, my father was an angry man, and he is dead. And I am trapped, and my mind was full of fog but now that fog is lifting and I am beginning to remember. I want to remember. Helena, I want to know what happened to me, I do. If you won't help me, I will help myself.

I will reach these people. I will contact them. The fog is lifting at last.

EVELYN:

Let's see what else this place is hiding.

END SEASON ONE

MUSIC: END THEME FADES IN.

VOICE:

Weaver is written and produced by Newton Sweeney. This episode featured Newton Sweeney as Lorna Aileen Blair, Michael Martin as Goose, and Rhododendron Sykes as Evelyn. 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, and stay tuned for Season Two.

CONTENT WARNINGS

- Static SFX
- Glitching SFX
- Memory Loss
- Flashbacks