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EPISODE 6: METAMORPHOSIS

EPISODE 6 - SCENE 1

EXT. KILRUANE - DAY - IMMEDIATELY CONTINUOUS WITH ENDING OF EPISODE 4

[REN and DOCTOR walk away from the church. REN limps a little. Crickets sing.]

DOCTOR
Come on, angel. My place is just over there.

REN
I remember.

REN
(VO)
It's the Doctor. (pause) I don't know his real name. Everyone just calls him Doc. (pause) I remember regular visits to his office. Constant examinations. Blood tests. Photos.

REN
(VO)
Always with a smile. I hated it. (pause) I ... I don't know why. I don't remember him ever being cruel. In fact, he was the only person who was friendly with me. But something about him, or the smell of his office, or... I don't know. This pit forms in my stomach.

[REN stumbles. DOC supports her.]

REN
Oof.

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DOC
Easy now. Hang in there.

REN
I'm fine.

REN
(VO)
My head is killing me. There's blood running down my back. (pause) The years have aged him. His hair is white, what there is of it left. His wrinkles are deeper. But he still has this calmness about him, even with the rifle in one hand.

REN
(VO)
The people are still outside, lining the road and standing on their porches. Clutching their weapons. Staring at me with murder in their eyes. The Doc is all smiles, though. Charles Pugh is in the middle of the road, arms folded, blocking our way.

DOC
Charles. Arthritis bothering you today?

CHARLES
Where are you taking her?

DOC
To my office. She got hurt, but nothing too bad, I think.

CHARLES
You know what Sister said.

DOC
Let's not get into this now. Things got a little too het up,

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and its time for cooler heads. What's done is done. I'll be back to take care of poor Michael. (pause) (to REN) Come on now.

[DOC and REN's footsteps resume.]

REN
(VO)
Charles Pugh watches us walk past, out of the churchyard and toward the doctor's house beyond. I feel his eyes on my wounded back.

REN
(murmured)
What is...

DOC
(murmured)
Not now. Let's get you inside, see to those lacerations.

[Footsteps fade.]

EPISODE 6 - SCENE 2

INT. DOC'S OFFICE - DAY

[SFX: Doc’s front door opens, they walk in.]

DOC
Just in here.

REN
(VO)
The Doctor's house is by far the most modern in town, but that's not saying much. It's the best maintained, at least. Divided in two: his exam room and office, and the rest of the house.

DOC

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Climb up on the table, angel. Take off your shirt while I go wash up.

[Creak of metal furniture. DOC draws closed the curtains.]

REN
My...?

DOC
Going to need to look at those scratches in your back.

REN
Oh. Right.

[Door opens, footsteps receding. DOC washes his hands in the next room. REN sheds her outer shirt, groans softly as she pulls off her tank top.]

REN
(VO)
Everything still looks like it's 40 or 50 years old. At least it's clean. My flannel shirt is shredded. My tank top clings to my back, wet with blood. Unf. It hurts. Little channels of fire back there. (pause) I don't like this place. The smell of chemicals, the harsh light. I remember coming here, but I don't remember anything about it. (pause) I don't know.

[REN's shirt falls to the exam table. She hisses a little at the pain.]

REN
(VO)
I never liked doctors. When I was younger, I would fight like hell when Mamma Hannah tried to take me for checkups. It's... (grunts uncertainly)

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[SFX: Water stops, taps squeaking. Footsteps. Door closes.]

DOC
Here, take this washcloth. You might want to clean up your face a bit. There's blood on it.

REN
(VO)
Not mine. Michael's.

REN
Thanks.

[SFX: Rubber gloves being pulled on. REN submits to the exam, reluctantly. DOC works efficiently.]

DOC
Let's start with the head wound. (pause) Mm. Going to have a nasty bump there for a while. Cut's not too deep. Feeling dizzy? Nauseous? Any double vision?

REN
No.

DOC
That's good.

[Sound of gauze pad tearing open, crinkle of paper. DOC bandages her head.]

DOC
I'll bandage that up, give you a cold pack for later. But if you have any of those symptoms or get bad headaches, come straight back to me.

REN
Okay.

DOC

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Alright. Are you hurting anywhere else? Any broken bones from the fall, anything?

REN
I twisted my ankle, but I don't think it's too bad.

DOC
I'll have a look in a moment. Let's look at your back....

[REN hisses in a little pain as DOC examines her back wounds.]

DOC
Sorry, darlin'.

REN
(VO)
Hate when they call me pet names.

DOC
Hm. A couple of these cuts are deep. Let me clean these out. This might sting a bit.

[REN gasps, grits her teeth.]

DOC
Easy now. There. I don't see anything too critical, but a couple need stitches.

REN
Uh. Okay. I guess that's fine. (pause) What's a few more scars?

DOC
Mm. You have some new ones back here. Not just the long deep ones from when we found you.

REN
I had those before?

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DOC
The long white ones running alongside your spine? Yes, yes. (pause) I took care of those for you. But these others, they ... uh. Well. They look like...(hesitates)

REN
Those are from where Sister Geneverie beat me.

[Pause.]

DOC
... that woman.

REN
Like you didn't know. Like everyone in this town doesn't know how she treats her 'children.'

[SFX: Doc opens a drawer, starts laying out some equipment. Pause.]

DOC
Sisters keep their secrets.

[Pause.]

REN
Who... who was that?

DOC
You mean Michael.

REN
Yeah.

DOC
Shame about that. Did my best with him. But no matter the skill of the potter, you can only do so much with bad clay.

REN

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Sister Geneverie said he was found on the mountainside.

DOC
Sister Geneverie says a lot of things, some of which are nonsense. But she is right about that. Hold still, I'm applying a topical anesthetic.

REN
But I was a foundling, too.

DOC
Yes, you were! But not like Michael. No, not you.

REN
How many kids get left on the mountainside? Are there a lot of children like me?

DOC
No one like you, angel. Now, you might still feel a little discomfort here.

[Doc begins stitching her up.]

REN
Ow.

DOC
Sorry. Try to keep still, this won't take long. I must say, I was pleasantly surprised to hear you'd come back. (pause) Why did you?

REN
(pause)
I'm looking for someone.

[Pause.]

DOC
The Morris girl.

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REN
You know what happened to her?!

DOC
Hold still, now.

REN
Sorry.

DOC
No, can't help you there. But I heard the Sister going on about it. There. Last one. Let me tie this off.

REN
But she knows something. She must. She sent Michael to kill me. She said something about ... about it being a mercy. What does that mean?

DOC
Geneverie is the kind of woman who would smash the Venus de Milo because it had bare breasts. Let's have a look at that ankle, now.

REN
She tried to kill me! The whole town is trying to kill me! I found burned clothes in the fire pit up on the mountainside. I know Janet has been here. They've disabled my car. They don't want me leaving and bringing back the police!

DOC
Remain calm. No one is going to harm you while you're in my care. The good Sister has the ear of many of the people here, but not all of them. A right many trust my council and I am not going to let her fear run amok. We'll talk it

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all out and get to the bottom of everything.

REN
She tried to *kill* me. And you want to talk it out?

[Pause.]

DOC
We are a long way from the Saltville sheriff's office. Always have been. We handle things ourselves up here, out of necessity. Now, I am on your side, and I believe I can convince everyone that what the Sister did was wrong. But bringing in outsiders who don't understand us and how we do things... you won't win any friends that way.

REN
But...

DOC
Please, Catherine, angel. Let me examine your ankle.

REN
... fine.

DOC
Mm. Does that hurt?

REN
A little. Not bad.

DOC
Probably a sprain. Just take it easy, try not to walk on it a while.

REN
Hah. Fat chance of that.

DOC

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You could always stay here. Rest a while. Probably should, considering your head wound. In fact, since you're here, I should give you a complete physical.

REN
What? Why?

DOC
It's been years since I examined you last, when you were a little girl. I'm interested in your overall well-being. Plus, it' ll give me a chance to check you over for other wounds.

REN
Uh. ... no. I'm ... I'm fine.

DOC
Are you sure? You're here. It's simple enough. Better for you to lay low for a while anyway, while people cool down.

REN
No. It's not... No. I'm fine.

[Pause.]

DOC
Alright then. Go on and get dressed. I just want to give you some antibiotics to prevent infection. Be right back.

[SFX: Door creaks open, footsteps receding. Cabinet squeaks open. Rattle of pills. Rustle of REN's clothes.]

REN
(VO)
The tank top is ruined. I'll stick with just the flannel. My back is stiff and sore. My head too.

DOC

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(in another room)
Would you like something for pain?

REN
(VO)
Tempting, right? But better keep my wits about me.

REN
(calling back)
I'll do without.

[DOC reenters. Click of pills as he offers them.]

DOC
Here you go. Antibiotics and a cold pack. Drink all that water, too.

[SFX: REN swallowing pills.]

REN
Thanks.

DOC
Pity it needs to be under such dire circumstances, but I am pleased as punch to see you again. You were a special child. And now, just look at you.

REN
... uh-huh.

DOC
Why don't you go into the living room and relax a while. Turn on the TV if you like. And in a little bit, we'll sort all this out.

REN
Yeah, okay.

INT. DOC'S HOUSE - DAY

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[REN walks into the living room. Ambiance change: Quiet, peaceful. Soft hum of a ceiling fan. Refrigerator coos occasionally in the next room.]

REN
(VO)
He remains behind, cleaning up the mess and wiping down the exam table. His living room is lit only by dappled daylight coming in through the windows. The furniture is old but quality. Antique. And there's little wooden sculptures decorating practically every surface. A few animal figurines, a few duck decoys. But most of them are of children, whittled in various poses of play or delight with painstaking detail.

[Click of wood as REN picks one up.]

REN
(VO)
Their eyes are too large for their heads. Some of them have delicate insect wings, like on a grasshopper or dragonfly. There must be a hundred of them. Did he carve them?

[REN puts it down, unsteadily. It falls over, she rights it.]

REN
(VO)
I can't seem to shake the unsettled feeling in me. I want to run, get out of here, get down the mountain. Tell the police what happened. The charred fragment of a zipper is in my pocket, feeling heavier than it ought to be. God, Janet, what did they do to you? But the nearest town is miles

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away, and they disabled my car. How far can I get with a sprained ankle? Can I get a call out?

[REN checks her phone, sighs in frustration.]

REN
(VO)
But still no bars. Damn it.

[Pause.]

REN
(VO)
Screw this. I can't stay here.

[SFX: DOC's front door opens. Music stinger, shocking and oppressive.]

REN
(VO)
Oh shit. They're outside. The whole town. They're standing in a ring around the Doctor's house, about fifty feet away. Just ... standing there, with faces of cold anger. Men and women, with machetes and hunting rifles and pitchforks.

[SFX: She closes the door.]

DOC
(from next room)
You really should just rest a while.

REN
The whole town is...

DOC
(from next room)
Don't worry about them. We'll have words and it'll be fine.

REN
(VO)

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He's in his office, now, sitting behind his desk, taking notes. There's a thick file folder in front of him right next to... a phone! A landline!

DOC
(from next room)
I told you, Catherine, I'm not going to let anyone hurt you.

REN
(VO)
Got to get him out of there. Ugh, my head... it's swimming. But if I can get to the phone...

REN
Hey... can... can I get some more water? I'm really thirsty.

[Long pause.]

DOC
Of course, Angel.

[Office chair scrape in the next room. DOC's distant footsteps, heading for the kitchen.]

REN
(VO)
Wait until he's in the kitchen. And...

[REN hurrying across the floor. She's limping, but also staggering a little, dragging a foot. She bumps a table, wooden figurines clatter over.]

REN
(VO)
Dizzy. I knock over a choir of his whittled winged children from a table. Somethings... um.

[Ren’s voice becoming slurred.]

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REN
(VO)
In the office. I'm sweating suddenly, feeling really out of it. My feet don't want to go where I want them to go. What's happening?

[SFX: She falls into a rolling chair. Thump against a metal desk. Sound of small desk items being knocked over.]

REN
(VO)
I fall into his chair. You can smell his aftershave. The thick file folder is open. It's old, stained and worn, filled with yellowing pages. There are drawings, like the kinds I've seen in anatomy books, cross sections of locusts and cicadas, of dissected human hands and mouths, human and insects pulled apart and rendered from every angle. There's a photo of a little girl with red hair, naked, on an exam table. She's looks about two. She's staring at the camera with angry eyes. She's... she's... My vision is getting blurry, but ... that's... that's... who is that?

DOC
(in the same room, next to her)
Relax now. You'll be just fine.

REN
(voice slurring)
What ... what did you...

DOC
I thought when that witch sent you away I'd never see you again. I've been trying to keep up with you,

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as best as I can. And now, here you are!

REN
(VO)
My arms are so heavy. Can't keep my eyes open. Gotta get the phone.

[SFX: Phone knocked off the hook.]

REN
(VO)
My hands don't work.

[SFX: REN clumsily tries to dial. Rotary phone dials once. REN's breath is heavy and sighing.]

DOC
Now now. No need to call anyone. It's our little secret.

[SFX: He hangs up the phone.]

REN
(VO)
Going... dark... have to... run...

[SFX: Chair clatters. REN falls to the floor. Silence.]

EPISODE 6 - SCENE 3

INT. REN'S DREAM

[Strange echoing ambience. As the scene progresses, there are wet tearing and chewing sounds, growing louder.]

REN
(VO)
We are born in darkness. We are born blind. Animals in wombs. Seeds in soil. Insects in eggs and cocoons. Our first instincts are to thrash about, to strike at the darkness, so that we might know where it ends and we begin. We can

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hear, but there is only the sound of mother. We can smell, but there is only the scent of the earth. And then, we taste.

[Tearing sounds intensify. Sounds of cracking eggshells.]

REN
(VO)
And then the light pours in, a horrible thing from an alien world. We reach out, hands and tendrils scooping through the soil, dragging ourselves forward. Are we going into it or trying to flee? But we have no choice. We are wet, the filth of our birth clings to our skin, and we rise, unfurl our wings in the unimaginable sun, feel its heat on our leaves. Now we see. The world stands before us, trembling at our birth. We draw breath and scream.

[Scream of a Mountain Child builds and builds and suddenly cuts off.]

EPISODE 6 - SCENE 4

INT. DOC'S BASEMENT

[Oppressive drone. Occasional dripping sounds, a bubble rising through water, clink of glass.]

REN
(gasp)
Hhh. ... Mn...

REN
(VO - hazy, trying to focus)
Trying... to get my eyes open. The dream calls me back, and that's reason enough to resist. So... heavy. Where am I? There's a bare

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bulb across the room, throwing harsh shadows. Can't quite focus. It's cold. No windows. In a cellar? I'm ... on some sort of exam table and... uh...

[Rattle of restraints being tested.]

REN
(VO)
I can't move. I'm in medical restraints, my arms bound over my head. My feet are in stirrups, legs apart, knees spread. Ankle and knee cuffs. Something across my chest, a strap or...

[Rattling gets more intense.]

REN
(VO)
I'm naked. I have a sheet over me but otherwise I'm... no no no.

[Fierce rattling. REN breathing hard.]

REN
Oh, fuck.

[Music builds.]

REN
(VO)
The room is filled with ancient medical supplies. Stuff from the 40s and 50s, maybe, like you see in war movies. Trays. A gurney. These, uh, giant steel implements that look like they belong in a torture chamber. (pause) God, what is going to do to me?

[Rattle of restraints, again.]

REN
(VO)

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There's this smell. Musty and damp. And a chemical odor. Formaldehyde and alcohol. There's old gas cylinders of ether, beakers and bunsen burners. And... wait. Uh.

[Subtle clink of glass jars and liquid sounds become more prominent through this part.]

REN
(VO)
Shelves and shelves of glass jars. Big ones. Filled with amber and greenish liquids. There are dark shapes floating in them. Preserved specimens. They're half in shadow but I can see... a hand. A tiny, human hand. Floating in the next jar is ... it's a baby, with a huge misshapen head. And next to that, oh god, this little child looks like it's been turned inside out, with hairy protrusions growing out of its flesh. Right in front of me is a jar that has a pair of insect wings as big as my hand, submerged in embalming fluid. And resting on the bottom of it, like castoff debris, are tiny teeth, and two eyes, each looking in a different direction, their irises glimmering an alien purple. One of them, I swear, is looking right at me.

[Music peaks. REN thrashes in her restraints.]

REN
(shouting)
Help! Help!

[Music drops to low, anxious pulse.]

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[Music gets quiet, like a held breath. Distant key turning in a lock upstairs. Metal door swings open, closes, and is relocked. Footsteps descending, getting closer.]

DOC
Good. You're awake.

REN
Let me out of here you cocksucker. What are you going to do to me?

DOC
(sincere)
Now, Catherine. I'm your doctor. And I really must examine you.

REN
Examine, huh? You sick bastard. Don't you fucking touch me.

DOC
(calm)
Now, I admit my interest is somewhat personal, but I promise this is all strictly clinical. I would never do anything inappropriate with you, Catherine. You're like my daughter.

REN
(screaming)
Help! Somebody help me!

DOC
I doubt anyone can hear you, angel. And well, tell you true, most of the people here aren't too keen on you anyway. Don't worry. I've had a talk with them. We've come to an understanding about you. So long as you're in my care, here, they'll let you be.

REN

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You're insane. This whole town is insane.

DOC
(a little frustrated)
I'm trying to help you, Catherine. I am on your side here. It's been a long day, and I'm pert near wore out. I had to deal with poor Michael, take care of his body, take a few samples. I did save your life from him. Not that you have to feel obligated, I am your doctor. But a little understanding would be much appreciated.

[Old metal drawer scrapes open. Doc pulls on gloves.]

REN
So... so you're looking out for me. So you have to get me out of here. You have to get me to safety. Let me go. Untie me, at least!

DOC
Mm. Have to see about that. You're an uncooperative patient. We'll talk, after we're finished here.

REN
You sick fuck...

DOC
I did give you a look see while you were under, took some X-rays. But there's just some things you need to be awake for...

REN
Why are you doing this?

DOC
(pause)

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Because you're one of my angels. In fact, you're the brightest and best of them all.

REN
... what?

DOC
We do the best we can. And as you can see from the specimens here, lots of failures. But not you.

REN
(VO)
All those babies in jars, all those dissected body parts. Human flesh and insect chitin. Fingers and claws, mouths and mandibles, wrecked in collision with each other. They tower over me on the table. That eye in the jar... that eye is looking at me. Michael's misshapen face and what he said to me.

MICHAEL
(memory VO)
Sis-ter...

REN
I don't... I don't understand. These... these ... things...

DOC
Angels. All of them. Found on the mountainside, just like you. His children. Which makes them your kin, after a fashion. Astonishing, aren't they? A pity they don't always live. But I get better every time. You learn so much from careful study.

DOC
Of course, with you, didn't have to do all that much. You were

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pert-near perfect. Honestly, something of a miracle, I'd say. Oh! I have something of yours. One sec.

[Footsteps walking off, sound of metal cabinets opening in the next room. REN struggles.]

REN
(VO)
This is... I can't deal with this, this... madness. Get me out of here. I have to get out of here. I...

DOC
(in the next room, walking back in)
Here we are!

REN
(VO)
He holds up a little plastic bag. Inside are are pair of jagged-edged insect mandibles. Little daggers, the color of sun-bleached shells, about as long as a finger.

DOC
(proud)
Your baby teeth!

[Unsettled music.]

REN
What... are you talking about? That's... that's...

DOC
They were an easy extraction. You probably still have the scars in your hard palate.

REN
(VO)

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I run my tongue over them, along the roof of my mouth. Two rough spots. I've always had them. I ... I don't understand.

DOC
Just a couple of other little snips here and there and you looked like anyone else. Well, the growths in your back. Still some remarkable internal variations. They're still there, on the X-Ray.

DOC
A couple of structures along your spine that have gotten relatively larger since I saw you last. And something around your larynx. Your bones are all shaped just a little differently but not so much as you'd notice. And now that you're here, we'll figure out what they are together.

REN
Wait... Just... wait...

DOC
There is something I'd like to look at now.

REN
Wait.

DOC
You've probably felt the hard place in your perineum, yes? (pause) The perineum is the spot between your anus and your v...

REN
I know what the perineum is.

DOC
Good. You've felt that, then? Feels like something under the

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skin, something firm, like a little bump?

REN
(VO)
I have. I never thought about it. Is... Is it not supposed to be there?

REN
I ... uh. Yes.

DOC
I have a theory about that! I tried manipulating it while you were under but there was no response. So let's see what happens when you're awake.

REN
No. Stop.

[REN struggles.]

DOC
Try to relax.

[REN groans in discomfort, rattles her bindings.]

REN
Stop it.

DOC
A little firmer pressure now...

[REN's voice takes on an unearthly quality *in italics*.]

REN
(snaps)
*I said stop!*

[Pause. Shuffling feet.]

DOC
I um...

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REN
(VO)
He does. His hand drops to his side and he stares at me, mystified.

REN
Keep your hands off of me!

DOC
I ... yes. Yes, alright.

[Pause.]

REN
(VO)
What ... just happened? I don't know. I don't think he does either. He frowns at me, then at himself, looking around like he's suddenly lost.

REN
Back away.

DOC
Now, angel...

REN
Don't fucking call me angel. And don't call me Catherine either. I'm Ren. Now back away.

DOC
Yes. Yes of course. Ren.

[DOC shuffles back.]

REN
Just... just wait a minute, okay?

[DOC takes another step or two, sits in a metal chair, which creaks a bit.]

DOC
... alright.

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[Long pause. REN breathing.]

DOC
I'd never hurt you. You're the best he's ever made.

REN
Who?

DOC
We ... we don't say his name. But they call him The Gentleman. The Jarfly Man. The Gancanagh. The Love Talker. The Mountain Children, they're his. (pause) His work is astounding. Sure, there are mistakes and missteps. A Quasimodo like Michael. But I chalk that up to bad material. It's more than I can do. But you. You're perfect. I can learn so much from you, ang-- Ren.

REN
What are you talking about?

DOC
The Sister and the other papists think he's the devil. Others, some faerie spirit. They put up their sigils and burn their sage for protection, for the good it does them. No, he's as real as you or I, just... old. Been here forever. Been here since the mountain itself, I bet. There are accounts of his work stretching back to the earliest days of Kilruane. Taking his women. His children found on the mountainside. He's an artist.

REN
(pause)
Who is this?

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DOC
I reckon he's your father.

[Distant metallic buzz.]

REN
What... I don't...

DOC
Maybe it is a kind of magic, just not the kind the Sisters practice. The way he finds his women, the way he talks to them. And yes, it is a tragedy what happens, but we're witnessing something profound right here on our mountain! A miracle in the mundane world!

REN
What happens to them? To the women?

DOC
Well. Most go missing. Some go mad. But you know, by the time he's finished talking with them, they want to go with him. And why not? To have a chance to touch the divine...

REN
... you admire him.

DOC
Look around here! Look at these samples I've saved! Scraps of his handiwork. There is miraculous genius in this! And I aim to help that along. I've heard him, of course, calling in the night, like everyone. Never seen him though. But one day, I hope I do. One day, I'll show him how I've looked after his children, followed in

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his footsteps, learned from his example. And there's you! You who we thought was gone forever. Now that you're back... I'm sure he'll want to see you again. Maybe I can bring you to him.

REN
No. No you let me go.

[DOC approaches. Tense music.]

DOC
But that can wait. There's a lot to study about you, first. Maybe an incision in your perineum will let out that ovipositor--

REN
No wait. Wait a moment. Wait.

DOC
This might hurt, and I'm sorry about that.

[Slide of a metal tool against a tray. Glug of alcohol poured onto a cotton ball. Music swells.]

REN
(VO)
Shit, he's got a scalpel. He's soaking a cotton ball in alcohol.

REN
No. No. *Stop.*

DOC
... I... I really think this will be a help.

REN
*Put down the gauze.*

[Music goes silent. Pause.]

DOC
... Alright.

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REN
Look at me. *Look at me.*

DOC
Yes. Yes.

REN
(VO)
He gives me all of his attention, his eyes wide behind his glasses, rapt. Confused. Awed. I've seen that look before on so many men's faces. On Frankie's. On Tyler's. I wonder...

REN
(experimenting)
Take off your glasses.

DOC
Wh-what?

REN
*Take them off.*

DOC
Alright. But... but I don't see very well without them.

[Click of glasses.]

REN
(VO)
In the harsh light of the basement, his face looks pasty and soft without them. Weak.

REN
Step on them.

DOC
What?

REN
You like looking at me. You like having me here, helpless and

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exposed so you can look at me all you like, don't you?

DOC
I... I'm just ... curious. I'm interested in you. You're... Special. You're beautiful.

REN
You've looked at me enough. Put your glasses on the floor and step on them.

DOC
But...

REN
*Step on them.*

[Pause. Soft scrape, then a crunch.]

REN
(VO)
Okay. Okay I uh. I don't know what this is. But... okay.

REN
Untie me. (pause) *Free me.*

DOC
... yes. Alright.

[Scraping leather, clatter of buckles as REN is freed.]

REN
Where are my clothes?

DOC
By the door.

REN
Get out of my way.

[Whisper of clothing as she gets dressed.]

DOC
What... what are you doing to me?

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REN
I don't know. Feels like I'm only doing to you what you did to me.

DOC
You can't go out there. They'll hurt you. They're afraid of you.

REN
Good.

DOC
They won't let you leave. They want you dead.

REN
The feeling is mutual.

DOC
But you're special! He'll want to see you again! Let me take you to him!

REN
(pause)
... about a month ago, a woman came here, hiking the Appalachian Trail. Her name was Janet Morris. Did she die here?

DOC
(pause)
You... you don't understand...

REN
*Did she die here?*

DOC
... yes.

REN
And did this... this Love Talker kill her?

DOC
... yes.

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REN
(restraining emotion)
... and did you know this when the police came?

DOC
... yes.

[Pause.]

REN
Where is her body?

DOC
They... they burned it. What was left of it. The Sister and the other papists.

[Pause. REN is barely holding her fury in check.]

REN
Why? Why would they hide it?

DOC
The outside world can't know. They wouldn't understand. They'd destroy the miracle.

[Pause.]

REN
Give me the keys to the door.

[Keys rattling, dropping onto the tray. REN picks them up.]

REN
Pick up the bottle of alcohol.

DOC
... wait. Wait.

REN
*Pour it over your head.*

DOC
(almost crying)

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Please... Please don't...

[SFX: Alcohol splattering down him and onto the floor. DOC sputters and coughs.]

REN
You have a lighter? Matches?

DOC
... please... please... a lighter...

REN
Get it.

[Drawer scrapes open. Clatter of DOC scrambling. Dripping noises.]

REN
*I want you to count to 100.* And when you get there, light the alcohol.

DOC
I... please... I ...

REN
*Count.*

DOC
One... two... (etc.)

[DOC continues counting. REN ascending the stairs. DOC's voice getting further away, getting shrill. REN unlocks the locks, opens the door.

REN
(VO)
Let him count in the dark.

[Click of light switch. Door slams, re-locks.]

EPISODE 6 - SCENE 5

INT. DOC'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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[Night forest sounds. Quiet.]

REN
(VO)
All the lights are out in Doc's house. It's night. The clock in the kitchen says it's almost eleven.

[Pause.]

REN
(VO)
I... don't know what just happened, down there. (pause) I ... don't have time to think about it. I ... gotta get out of here. Um. Right, the phone, in his office. Better keep quiet.

[REN goes to DOC's office, sits in his rolling chair. Crickets singing outside. Picks up the phone. Dial tone. She dials 911 on the rotary. Phone rings, static on the line, then picks up.]

OPERATOR
(over phone)
911. What's your emergency?

REN
(keeping quiet)
Hello, yeah, uh, I've been taken hostage and uh... there are people trying to kill me. I need help, right away.

OPERATOR
There are people trying to kill you?

REN
Yes, yes, hurry please.

OPERATOR
What's your location?

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REN
I'm at the Doctor's house in Kilruane.

OPERATOR
(pause)
Where?

REN
Kilruane!

OPERATOR
(pause)
I'm sorry, where is that?

REN
Wha... it's southwest of Kibkibbney, up the mountain.

OPERATOR
(pause)
Okay... Uh. I'm trying to find it. Do you have a street address?

REN
(getting exasperated)
What? No? The streets don't have names up here.

OPERATOR
(pause)
Okay, can you give me a landmark or ...

[REN hangs up.]

REN
(muttered)
Fuck.

REN
(VO)
Can't wait. I'll be dead by the time Andy and Opie figure it out. Alright. Keep low. Front door.

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[REN moving quietly through the house.]

REN
(VO)
I just need to get out of here, get down the road before they see me. Then ... hike towards Kibkibbney or maybe Dogwood. Get some help there. Fuck, this is going to suck with my hurt ankle.

[Front door creaks a little open.]

REN
(VO)
The town is dark, except for the streetlight. Don't see anyone. But the shadows are long and the trees are thick. The hillside is too steep here to try to stay completely off of the road. Not to mention how noisy it will be moving through the brush without a light. Alright. Stick to the shadows, move fast.

[REN walks hurriedly down the road.]

REN
(VO)
Past the well. Up along the church wall and...

[Diegetic music: Strange chanting coming from inside the church. Footsteps stop.]

REN
(VO)
Oh, shit. They're in the church. The red windows are lit from inside by candles, throwing bloody patterns across the ground outside. Someone's playing music, someone's chanting. Silhouettes of

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people inside. What are they doing?

[REN listens.]

REN
(VO)
Shit, who cares. I'm going.

[Footsteps resume.]

REN
(VO)
Heading past the hostel. Approaching the general store, now. That damned street light. So, cross over to the other side of the road, try to stay out of its glow. My car is still there, but no point in trying that. Just go, Ren. C'mon.

[SFX: Car pulling up gravel, rolling to a stop, engine idling. REN stops, panting.]

REN
(VO)
Oh Jesus, who...?

[Pause.]

[SFX: Car door opens. Pause.]

TYLER
Ren?

[Pause.]

REN
... Tyler?!

[CREDITS]