

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.

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,

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

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)

[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

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?

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

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.



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

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

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

(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

[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

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)

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.]

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,



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  
cocoon. 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

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

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)

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.]

[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

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)

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

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)



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

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...

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.

[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?

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

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.

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

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?



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.

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)

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

[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?

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.

[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

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]