

[Outside. Birds are chirping, a sprinkler is clicking and whooshing, a dog is barking, the music, bright and a little anxious, begins as a car drives up and parks. Behind it comes an old car, squeaking and rattling as the engine turns over. The music fades out as it comes to a stop. The window rolls up.]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA (Sean Williams): Sorry, guess we didn't manage to lose our escort.

COREY/ISAIAH (Hennessy Winkler): Corey's folks are gonna freak when they see that monster out front. (nervous chuckle) [a faint siren]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Typical military overcompensation. [car door slams, an engine throbs in the background] "You can have your furlough, but we're going to follow you around with a dozen men and a two million dollar vehicle." [the sound of walkie-talkies and movement outside their car.] You know you don't have to do this.

COREY/ISAIAH: (reassuring) We know, sir. [rustling as they move against the leather seats]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: As far as we're concerned, this is a colossal waste of time. [a chopper flies over]

COREY/ISAIAH: Yes sir.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Except it might not be.

COREY/ISAIAH: We understand, sir.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Not our time, you understand, we're staying in the car. But we're perfectly willing to risk your time.

COREY/ISAIAH: Yes, sir.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: If you're distressed in the slightest, either of you, walk out that door.

COREY/ISAIAH: We'll be fine. It's just—

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: We mean it. If anything happens, if there's even a hint of any kind of abuse or violence at all, there are an absurd number of well-armed men in that overpriced bus behind.

COREY/ISAIAH: Our threat assessment is minimal, sir. We'll be fine.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Eh. [creaking leather] What do they say, "hoo-rah?"

COREY/ISAIAH: Ha! We'll take it, sir. [a seatbelt releases, and retracts] (deep breath)
Commencing incursion now. [the car door opens and closes, footsteps against pavement. A clink. The walkies and throbbing engine are louder now. A door creaks open as the chopper does another fly-by.]

MARGARET (Ashlie Atkinson): Corey.

COREY/ISAIAH: Corey speaking. Mom. [music fades in]

[Theme music plays: piano and strings legato and simple over ticking percussion. It ends on a note like a cry. The chopper and the military personnel can be heard again in the background.]

COREY/ISAIAH: Guess you saw us pull up. Hard to miss, we guess.

MARGARET: Your father's right here. [footsteps, creaking door and floor]

BRANDON (Chris Butler): (from behind her) Hi son!

COREY/ISAIAH: Can we come in?

MARGARET: Who's we?

BRANDON: No, he means—*they* mean—come on in! Okay! (laughs) [footsteps, the door creaks and closes. The outside noises fade.] Okay. C-come in, sit down. Make yourself comfortable!

COREY/ISAIAH: Thank you sir. [more footsteps]

BRANDON: Or wait—is it “make yourselves comfortable” or—I'm not sure what else it would be.

MARGARET: It's “yourself” how could it be anything else?

BRANDON: No, I guess that's right. (laughing at his own thought) Or maybe it's “y'allselfes?” [more footsteps] Would that be right? (still laughing)

COREY/ISAIAH: No, sir, “yourself” is fine.

MARGARET: Of course it's fine.

COREY/ISAIAH: Yes ma'am. [rustling]

MARGARET: I brought out lemonade and cookies. [a plate sliding across a table] There was ice in the lemonade half an hour ago.

COREY/ISAIAH: Yes, ma'am, uh, we apologize. Wa-with the whole security escort, it's sometimes hard for us to get where we're going on time. [rustling]

MARGARET: Who?

COREY/ISAIAH: Sorry, ma'am?

MARGARET: It's hard for *who* to get where you're going?

BRANDON: Oh babe, when he says "us," that's you and Isaiah, right?

COREY/ISAIAH: Yes, sir. [rustling, glass scraping against the wooden table, clinking, pouring lemonade]

MARGARET: [scraping] Please use a coaster.

COREY/ISAIAH: Of course, ma'am. [pouring]

MARGARET: That is how I raised you.

COREY/ISAIAH: That's not how y—[the pitcher clinks back against the table] okay.

BRANDON: (jumping in) [rustling] Why don't we talk about this. You said you wanted to explain what happened and how you got, um, the other. How this all—how this happened to you.

MARGARET: Especially how it happened without a word to us. [rustling, a clink]

COREY/ISAIAH: Corey's understanding was that you were both consulted in full by th—

MARGARET: On you leaving the army. That's what they "consulted" us on, not *this*.

COREY/ISAIAH: Okay. Of course, yeah. So. When Corey was deployed—Y-you know he saw action that provoked an extreme emotional reaction in some of the soldiers who were involved.

BRANDON: Yes, of course.

MARGARET: Hm.

BRANDON: Margaret.

MARGARET: Well it's his job. He trained for it. You think my job's not upsetting? You think I don't see the most desperate people on God's earth every day? But I knew that going in. We raised you to be stronger than that.

COREY/ISAIAH: Ma'am, [rustling] you raised Corey. You didn't raise *us*.

MARGARET: Well! (scoffs) That's the most absurd thing I've ever heard.

BRANDON: Margaret. I want to hear the story.

MARGARET: Well.

COREY/ISAIAH: When Corey was—(beat) We're sorry, there's a way to tell the story now that we're here—

MARGARET: I also didn't raise you to sugarcoat. Let's have it.

COREY/ISAIAH: Yes, ma'am. Corey was moving through the mountains and he found himself at the front of a line of men who—

MARGARET: Which mountains?

COREY/ISAIAH: We're sorry, we're not allowed to say.

BRANDON: Of course. Go on.

COREY/ISAIAH: Corey was at the front. The squad came upon a nest. That's what we called it, a nest. Going into the mouth of that cave, it was dark, it was silent. Silent is bad.

BRANDON: Why is that?

COREY/ISAIAH: Sir, the caves all have several natural openings. And most have critters of some kind, bats or other animals. We were accustomed to the sounds of natural caves, and we knew when it was a nest. [rustling] The back entrances are camouflaged and covered so no air blows through. And the animals have been cleared out.

BRANDON: Got it.

COREY/ISAIAH: The silence is bad. Corey was taking point, where he was most comfortable. [beat] Well you should know, on his planet, Isaiah also took point. That's where he was most comfortable. When Corey heard the first click, he knew he had to save the men behind him. So he lit up the cave.

BRANDON: Like with flashlights?

COREY/ISAIAH: With gunfire.

BRANDON: Right.

COREY/ISAIAH: He emptied the cave of souls in less than thirty seconds. [creaking]

MARGARET: Well, I thank God that you did. You probably saved hundreds of lives.

COREY/ISAIAH: Yes, ma'am.

MARGARET: [creaking] Not just your boys behind you. You saved Americans.

COREY/ISAIAH: Yes, ma'am.

MARGARET: You saved the good people these soldiers might have killed. You saved the lives of liberators and Christians.

COREY/ISAIAH: Yes, ma'am, Corey knows that.

MARGARET: So why did it upset you so much?

COREY/ISAIAH: It's what he saw.

MARGARET: Who?

COREY/ISAIAH: Corey, ma'am.

MARGARET: [rustling] Uh! This is impossible.

COREY/ISAIAH: When his weapon started lighting up the cave, we could all see—well yes, they were soldiers. But they were boys. They were all boys.

BRANDON: God forgive us.

COREY/ISAIAH: Not a one of them was over fifteen. Long, lanky boys, not one beard between 'em. And no other soldier fired a shot. It was all Corey.

MARGARET: You did good.

COREY/ISAIAH: Corey did what he was trained to do. By his commanders. But—well, apologies for this, but—it wasn't right.

MARGARET: You were serving your country. You were protecting the men right next to you.

BRANDON: That is a good point, son.

COREY/ISAIAH: That's the thing though. The boys in that cave cared about each other just like Corey cared about the men next to him. If they'd [rustling] killed Corey that day it would be their mom saying "thank God, you did right!" But they didn't want to be there. They were trapped. By their people. By their parents. By their society. And in the end, by Corey. They were crammed [rustling] in this cave, and they weren't saved. We didn't even try to save 'em.

BRANDON: You can't think like that, Corey.

COREY/ISAIAH: (slight edge) [rustling] Please address us as Corey/Isaiah. We know it seems like you're just looking at your boy, but we're more than that now. It's not just Corey here.

MARGARET: I gave birth to you. I won't be told how to address you.

COREY/ISAIAH: [beat] Yes, ma'am. (sigh) Of course. We can't force you to call us by our full name, all we can say is that it hurts us when you don't. [rustling]

BRANDON: I think the problem here is that we haven't met this, uh—Isaiah.

COREY/ISAIAH: You've been meeting him this whole time.

MARGARET: Really. [rustling] Cuz I don't remember being introduced.

COREY/ISAIAH: Yes ma'am, you're right. Isaiah speaking. I am Isaiah. I'm very happy to meet you both. Back home, I was a soldier, like Corey. And like him, I fought for something I believed in.

MARGARET: And what was that?

COREY/ISAIAH: Our world was unfair. There were elites, and those that were in bondage to the elites. We were destroying our world, destroying our planet. And I was on the front lines, fighting for a world that was more just.

MARGARET: Like communism?

COREY/ISAIAH: Isaiah speaking. [rustling] Corey and I have read and talked about this. There are no analogues on this planet that are perfect. On my planet, they argued for the opportunity for equality for all of us, for taking responsibility for the planet. I don't know what that means here.

MARGARET: [rustling] It sounds like communism.

COREY/ISAIAH: Ma'am, Corey was raised in your house with your values, and that's still a part of him. There's not a lot of love for communism in his mind.

MARGARET: You can read his mind?

COREY/ISAIAH: Yes, ma'am. And there's a lot of love for fairness in there. And for mercy. And Christian charity. [swishing] Is that communism?

MARGARET: So, you can read Corey's mind. Can he read yours?

COREY/ISAIAH: No, ma'am.

BRANDON: Can I ask Isaiah? Isaiah. When you—when Corey decided to take on a second, did you—did Corey ask for a soldier?

COREY/ISAIAH (Isaiah speaking): No, sir. That's not how it works.

MARGARET: You didn't get any say at all.

COREY/ISAIAH: Folks at the Nevada Project did an assessment on Corey and from that they were able to find a soul in the prison matrix that was [beat] like him.

MARGARET: So.[rustling] You didn't know *anything* about Isaiah when they stuck you with him. And now he can read your mind but you can't read his?

COREY/ISAIAH: Sorry ma'am, are you speaking to Corey now?

MARGARET: Oh I hate this! Do they eat?

COREY/ISAIAH: Sorry, what?

MARGARET: [rustling] Does your alien eat? Are we gonna sit down and have a meal?

COREY/ISAIAH: Oh! Yes, ma'am. Yes, we—we-ma'am, Corey and Isaiah share a human body. We eat, we—we would enjoy a meal, thank you. [rustling]

MARGARET: [music creeps in] Well, the food is almost ready.

[Music break: a shivery beat with strings and synth overlays. It fades into Brandon and Corey/Isaiah walking into the dining room. Their voices echo a little more, like the room is more bare. Footsteps over the wood floor. The sound of plates clinking and water running can be heard from the kitchen.]

COREY/ISAIAH: Can you tell us how things are going in the church?

BRANDON: Good! It's been wonderful!

COREY/ISAIAH: Only—we heard that things were difficult.

BRANDON: Well, you shouldn't believe all that you hear. Tell Isaiah that! (laughs) [creaking of a chair being pulled out]

COREY/ISAIAH: We can both hear you, sir. We share these ears.

BRANDON: [creaking] Of course, of course. [another chair pulled out] Sorry. Eh, no, things are good at the church. [creaking] We've just found a newer focus is all.

MARGARET (yelling from the kitchen): Attendance is down. [things clanking in the kitchen] Tithing is down to nothing.

BRANDON: (whispering) Again, don't believe everything you hear.

COREY/ISAIAH: This is what we've heard. Your flock is struggling.

BRANDON: As long as we follow the word of God, we will be fine. (so Margaret can hear) I didn't become a pastor for the money! (laughs)

MARGARET (from the kitchen): We can't pay the mortgage from the "word of God," Brandon.

COREY/ISAIAH: If you are in trouble, we might be able to help. [water running in the kitchen] The Nevada Project has some discretionary—

BRANDON: Let's not talk about that, please.

MARGARET (from the kitchen): We won't take anything from *those* people.

BRANDON: It's okay, son. [clinking, water, clanking pots] We're fine. And my Marine benefits are still in place, all these years later.

COREY/ISAIAH: Yes, sir.

BRANDON: [rustling paper] I hope the two of you like cornbread. [a plate scrapes across the table]

COREY/ISAIAH: Isaiah speaking. If it tastes as good in real life as it [silverware clinking against a plate] does in Corey's memories, it'll be the best new thing in a long time.

BRANDON: [creaking, water in the kitchen] Isaiah. Why "Isaiah?"

COREY/ISAIAH: In terms of personality fit, or—

BRANDON: No, the name "Isaiah." That can't be from your home, uh?

COREY/ISAIAH: No, sir. Human tongues aren't shaped right to pronounce words from Isaiah's planet.

BRANDON: So he picked the name after he—joined you?

COREY/ISAIAH: When we were done with the procedure, Isaiah was a bit lost. And confused. So the first thing he did to get his head on straight was pick a name. And the only place he had to look for one was Corey's mind.

BRANDON: It's biblical.

COREY/ISAIAH: Yes, sir. Corey grew up in your house, he was bound to have a head full of biblical names.

BRANDON: What do you remember about Isaiah?

COREY/ISAIAH: Corey speaking. I'm ashamed to say I don't remember much, sir.

BRANDON: Well. [creaking] He talked about the Lord's wrath. But—(chuckling) So did a lot of folks in the Old Testament.

COREY/ISAIAH: Yes, sir.

BRANDON: And Isaiah was a prophet when Israel was threatened with invasion. He was a prophet for decades.

COREY/ISAIAH: Huh.

BRANDON: He lived through four or five kings. Completely different leaders.

COREY/ISAIAH: Really?

BRANDON: It's an interesting choice. Isaiah talked about a lot of stuff. [creaking] He talked about the destruction of the environment—the Nile dries up and the trees all die.

COREY/ISAIAH: Just like on Isaiah's planet.

BRANDON: I was thinking that. [creaking] I also dug in a little deeper when I heard your name, and—I don't know what this means to y'all, but Isaiah is when the word of God started moving from "our God is the best God" to "our God is [a door opens] the only God." [footsteps to the table]

COREY/ISAIAH: Interesting.

MARGARET: Of course The Father is the only God. That's ridiculous.

BRANDON: Oh come on now, Margaret! [clinking plates] How does the sun get across the sky if'n Apollo doesn't drag it?

MARGARET: Uh! Don't even make those jokes in front of our lord. [clinking plates and silverware]

BRANDON: (joking) I never know if she's gesturing to the cross on the shelf or the picture of our last President.

MARGARET: (under her breath) Technically still the President.

BRANDON: Well, as a pastor, let me ask Corey to bless the food.

COREY/ISAIAH: Sorry, sir, but we're Corey/Isaiah. And we're not sure you'd be comfortable with us giving the blessing.

MARGARET: I should think not. I'll do the blessing. (clears throat) [creaking] Our Lord in Heaven, thank you for this bounty and for bringing our son Corey home and for this meal. May it sustain our bodies and fuel our souls. Amen.

COREY/ISAIAH: Amen.

BRANDON: Amen. [clinking as plates are handed around the table]

COREY/ISAIAH: “They shall beat their swords into ploughshares.”

MARGARET: What’s that?

COREY/ISAIAH: From Isaiah, right?

BRANDON: I thought you couldn’t remember it!

COREY/ISAIAH: Isaiah found it in Corey’s mind. He didn’t even remember it was there.

BRANDON: That’s so cool!

MARGARET: (under her breath) God help me.

COREY/ISAIAH: “They shall beat their swords into ploughshares.”

BRANDON: [creaking] An interesting choice for a pair of soldiers, huh?

MARGARET: I’ve read Isaiah too, you know.

COREY/ISAIAH: Yes, ma’am. What’d you find?

MARGARET: He warned of our death and destruction at the hands of foreign invaders. [clinking of silverware against plates as they begin to serve and eat]

COREY/ISAIAH: How are things at your work?

MARGARET: Well, thanks to the economy being in the toilet, more people are buying from the consignment shop. So at least we have customers, thank God.

COREY/ISAIAH: Oh no! Listen, if you’re struggling, then—

MARGARET: (interrupting) We’re not struggling, Corey. We’re making more money this quarter than we have in years.

COREY/ISAIAH: Oh. Our apologies. [beat] Didn’t you just say—

MARGARET: But the only reason I’m making that money is because secondhand clothes are all anyone can afford now. And that money doesn’t buy anything anymore because of inflation.

COREY/ISAIAH: Yes, ma'am.

BRANDON: We're fine, son.

COREY/ISAIAH: Yes, sir.

BRANDON: You don't need to worry about anything but your own work.

MARGARET: (scoffs) "Work."

COREY/ISAIAH: This is work. This is the most important work of our lives, both of us.

MARGARET: How do you even know that!?! [creaking] You've invited a *stranger* into our family and I have to sit here while it eavesdrops on our conversation, while it gets information from our house, from our lives. How do you know anything about this alien that lives in your brain? [rustling] I'm talking to Corey now. How do you know anything it tells you is true?

COREY/ISAIAH: Corey speaking. I don't.

MARGARET: Then how could you do this to us!

COREY/ISAIAH: Corey speaking. Because I believe him.

MARGARET: [rustling and clinking as Margaret gets up in a hurry and leaves the room] Ugh!

COREY/ISAIAH: What—[music creeps in] (heavy sigh) What do we do?

BRANDON: Son. [clinking] It's—it's now or never. I don't know when you'll ever be back.

[Music break: the signal is decaying, punctuated by snare. A sliding sound, like a porch door opening and closing. Footsteps.]

COREY/ISAIAH: Ma'am?

MARGARET: To whom am I speaking?

COREY/ISAIAH: It'll be Corey until we say otherwise.

MARGARET: (under her breath) Oh my Lord. [rustling]

COREY/ISAIAH: I did this because [beat] this is who I've always been.

MARGARET: This is *not* who you've always been. I raised you, I was there.

COREY/ISAIAH: Didn't always seem like it.

MARGARET: Excuse me?

COREY/ISAIAH: Growing up, I always felt alone. Even when we were together.

MARGARET: But you weren't alone. We were all—

COREY/ISAIAH: (interrupting her) Even before Sam passed away, I was always alone. Even when she was here, even when we were all here. I would be at school or at seminary or even in my room, and I would hear a voice in my head. Telling me it would all be okay. Telling me I wasn't alone, that they understood me and knew what I was going through.

MARGARET: Bless the Lord.

COREY/ISAIAH: No, ma'am. It wasn't long until I realized I was just talking to myself. I was alone and I made a new voice to tell myself I would be okay.

MARGARET: Well, of course you would be okay. You were raised in a loving household that gave you everything.

COREY/ISAIAH: I hear you. I do. And [beat] this might be a weakness on my part. I don't know. Maybe you gave me everything. I don't know. But I needed more. I needed someone to understand me.

MARGARET: [rustling] Well. [beat] I suppose the truth of the matter is, I never understood you. You were a strange child.

COREY/ISAIAH: (chuckles) Yes, ma'am.

MARGARET: But I tried everything. Don't think for a minute [footsteps drawing closer] that I didn't try everything. I asked God every day, "is there something I haven't tried?"

BRANDON: Margaret, let's please let him finish.

MARGARET: Oh Lord have mercy.

COREY/ISAIAH: Corey speaking. I enlisted because I was looking [rustling and creaking as Brandon sits] for a band of brothers. Something real to take the place of the imaginary voice and they would be the real voice. And for awhile it seemed like it worked. Until it didn't.

BRANDON: [creaking] Until the cave.

COREY/ISAIAH: Isaiah speaking. I thought I'd found the same thing in my war.

MARGARET: What are you talking about?

COREY/ISAIAH: Isaiah speaking. I had the same thing Corey had. That same sense of isolation. I thought it was because of the injustice of my life back home so I joined the movement. At the time I thought I did it because it was the right thing to do. But now I know, I was looking for a way out of my isolation.

MARGARET: [rustling] Why didn't you find a girl, for heaven's sake.

COREY/ISAIAH: That wasn't the loneliness we were trying to fix. We believe—well this is a thing that some people simply a-are. Some of us are born with space in our lives to share our moments—all of our moments—with another person. And until we find that person, well we live our lives in [rustling]—discomfort.

BRANDON: And when you did find that person?

COREY/ISAIAH: Corey speaking. It was the best thing I ever did. Everything I learned as a kid. From Dad, yeah, but also from you, Mom. About living a life in service and as a follower of Christ. We-I found that!

BRANDON: (with pride) I had hoped you would.

MARGARET: [rustling] How on earth can you claim that?

COREY/ISAIAH: We're not trying to say it's holy in the way that you—

MARGARET: Not holy? You're trying to say that it's natural, and it's not. We don't even know what these aliens *are*.

COREY/ISAIAH: They've told us what they are.

MARGARET: God doesn't know them! We were created in His image, these aliens are not, how can we think they are also God's creation?

COREY/ISAIAH: They don't claim to be.

MARGARET: What if they are demons?!

COREY/ISAIAH: [rustling] Okay—

MARGARET: What if these are the fallen angels, cast out of Heaven?

COREY/ISAIAH: [rustling] We're gonna go.

MARGARET: Brandon, you're a pastor! Can't you exorcise this alien from his body?

BRANDON: [creaking] Margaret, you're upset.

MARGARET: Of course I'm upset! Why aren't you? These creatures are possessing our child!

COREY/ISAIAH: [footsteps] Thank you for the meal, but we—

MARGARET: If you don't have the guts to exorcise the demon from my son, I will call someone who does! [creaking]

BRANDON: (yelling) That is *enough*, Margaret!

COREY/ISAIAH: We're sorry, we're just gonna—

MARGARET: (interrupting) Don't go.

COREY/ISAIAH: What's that? [a step]

MARGARET: Please don't go, Corey. Please don't go.

COREY/ISAIAH: There's two of us, ma'am, Isaiah's here too.

MARGARET: He can go.

COREY/ISAIAH: Yeah, okay. [footsteps leaving]

MARGARET: Do something, Brandon.

COREY/ISAIAH: Corey speaking. I love you mom. [a door creaks open]

MARGARET: (sobbing) Do something! [music creeps in, mournful strings. Footsteps.] I'm losing my baby! That's my baby and he is never coming back!

BRANDON: Margaret, go inside.

MARGARET: Oh oh! Coward. [footsteps]

BRANDON: Come on, son. I'll walk you out.

[Music swells until the door closes, then drops out. Footsteps as they walk toward the car. The outside sounds of the chopper and the walkies are back.]

BRANDON: You have to understand she's—are those guys with you?

COREY/ISAIAH: Yes, sir. [clanking]

BRANDON: To keep you from running away?

COREY/ISAIAH: Mostly a show of strength. Remind us they're still the boss. [a dog barks]

BRANDON: Mostly.

COREY/ISAIAH: Mom was—She's been pretty vocal about our work in the press and there was some concern for our safety.

BRANDON: Your mother would never—

COREY/ISAIAH: Not our mother, sir. Corey's mother.

BRANDON: Of course. I'm sorry.

COREY/ISAIAH: But that doesn't mean we aren't anything to each other. It means we have to find a new thing. All of us.

BRANDON: We will. [clanking] Give her some time. We will.

COREY/ISAIAH: We hope so.

BRANDON: Take care of each other. I'm glad y'all have one another.

COREY/ISAIAH: We will. [footsteps] Do you think aliens are demons?

BRANDON: No, I do not.

COREY/ISAIAH: You think God knows the people of the Ghosthouse?

BRANDON: John 10:16

COREY/ISAIAH: Apologies, sir, w-we're not up on our verses.

BRANDON: Can you find it, Isaiah? Corey knew it at one point, gotta be in there somewhere.

COREY/ISAIAH: Um. "I am the good shepherd and know my sheep, I lay down my life for the sheep, o-or something, and uh—

BRANDON: (leading him) "And other sheep I have—" [a dog barks]

COREY/ISAIAH: "And other sheep I have, [music creeps in] which are not of this fold; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd."

BRANDON: Other sheep I have, which are *not* of this fold.

COREY/ISAIAH: Well okay. [an engine revs, the music swells.]

BRANDON: Corey, Isaiah, it was nice to meet you. We'll see you soon.

COREY/ISAIAH: Yes, sir. [beat] G'bye Dad. [footsteps]

BRANDON: Goodbye son. God be with you. [a car starts, and the music takes over, until:]

VOICEOVER (Jordana Williams): Give Me Away, created by Mac Rogers. Written by Sean Williams, directed by Jordana Williams. Featuring Hennessy Winkler, Sean Williams, Ashlie Atkinson, and Chris Butler. Produced by Sean Williams, sound design by Bart Fasbender, music by Adam Blau.

[The music rises again, the legato strings and piano over ticking percussion. It ends on the wailing note again.]

END OF SPECIAL EPISODE 1