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TIMBER ISLAND:
A SCREENPLAY

by

LUCAS M. B. CUNNINGHAM

SUBMITTED TO POMONA COLLEGE IN PARTIAL
FULFILLMENT OF THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS

PROFESSOR MILLER
PROFESSOR LETHEM

12 DECEMBER 2022

TIMBER ISLAND

Written by
Lucas Cunningham

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WGA #2193061

FADE IN:

PRE-LAP: FLAMES CRACKLE AND POP.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A modern kitchen set into an old wooden mansion. On fire. Despite the flames, it's clear the kitchen was already torn apart by something. A wild animal?

INT. WINE CELLAR - NIGHT

The same aging wood. Empty shelves burn and crash to the floor.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

An expensive-looking bedspread goes up in flames. On the nightstand, a half-drunk glass of orange liquid. Condensation beading on the outside.

EXT. BLUFF - NIGHT

We can still hear the FLAMES CRACKLING. A tombstone sits illuminated against the night sky.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT

The FIRE still CRACKLES. Below, WAVES CRASH. The light rotates, silhouetting a heron that lands on the railing. The light completes its course, blinding us.

TITLE CARD: TIMBER ISLAND

The FIRE and WAVES slowly fade out.

EXT. WHATCOM INDIAN RESERVATION - DAY

Ramshackle houses line the road, their aluminum siding green and peeling from the salty air. Old pickups rust in driveways. SEAGULLS CALL as they wheel above the coastal firs, searching for their prey. A hand-painted sign tacked to a telephone pole reads: "THERE IS NO CHEMICAL SOLUTION TO A SPIRITUAL PROBLEM."

BEAT-UP SUBARU OUTBACK

Speeds past the sign, along the coast. Turning, it arrives at:

EXT. FERRY TERMINAL

New-model cars glint in the sunlight, their white owners leaning against the hoods or playing catch with their children. The Subaru stops at:

INT./EXT. TICKET GATE

The GATE ATTENDANT (60s, Native American) smiles as he slides the window open.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN (late 40s, white) rolls down the Subaru window, his croakie-clad transition lenses lightening. Next to him, MILES BAKER (mid 20s, white), lightly bearded and wearing a flannel, looks on apprehensively.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN
We're not too late, are we?

The gate attendant shakes his head. Donovan turns to Miles.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN
See, I told you.

MILES BAKER
Okay, old man.

The attendant smiles good-naturedly.

GATE ATTENDANT
Thirty dollars, please.

Donovan snorts derisively but doesn't say anything. He reaches into his wallet and flips through several bills, then hands the attendant a fifty.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN
You got change?

GATE ATTENDANT
Sure.

The attendant hands Donovan his change and Donovan pulls forward.

EXT. FERRY - UPPER DECK - MINUTES LATER

Donovan and Miles watch the seabirds. A BELL RINGS, and workers in safety vests prepare to close the rear gate and depart.

Suddenly, a HORN HONKS loudly, repeatedly. The men look up.

EXT. TICKET GATE

A rusty old-model SEDAN SCREECHES to a stop at the gate. The attendant walks out, annoyed. He has a few words with the driver, grins, raises the gate, and waves the car through.

EXT. FERRY

As the sedan pulls into the last spot, the driver waving at the workers, who wave back. It parks almost bumper-to-bumper with Donovan's Subaru.

The door opens and SUZY LEWIS (early 30s, Native American) emerges. She wears a brown wool cardigan and chinos, her dark brown hair tied loosely back.

Donovan leans over the railing.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN
Park close enough?

Miles blushes, shakes his head in embarrassment. Suzy looks up at them, waves apologetically.

SUZY LEWIS
Sorry!

MILES BAKER
It's okay!
(to Donovan)
C'mon, man.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN
Relax.

EXT. FERRY - TWO HOURS LATER

A HORN BLOWS LOUDLY as the ship docks. Cormorants rise from rotting pylons as the METAL RAMP SCRAPES against the pavement. CAR ENGINES RUMBLE to life as cars begin to disembark.

INT. SUBARU

Donovan angrily tries the key again. The ENGINE SPUTTERS, then FAILS.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN
Come on...come on.

Donovan tries again. The ENGINE ROARS TO LIFE. As the car pulls forward, there's a LOUD CLUNK, and steam begins to rise from the hood. Donovan pounds the steering wheel in frustration. CARS HONK behind him.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN
God damn it!

Miles sighs. A HAND KNOCKS on Miles' window: Suzy, peering through the glass.

EXT. ISLAND ROAD - DAY

Expensive, modern houses with perfect landscaping and brightly painted mailboxes line the road, set back among towering firs. A few clouds drift over the ocean.

INT. SUZY'S SEDAN

Suzy drives, POP MUSIC PLAYING on the radio. Donovan sulks in the backseat, crowded against his boxes of equipment. Miles rides shotgun, watching the water. Suzy follows his gaze.

SUZY LEWIS
Looks like rain later.

MILES BAKER
You think?

SUZY LEWIS
Yeah.

MILES BAKER
I like the rain.

SUZY LEWIS
Nine months of the year isn't enough?

Miles laughs. Donovan speaks up from the back seat.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN
You're sure the car'll be okay?

Miles rolls his eyes.

SUZY LEWIS

Yeah, they'll take care of you. Save you a fortune over the garage out here.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN

Hmph.

(relaxing, a little)

So how do you know the Blanchards?

Suzy smiles.

SUZY LEWIS

I'm going out to bid on the property, same as you Parks guys. Although it's gonna be a pretty hard sell, I think.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN

Oh.

(beat)

You a developer?

SUZY LEWIS

No, just the opposite. I'm from the Whatcom Nation.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN

Huh. What are you...hoping to use the land for?

Suzy eyes him in the mirror.

SUZY LEWIS

Well, anything we can, really.

(beat)

You know, we used to live out here in the summers, before the Treaty --

The WAIL of a SIREN cuts her off as flashing lights illuminate the car. She exhales slowly and pulls the car over.

ISLAND ROAD

A Jeep with "Island County Sheriff" painted brightly on the side tucks in behind the sedan.

BACK TO SCENE

Suzy places her hands calmly on the wheel and breathes. Miles eyes her cautiously.

REARVIEW MIRROR

SHERIFF BOB WAITS emerges from the Jeep, clad in khaki and a wide-brimmed hat. He places his hand on the gun in his holster and advances warily.

BACK TO SCENE

Sheriff Waits knocks on the window. Suzy rolls it down, causing the Sheriff to bristle. The window descends and she straightens slowly.

SHERIFF BOB WAITS
Ma'am, I've gotten several reports of
a suspicious vehicle --

He notices Miles in the passenger seat and pauses. He leans into the window, peering around the boxes into the backseat where Donovan glares at him, upset by the interruption.

SHERIFF BOB WAITS
(more measured)
Hey there, folks.
(beat)
Ma'am, if you could please state your
business.

Suzy blinks at him.

SUZY LEWIS
I'm driving myself and these two out
to the Blanchard property. We're here
to survey and bid on the land.

SHERIFF BOB WAITS
I see.
(beat)
Are you all...together?

Miles speaks up.

MILES BAKER
We're with the Parks Service.

He gestures at himself and Donovan.

MILES BAKER
Our car...
(looking pointedly at
Donovan)
...broke down on the ferry, and Suzy
offered to give us and our equipment
a ride.

Sheriff Waits turns back to Suzy.

SHERIFF BOB WAITS
Suzy, was it?

SUZY LEWIS
That's right.

SHERIFF BOB WAITS
Full name?

SUZY LEWIS
Suzy Lewis.

SHERIFF BOB WAITS
And who are you here representing,
Suzy?

SUZY LEWIS
The Whatcom Nation.

She stares him down. He stares back, conflicted. After a long beat, he takes out his notepad and writes something. Then he returns to the window.

SHERIFF BOB WAITS
Ma'am, do you know why I pulled you
over today?

SUZY LEWIS
You said something about reports of a
"suspicious vehicle?" Maybe --

SHERIFF BOB WAITS
You've got obstructed visibility.
Those boxes in the back and side are
dangerous. Hard to see your blind
spots.

Donovan pipes up from the backseat, leaning forward around the boxes.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN
I'm afraid there's no two ways around
it, Sheriff. We need this equipment
for our surveys.

SHERIFF BOB WAITS
Of course. Just...make sure you clear
those blind spots once you get out to
the property.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN
 What, you think we're just gonna
 leave it in --

MILES BAKER
 Will do, officer.

Sheriff Waits taps the roof.

SHERIFF BOB WAITS
 Drive safe, folks.

SUZY LEWIS
 We will.

The Sheriff walks off. Suzy rolls her eyes and pulls back onto the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BLANCHARD ESTATE - LATER

The sedan turns off the main road and passes through a tunnel of fir trees, their branches looming over the road. The car stops at a closed double gate, emblazoned in wrought iron: "TIMBER'S END."

Rooted in the ground next to the gate is a yard sign reading: "IN THIS HOUSE WE BELIEVE: BLACK LIVES MATTER / WOMEN'S RIGHTS ARE HUMAN RIGHTS / NO HUMAN IS ILLEGAL / SCIENCE IS REAL / LOVE IS LOVE / KINDNESS IS EVERYTHING"

The car idles. BIRDS CHIRP as the woods hold their breath.

INT. SUZY'S SEDAN

Suzy and Miles look at each other.

MILES BAKER
 You think there's a code, or...

EXT. THE BLANCHARD ESTATE

GEARS GRIND AND CREAK as the gate suddenly begins to open, as if by magic. It opens halfway before lurching to a stop with a LOUD CLANG.

INT. SUZY'S SEDAN

Suzy and Miles exchange a nervous, amused glance. Suzy guides the car carefully through the narrow gap, pulling her mirror in.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - DAY

The sedan rolls to a stop in the wide gravel driveway. Suzy and Miles get out as Donovan struggles to extract himself from his boxes. Miles looks up at the house and whistles, impressed.

The Blanchard house looms over them, half log cabin, half mansion. Three towering stories of dark wood planks and stripped tree trunks, stretching out in both directions. Warped glass windowpanes and creeping vines adorn the facade, as if the house is in the process of consuming itself...or being consumed.

LILY BLANCHARD (18, white) stands on the porch wearing a Patagonia fleece and Chacos. She's pretty, with light hair and green eyes. Next to her is GRACE SMITH (50s, Native American), wearing an apron and a welcoming smile.

Suzy approaches the house confidently as Lily descends the stairs to meet her.

LILY BLANCHARD
You must be Ms. Lewis?

Suzy nods.

SUZY LEWIS
Suzy's fine. It's Lily, right?
(correcting herself)
Ms. Blanchard, if you prefer.

Lily smiles and extends a hand.

LILY BLANCHARD
You've done your homework.

Suzy smiles back.

SUZY LEWIS
Everyone around here knows the
Blanchard family, Ms. Blanchard.

LILY BLANCHARD

No, Ms. Blanchard makes me sound like Mom. Lily, please.

(beat)

And are these our surveyors? I have to say, I didn't expect you all together.

Donovan escapes the boxes, bumping his head on the car roof, and stands upright.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN

Neither did we, Ms. Blanchard.

Miles sees another tirade brewing and steps around the car to shake Lily's hand.

MILES BAKER

We ran into some car trouble on the ferry. Suzy was kind enough to give us a ride.

LILY BLANCHARD

Well, I'm glad you could make it. It's nice to meet you too, Mr. Baker.

MILES BAKER

Miles.

LILY BLANCHARD

(smiling knowingly)

Lily.

Donovan walks around the rear of the car, rubbing his head.

LILY BLANCHARD

Dr. Donovan. A pleasure.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN

Likewise, Ms. Blanchard.

Lily steps back, addressing the group.

LILY BLANCHARD

Well, now that we're introduced, welcome to

(doing air quotes)

"Timber's End." We hope you enjoy your stay here with us.

(beat)

We've got the guest house all ready for you guys. Alan is --

She looks over her shoulder at Grace.

LILY BLANCHARD
Alan's down there, right?

Grace nods.

LILY BLANCHARD
Yeah, Alan's got the guest house all ready for you. He can help you with your equipment and stuff, and when you're ready, you can come back on up for the tour.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN
Thank you for your hospitality, Ms. Blanchard.

(a beat as he weighs
his words)
I hope I'm not being rude, but...I was under the impression we would be meeting with Mrs. Blanchard. Is she...?

Lily smiles.

LILY BLANCHARD
Yeah, she's around, she's just in bed right now.

Grace steps in, descending the porch stairs.

GRACE SMITH
Mrs. Blanchard has a rare health condition. When she has an episode, it can be quite exhausting for her. She's upstairs resting.

She turns to point upstairs to a window. For a brief moment, a BOY'S FACE can be seen in the window before it SLAMS SHUT. Grace acts as if she doesn't notice.

GRACE SMITH
You can go see her once you're settled in.

The group looks at her expectantly.

GRACE SMITH
I'm sorry -- my name is Grace. My family and I help out around the house here.

(MORE)

GRACE SMITH (cont'd)
 Alan's my husband, and my daughter
 Maggie is inside working on dinner.

Miles shifts uncomfortably.

LILY BLANCHARD
 Anyway, head right down the driveway,
 get settled, and we'll see you soon!

EXT. THE BLANCHARD ESTATE - DRIVEWAY - LATER

The gravel drive wraps around the side of the house,
 descending a short way into the woods. The sedan pulls into
 a shaded gravel parking spot.

EXT. THE GUEST HOUSE

It's newer than the Blanchard house, modern log cabin style,
 all light-colored wood and glass. Compact floor plan, two
 and a half stories high. It glows with comforting warmth.

The group exits the car again. Miles nudges Donovan.

MILES BAKER
 This is the guest house?

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN
 Some guests they used to have, I
 imagine.

Suzy rings the doorbell. A SOOTHING CHIME PLAYS.

MILES BAKER
 Even the doorbell's fancy.

There's no response from inside the house. Suzy RINGS AGAIN.
 Donovan peers in the window. Pauses, KNOCKS LOUDLY.

Raises a hand to knock again, when--

ALAN SMITH (O.S.)
 Howdy, folks.

The group starts. Around the corner of the house walks ALAN
 SMITH (50s, Native American) wearing a faded flannel, blue
 jeans, and a "LAND BACK" baseball cap.

ALAN SMITH
 I'm Alan. Let's get you settled in.

INT. THE GUEST HOUSE - SUZY'S ROOM - SOME TIME LATER

Afternoon sun filters softly through the window. Suzy stands by the bed, her back to the door, neatly unpacking her suitcase. When she straightens, Alan leans casually in the doorway.

Suzy yelps softly and whirls. Alan grins.

SUZY LEWIS
So you like sneaking up on people,
then?

ALAN SMITH
Only on special occasions.

Suzy shakes her head, smiling.

SUZY LEWIS
Nice hat.

ALAN SMITH
Thanks, you like it?

SUZY LEWIS
I'm not the one you should be asking.

Alan shrugs.

ALAN SMITH
Grass gets cut, they don't mind too
much. I think the irony is lost on
them.

SUZY LEWIS
I doubt that.

He shrugs again.

ALAN SMITH
Either way. I just like the way it
fits.

Suzy chuckles.

ALAN SMITH
Those Parks guys look like they'll be
with their gadgets for awhile. Up for
a walk?

Suzy hesitates. Alan grins disarmingly.

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - MOMENTS LATER

Suzy and Alan walk along a gravel footpath, climbing steeply upwards. Suzy breathes in deeply, smiles.

SUZY LEWIS
That cedar smell never gets old.

ALAN SMITH
Our favorite grove's right around here.

SUZY LEWIS
You and Grace?

ALAN SMITH
Yes ma'am. All of us, really. We've been going there for generations.

He darkens, shakes his head.

ALAN SMITH
One of the few they didn't log.

SUZY LEWIS
Old growth?

Alan brightens again.

ALAN SMITH
Old enough to write a history of the United States.

SUZY LEWIS
Should've brought my pen.

Alan laughs.

SUZY LEWIS
There's nothing like it, though. The smell of cedar. It's one of the things that brought me back home.

ALAN SMITH
Back?

SUZY LEWIS
I got my PhD in wildlife biology in Syracuse.

ALAN SMITH
No shit.

SUZY LEWIS
I loved it. Did my field work in the
Adirondacks.

ALAN SMITH
But no cedars out there?

SUZY LEWIS
No cedars.

ALAN SMITH
Home is a powerful thing.

SUZY LEWIS
Is this your home?

Alan points into the distance.

ALAN SMITH
Right down there towards the water.
My folks lived out here too. All the
way back to the Treaty, and way back
before that too.

They emerge into:

EXT. HILLTOP CLEARING

Suzy steps out of the woods and gasps.

Several yards away, the ground drops steeply. Evergreens stretch out in every direction, rising and rolling to the west and extending down to the ocean to the north. Several more islands rise in the distance from the sea, glistening in the setting sun. The gray clouds still hang in the eastern sky.

Alan watches her, grinning.

ALAN SMITH
Not bad, right?

SUZY LEWIS
It's beautiful. I've never seen the
islands from this side before.

ALAN SMITH
Never gets old.

SUZY LEWIS
I don't see how it could.
(beat)
This is all the estate?

Alan nods.

ALAN SMITH
Yeah, pretty much everything we can
see from here, plus the house back
down behind us, and the airstrip.

SUZY LEWIS
Airstrip?

ALAN SMITH
More of a big lawn these days. Hell
of a job to mow it, though.

They stand in silence for a moment, awed by the view and the
vastness of nature.

Alan points down to the right, at a section of grass near
the water.

ALAN SMITH
See down there? That clearing?

SUZY LEWIS
Yeah.

ALAN SMITH
That's where all the houses used to
be. There actually used to be a
village there, before the Treaty, and
they'd fish that inlet there.

SUZY LEWIS
So you live down there?

ALAN SMITH
No, we're a little farther up the
hill. Closer to the main house. But I
still fish down there sometimes.
There's an old lighthouse, too, out
on the point. Every once in awhile
we'll get some whales past.

SUZY LEWIS
That's amazing.

ALAN SMITH
It really is.

Another lull as the TREES RUSTLE SOFTLY in the breeze.

SUZY LEWIS

So how'd you wind up out here?

ALAN SMITH

Robert Blanchard bought up a bunch of land out here in the 1860s. 30 years old and more timber money than he knew what to do with. Decided to build himself a place for the family. After the Treaty, the government started forcing Indians off the islands. Ol' Rob was smart, saw the opportunity, so he cleared some land down by the water there. Told the Indians getting evicted they could live there for free, so long as they worked for him, building the house and staffing it for pennies a day.

SUZY LEWIS

So your family's been living out here since the 1860s?

ALAN SMITH

Hell, we've been living out here a lot longer than that.

Suzy laughs.

ALAN SMITH

But yeah, more or less. It gets a little messy. Once timber got cheap and the house got built, Robert started downsizing, just kept some staff and groundskeepers. He let the other families stay, but once he quit paying them, there wasn't much work for them left on the island. Some stayed, but most went back to one of the mainland reservations: Swinomish, Nooksack...Whatcom.

He shakes his head.

ALAN SMITH

Eventually, Rob gets old and kicks the bucket, and his son Charles takes over. Chuck kicks everyone off but the staff, just a couple families.

(MORE)

ALAN SMITH (cont'd)
The white folks were jacking up housing prices by then, too, if you could even get a loan, so those families had to leave the island too.

SUZY LEWIS
But your family stayed?

ALAN SMITH
Some of them, anyway. There were more comings and goings, more generations of Blanchards. Eventually they cleared all the old growth, but there was still plenty of money. So the Blanchards lived out here, and my grandparents cut their grass and cooked their food.

SUZY LEWIS
That's quite a legacy.

ALAN SMITH
Yeah, I guess so. Out of everyone we're still here. The lucky ones.

He laughs wryly.

SUZY LEWIS
Do you feel lucky?

ALAN SMITH
I feel old. Tired. But I get to spend my days out here, and my nights with my family. That's lucky enough.

Suzy smiles. Alan smiles back, but there's a sadness there. He brushes it away.

ALAN SMITH
Well, you should get heading back. Don't want to keep those Parks guys waiting.

SUZY LEWIS
You're not coming?

Alan shakes his head.

ALAN SMITH
Gonna watch the rain come in. You can find your way back, right?

Suzy nods.

SUZY LEWIS
Thanks for the tour.

She turns to go. Suddenly, A RAPID KNOCKING, then silence. She and Alan lock eyes. Alan creeps forward, pointing up into the trees.

A small black and red woodpecker perches in the branches of the fir. It looks around, then hammers its beak once again into the trunk, producing the KNOCKING.

FADE OUT

INT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - EVENING

Tastefully decorated, with rich leather chairs and modern wood furnishings. Miles stands at the window, looking out into the woods.

MAGGIE SMITH (O.S.)
Waiting for the rain?

Miles turns. In the doorway stands MAGGIE SMITH (18, Native American), holding a glass in one hand. She's pretty, dressed in jeans and a t-shirt. She holds the glass out to him.

MAGGIE SMITH
Mom said I should bring this out to you. Dr. Donovan insisted on staying with her in the kitchen til she finished Margaret's dinner.

Miles approaches her warily and takes the glass.

MILES BAKER
Thank you.

MAGGIE SMITH
You're welcome.

An awkward beat.

MILES BAKER
I'm Miles.

MAGGIE SMITH
Maggie. It's nice to meet you.

She turns to leave.

MILES BAKER

Hold on.

She hesitates. Miles flounders for a moment, then gestures lamely at the glass.

MILES BAKER

What is this?

Maggie shrugs. Miles takes a drink, cautiously.

MILES BAKER

Like a...mint julep? Do those still exist?

Maggie smiles shyly at him.

MAGGIE SMITH

Dr. Donovan made them. He said it was your favorite drink.

Miles chuckles.

MILES BAKER

It's certainly his.

MAGGIE SMITH

You two seem pretty close.

Miles laughs again.

MILES BAKER

Oh, we are now, but that's thanks to many hours in the car and not much else. He's a real outgoing guy, but I only met him the day before yesterday when he came to town to get ready for our visit.

Maggie looks at him quizzically.

MAGGIE SMITH

I thought you were both from the Parks Service.

MILES BAKER

Well, yes and no. Chuck is, all the way: he's been a surveyor for them since before I was born, just about. Technically, I'm on the Parks Service payroll as well, but really I'm just a grad student they paired him up with because of my area of study.

(MORE)

MILES BAKER (cont'd)
 After this is over, I'll head back to
 Bellingham and he'll go off to the
 next potential park.

MAGGIE SMITH
 What do you study?

MILES BAKER
 Ecological history of the Pacific
 Northwest.

MAGGIE SMITH
 That sounds really interesting.

Miles chuckles wryly.

MILES BAKER
 (sarcastically)
 Oh, it's just as interesting as it
 sounds.

MAGGIE SMITH
 No, really.

Miles studies her for a moment, trying to discern if she's
 serious. She holds his gaze until he shifts uncomfortably.

MILES BAKER
 Can I...
 (holding up the glass)
 Do you want one of these? I feel
 weird drinking by myself in here.

Maggie laughs.

MAGGIE SMITH
 Mom's not big on underage drinking.

MILES BAKER
 (processing)
 You don't drink?

MAGGIE SMITH
 I didn't say that.

She winks and Miles blushes. He's about to speak when they
 hear VOICES APPROACHING.

GRACE SMITH (O.S.)
 And up ahead's the sitting room,
 which was part of the original house.
 Mr. Harrison insisted on the remodel
 in 2012.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN (O.S.)
Mr. Harrison?

GRACE SMITH
Mrs. Blanchard's husband.
(beat)
Ex-husband.

The VOICES FADE. Maggie and Miles share an awkward glance: her waiting for him to say something, him trying to think of something to say.

MILES BAKER
(lamely)
So...what's for dinner?

MAGGIE SMITH
Salmon, and salad, probably. I baked
some bread earlier, and...

She trails off as she notices Lily standing in the doorway wearing a bemused expression. How long has she been standing there?

LILY BLANCHARD
Sorry to interrupt.
(to Miles)
Suzy just got back from her hike...

Miles notes this, puzzled, but says nothing.

LILY BLANCHARD
...so you guys can go see Mom now, if
you want.

MILES BAKER
Oh, okay, cool. It was nice to meet
you, Mag--

He turns to say goodbye, but Maggie's gone. He turns back to Lily, who shrugs.

LILY BLANCHARD
(pointing to his
glass)
Can I get you a refill?

INT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

WINE GLASS

ICE CLINKS AND RATTLES as an orange liquid refills the glass, condensation beading on the outside.

Grace steps back from the bedside table, holding the pitcher. The room is dark, the blinds closed, dominated by a huge, wood-posted bed.

From the bed, MARGARET BLANCHARD's hand closes around the glass. She's white, in her late 50s but looks younger, expensive-looking blonde hair, with healthy skin and tired eyes. She sits on top of the covers, wearing a blouse, slacks and black socks.

Next to her, under the covers and slight against the massive headboard, lies ELI BLANCHARD (15, white). He has dark brown hair, shiny and parted down the middle. He wears a dark green three-button shirt, like an old-timey prospector.

Slowly, almost laboriously, Margaret lifts the glass to her lips. She takes a drink and closes her eyes, sighing. Only then does she turn her eyes to her guests. When she speaks, her voice is surprisingly bright.

MARGARET BLANCHARD
An Aperol Spritz, it's called.

Arrayed at the far end of the bed are Donovan, Miles, and Suzy. They shift uncomfortably, Donovan and Miles holding drinks.

On the far side of the bed from Grace, Lily hops brightly on, nestling in next to Eli. Her bounces threaten to spill Margaret's drink on her white blouse, but she expertly balances the glass to offset the bouncing.

MARGARET BLANCHARD
I must've had about fifty in Italy three summers ago, and when I got back, I insisted that we learn how to make them. Now they're finally catching on in the States. I don't have to order the Aperol special anymore.

Lily tousles Eli's hair and he glares at her, shrinking deeper into the covers and pressing himself closer to Margaret. She glances at him and continues.

MARGARET BLANCHARD

Well...welcome! I hope you've already gotten the tour, although I'm sure you'll have to look around to a greater extent in a more official capacity later on.

Suzy steps forward, smiling graciously.

SUZY LEWIS

You have a lovely home.

Margaret beams.

MARGARET BLANCHARD

You're too kind, Suzy.

Margaret frowns at herself good-naturedly, almost patronizing.

MARGARET BLANCHARD

I'm sorry. Ms. Lewis.

Suzy smiles, just a little falsely.

SUZY LEWIS

That's quite all right, Mrs. Blanchard.

Margaret's face darkens at the use of "Mrs." for a moment, then brightens again, the mask returning.

MARGARET BLANCHARD

Just Margaret, please, if you don't mind.

(beat)

I'm not really a Mrs. anymore, but somehow I can't tolerate Ms. without feeling like a little girl. So Margaret it is. Oh well, I've never been much for formality anyways.

Margaret stares off into space, lost in thought--and maybe a little drunk. Donovan coughs and her focus snaps to him.

MARGARET BLANCHARD

But you aren't here to hear about my failed marriage, of course. Let's get serious.

She feigns a frown and pats the edge of the bed.

MARGARET BLANCHARD

Come, sit down.

Donovan and Miles exchange a look, then awkwardly approach the bed and sit at the edge. Suzy leans against the wall.

MARGARET BLANCHARD

You too, Ms. Lewis. Squeeze in.

Uncomfortable, Suzy sits between Miles and Lily, who smiles apologetically.

MARGARET BLANCHARD

That's better. You know, in Morocco, all business arrangements are conducted from cushions on the floor. It's said to be equalizing, so no one is above anyone else.

She surveys the posse, now arranged around her, as she sits propped against the headboard, a throne of sorts.

MARGARET BLANCHARD

I just figure, why bother going all the way to the floor when I've got a perfectly good bed right here?

She takes a long drink from her glass.

MARGARET BLANCHARD

(mouth still a little full)

Now then, let's figure out who's getting my family home. Dr. Donovan, do you have an offer?

Donovan straightens, caught off guard. Looks at Lily, Suzy.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN

You've seen our offer already, Mrs. Blan--Margaret.

MARGARET BLANCHARD

Yes, but I want to see you look me in the eye and say it.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN

Alright. The Parks Service is prepared to offer you forty million dollars for your entire fifteen-thousand-acre estate. Pending our evaluation, of course.

MARGARET BLANCHARD

But of course.

(turning to Suzy)

What about you?

Suzy shifts, trying to find a comfortable position in the awkward arrangement on the bed.

SUZY LEWIS

The Whatcom Nation can offer you five million dollars for the property, which contains traditional fishing grounds and was for many years the site of the tribe's summer --

MARGARET BLANCHARD

(cutting her off)

Believe me, I'm well aware of my family's unfortunate history with this site. But I assure you I've done everything in my power to preserve those historic sites, and I'd like to resolve this situation as equitably as possible.

SUZY LEWIS

Of course.

MARGARET BLANCHARD

You're here, right?

Suzy nods.

MARGARET BLANCHARD

Then trust me, we'll make sure you're treated fairly.

Suzy has more to say, but decides to keep it to herself.

SUZY LEWIS

Thank you.

Margaret turns to Donovan.

MARGARET BLANCHARD

Now, about the name.

(taking another drink)

You know Moran State Park, right?

He nods.

MARGARET BLANCHARD

Could we do something like that, do you think? Blanchard National Park? National Monument? What is it, really? I guess it's kind of both, isn't it?

She chuckles to herself. Donovan nods again.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN

Well, that's a ways in the future, but as of right now, there are no options off the table. We'll be considering your property for several different levels of preservation. And in terms of the name...

She leans forward.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN

...National Parks don't tend to get named after people.

She frowns.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN

But there are other options, Historic Sites, and landmarks -- the Blanchard House, for instance -- that can be considered for historical status. Nothing's off the table right now.

MARGARET BLANCHARD

Well, that's very good to hear.

She turns again to Suzy.

MARGARET BLANCHARD

And your tribe is planning to develop, correct?

SUZY LEWIS

Some parts of the property, yes. This is great land, and it would more almost double the size of our reservation. Obviously, we would preserve the historic sites, the fishing grounds and burial sites and historic lodging -- like the house -- but our people used to live here, too, and they should be able to again, if they can.

Margaret nods solemnly.

MARGARET BLANCHARD

Of course.

SUZY LEWIS

And with this beautiful of land, the tourism would be really beneficial to us as well.

Margaret frowns.

MARGARET BLANCHARD

Like what? Hotels? A casino?

Suzy bites her tongue.

SUZY LEWIS

Look, I'm really not sure. I've been sent to assess the environmental and historical state of the land, and I can't really speak to its exact future. But, like Dr. Donovan said, nothing's off the table.

Margaret takes another drink, looking concerned.

SUZY LEWIS

I'm telling you this because I want to be as up-front as possible. The potential revenue could be a huge boon to the tribe. But please know...

She looks directly at Margaret, who chokes a little on her wine.

SUZY LEWIS

...the Whatcom Nation will treat this land with the utmost respect. We have no malicious intent: we're just hoping to get back a little of our history.

Margaret, uncomfortable but moved, hands her drink to Grace, who takes it solemnly. Lily watches Margaret expectantly.

MARGARET BLANCHARD

(after a beat)

You're right, of course. I'm sorry, I hope I didn't offend you.

SUZY LEWIS

Don't mention it.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

DISHES CLATTER as food is passed around a large table of dark wood. Twin chandeliers cast the room in a soft glow, shadow and light and the dark wood walls making the large room feel much smaller.

The three guests sit with Lily, Grace, Maggie, and Alan, whose eyes shine with laughter. Everyone's drinking root beer except Donovan, who sips another julep, and Grace and Lily, who have glasses of red wine.

Maggie refills Miles' root beer.

MILES BAKER

(smiling)

Thank you.

Maggie takes her seat, smiling back at him.

Lily notices the exchange, glancing between them, and stands up, her CHAIR SCRAPING LOUDLY. In the gloomy light of the room, she looks almost ominous, lit by the swaying of the chandelier.

LILY BLANCHARD

(raising her glass)

To our friends, new...

(to Donovan & co.)

...and old.

(to Grace & co.)

May we come to an agreement and finally get the hell off this island on and with our lives.

She sits down to an awkward chorus of assent. No one's quite sure if she's joking, or if they share her sentiment.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATER

The room hums with energy and laughter, like a ship's galley. Everyone's talking animatedly over one another as a story gets told piece by piece.

LILY BLANCHARD

...and again, we're like, eight, right?

MAGGIE SMITH
Eight or nine.

GRACE SMITH
They were nine. There was still
leftover cake from the birthday party
the week before.

MILES BAKER
Okay, so you're nine years old,
fueled by birthday cake...

ALAN SMITH
And Michael...

LILY BLANCHARD
(a little drunk)
Who's LATE.

ALAN SMITH
Decides it would be a good birthday
present to take them cliff jumping.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN
No!

ALAN SMITH
Cliff jumping!

MAGGIE SMITH
Well, Dad, you were the one who told
him about the cliffs in the first
place.

ALAN SMITH
Yeah, I told him about them, but not
so he could take two nine-year-old
girls to jump off them!

LILY BLANCHARD
Hey, we could take care of ourselves.

GRACE SMITH
Absolutely you couldn't.

LILY BLANCHARD
(laughing)
No, we couldn't.

MAGGIE SMITH
We really couldn't.

MILES BAKER

But that's why Michael was there,
right?

LILY BLANCHARD

Right.

ALAN SMITH

Wrong. Michael is supposed to be down
at our house playing Legos with them,
but I walk in and all I see are
Legos. And I say, "Huh, I wonder
where the girls are."

MAGGIE SMITH

Good instinct.

Alan throws a napkin at her.

ALAN SMITH

So I go to toss my work clothes in
the wash, and all the towels are
gone.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN

Uh oh.

GRACE SMITH

"Uh oh" is right. Those are nice
towels.

ALAN SMITH

And all it once it dawns on me, so I
take off sprinting down the path.

MAGGIE SMITH

Jogging, really.

ALAN SMITH

Hey, I'll race you right now if you
want.

Maggie defers.

ALAN SMITH

So I get down there --

MAGGIE SMITH

Finally.

ALAN SMITH

-- just in time to see this one...
(MORE)

ALAN SMITH (cont'd)
 (pointing to Lily)
 ...jumping full tilt off a thirty-foot cliff.

SUZY LEWIS
 Thirty feet?

Lily shrugs.

LILY BLANCHARD
 I'd say more like sixty.

ALAN SMITH
 Yeah, cause you were nine years old!

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN
 So what happened?

ALAN SMITH
 Well, I go down there -- Maggie's still nowhere to be seen -- and I'm terrified, I'm thinking: "I've just killed two nine-year-old girls. I'll have to flee the country."

GRACE SMITH
 Oh, you wouldn't leave me, would you?

ALAN SMITH
 I'm sorry, honey, but I'd have to. You'd get to me before the cops could.

Grace laughs.

ALAN SMITH
 So I get down to the bottom, and here they are, all four of them, laughing and splashing around in the water like nothing happened. I was about ready to drag Michael back up the cliff, just to throw him off again.

MAGGIE SMITH
 We were sworn to secrecy.

LILY BLANCHARD
 (giggling)
 Shhhhhh.

GRACE SMITH
 I didn't find out until about three years later.

(MORE)

GRACE SMITH (cont'd)
 (to Alan)
 That was the right choice.

ALAN SMITH
 Oh, believe me, I know.

Everyone laughs, followed by a natural lull. Then:

MILES BAKER
 (still laughing)
 Wait, so you said there were four of
 them in the water.

Alan casts a furtive glance at Grace.

MILES BAKER
 Who was the fourth?

Lily's face darkens and the expressions around the table
 grow somber.

MILES BAKER
 I'm sorry, I --

Lily stifles a sob and gets up from the table, her CHAIR
 SCRAPING again in the now-silent room. She rushes out, her
 hand over her mouth. Miles looks after her, mortified.

MILES BAKER
 Should I...?

Grace reaches across the table and puts her hand on Miles'.

GRACE SMITH
 It's okay. It's not your fault.

She withdraws her hand and takes a deep breath.

GRACE SMITH
 Lily has -- had -- another older
 brother, between her and Michael.
 Cal.

A long pause. The CHANDELIER CREAKS and casts its shadows on
 the walls.

GRACE SMITH
 (quietly)
 He took his own life a year ago.

Suzy stifles a gasp. Donovan sighs. Miles bows his head,
 shaking it slowly side to side.

MILES BAKER

I'm so sorry. I had no idea.

MAGGIE SMITH

Really, Miles. It's okay. It's just -- it's raw for all of us.

Mirroring her mother, she reaches across the table and touches Miles' hand, timid and a little awkward. Miles meets her gaze.

MAGGIE SMITH

She'll be okay.

MILES BAKER

Thank you. I --

Just then, a DEAFENING ROAR passes over the house as the GLASSES AND PLATES RATTLE on the table and the CHANDELIER CLINKS and bounces, scattering the light. Miles, Donovan, and Suzy look around frantically, while the Smiths are oddly calm. The ROAR RECEDES and the table settings settle.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRFIELD - NIGHT

Green-ish yellow lights line the runway, glowing like fireflies. THUNDER BOOMS and LIGHTNING FLASHES in the distance. The first drops of rain begin to fall. There's a low RUSHING SOUND: plane propellers spooling down? Or maybe the wind?

Alan, clad in rain gear, approaches. Arms upthrust against the bright runway lights.

MAN (O.S.)

(yelling over the propellers)

ALAN! IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU!

ALAN SMITH

CAN I HELP!?

MAN (O.S.)

YEAH, I'LL SEE YOU INSIDE!

The MAN carries a small duffel and briefcase. He's tall, dark hair, wearing an expensive-looking leather jacket, the collar turned up against the wind and rain.

As the rain intensifies, he hurries off in the direction Alan came from. The PROPELLER NOISE FADES, but the WIND still BLOWS.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - LILY'S ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

RAIN DRIPS and PATTERS on the roof. Christmas lights twinkle soft and yellow, struggling to offset the gray light forcing its way through cracks between blinds closed tight. Posters for Pink Floyd, Taylor Swift, and Gregory Alan Isakov, alongside retro-styled National Park ads. The room is cozy, but in the semi-dark, it feels almost claustrophobic.

Lily sits cross-legged on the bed, an old 35mm film camera in her hands, prints spread around her. She's been crying.

A KNOCK on the door. Then, it CREAKS OPEN. Lily rushes to compose herself, but stops when she sees who it is: Maggie.

MAGGIE SMITH

Hey.

Lily smiles self-deprecatingly. She knows she's a mess, but she knows Maggie doesn't care.

LILY BLANCHARD

Hey. I heard Michael got in last night.

Maggie closes the door softly behind her.

MAGGIE SMITH

Yeah. He's been busy all morning trying to scare those Parks guys away.

Lily snorts derisively.

LILY BLANCHARD

Is it working?

MAGGIE SMITH

Not yet.

(smiling)

Although I think they liked their old host better.

Lily smiles sadly.

LILY BLANCHARD
After last night, I'm not so sure.

MAGGIE SMITH
Miles feels really bad.

LILY BLANCHARD
I bet he does.

She smirks.

LILY BLANCHARD
Seems like the two of you were
hitting it off. He's cute.

MAGGIE SMITH
(blushing)
He's like, twenty-five.

LILY BLANCHARD
So?

Maggie smiles, raises her eyebrows. She grows serious, crosses the room to sit next to Lily, carefully clearing a spot between the prints.

MAGGIE SMITH
Cal's camera.

Lily nods.

LILY BLANCHARD
It was Grandpa's, you know.

She laughs, raw and sharp.

LILY BLANCHARD
He probably told you that, I guess.

MAGGIE SMITH
He did.

Lily looks at Maggie, her eyes full of emotion: grief? Jealousy? Pity? Longing? Maggie holds her gaze, taking Lily's hands in hers. Lily wants to speak, but she can't find the words.

Maggie hugs her and Lily finally lets her guard down, sobbing against her. Maggie holds her for a long moment. They separate, each without words but no longer needing them.

After a beat, Lily takes a deep breath and composes herself, laughing a little as she exhales. She looks down at the camera.

LILY BLANCHARD

He was going to teach me. It was just one of those things we never got around to.

The tears threaten to return, but Lily keeps them inside. Abruptly, she holds it out.

LILY BLANCHARD

Here. You should have it.

MAGGIE SMITH

(holding up her hands)

No, I couldn't, I don't--

LILY BLANCHARD

I insist. Look, I can't use it. You can. That's it.

Maggie resists. Lily puts her hand on Maggie's leg and looks her in the eyes.

LILY BLANCHARD

Really.

Maggie nods, slowly. She takes the camera, holds it reverently.

MAGGIE SMITH

Thank you.

Lily nods. Maggie looks down at the camera, her hands and eyes remembering...she notices something. For a moment, she looks up, about to tell Lily, but Lily has busied herself with the prints. Maggie runs her thumb again over the shutter and smiles.

FADE OUT

EXT. GARDEN - MORNING

Water drips off rotting wooden fence posts. The rain has slowed to a gray drizzle. Blackberries swell in the late summer air, overripe and sickly sweet, their twisted vines overtaking the ghosts of orderly rows. Someone loved this garden, kept it clear -- now it's been claimed by the brambles.

Donovan digs in the dirt, filling a small jar. He pricks himself on a thorn and swears. Leaning against a post nearby, MICHAEL HARRISON laughs. He's white, mid-twenties, tall and dark, wearing expensive-looking flannel. Donovan glares at him, straightening. His pants stained with blackberry juice.

Miles stands up from behind another row.

MILES BAKER

Good dirt.

Donovan chuckles.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN

Good dirt.

MILES BAKER

Let's see if it works.

He picks a blackberry and considers it, then tosses it in the air, catching it in his mouth. Immediately, he spits it out.

MILES BAKER

A little squishy.

He tosses another to Michael, who fails to catch it. It bounces off his shirt, leaving a bright purple stain. Michael glares at him as Donovan hides a smile.

MILES BAKER

Sorry.

(changing the subject)

It looks like this was in pretty good shape until recently.

MICHAEL HARRISON

Yeah.

(a long beat)

Cal, he would spend hours out here most days.

(looking down at the stain)

He'd get soaked, dirty, sunburned. He didn't care. He'd still come in every time with that...stupid grin on his face.

Michael shakes his head, shocked by the sudden emotion. He turns and walks away.

INT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - WINDOW

Through the blinds, Eli Blanchard watches Michael leave, his gaze lingering on Miles and Donovan in the garden. His fragile, pale hand releases the blinds and in the moment before the room grows dark, his face contorts into a strange expression. Hunger, or maybe jealousy?

PRE-LAP: A FOGHORN BLOWS

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCKS - LATER

Fog rolls across the water, the gray mist swirling in the air. The line between sea and sky is indistinguishable. Michael stands with Alan at the dock. Michael strains to see out into the shifting gloom, but it reveals nothing. Silence, save for the WAVES LAPPING GENTLY.

Suddenly, the FOGHORN BLOWS again. Michael swears but Alan stands calmly, gazing out across the water. Then:

A large wooden sailboat glides out of the mist, ghostly and ethereal, sails furled into its skeletal rigging. The CREAK of ROPES. It draws closer, steered by unseen hands until it bumps gently against the dock with a HOLLOW THUD.

As it drifts for a moment, we see the name inscribed on the stern: OPPORTUNITY II. Then: ropes fly from somewhere on the deck above, softly coiling on the dock. Alan takes the ropes and begin to tie them off. Michael stands waiting.

On the deck, a FIGURE rises, VERTIGO-esque, and raises a hand in silent greeting.

MICHAEL HARRISON
(breaking the spell)
Rich! Hell of a morning for a sail.

The figure steps forward into the light: RICH CALLAHAN (50s, white), wearing a thick wool sweater and watch cap.

RICH CALLAHAN
Hey, what's the point in owning a
sailboat if you're not gonna use it?
(grins)
It's good to see you, Mikey.

MICHAEL HARRISON
You too, Rich. Glad you could make
it -- it's been too long.

Rich unclips the boat's railing and flips down a wooden staircase.

RICH CALLAHAN
Well, I'm just glad you thought of me. Especially...

For just a brief moment, he looks uncomfortable. Michael grins, dispelling the tension.

MICHAEL HARRISON
The way I see it, they both got what they wanted.

RICH CALLAHAN
(chuckling)
I suppose you're right.
(down into the boat)
Tay?

TAYLOR CALLAHAN (19, white) climbs the stairs, wearing an expensive-looking hoodie. She's beautiful, and she knows it.

MICHAEL HARRISON
Good to see you again, Taylor.

There's an edge to his gaze, lustful.

TAYLOR CALLAHAN
Michael!

Taylor quickly descends the steps, ignoring Rich's hand and taking Michael's. She wraps him in a tight hug, surprising him.

TAYLOR CALLAHAN
It's so good to see you! I forgot how tall you are!

Michael grins.

MICHAEL HARRISON
Maybe you got shorter.

Taylor feigns indignation and punches him in the arm. He rubs it, pouting.

TAYLOR CALLAHAN
Is Lily here?

MICHAEL HARRISON
 Yeah, they're all up at the house.
 There's some people visiting, too,
 from the Parks Service.

Rich shoots Michael a look from the bottom step of the
 gangplank. Taylor doesn't notice.

TAYLOR CALLAHAN
 Oh, fun!

MICHAEL HARRISON
 Alan can take you up. I'll get the
 boat secured with Rich.

TAYLOR CALLAHAN
 Such a gentleman.

Alan stands from where he was tying up.

ALAN SMITH
 Actually, everything's squared away.
 Would you like help with your bags?

RICH CALLAHAN
 Just Taylor's -- but Mikey and I can
 handle them. I'll be staying on the
 boat.

ALAN SMITH
 You got it.
 (to Taylor)
 After you.

They walk off. Michael turns to Rich, who advances on him.

RICH CALLAHAN
 Parks Service guys, Mikey?

MICHAEL HARRISON
 Look, Rich, I --

RICH CALLAHAN
 You told me this was a done deal.

MICHAEL HARRISON
 Rich, listen.

RICH CALLAHAN
 You think I came all this way for a
 vacation? I --

MICHAEL HARRISON

Rich!

Rich falls quiet.

MICHAEL HARRISON

Look, I haven't told Mom about the deal yet.

Rich starts to speak again.

MICHAEL HARRISON

Hear me out. You know her. Better than anyone. Right now, with Dad and Cal...

Rich nods solemnly.

MICHAEL HARRISON

She wants to do something "good," whatever that means -- that letting the Parks guys poke around is gonna make her feel better. But I promise you...

(grabbing Rich's shoulder)

A couple days from now, she's gonna get bored of the Parks Guys, she's gonna remember how much fun we used to have, and she's gonna come to her senses.

RICH CALLAHAN

(dubious)

I admire your confidence, but I'm not sure I share it.

MICHAEL HARRISON

Look, Rich -- it's simple. You can give her something the Parks guys can't.

(off Rich's raised eyebrow)

Security.

RICH CALLAHAN

(dubious, but less so)

Security.

MICHAEL HARRISON

Well, that and eight percent.

Rich scoffs.

MICHAEL HARRISON

More than anything, she needs to feel safe right now, whether she knows it or not. Just...

RICH CALLAHAN

What?

MICHAEL HARRISON

She doesn't know about the deal. Just lay low for a couple days, reminisce, whatever. She'll come around.

RICH CALLAHAN

This is a big ask, Mikey.

MICHAEL HARRISON

I know, Rich. But trust me, it's worth it.

He starts up the ladder, followed by Michael. The boat looks small on a dock designed for several boats much larger. On a point in the distance, a wizened lighthouse stands. No light comes from it.

INT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - BASEMENT STAIRS - LATER

MUFFLED VOICES CARRY down through the floorboards, blending with mottled streams of light. At the top of a set of narrow steps, the door opens partway. A narrow stream of light on faint footprints in the dust.

LILY BLANCHARD (O.S.)

Hold on a second.

A hand emerges, fumbles for the switch. Flips it. The golden glow of aging bulbs in aging fixtures. The door swings open fully and Lily descends the steps, followed by Miles, Donovan, and Suzy.

They reach the bottom of the stairs and reach:

INT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - BASEMENT HALLWAY

Extending away from them, wood-paneled walls with doors on either end.

LILY BLANCHARD

Sorry about that. We don't come down here too often, so it's kinda gross.

SUZY LEWIS

Nothing a broom and a vacuum couldn't
take care of.

LILY BLANCHARD

I guess that's true.

They reach a door. Lily pushes it open with a CREAK.

INT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - BASEMENT WINE CELLAR

More elegant light fixtures switch on. Rows upon rows of
empty, decaying spruce racks. No bottles in sight. Donovan
and Miles exchange a glance.

LILY BLANCHARD

I remember coming down here when I
was a kid.

She walks through the racks, trailing her hand as if through
tall grass.

LILY BLANCHARD

I was so scared I would bump a bottle
and they'd all come crashing down.

She stoops suddenly, disappears from view.

A long beat. The group looks at each other, shifting
silently. Suzy walks through the racks, conscious of the
narrow corners and closed sight lines.

A METALLIC CLANK from ahead. Suzy rounds the corner
cautiously...

...as Lily struggles to raise the lid of a heavy wooden
chest. Suzy exhales imperceptibly and helps her. It opens,
revealing several dusty bottles.

LILY BLANCHARD

Mom says these are from way back in
the 1850s. Robert used to give them
to his workers on special occasions.

Suzy eyes the bottles strangely.

LILY BLANCHARD

I imagine they're worth something...

She shuts the trunk with a startling THUNK.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - DARKROOM

Liquid ripples in a tray, cast in red light. Maggie hesitates, jug in hand. Shadows of the ripples playing off her face. She listens for more sound, but, hearing none, empties the jug. Sets it on the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - BASEMENT FURNACE ROOM

Fluorescent lights flicker. Concrete walls bolstered by wood columns. A huge iron boiler fills the room, which is otherwise empty. Hold.

BEHIND THE BOILER

Donovan, Suzy, and Miles stare at something off screen: Donovan troubled, Suzy mildly amused, Miles curious.

REVERSE

A huge crack splits the concrete, green and dripping slightly around the edges. Towels on the floor at its base.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN (O.S.)
How deep does it go?

BACK TO SCENE

where Lily leans against the wall, watching them with an interested expression.

LILY BLANCHARD
I'm not sure.

BACK TO:

INT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - DARKROOM

Maggie holds the camera, rewinding it. Carefully, she removes the roll of film. Considers it. Puts in her headphones. Something SAD AND SWEET PLAYS, tinny and muffled. Her eyes well with emotion -- clearly, the song means something to her.

She cuts the lights. A POP as the canister opens. SCRATCHING NOISES as she loads the reel.

Suddenly: a beam of light darts across her face as the door creaks open.

MAGGIE

screams as the door opens fully, revealing Lily.

Maggie frantically hides the reel inside her shirt, knocking over the jug on the floor in the process. Lily stands, shocked, in the doorway, Miles over her shoulder.

MAGGIE SMITH

(frantic)

Shut the door!

LILY

in the doorway, not moving. Suddenly, it registers and she grabs the door. In the split second before it closes:

MAGGIE

stares out, her eyes welling with panic. She locks eyes with:

MILES

who stares back, helpless.

The DOOR SLAMS.

CUT TO BLACK

PRE-LAP: LAUGHTER and ICE CLINKING

INT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Michael, Rich, and Sheriff Waits lounge in the expensive furniture. Rich gets up, walks to the bar.

MICHAEL HARRISON

Hell, Rich, I'll have to take out a loan, the way you're drinking.

Rich grins.

RICH CALLAHAN

It's not my fault Bob's been telling the same story for an hour.

SHERIFF BOB WAITS

(a little tipsy)

You love my stories cause they make you look good.

Rich sits back down, sipping his drink.

RICH CALLAHAN
Only the ones I look good in.

More laughter.

MARGARET BLANCHARD (O.S.)
Glad to see you're all enjoying
yourselves.

Everyone turns. A moment of stunned silence as Margaret leans in the doorway.

RICH CALLAHAN
Margaret! It's great to see you!

He stands up and crosses the room, giving Margaret a hug and kissing her cheek. Margaret closes her eyes for a moment: strain, or maybe relief.

The other men stand as Margaret crosses the room. Sheriff Waits nods and she takes the chair Michael offers, sitting carefully.

MICHAEL HARRISON
Sorry, Mom. I told them you were
resting, or we would've come straight
up.

MARGARET BLANCHARD
That was very sweet of you, Mikey. I
was, but I just couldn't bear laying
up there knowing I was missing out on
the party.

RICH CALLAHAN
I'd hardly call this a party. Bob.

SHERIFF BOB WAITS
You're certainly drinking like it is,
Rich.

The group laughs.

MARGARET BLANCHARD
Speaking of, where's Grace? We can
have some real cocktails, and you can
meet our other guests.
(beat)
Eli!

Following her voice, the guests turn to see Eli standing in the doorway.

RICH CALLAHAN
 Jesus Christ. How long has he been standing there?

MARGARET BLANCHARD
 (to Eli)
 Eli, go see if Grace and our guests would like to join us.

Eli turns down the hall.

SHERIFF BOB WAITS
 Kid still isn't talking?

MARGARET BLANCHARD
 Here and there.

MICHAEL HARRISON
 He's been through a lot, and these things take time.

Waits nods.

MICHAEL HARRISON
 Now, Bob, maybe you'd like to start your story over?

Rich groans as everyone else laughs.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - LILY'S ROOM

Faint LAUGHTER from below. Lily sits on the bed as Taylor reclines in a cushioned wicker chair in the corner. Taylor scoffs, gesturing below.

TAYLOR CALLAHAN
 Listen to him, drunk already.

LILY BLANCHARD
 I know. We need to catch up.

Taylor smiles.

TAYLOR CALLAHAN
 That's not what I meant.

LILY BLANCHARD

It's summer. Why should they have all the fun? Plus, we gotta build up your tolerance for the fall.

TAYLOR CALLAHAN

Okay, Lily, calm down. My tolerance is plenty high.

She reaches into her backpack and pulls out a fancy wooden box. Inside are several joints.

TAYLOR CALLAHAN

(smiling)

I'm just saying, there's more fun to be had than drinking.

LILY BLANCHARD

I'm glad you're here, Taylor. I--hold on.

Lily rolls off the bed, rummages around in her closet. She emerges with a small mason jar, handing it to Taylor, who unscrews the lid. Surprise and excitement in her eyes.

TAYLOR CALLAHAN

Where'd you get them?

LILY BLANCHARD

They're all over the forest, apparently. Cal just knew which ones to pick.

A brief flash of worry crosses Taylor's face.

TAYLOR CALLAHAN

You're sure they're safe?

Lily laughs.

LILY BLANCHARD

Don't worry. He knew every plant on this island.

(beat)

Only one way to find out for sure, though.

Taylor smiles, nervous, but excited. She screws the top back on the jar.

TAYLOR CALLAHAN

I'm glad I'm here too, Lily.

FADE OUT

EXT. BLUFF - SUNSET

Madrona trees sway in the breeze, their red bark shining in the golden light against the ocean. Several gravestones dot the landscape -- two more recent than the rest. Maggie stands between them, watching the water.

MAGGIE SMITH
She's leaving me too, Cal.

She shakes her head sadly.

MAGGIE SMITH
I don't know what to do.
(beat)
This place, it doesn't want her here.

The sun sinks below the horizon.

MAGGIE SMITH
But I do.

A BRANCH SNAPS behind her. Maggie turns to see Suzy standing a distance away, out of earshot but watching.

MAGGIE SMITH
You surprised me.

SUZY LEWIS
I'm sorry. I was trying to find a place to watch the sunset.

MAGGIE SMITH
You found one.

She pats Cal's tombstone. Suzy approaches, reads the name. Understands. They sit together in silence. Finally:

MAGGIE SMITH
His grandfather's here too. He passed a few months after Cal.
(gesturing back)
All the family, the last 150 years.

The MADRONA BRANCHES WHISPER in the wind.

MAGGIE SMITH
I wonder if my great-grandfather was buried here once. I can't think of a better place to spend eternity.

Suzy smiles, says nothing.

MAGGIE SMITH
 (darkening)
 I wonder if they dug him up.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. PATIO - LATER

The celebrations have moved outside. Flames lick soundlessly through polished glass rocks in an outdoor fireplace. A hot tub in the background. Margaret drinks an Aperol Spritz, Michael and Sheriff Waits and Rich tumblers of Scotch. Everyone is drunk.

RICH CALLAHAN
 You mean to tell me you've never
 fished the bay?

Michael shakes his head, laughing.

MICHAEL HARRISON
 Not once.

SHERIFF BOB WAITS
 Blasphemy, Mikey. Blasphemy.

RICH CALLAHAN
 Hell, I've got a rod on the boat.
 I'll go right now.

He moves to get up, stumbles.

MICHAEL HARRISON
 Not a chance, Rich. That bay's
 protected tribal fishing ground.

RICH CALLAHAN
 What the hell does that mean?

SHERIFF BOB WAITS
 It means no development on the
 waterfront, and no fishing except by
 Indians.

Rich shoots a panicked look at Michael, who shakes his head dismissively and mouths "don't worry about it."

RICH CALLAHAN
 Do they use it?

SHERIFF BOB WAITS

(laughing)

Well, it's kinda tough to get to.

MARGARET BLANCHARD

The bay is protected, but they can't dock in the harbor, so there haven't been many people out so far.

MICHAEL HARRISON

Any people, actually.

An awkward pause. Sheriff Waits gets up, swaying slightly. On the way to the bar, he stumbles and falls, his glass shattering on the stone patio. He starts to pick up the pieces and cuts his hand.

SHERIFF BOB WAITS

Shit.

As he wrings his hand, someone kneels carefully next to him.

SUZY LEWIS (O.S.)

Here, let me give you a hand.

SHERIFF BOB WAITS

(mumbling)

Thanks. I --

He looks up and they recognize each other from the other day. For a moment, panic flushes across his drunken face, which Suzy notes with amusement. She has the power now.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN (O.S.)

Are we late to the party?

Behind Suzy stand Donovan and Miles, who smiles sheepishly. Rich raises a glass,

RICH CALLAHAN

Right on time, fellas!

He suddenly remembers that these are his competitors and falls quiet.

MARGARET BLANCHARD

Ms. Lewis, Bob, don't worry about all that glass. Just watch your step and someone will get it in the morning.

Suzy hesitates -- she knows who "someone" will be -- but Sheriff Waits is already retreating to the bar.

SHERIFF BOB WAITS
 (still embarrassed)
 Can I get you a drink?

Suzy rises reluctantly.

SUZY LEWIS
 Oh, no thanks!

Sheriff Waits blinks, his attempt to save face cheerfully cast aside. A beat as he tries to think of a response, fails. He turns to Donovan and Miles.

SHERIFF BOB WAITS
 What about you boys?

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN
 What are you having?

RICH CALLAHAN
 (raising a glass)
 Scotch.

Donovan smiles.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN
 Scotch it is. Miles?

Miles pauses, conflicted. Grins.

MILES BAKER
 Yeah, why not?

A chorus of cheers from the men. They sit down. Sheriff Waits eyes Suzy, who shifts in her seat.

Miles is about to drink when Margaret stands suddenly. Her eyes have an intensity that's difficult to place, a strange brew of mania and hope amplified by the reflection of the flickering firelight. She raises her glass, looking at each of them in turn, a suddenly dominant presence.

MARGARET BLANCHARD
 To old friends and new guests. To my wonderful family. Most of all, to Dad and Cal.
 (choking up)
 This island will always be your home -- our home -- and we're going to make sure it's one you can always be proud of. I promise.

A long pause as Margaret's glass hangs in the air, her eyes misty and far away. Then:

MILES BAKER

(softly)

To home.

He downs his glass. Margaret looks at him with an intense gratitude: they understand each other.

Suzy nods solemnly.

SUZY LEWIS

To home.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN

To home.

He too drains his glass. One by one, the other members of the circle raise their glasses to the past, the present, and the future. Margaret watches each of them in turn, emotion building in her eyes. Finally, it's quiet.

MARGARET BLANCHARD

To home.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. THE CALLAHAN'S SAILBOAT - DAY

MARGARET

Stands at the bow, the wind blowing her hair back as she scans the horizon. She's looking for something. In the sunlight, she looks beautiful, almost happy, but there's worry in her eyes.

Michael approaches, wearing a tasteful sweater and boat shoes. He moves gracefully on the deck, like a shark in water.

MICHAEL HARRISON

Hi, Mom.

The worry fades away. She smiles and turns. Michael bends down and kisses Margaret on the cheek.

MARGARET BLANCHARD

It's a beautiful day, isn't it?

MICHAEL HARRISON

Sure is.

MARGARET BLANCHARD

I'm so glad we could get everyone out here.

She looks back along the deck to where the Callahans, Lily, and the three surveyors are lounging around -- everyone talking and laughing.

MICHAEL HARRISON

I'm glad everyone's out here too, Mom.

Margaret gets his meaning but says nothing, just shakes her head and smiles. Just then:

A commotion from the stern. Everyone rising, pointing excitedly off to starboard. Rich begins to lower the sail.

Margaret and Michael join the group. Donovan turns to them, grinning like a schoolboy.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN

Orcas.

He points.

OUT IN THE WATER

Several huge black fins cut the surface, leaving barely a ripple.

BACK TO SCENE

Miles points at the rigging.

MILES BAKER

(to Rich)

May I?

Rich nods.

RICH CALLAHAN

Be careful.

Miles scampers up the rigging as Lily and Taylor share a sly glance, impressed. At the top he sways in the breeze, looking for all the world like an intrepid explorer as he raises his binoculars. Bated breath as he watches the pod.

Finally, he lowers the binoculars.

MILES BAKER
(calling down)
Transients!

A disappointed murmur runs through the group. Only Rich looks confused.

RICH CALLAHAN
What's wrong with transients?

Suzy smiles good-naturedly.

SUZY LEWIS
Nothing's 'wrong' with them, per se. Transient pods move up and down the coast throughout the seasons, covering a huge range from Southern California to Alaska. Sometimes they stop by the Salish Sea, like these folks here.

TAYLOR CALLAHAN
(chiming in)
But we've already got Orcas here.

SUZY LEWIS
Exactly. There's three pods of "resident" Orcas. They live here all the time and only eat Chinook salmon, unlike the transients.

TAYLOR CALLAHAN
Who eat seals and everything.

SUZY LEWIS
Since the Chinook population has dropped off so much from dams and overfishing, the resident pods are shrinking. Now they're kind of like local celebrities.

MILES BAKER
A few weeks ago, everyone got real excited because they spotted T'luk in the bay with a few other Orcas.

MARGARET BLANCHARD
T'luk?

SUZY LEWIS

Coast Salish for "moon." He's an albino, and everyone's been rooting for him since he got caught up bad in a fishing boat a few years ago.

RICH CALLAHAN

So why don't they just eat seals like the other whales do?

Suzy shakes her head sadly.

SUZY LEWIS

They're just doing what they've always done.

(beat)

Their pods are matriarchal, so the only way they'd change food sources is if the matriarch made the change.

Silence as they watch the pod.

SUZY LEWIS

More likely, they'll just leave or starve to death.

RICH CALLAHAN

Serves them right, I guess.

Suzy glares at him, about to respond when:

OVER SUZY'S SHOULDER

Margaret begins to sway drunkenly, a dazed look in her eyes. She opens her mouth as if to speak, fumbles for the railing as her knees give out --

Misses the railing, pitching backwards off the side of the boat as she collapses. SPLASH.

TOP OF MAST

We can't see the water as Miles dives gracefully off and disappears from view.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. TOP OF LIGHTHOUSE - EVENING

SPLASH.

Centered in the frame, the lighthouse beacon refracts the sinking sun through cracked and faded glass. A heron, hunched on the railing, takes off.

More SPLASHES, faint voices heard below.

EXT. BASE OF LIGHTHOUSE

Taylor and Lily swim in the water, jumping off the rocks near the base of the lighthouse.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE BEACH

Twenty feet away, Miles and Suzy sit in Adirondack chairs. Miles with a beer and Suzy with a Squirt. Miles rolls the bottle cap between his fingers anxiously.

SUZY LEWIS
She'll be okay.

Miles smiles, surprised she noticed.

MILES BAKER
I know.
(the smile fades)
It's just...

SUZY LEWIS
(nodding solemnly)
This island wasn't meant to be tamed.

A pause. More SPLASHES in the background.

MILES BAKER
I don't think it has been.

A FIGURE steps into view from behind Miles, out of focus.

RACK FOCUS to reveal: Eli. He's silent, watching the water.

SUZY LEWIS
(calling out)
Hey! It's Eli, right?

He turns to look at her, saying nothing.

SUZY LEWIS
Are you looking for something?

Michael walks down the path behind Eli, grinning.

MICHAEL HARRISON
 She's still resting. Thought some
 fresh air would do us good.

BASE OF LIGHTHOUSE

Taylor and Lily turn to wave.

LILY BLANCHARD
 Wanna go for a swim? The water's
 great!

LIGHTHOUSE BEACH

As Eli considers it. Michael cocks his head to the side.
 Before anyone can react, he scoops up Eli, runs to the

BASE OF LIGHTHOUSE

and jumps into the water. SPLASH!

Eli comes up for air, sputtering, as everyone else laughs
 good-naturedly. Eli swims deftly back to the beach, where he
 sits in the sand. As he watches the swimmers play, he smiles
 softly for the first time in a long time.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE BEACH - LATER THAT NIGHT

A CAMPFIRE CRACKLES, sending sparks into the night. Michael
 helps Eli quietly toast a s'more. Donovan is telling a
 story, egged on by Alan -- the two seem to have become fast
 friends. Suzy, Miles, Taylor and Lily listen, amused. Taylor
 and Lily now drink Rainier Beer, conjured from some hidden
 stash.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN
 ...hold on, hold on, let me finish.

ALAN SMITH
 You could've been finished an hour
 ago.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN
 Yeah, if you hadn't been
 interrupting.

Alan makes an exaggerated "go ahead" gesture.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN
 Thank you.

(MORE)

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN (cont'd)

(beat)

So finally, the rain stops and I go back down the mountain to camp, and everything is gone. Tent, chairs, all the equipment. Flash flood had washed it all away.

LILY BLANCHARD

So what'd you do?

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN

Well, my radio was toast, but I'm probably twenty miles from the nearest town, so I just started walking.

TAYLOR CALLAHAN

Twenty miles?

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN

The food was gone too, didn't have much of a choice. So I walk for a couple hours, maybe four miles, and it's just about dark, and then I see it.

ALAN SMITH

An end to this story?

Donovan throws an empty can at him.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN

My brand-new Subaru.

Donovan savors the group's surprise.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN

She'd gotten lodged up against a couple trees, somehow, just off the road. There was some food and an emergency blanket in there, so I just curled up and went to sleep. The next morning, she started right up, so I dug her out and drove the rest of the way. Haven't driven another car since.

A round of applause, some earnest, some sarcastic. In the lull, Lily leans forward, mischievous.

LILY BLANCHARD

So what are we gonna do now?

ALAN SMITH

(grinning)

You sound like you've got some ideas, Lils, and that means it's time for me to go to bed.

(beat)

Me and Dr. D need to rest up for the big trip, anyway.

(to Suzy and Miles)

You young folks coming?

Suzy considers it, smiles.

SUZY LEWIS

We'll stay out a little longer.

Miles nods and Donovan chuckles as he and Alan head up the hill, making a big show of groaning.

Lily stands up, making sure they're gone.

LILY BLANCHARD

Alright, come on.

She disappears into the shadows towards the beach, followed by Taylor, smiling shyly. Miles and Suzy look at each other, then follow.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

The water RIPPLES QUIETLY in the darkness. Off screen, soft voices whisper, FOOTSTEPS SCRAPE and CLATTER on unseen rocks. A soft grunt of exertion, then held breaths. One, two, three...

SPLASH. A large rock hits the surface and the water explodes into light: bioluminescence. Bright flashes of green map the water droplets as they land, then ripple outwards.

SPLASH. Another rock and the rippling water glows brighter.

LILY

Watches the water, green light playing off her face. Overwhelmed by emotion but not sure what it is.

TAYLOR

Next to her in the rippling light. In awe, yet struggling to contain a deep sadness.

SUZY

Smiling softly, taken by a peaceful melancholy.

MILES

Transfixed, smiling, yet hungry, as if he could drink in the view and keep it forever.

LILY BLANCHARD

This was our favorite part of summer when we were kids. We would come down here every night.

MAGGIE SMITH (O.S.)

The nights were darker back then.

The group turns, surprised. Maggie sits a distance away on a rock, her arms wrapped around her knees. As she turns to face them, the water casts her face in a strange light.

MAGGIE SMITH

The glow gets fainter every year.

Lily watches her, tenderness rising unexpectedly.

LILY BLANCHARD

(softly)

They're still glowing like they always do.

Lily walks the short distance to Maggie. Puts her hand on Maggie's shoulder. Maggie squeezes it.

LILY BLANCHARD

It just gets harder to see it.

In silence, they all watch the water. The only sounds are the WAVES LAPPING and the DISTANT CALL of GULLS.

CUT TO BLACK

EXT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - MORNING

BIRDS CHIRP. GRAVEL CRUNCHES as Sheriff Waits' Jeep tears up the driveway and rocks to a stop. Rich steps out to meet him.

RICH CALLAHAN

You ready?

SHERIFF BOB WAITS

It's been too long.

The JEEP DOOR SLAMS.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MORNING

Suzy kneels by an open closet door, rummaging inside. She removes a sleeping bag, backpack, and pad, and begins loading the pack.

Suddenly, the sound of BREAKING GLASS from down the hall. Suzy rises, walking quietly along the hallway until she reaches the end. Pushes the door. It swings open, showing:

INT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

Where Margaret kneels, hurriedly picking pieces of broken glass off the wet floor. Michael stands above her.

MICHAEL HARRISON
It's gonna be okay, Mom.

She grabs a piece, cuts herself. Blood wells.

MARGARET BLANCHARD
Shit!

MICHAEL HARRISON
Mom, stop, let me.

MARGARET BLANCHARD
(embarrassed, frantic)
Clumsy, too clumsy. I'm sorry, Mikey.
Don't cut your feet.

MICHAEL HARRISON
I won't, Mom.

A beat as Margaret keeps cleaning. She puts the last big piece in the half-broken glass, now stained with blood. Slumps back against the bedframe, still on the floor. Looks up at Michael, desperation in her eyes.

MARGARET BLANCHARD
It's all gone?

MICHAEL HARRISON
(nodding)
After the renovations, there wasn't
much left.

(MORE)

MICHAEL HARRISON (cont'd)
He invested the rest in a fiber optic
company without telling anyone, then
they folded.

Margaret stares at the wall, barely hearing.

MICHAEL HARRISON
I was only notified once the divorce
was finalized.

Still motionless. At the door, Suzy watches with bated
breath.

MICHAEL HARRISON
Mom?

Suddenly, Margaret sits bold upright, grabs the glass with
the shards inside.

MARGARET BLANCHARD
That BASTARD!

She hurls the glass at the door, sending shards everywhere
and forcing Suzy to jump back. When she returns to the
crack, Margaret is collapsed again, sobbing, Michael next to
her.

MICHAEL HARRISON
Listen, Mom, it's gonna be okay. I've
got a plan, I'm gonna take care of
everything.

Margaret shakes her head. Sucks on her bleeding hand.

MICHAEL HARRISON
Look at me.

She does, slowly. Face stained.

MICHAEL HARRISON
Rich and Taylor, they're not just
visiting. I invited Rich to come
survey the land, to consider buying
it, cutting us in on the development.

Suzy covers her mouth.

MICHAEL HARRISON
We've been talking about opening a
resort, a sort of game preserve,
modifying the house to serve guests.

MARGARET BLANCHARD
Strangers?

MICHAEL HARRISON
(exasperated)
Mom, we're leaving anyway.

MARGARET BLANCHARD
(dazed)
Yes, I suppose you're right.

MICHAEL HARRISON
Look, we know Rich. You know Rich. He
wouldn't do anything to hurt this
place.

Margaret looks up at him, fearful. Michael puts his arm
around her.

MICHAEL HARRISON
Don't worry, Mom. I'm here.

Margaret closes her eyes and slumps against her son.

Suzy rises from the door, quiet as can be. A FLOORBOARD
CREAKS under her and she freezes. Michael narrows his eyes
and rises, moves closer to the door. Pushes it open...

...revealing an empty hallway.

PRE-LAP: An AIRPLANE ENGINE ROARS.

INT. PLANE COCKPIT - DAY

Michael and Miles sit side-by-side, wearing headsets. Miles
stares out the window down at the island. Michael stares
straight ahead.

MILES BAKER
(loudly)
You don't realize how big the
property is, til you're way up here.

Michael nods.

MILES BAKER
Thanks again for having us out
here -- it's been a lot of fun to get
to know your family and the land a
little more personally.

MICHAEL HARRISON
I used to hike it all with Dad and
Cal when we were kids.

(beat)
Got my first buck out there when I
was 14.

MILES BAKER
Oh yeah?

MICHAEL HARRISON
You hunt?

MILES BAKER
Never much had a taste for it.

MICHAEL HARRISON
Not for everyone, I guess.

Silence for a few moments, then:

MICHAEL HARRISON
Were you outside Margaret's room
earlier?

MILES BAKER
What?

MICHAEL HARRISON
Listening. Someone was outside
listening to us while we were
talking.

MILES BAKER
(defensive)
No, I wasn't. I don't know who --

MICHAEL HARRISON
Was it your grandpa?

MILES BAKER
Dr. Donovan? I don't think, he would
never...

MICHAEL HARRISON
(cutting him off)
You know what, forget it.

MILES BAKER
Are you sure? If you're upset about
something...

MICHAEL HARRISON

Forget it.

They turn back forward, sitting in awkward silence. All of a sudden, Miles leans forward, grabs a bag from his lap, throws up into it.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Suzy and Grace kneel side by side, pulling weeds in a corner that looks neater than the rest. Small shoots in the soil -- three different kinds.

SUZY LEWIS

Were you and Cal close?

GRACE SMITH

I was like an aunt to him, sort of. Taught him as much as I could about gardening, once he took the interest. He was a good student.

SUZY LEWIS

(looking around)

It must've been beautiful in full bloom.

GRACE SMITH

It killed me to watch it fade away. I don't have the time he did, but I do what I can. The essentials.

SUZY LEWIS

Corns, bean, squash.

Grace smiles.

GRACE SMITH

I'd love to bring it back to health. Maggie helps out when she can, but I can tell her heart's not in it.

SUZY LEWIS

She'll get there.

GRACE SMITH

You think so?

SUZY LEWIS

I do. One way or another, the land
always finds a way to win us over.

They lock eyes, share another smile. Silently, they continue
pulling weeds. Hold.

Suddenly, the PLANE ENGINE ROARS overhead, rustling the
weeds. The women look up.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GUEST HOUSE - MILES' ROOM - LATER

Grace opens the door gently, carrying a towel and a steaming
cup. Donovan stands in the corner, concerned, as Miles lies
in bed, shivering and covered in blankets.

Grace sets down the items on the bedside table, puts the
back of her hand on Miles' forehead. He flinches a little,
closes his eyes with a sigh. Grace turns to Donovan.

GRACE SMITH

Well, he's definitely got a fever,
but I wouldn't be too worried at this
point. Probably just a little bug.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN

Probably?

GRACE SMITH

We can get a doctor, but at this
point, rest will help more than
anything else.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN

What about the trip tomorrow? We
can't postpone it any longer.

Grace chuckles, shaking her head. Miles struggles to raise
himself in the bed, and Donovan rushes to help him.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN

Easy, tiger.

Grace hands Miles the cup. He pauses, suspicious.

GRACE SMITH

Don't worry, it's just tea.

Miles drinks, closing his eyes again, this time with
pleasure.

GRACE SMITH

Better?

He nods, hands the cup back. Grace takes it and leaves as Miles turns to Donovan.

MILES BAKER

(weakly)

I'll be okay, Chuck...I'm sure I'll be feeling better by the morning...

His eyes half-close. Donovan pats his shoulder.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN

Not a chance, kid. It's just a survey, I've done plenty on my own. Plus, I'm sure Suzy can help out.

MILES BAKER

(half-asleep)

Just give me til the morning, Chuck. I'll be a-okay...

He shivers, sinks deeper into his blankets.

MILES BAKER

I'll be fine.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN

See you in a couple days, kid.

Donovan pats him, then rises. At the door, he looks back over his shoulder, his eyes soft with emotion. He flips the light switch and leaves, closing the door softly behind him.

INT. THE GUEST HOUSE - MILES' ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

The room is cast in shadow, soft moonlight streaming through the shades. Outside, an OWL HOOTS.

The door swings open silently. A woman silhouetted in the doorway. She steps inside, into the moonlight: Maggie.

MAGGIE SMITH

(softly)

Miles.

Miles stirs. She walks to him, touches his shoulder.

MAGGIE SMITH

Miles.

His eyes open slowly, focusing. He finds her face, confusion fading. He smiles.

MILES BAKER

Maggie.

She smiles back, her hand on his bare chest.

MAGGIE SMITH

Come with me.

She rises, taking his hand. He rises with her, shedding the mass of blankets, wearing only his boxers. Together, they walk to the door, Maggie leading him. Another step and they disappear from view.

INT. THE GUEST HOUSE - HALLWAY

Maggie leads him softly down the dark staircase, the photos on the walls watching them descend: an old growth stump, a fishing boat, a group of tents huddled together. A rusted, two-handled saw mounted above them. He reaches the bottom, opens the door.

EXT. THE FOREST - NIGHT

As they close the guest house door behind them. They stand side by side, watching something.

A deer stands alone in the clearing, watching them back. The OWL HOOTS again.

Miles looks afraid, but Maggie smiles at him, leading him slowly towards the deer. It shies nervously, but doesn't flee.

They reach the deer. Maggie looks again at Miles, deeply.

MAGGIE SMITH

Trust me.

She takes his hand, places it gently on the deer's nose. With the contact, the deer's eyes close, and it breathes noisily. Miles closes his eyes as well.

When he opens his eyes, Maggie is gone. The deer bolts suddenly, the spell broken.

MILES BAKER

Maggie?

He looks around, suddenly alone in a dark forest. The OWL HOOTS and he sees it in a tree, watching him. He backs cautiously in the other direction, down a gravel path.

As he walks down the path, it becomes denser, the sides overgrown with ferns and blackberries, the gravel fading among wild grasses. The footing turns to mud and still he struggles forward, each step a battle now. He cuts himself on the blackberries, overripe the juice running down his arms, staining his chest.

One more push and he emerges from the thicket, the forest depositing him on:

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE BEACH

It's dark -- no moon -- but a small campfire burns near the shore. As he draws nearer, Maggie emerges from the shadows to stand in front of the fire, silhouetted once again. She begins to undress, slowly removing her shirt, then her pants, then her underwear, until she stands naked before him.

He reaches her and she looks into his eyes, smiles shyly.

MAGGIE SMITH
I've been waiting for you.

She steps forward and kisses him deeply, tenderly. He kisses her back, wrapping his arm around her waist.

They separate, staring at each other once again. Suddenly, Maggie sees something over Miles' shoulder. The color drains from her face, horror written across it.

Miles whirls, afraid.

On the dark edge of the forest, the trail leading away into shadow. The trees sway in the wind, which has picked up suddenly. Nothing can be seen beyond the beach.

Miles turns back around to see Maggie waist deep in the water, wading towards the lighthouse, a trail of bioluminescence swirling behind her.

MILES BAKER
Maggie, wait!

She looks back, the fear still in her eyes, continues wading. Miles runs after her, diving into the water.

UNDER THE WATER

All is silent, swirls of green.

He breaks the surface, gasping for air, WAVES SPLASHING and WIND WHIPPING. In front of him, Maggie has reached the lighthouse and is climbing up the rocks. He swims harder, desperate to catch her.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE

He reaches the rocks as she disappears through the lighthouse doorway.

THE LIGHTHOUSE DOOR

Hanging open, the darkness inside impenetrable. A mouth. Hold. From out of frame, Miles reaches it, follows Maggie into the dark, the door swinging shut behind him. Hold.

EXT. TOP OF LIGHTHOUSE

As the upper door bursts open, Miles emerging. The WIND WHIPS fast and loud, biting his face. He pushes on, following the narrow catwalk around to the other side, where Maggie stands on the railing, swaying.

She looks over her shoulder, sees him.

MAGGIE SMITH
They tried to warn you.

She steps off the railing and falls from view.

Miles rushes forward, leans over the railing, only to see... nothing. The rocks below battered by the waves, but Maggie is nowhere to be found.

A FLUTTERING behind him. He turns again and comes face to face with a great blue heron, perched on the railing and staring at him with emotionless black eyes. It opens its beak, SCREECHING.

He jumps backwards, stumbling and falling over the railing.

He falls, spinning, the wind carrying him away from the rocks, down and down and

SPLASH!

EXT. BELOW THE SURFACE

Silence. Green light swirling around him once again, bright at first. He calms, opening his eyes and looking around. A pair of salmon swims past, trailing tracers of green. He follows them with his eyes until they disappear.

A beat. Then, he senses something. Slowly turns around in the water to find himself...

FACE TO FACE WITH A HUGE WHITE ORCA.

It's T'LUK, towering over him, a scar trailing down his face, fishing line still embedded in one end. The whale doesn't move, just floats there. Huge. Staring. Waiting.

INT. THE GUEST HOUSE - MILES' ROOM

Miles jolts upright, gasping. Covered in sweat, blankets a tangled mess around him. He sits up, breathing hard. Looks around, slowly regaining composure.

He takes a deep, shuddering breath, staring straight ahead.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. THE FOREST - LATE MORNING

A stag stands in a clearing. Cloudy late-morning light. He raises his head, antlers tall and proud.

BANG!

A bullet hole appears in his left flank, blossoming red. He bolts into the woods.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FOREST - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Michael stands over the dead stag. It's started to RAIN, PATTERNING off the leaves. He looks down at it. Its dead eye looks back at him.

Sheriff Waits steps up behind him. A beat of silence, then:

SHERIFF BOB WAITS
That was damn stupid, Mikey.

Michael doesn't react, still watching the deer.

MICHAEL HARRISON
 Don't lecture me, Sheriff. This is
 still my land.

SHERIFF BOB WAITS
 Your mother's land.

Michael bristles.

SHERIFF BOB WAITS
 They're not her deer. Yours neither.
 Not in the law's eyes, or mine. Or
 God's, for that matter.

That does it. Michael turns on the sheriff as Donovan steps
 out of the woods with Alan, who totes several bags.

MICHAEL HARRISON
 Then arrest me, "Sheriff," goddammit!
 Or wait for God to do it, you're so
 high and mighty.

Michael shoves Waits, who steps coolly back, then forward,
 forcing Michael to retreat. Despite Waits being shorter, he
 looms over Michael.

SHERIFF BOB WAITS
 We know I won't do that, Mike,
 because of the respect I have for
 your mother. But if this weren't your
 last trip, it'd be a different story.

He turns to walk back into the woods, then stops and faces
 Michael again.

SHERIFF BOB WAITS
 You're the man of this family now,
 Mikey. Time to start acting like it.

Michael starts to say something, but Waits holds up a hand.

SHERIFF BOB WAITS
 And you better dress that fucking
 deer.

He walks off, leaving Michael speechless. He pulls out his
 spotless hunting knife, throws it in frustration into the
 ground.

INT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - KITCHEN - MIDDAY

Maggie stands at the counter, chopping vegetables and bobbing her head to music in her headphones. She looks around furtively, goes to the cabinet, and takes a handful of chocolate chips from a bag inside. Savors them.

She closes the cabinet, revealing Lily leaning in the doorway. Maggie starts.

LILY BLANCHARD
You busy?

Maggie smiles.

MAGGIE SMITH
Only a little.

The smile fades from Maggie's face as she returns to the vegetables. Lily notices, pauses, unsure how to start. Then:

LILY BLANCHARD
Maggie?

Maggie looks up, sees Lily's face. Puts down the knife. Takes out her headphones.

LILY BLANCHARD
I'm sorry about the photos.

MAGGIE SMITH
(brushing her off)
It's okay. It was an accident.

LILY BLANCHARD
That's the thing. It --

She pauses, scared to go on.

LILY BLANCHARD
It was, but -- I don't know. Part of me knew you might be in there, that I should knock, not come in.

She looks to Maggie for reassurance, but Maggie's face hardens.

LILY BLANCHARD
I just...it killed me to know that you had those photos, those memories that you'd get to see for the first time. I've already got all the memories I'll ever have with him.

Maggie softens, just a little.

LILY BLANCHARD
 And knowing even if I had the photos,
 they wouldn't mean anything to me.
 They're just yours. And his.

Maggie steps around the counter, slowly.

LILY BLANCHARD
 (about to cry)
 But now you don't even have them, and
 that's even worse. I took that from
 you, and --

Maggie draws even with her, eye to eye.

LILY BLANCHARD
 Maggie, I'm sorry.

Maggie hugs her fiercely and Lily sobs.

LILY BLANCHARD
 I'm so sorry.

MAGGIE SMITH
 Shhh. It's okay. It's really okay.

LILY BLANCHARD
 Do you mean that?

They separate, Maggie holding Lily by the shoulders.

MAGGIE SMITH
 I do.
 (hesitating a beat)
 And...not all of the photos were
 ruined.

LILY BLANCHARD
 Really?

MAGGIE SMITH
 Most of them, yeah, but a couple, on
 the inside of the roll, they got
 covered up in time.
 (another hesitation)
 I can show them to you later, if you
 want.

Lily thinks about it, her eyes hungry.

LILY BLANCHARD

No, that's...that's okay. They're yours.

Lily smiles. Maggie smiles back. Lily leaves, pausing again at the doorway. She looks into the hallway, then:

LILY BLANCHARD

You know, I still have those mushrooms Cal got for me. Me and Taylor were going to take them tomorrow, while everyone's still out camping. If you want...

She raises her eyebrows at Maggie. Maggie hesitates, then smiles slyly.

EXT. THE FOREST - LATER

Suzy stands perfectly still, surrounded by ferns, holding a rectangular card with an orange X on it. She holds her breath. Eyes scanning the forest.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN (O.S.)

Got it!

SUZY LEWIS

You got it?

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN

Yep!

Suzy relaxes, walking through the ferns. She meets Donovan, walking towards her with a small camera.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN

That's almost all of them.

SUZY LEWIS

Great.

They turn to walk together down a game trail. After a beat:

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN

I really appreciate your help with this.

They lock eyes. A moment of genuine gratitude.

SUZY LEWIS

No problem.

Another few steps, then Suzy bends to study a fern, almost caressing it as she inspects the spores.

SUZY LEWIS
Not that it matters.

Donovan frowns at the plant.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN
Something wrong with it?

SUZY LEWIS
The fern is fine. The whole forest,
in fact. Thriving.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN
Then what is it?

Suzy pauses. Should she tell him? She stands, letting out a long breath.

SUZY LEWIS
We don't have a chance at the bid.
Either of us.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN
What do you mean?

SUZY LEWIS
I overheard Michael and Mrs.
Blanchard talking.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN
And?

SUZY LEWIS
The Callahans, they're not just here
visiting. Rich is inspecting the land
too. To turn it into a resort.

Donovan steps back, surprised. Then he composes himself.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN
Well, we came expecting competition.
Now we've got some more. Mrs.
Blanchard wouldn't waste our time if
she wasn't interested in hearing our
proposals.

Suzy looks at him, pitying the hope in his eyes.

SUZY LEWIS
They're broke, Chuck.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN
 Look, we've got money too, we --

SUZY LEWIS
 Not this kind of money. Not a cut of
 the profits a resort like that's
 gonna make.

Chuck prepares another defense, desperate.

SUZY LEWIS
 Mrs. Blanchard didn't know until
 yesterday. Michael planned it all
 out.

The hope shatters. Chuck shakes his head, despondent. Suzy
 puts a hand hesitantly on his shoulder.

SUZY LEWIS
 Come on. Let's finish the cards.

Together, they continue down the trail.

INT. THE GUEST HOUSE - MILES' ROOM - AFTERNOON

Miles sits in bed, reading a worn copy of A SAND COUNTY
 ALMANAC. He looks disheveled, but healthier. The fever has
 broken.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. Gentle rapping on the door. Miles eyes it
 cautiously.

MAGGIE SMITH
 (from outside)
 Miles? Are you awake?

Miles freezes, then hurriedly fixes his hair, smooths the
 covers. Swings his feet off the side of the bed.

MILES BAKER
 Yeah. Come in.

The door swings open silently. Maggie pauses in the
 threshold.

MAGGIE SMITH
 How are you feeling?

MILES BAKER
 Much better, thanks. Had some trouble
 sleeping, though.

MAGGIE SMITH
I know the feeling.
(beat)
What are you reading?

MILES BAKER
(showing her the
cover)
Aldo Leopold.

MAGGIE SMITH
We read that junior year. He writes
beautifully.

MILES BAKER
Always brings me back to center.
Reminds me what's important.

A long pause. Maggie shifts uncomfortably.

MILES BAKER
Is everything okay?

MAGGIE SMITH
Yeah, it's...yeah. I just wanted to
let you know, that we're, uhh, we're
gonna take some mushrooms tomorrow.

Panic on Miles' face.

MAGGIE SMITH
We were wondering if you wanted to
come. Since, y'know, you couldn't go
camping.

MILES BAKER
(regaining his
composure)
I appreciate the offer, but...I'm not
so sure that's a good idea.

MAGGIE SMITH
What do you mean?

Miles looks conflicted: should he reveal his dream to her?

MILES BAKER
I just -- I've got a bad feeling
about it.

MAGGIE SMITH
 (concerned)
 Really?

MILES BAKER
 It's...
 (he sighs)
 Just, promise me you'll be careful.

MAGGIE SMITH
 (serious)
 We will.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. FOREST CAMPSITE - NIGHT

A FIRE CRACKLES in the middle of an impressive ring of tents and cookware -- Alan's handiwork. Donovan washes dishes which CLINK LOUDLY, and Alan butchers and wraps pieces of the deer. Donovan sneaks glares at Rich.

Everyone else sits around the fire, staring silently into the flames and drinking cans of beer. Michael, fuming. Waits, cold and hard. Rich, cold and uncomfortable. Only Suzy watches the fire with interest, a sad, quiet curiosity.

FADE OUT

INT. THE CALLAHAN'S SAILBOAT - THE NEXT MORNING

Beautiful wooden furnishings glow in soft light. The cabin sways gently, the wind outside muffled. Lily, Maggie, and Taylor sit in a circle on the floor.

In the middle of the circle are three portions of mushrooms on a small cloth. The girls look nervously at each other.

LILY BLANCHARD
 Ready?

Taylor smiles nervously. Maggie avoids eye contact.

LILY BLANCHARD
 Maggie?

MAGGIE SMITH
 (hesitating)
 I don't know. Miles seemed pretty upset.

LILY BLANCHARD

Maggie, he's just nervous cause he's on the job. He doesn't want to get involved.

Maggie isn't convinced.

LILY BLANCHARD

Look, this might be our last chance to do something like this, the three of us all together.

TAYLOR CALLAHAN

Don't you want to go to college with a good story?

Maggie looks between them. Cracks a smile, nods.

MAGGIE SMITH

Okay, fuck it.

She grabs her portion, followed by the other girls.

LILY BLANCHARD

Cheers.

They toast, giggling, and eat the mushrooms. Taylor gags, Lily grimaces. They all swallow, burst out laughing again. Proud, excited. Nervous.

TAYLOR CALLAHAN

How will we know if it worked?

LILY BLANCHARD

We'll know. In the meantime, just relax.

They sit, listening to the WATER LAPPING, the BOAT CREAKING. Quietly, the WIND PICKS UP outside.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GUEST HOUSE - MILES' ROOM - LATER THAT MORNING

CRASH!

Miles sits bolt upright again and finds himself face-to-face with a squirrel.

A huge tree has smashed through the roof of the guest house, filling half the room, branches only feet from Miles' head.

The squirrel watches him for a moment, then CHITTERS LOUDLY and runs up the trunk and outside.

Rain pours through the hole, soaking Miles and everything else in the room. The WIND HOWLS outside, turning the room to a tornado of wet branches and leaves.

Miles stumbles out of bed, rifles through his suitcase to find his rain gear. He pulls the door open, forces his way into the hallway.

Behind him, on the floor, the soaked pages of A SAND COUNTY ALMANAC begin to bleed.

INT. THE GUEST HOUSE - HALLWAY

Down the staircase again as wind whips around him. The saw hangs half-fallen off the wall, the picture frames smashed on the floor. The door rattles in its frame as Miles reaches it.

EXT. THE GUEST HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

As Miles steps out the front door and is confronted with the full force of the storm. The rain is pouring down, trees flailing wildly in the wind. Small leaves and branches swirl around. A LOUD CRACK as a branch snaps off in the distance, falling to the ground with a CRASH.

Miles runs around the corner of the house as a flock of crows takes flight, CAWING FRANTICALLY. A tall second-growth fir tree leans against the house, the roof and wall splintered by the impact. But the guest house is made of strong wood: it could've been worse.

Miles runs up the path, covering his head. As he passes the base of the tree, he pauses.

The tree is black and rotten, the roots crumbling as he reaches out to touch it.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST CAMPSITE - SIMULTANEOUS

Where the storm has hit the panicked campers. The ground is soaked, a pit of mud and standing water as Alan splashes through it, gathering the essentials.

Donovan bursts from his tent, half-dressed and soaked, as does Suzy, backpack on. Branches fly by, more CRACKS can be heard.

Alan tosses Donovan a bag, then wades towards the other tents, throwing the first one open to reveal:

INT. TENT 1

Sheriff Waits rolling his sleeping bag, the last item in his pack. He looks up to see a surprised Alan, grins.

SHERIFF BOB WAITS
Some storm, huh?

ALAN SMITH
You all right?

SHERIFF BOB WAITS
(nodding)
Go get Rich!

Alan exits the tent.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. TENT 2 - MOMENTS LATER

As Alan unzips it, splashing through even more water. Rich lies on a cot, half-asleep. Alan shakes him.

ALAN SMITH
Rich!

Rich stirs, looking sleepily around. He sees Alan, eyes half-focused.

RICH CALLAHAN
Who are you?

ALAN SMITH
Time to go!

As Rich hears the wind, sees the water on the floor. His eyes snap into focus, then panic.

PRE-LAP: A HEAVY WOODEN DOOR THUDS SHUT

CUT TO:

INT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - MINUTES LATER

As Miles, sopping wet, exhales with relief in the sudden quiet, the noise of the storm muffled. He sits on a bench to untie his boots. Looking up, he starts suddenly:

Eli is standing at the top of the stairs, watching him.

After a moment, he turns and walks off.

GRACE SMITH (O.S.)
Thank goodness you're alright, Miles.

Grace stands in the hall, distraught but relieved to see him.

GRACE SMITH
Are you? Alright?

Miles smiles.

MILES BAKER
Yes, barely.
(off her look)
A rotted tree blew over onto the guest house. Broke into my room. Another few feet and it might've been a different story.
(wry laugh)
Never thought I'd be grateful for old-growth lumber.

He looks to Grace, expecting a smile, but there's concern in her eyes.

MILES BAKER
What is it?

GRACE SMITH
The girls. They spent the night on the Callahan's boat. I haven't heard from them all morning.

Understanding sinks in. Then panic as he realizes the full meaning, which he struggles to conceal.

GRACE SMITH
I would go, but...

She trails off, looking back up the stairs. Miles nods.

MILES BAKER
I understand.

Having just finished untying his boots, he starts to lace them again.

Grace turns to leave, then pauses.

GRACE SMITH
Miles?

He pauses, looks up.

GRACE SMITH
Thank you.

He nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FOREST - LATER

The group tromps uphill, soaked and covered in mud. The trail is a mud pit, water running downhill against them. Alan and Waits struggle under large packs, the rest day packs. Michael carries his rifle. Rich wears a soaked cotton UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON crew-neck, shivering under his half-packed bag.

A family of raccoons runs up the hill past them, startling Rich, who swears under his breath. Donovan laughs sharply, looking back at him.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN
(above the wind)
Look, we're going the right way!

MICHAEL HARRISON
We should be headed back to the house, Alan! This is the wrong direction.

ALAN SMITH
(over his shoulder)
It's half a day's hike through lowlands! It'll be flooded, nearly impassable.

MICHAEL HARRISON
Isn't there a way around?

ALAN SMITH
We're almost to the caves, we can make a plan there!

Michael glowers but says nothing, tucking his head down against the rain and wind.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CALLAHAN'S SAILBOAT - SIMULTANEOUS

Taylor and Lily cling to each other in the middle of the boat as it rocks, buffeted by HOWLING WIND and POUNDING RAIN. Taylor squeezes her eyes tight as Lily rocks her.

At the porthole, Maggie watches the storm through the glass, transfixed. As the boat bangs into the dock, a crystal glass flies loose from its protective rail, shattering on the floor. The girls cry out.

Suddenly, the door bursts open, revealing Miles. He's soaked and covered in dirt.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. FOREST CAVES - LATER

Alans stands in the entrance, silhouetted against the storm and holding a walking stick. Beyond him, the trees ripple like grass in the gale. He turns and walks back inside.

INT. FOREST CAVES - CONTINUOUS

Farther back, the group sits huddled around a small fire. A distance away, Suzy walks slowly along the wall, trailing her fingers. She stops to study a particular area.

SUZY LEWIS

Chuck, come look at this.

Donovan gets up, wrapping himself tighter against the cold. He peers at:

THE CAVE WALL

Etched with outlines of salmon, trees, men, orcas.

BACK TO SCENE

As Donovan looks back at Suzy, astounded. Emotion wells in his eyes.

SUZY LEWIS

Beautiful, aren't they?

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN
 They're incredible. They --
 (struggling for words)
 They must be hundreds of years old.

ALAN SMITH (O.S.)
 Thousands.

Donovan and Suzy turn to see Alan standing there.

ALAN SMITH
 My ancestors sheltered in these caves
 when they hunted the highlands. Took
 refuge from storms just like this
 one.

The men at the fire look up, vaguely interested.

ALAN SMITH
 Lit fires, like this one.

Donovan gasps.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN
 The smoke! It'll wear the etchings!

He lunges towards the fire but Alan stops him, pointing to
 the ceiling. A faint point of light there, the smoke
 swirling as it vents.

ALAN SMITH
 Turn on your light.

Donovan does. The roof of the cave is black with soot.

ALAN SMITH
 Generations and generations of fires,
 one on top of the other.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN
 For how long?

ALAN SMITH
 I don't know. I'm not sure they kept
 track. But based on the weathering,
 the changing styles, I estimate at
 least five thousand.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN
 (shaking his head)
 Five thousand years.

Even the men at the fire are silent for a moment as they consider the weight of Alan's words. Finally:

MICHAEL HARRISON

So when are we getting out of here?

Alan shakes his head.

ALAN SMITH

Not for awhile. It's raining hard. The river won't be passable until the storm ends, and the lowlands are likely too dangerous as well.

MICHAEL HARRISON

What do you mean by awhile?

ALAN SMITH

Depends on the storm, but probably not more than a day or two. We've got plenty of food, access to water. Nothing to worry about.

Michael stands up.

MICHAEL HARRISON

Nothing to worry about? My mother, my sister, they're back there. So are your wife and daughter, for that matter. We can't just sit out here on our asses eating canned beans.

Alan takes a step closer.

ALAN SMITH

With respect, Michael, Maggie and Grace can handle themselves. They won't let anything happen to Lily and Margaret. I promise you.

Michael bristles, the implicit snub not lost on him. He glares at Alan, who gazes coolly back: "try it."

After a beat, Michael backs down, whirling instead on Rich.

MICHAEL HARRISON

What about you, Rich? Aren't you worried about your family?

Rich swallows, glancing nervously towards the cave mouth.

RICH CALLAHAN

It's like Alan said, Mike. They can take care of themselves. No point in us getting hurt just to get there a little sooner.

MICHAEL HARRISON

Unbelievable.
(to Waits)
Bob?

Waits shakes his head.

SHERIFF BOB WAITS

I trust Alan, Mikey. You should too.

Michael reels.

MICHAEL HARRISON

Unbelievable. Un-fucking-believable.

He grabs his pack from the back of the cave, shoulders it.

RICH CALLAHAN

Come on, Mike. What are you doing?

MICHAEL HARRISON

This is bullshit. I'm going to go help my family, since apparently no one else fucking will.

He picks up his rifle, heads for the cave mouth.

SHERIFF BOB WAITS

Don't be stupid, Mikey.

Michael turns.

MICHAEL HARRISON

You don't get to tell me what to do.

SHERIFF BOB WAITS

Mikey --

MICHAEL HARRISON

And don't you ever fucking call me that.

Michael storms out of the cave. It's silent except for the HOWLING WIND and the SOFT DRIPPING of the rain.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CALLAHAN'S SAILBOAT - LATER

RAIN and WIND outside, but inside it's calm, almost cozy. The rocking of the boat like a cradle.

Taylor and Lily lie on the floor, heads nearly touching. Maggie kneels at a porthole again, tracing the raindrops with her finger. Miles pours the last of the broken glass into the trash.

Taylor extends her fingers up into the air, twirls them around.

TAYLOR CALLAHAN

I can feel the water under us,
holding us up.

Lily turns her head to look at Taylor. She slowly grins.

LILY BLANCHARD

I can feel it too. Like we're flying
over the biggest mountains in the
world. Can you feel the fish
swimming?

Maggie turns from the window.

MAGGIE SMITH

What fish?

Lily considers this, frowns. Taylor shrugs and continues playing with her fingers. The other two girls make eye contact, a hint of suspicion.

Miles notices, sits on the floor. Smiles mischievously.

MILES BAKER

I've got an idea.

The girls look to him, attentive.

CUT TO:

INT. FOREST CAVES - LATER

The rain and wind have lessened, somewhat.

SHERIFF BOB WAITS (O.S.)

I'm going after him.

THE FIRE

As Waits stands up, goes for his pack.

ALAN SMITH
(tired)
Sit down, sheriff.

SHERIFF BOB WAITS
I'm not leaving him out there.

ALAN SMITH
We're not leaving him.
(he stands)
I'm going.

SHERIFF BOB WAITS
He's my responsibility, Alan.

ALAN SMITH
He's mine too, Bob. You don't know
these woods like I do.

SHERIFF BOB WAITS
But --

ALAN SMITH
You can camp here tonight and leave
early in the morning once the river's
low. Just follow the main trail.

SHERIFF BOB WAITS
(still protesting)
Alan --

ALAN SMITH
I won't put both of you at risk.

He looks pointedly at Waits, who meets his gaze. A beat.

SHERIFF BOB WAITS
Thank you.

Alan nods, shoulders a small pack, and walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CALLAHAN'S SAILBOAT - CONTINUOUS

The GRATEFUL DEAD plays on the stereo. Taylor turns an old brass compass in her hands, intent. Miles continues his silent supervision. Maggie and Lily sit on the couch, Maggie's head in Lily's lap. Lily strokes her hair.

LILY BLANCHARD
You have beautiful hair, Maggie.

Maggie beams up at her, dreamy.

MAGGIE SMITH
So do you.
(deep, happy breath)
And your eyes. You've always had such
beautiful eyes. You and Cal. The same
beautiful blue eyes.

A chink in Lily's bliss, but she shakes it off.

MAGGIE SMITH
I'm gonna miss you, you know.

LILY BLANCHARD
We're going to the same school,
dummy.

Maggie giggles.

MAGGIE SMITH
I know, but we'll have different
roommates, different classes.
(beat)
Different friends.

LILY BLANCHARD
We'll still be friends!

Maggie saddens.

MAGGIE SMITH
Not like this, Lily. Not out there.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FOREST - LATER

Alan trudges through the underbrush, drenched. Looking down occasionally. It's calmer now but the rain still falls. He pauses, looks around.

ALAN SMITH
Michael!?

He pushes forward. SQUELCH. Alan looks down.

His foot sinks into the mud. He sighs. Looks to his right.

FOOTPRINTS

In the mud lead away from him, disappearing under the surface of a flooded marsh.

He pulls his foot from the mud and begins to wade into the marsh.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CALLAHAN'S SAILBOAT - CONTINUOUS

Taylor looks up suddenly from the compass.

TAYLOR CALLAHAN
We should go outside.

Miles sits up, suddenly alert.

MILES BAKER
I don't think that's a good idea.

But it's too late, the other girls perk up.

LILY BLANCHARD
Yes, we have to go outside.

MAGGIE SMITH
I want to feel the rain.

TAYLOR CALLAHAN
(at the porthole)
It's barely stormy anymore.

Miles goes to the porthole, looks out. Sighs. Heads for the door.

MILES BAKER
Wait here.

EXT. THE CALLAHAN'S SAILBOAT - CONTINUOUS

As Miles emerges onto the deck. The rain falls softly now, with little wind. He looks out across the water.

Each drop makes a tiny ripple on the surface, one after another.

Miles wears a strange, captivated look. The girls rise behind him, stream out onto the deck. Maggie is the last to pass. She pauses. Looks up at him.

MAGGIE SMITH
What are you looking at?

His eyes refocus, back to her. To the present. He smiles.

MILES BAKER
The raindrops on the water.

She smiles back. Together, they stand and watch the surface.

Maggie reaches out, takes Miles' hand. Miles looks at her, surprised. She smiles, look back out at the water.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SWAMP - LATER

Alan wades through knee deep, muddy water.

ALAN SMITH
Michael!?

Another few steps.

ALAN SMITH
Are you out there?

More labored steps.

ALAN SMITH
Mike --

He stops, distracted. Something upstream has caught his eye.

A RIVER OTTER

Floats past Alan, lazily, downstream. It looks up at Alan, completely at peace.

Alan returns its gaze. Smiles as he watches it float away downstream.

MICHAEL HARRISON (O.S.)
(distant, quiet)
Help!!

Alan's gaze snaps forward. Cocks an ear.

MICHAEL HARRISON
HELP!!

ALAN SMITH
Michael!?! I'm coming!

Alan starts forward, moving as fast as he can through the swirling water.

MATCH CUT TO:

AN APEROL SPRITZ

Swirls in a glass, ICE CLINKING as it's filled to the top.

INT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Grace finishes pouring from a large pitcher. Margaret lies in bed.

Margaret reaches for the glass with a bandaged hand, drinks deeply, eyes closed with pleasure. Opens them again dreamily.

MARGARET BLANCHARD
Thank you, Grace.

Grace nods.

GRACE SMITH
Can I get you anything else?

Margaret smiles sadly, almost cloying.

MARGARET BLANCHARD
No, thank you. I think I'll just rest awhile. Listen to the rain. It's very peaceful, you know.

She takes another drink. Grace heads for the door.

MARGARET BLANCHARD
Grace.

Grace turns.

MARGARET BLANCHARD
Our kids. Are they gonna be okay?

GRACE SMITH
They've seen worse storms than this.
They'll be fine.

MARGARET BLANCHARD
 No, I mean...we did the best we
 could, didn't we? They're gonna be
 okay? Without us?

GRACE SMITH
 Oh.
 (softening)
 We were, weren't we?

MARGARET BLANCHARD
 This place. Growing up here...it
 gives you something.

She suddenly breaks down, sobs.

MARGARET BLANCHARD
 I can't give it up, Grace. I can't
 imagine them without it.

Grace sits with her, hugs her tightly.

GRACE SMITH
 Shhh. You'll be okay. They'll be
 okay.
 (beat)
 The island never really leaves you.

Margaret snuffles, hugs Grace tightly. They sit together,
 listening to the rain.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CALLAHAN'S SAILBOAT - SIMULTANEOUS

The group sits at the railing, their feet dangling over the
 side. Maggie sits close to Miles, almost leaning on him.
 Taylor takes the compass from her pocket, turns it over.

TAYLOR CALLAHAN
 We haven't sat like this since we
 were little kids. When we used to
 count the starfish. All of us,
 together, stuffed full of hot dogs
 and homemade ice cream.

A pause.

TAYLOR CALLAHAN
 My dad used to sit with me for hours
 while we waited for the ice cream.
 (MORE)

TAYLOR CALLAHAN (cont'd)
 Told me jokes while I turned the crank until my arms got too tired. Then he'd take over and I'd sit and watch him. And every time he looked up and saw me there, he'd smile this great big smile, like he was seeing me for the first time all over again.

She frowns.

TAYLOR CALLAHAN
 He brought it out from the basement last year to show a client. The crank was stuck. Rusted.
 (beat)
 I don't remember what he did with it.

She looks up, suddenly self-conscious. Lily puts her arm around Taylor, brings her close. Taylor smiles, but as they watch the water in silence, the smile fades.

CUT TO:

INT. FOREST CAVES - LATER

Rich sits on the ground, looking cold and miserable. Waits approaches with sticks in his arms, dropping them with a CLATTER. Leaves again. Outside, it's getting darker.

Suzy and Donovan watch him go. Then:

SUZY LEWIS
 You're really gonna buy this place?

Rich looks up, surprised. Too tired to be angry.

RICH CALLAHAN
 Looks that way.
 (beat)
 Now I've got half a mind to log this whole damn forest.

Suzy and Donovan look shocked. Rich chuckles.

RICH CALLAHAN
 Calm down, I'm kidding. Mostly.

Donovan and Suzy look at each other. Not convinced.

RICH CALLAHAN

Look, I know this place is special.
How could I not? And I know how much
it means to Taylor.

He pauses. Firelight reflected in his eyes.

RICH CALLAHAN

Sure, I'll make some money.
(wry chuckle)
Probably a lot of money.

He looks to his audience for a reaction. Only cold stares.

RICH CALLAHAN

But more than that, I want Taylor to
know she'll always have a place here.
Not a campsite, not a rented room. A
home, a place that feels like it used
to, like it always has.

Lost in thought, now, in the past, in the firelight.

RICH CALLAHAN

That's what I want.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCKS - LATER

Lily and Maggie stand facing each other, with Michael in the
middle.

MAGGIE SMITH

Come on, Lily. Don't you want to see
him?

Lily shakes her head, fearful.

LILY BLANCHARD

Not like this.

MAGGIE SMITH

Don't you feel it? The connection, to
the earth, to each other, to
everything?

Lily nods slowly.

MAGGIE SMITH

What if you can feel that with Cal,
too?

The fear returns to Lily's eyes, but also sadness.

LILY BLANCHARD
He's gone, Maggie.

Maggie shakes her head.

MAGGIE SMITH
Just for a few minutes.

LILY BLANCHARD
(annoyed)
We can go tomorrow. Please, we should
stick together.

MAGGIE SMITH
Just come with me. The bluff will be
so beautiful.

LILY BLANCHARD
(louder)
I said no, Maggie.

MAGGIE SMITH
(louder)
I have to see him.

LILY BLANCHARD
Why?
(suddenly quiet)
So you can tell him he doesn't belong
here again?

Maggie reels backwards, shocked.

MAGGIE SMITH
What?

LILY BLANCHARD
That the island would be better off
without him?

MAGGIE SMITH
I never said that.

LILY BLANCHARD
Someone did, Maggie.

Miles tries to interject.

MILES BAKER
Look, we can sort this out tomorrow.

MAGGIE SMITH
 (ignoring him)
 I never told him that.

LILY BLANCHARD
 Someone told him, and it wasn't me,
 and now he's dead.

MAGGIE SMITH
 He talked to me, and I listened. I
 actually fucking listened.

Lily's turn to reel.

MAGGIE SMITH
 I'm sorry I understood him better
 than you did!

LILY BLANCHARD
 And I'm sorry I never told him to
 kill himself!

The words hang in the air. Both girls glaring fiercely at one another, Maggie stone cold, Lily holding back tears.

All at once, Maggie turns and walks quickly off up the hill, towards the cemetery. Miles takes a step after her.

MILES BAKER
 Maggie, wait!

Lily watches her go, furious, then storms off in the opposite direction, half-sobbing.

MILES BAKER
 Lily!

She ignores him, too. His eyes dart between the two girls, panicked, confused. Just then, Taylor emerges.

EXT. THE CALLAHAN'S SAILBOAT

Taylor leans over the railing, oblivious to the argument that just occurred.

TAYLOR CALLAHAN
 What happened? Is everything okay?

EXT. DOCKS

Miles looks back at her, the two girls rapidly disappearing.

MILES BAKER
 Everything's fine. Just -- look, just
 stay here, okay? Stay on the boat?

EXT. THE CALLAHAN'S SAILBOAT

Taylor watches him, dazed, almost indifferent.

EXT. DOCKS

Miles looks back again, distracted, puts his arms out as if
 to say "stay." Turns to the trail. A moment of indecision.
 His head jerks back and forth.

He makes up his mind, takes off running after Maggie,
 towards the cemetery.

EXT. THE CALLAHAN'S SAILBOAT

Taylor watches him disappear from view. She takes the
 compass from her pocket and sits on top of the cabin,
 watching it.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SWAMP - LATER

As Alan emerges from the murky water onto spongy ground.

ALAN SMITH
 Michael?

MICHAEL HARRISON (O.S.)
 (closer now)
 Alan! Come quick.

Alan pushes through branches, making his way closer. He
 emerges suddenly into:

EXT. SWAMP CLEARING

Muddy ground laid out ahead of him, half-covered in weeds
 and speckled with white clay.

Alan takes a cautious step forward, then another.

ALAN SMITH
 Michael?

No response. Another step, and Alan's foot sinks into the ground. SQUISH. Another step. SQUISH. Another. CRUNCH.

Alan looks down. He's standing on a piece of clay. Except it isn't clay.

It's a human bone.

Alan's eyes widen with shock and horror. He steps carefully off the bone, wincing as it CRUNCHES again. He looks around.

The clearing is full of bones. Welling up out of the mud, half-buried. Hundreds of them. White specks of legs, arms.

Alan takes another few steps. Kneels.

A skull's empty eye sockets stare back at him. He reaches out, wipes mud from the forehead.

Behind him, a RIFLE COCKS. Alan freezes.

MICHAEL HARRISON (O.S.)
Stand up and turn around slowly,
Alan.

Alan obeys. Michael stands in front of Alan, several feet away. He looks terrible: matted hair, covered in mud, torn clothing. He holds the hunting rifle at his hip, leveled at Alan. His eyes burn with manic intensity.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BLANCHARD ESTATE - FOREST - SIMULTANEOUS

Lily stumbles through the forest, half-sobbing, breathing frantically. She looks back and forth, a wounded animal. Behind the anguish in her eyes, a wild determination.

She continues up the hill, her breathing intensified.

EXT. BLUFF - SIMULTANEOUS

Maggie sits cross-legged on the ground at the foot of Cal's grave, sobbing. A piece of paper on the ground in front of her. The rain still falls. She places her hands on the dirt.

MAGGIE SMITH
Where are you?

She squeezes the earth with her fingers. Hard. Taking some of the earth with her. Balls her hands into dirty fists, presses them to her head. Another sob.

MILES BAKER (O.S.)

Maggie?

She turns, her face dirty and streaked with tears. Miles stands at the edge of the cemetery. Nervous to cross the threshold.

For a moment they regard each other. Concern in Miles' eyes, grief in Maggie's. A mutual recognition.

EXT. THE SWAMP - SIMULTANEOUS

Alan and Michael stand in the center of the vast field of bones. Michael's grips the rifle with white knuckles.

ALAN SMITH

Did you know about this?

Michael shakes his head numbly.

ALAN SMITH

But you know what it means, don't you?

Michael nods.

ALAN SMITH

I knew they moved the burial sites, but I...

He pauses, overwhelmed by the past welling up around him.

ALAN SMITH

I don't know what I expected.

Michael raises the rifle.

MICHAEL HARRISON

It doesn't matter.

Convincing himself as much as Alan.

ALAN SMITH

You can't sell this land, Michael. Not like this. Not without an investigation.

Michael narrows his eyes.

MICHAEL HARRISON
There won't be any investigation.

His finger twitches on the trigger. Alan shakes his head.

ALAN SMITH
Nothing ever stays buried, Michael.

Michael's fingers strain, flex.

MICHAEL HARRISON
You will.

Alan regards him coolly. Michael's face contorts, every muscle tight. Hatred in his eyes, childish anger, fear.

He takes a deep, rattling breath. Another. Still Alan watches, saying nothing.

Michael's anger builds and he aims down the sight.

He screams, louder, louder, LOUDER, then:

BANG! HE FIRES THE RIFLE INTO THE AIR.

Michael lowers the rifle, his head falling with it. Face burning with shame.

Alan steps forward and takes the rifle, places a hand on his shoulder.

Michael shudders. Sobs once, twice. Collapses to his knees, sobbing, Alan's hand still on his shoulder.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BLANCHARD ESTATE - FOREST

As Lily climbs over a huge tree fallen across the path. Breathing ragged, eyes wild. She stumbles through the last of the branches, emerging onto:

EXT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - DRIVEWAY

The house looms huge above her, menacing against the darkening sky. Her eyes burn as she walks towards it.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CALLAHAN'S SAILBOAT

Taylor stands on the deck, spinning slowly while looking down at the compass. She stops, then turns to face the direction of the needle. She looks up, following it.

The lighthouse stands before her, the red door beckoning.

EXT. BLUFF

Miles and Maggie sit together, their backs against tombstones. In the distance, a SEAGULL CALLS.

MILES BAKER

What happened back there? What was Lily talking about?

Maggie looks up at him sadly, shakes her head.

MAGGIE SMITH

It doesn't matter.

Miles reaches over, puts his hand on hers.

MILES BAKER

It's okay. You can talk to me.

For another moment they lock eyes, Miles' intensity matched by Maggie's hesitation. She softens.

MAGGIE SMITH

There's more to the story. With Cal. More than anyone knows, really. Except my mom, some. And Lily, a little. Enough, I guess.

Miles nods, intent. She picks up the paper from the ground, hands it to him. It's a picture, smeared in dirt and half distorted by light-leak, of her and a young man. They're smiling together on a beach, arms around each other.

MAGGIE SMITH

We grew up together, all of us, and over time, Cal and I became close.

A hint of jealousy from Miles.

MAGGIE SMITH

We never dated, exactly. There never felt like a point. Like that would've cheapened it. But we were close.

She looks at Cal's tombstone, facing them. Melancholic.

MAGGIE SMITH

He always loved the land here. The shore, the garden, the forest. He'd walk for hours, sometimes. Usually alone. I'd go with him, later.

She pauses. Takes a deep breath.

MAGGIE SMITH

One day, he told me he'd been hearing voices. In the forest.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - ENTRYWAY

As Lily pushes open the huge wooden doors, walks quickly into the house.

MAGGIE SMITH (V.O.)

Just little things at first, far out in the woods. Whispers. His name.

Pauses for a moment under the stairs, listens. Continues on.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CALLAHAN'S SAILBOAT

As Taylor climbs down the ladder.

MAGGIE SMITH (V.O.)

Over time, the voices got louder, closer. Not just in the woods, but all around.

Taylor steps off onto:

EXT. DOCKS

And begins walking towards the lighthouse.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLUFF

Maggie takes another deep breath.

MAGGIE SMITH
They started telling him to do
things. Plant this, gather this.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - KITCHEN

As Lily walks through, opens the back door to:

EXT. GARDEN

Pushing through plants, dripping blackberries.

MAGGIE SMITH (V.O.)
And he listened, for awhile.
The garden thrived, he was healthy,
strong.

As Lily reaches a SMALL SHED.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE

Taylor stands in front of the door, dwarfed by the towering
structure. She looks down at the compass.

MAGGIE SMITH (V.O.)
I told him to be careful, and he
listened, mostly. But it gave him a
purpose, I think, in a way he'd never
had before.

The compass arrow points forward. Taylor opens the door,
which swings silently open, and steps forward into the
enveloping darkness. The door closes behind her.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLUFF

Maggie looks at Miles, suddenly grave.

MAGGIE SMITH
Then they told him to burn down the
house.

CUT TO:

INT. GARDEN - BACK SHED

As Lily pushes the door open.

Inside, next to some gardening tools and a weed-whacker, is a can of gasoline.

CUT TO:

INT. LIGHTHOUSE

Stairs wind up, up, up towards faint light shining in above. Taylor spins slowly, then begins the trek up the stairs.

MAGGIE SMITH (V.O.)
He didn't listen, but they wouldn't
stop. For months.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - KITCHEN

As Lily walks in the open door and is confronted with a stag standing in front of her. It watches her silently, the kitchen untouched.

She stares at it, crazed, and it stares back.

MAGGIE SMITH (V.O.)
Telling him to burn the house, to
free the land from occupation.

The stag rears up, BELLOWS, and begins to tear apart the spotless kitchen. Lily yelps and runs away, out of sight.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLUFF

Maggie looks somber now.

MAGGIE SMITH
To punish those who had cut down the
forests, dammed the streams.

CUT TO:

INT. LIGHTHOUSE

Taylor climbs.

MAGGIE SMITH (V.O.)
He tried to get help. From me, from
Margaret, from his dad.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - ENTRYWAY

As Lily runs past Grace, headed towards the kitchen. They exchange words, unheard to us. Grace doesn't notice the gas can.

MAGGIE SMITH (V.O.)
He was convinced the island was
punishing them, confining Margaret to
bed, seeping into all their cracks,
their weaknesses.

Grace runs off towards the kitchen, Lily continues on.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLUFF

MAGGIE SMITH
Poisoning them.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - BASEMENT

As Lily descends the steps.

MAGGIE SMITH (V.O.)
But his dad wouldn't listen, telling
him he was hearing things.

She reaches the bottom.

MAGGIE SMITH (V.O.)
More than anything, he wanted them to
leave, but Margaret wouldn't hear it.
Not "in her condition."

Opens a door, which lights her face with a glow from the inside.

CUT TO:

INT. LIGHTHOUSE

As Taylor reaches the top.

MAGGIE SMITH (V.O.)
They flew in a specialist, but Cal
disappeared into the woods for days,
until they had to send her home.

She pulls open the door, light streams in.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLUFF

Maggie picks at her nails.

MAGGIE SMITH
He came to me, out of options. He'd
always planned to go to college, but
that summer, just after his nineteenth
birthday, he was scared.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - BASEMENT WINE CELLAR

As Lily pours the gasoline, snaking back and forth between
the rows of aging wood.

MAGGIE SMITH (V.O.)
Scared to leave the family, the
house.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE

As Taylor emerges onto the deck, her hair blown fiercely
back by the wind.

MAGGIE SMITH (V.O.)
Scared something terrible would
happen.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLUFF

Maggie takes a long, deep breath.

MAGGIE SMITH
I told him to go. I thought distance,
perspective, would help. That he
could see someone, get better.

She shakes her head.

MAGGIE SMITH
But I was wrong.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - BASEMENT HALLWAY

Lily closes the cellar door, turns.

Eli stands in front of her, staring.

He sees the gas can, gas leaking out under the door, the
crazed look in Lily's eyes.

He takes a step forward, then another. Takes the gas can
from her. She numbly releases it.

He looks at her, younger but already almost the same height.
Looks around, up at the wood beams, back at the stairs.

He steps past her, pours the rest of the gasoline out,
splashing it on the walls. Drops the can.

Lily watches him intently as he returns to her side. She
pulls out a match, strikes it.

Eli takes her hand.

She drops the match. The hallway bursts into flame, and they
stand watching it. Together.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE

The WIND WHISTLES and blows as Taylor reaches the north end
of the narrow walkway. The clouds have parted and narrow
shafts of golden sunset angle through.

A FLUTTERING above startles her, and she looks up to see a great blue heron take flight, gliding away on the updrafts.

She watches it go. Places the compass carefully on the walkway, the arrow pointing where the heron flew. She closes her eyes for a moment, then, concentrating carefully, climbs the walkway railing.

Perched now on the rail, in the wind and golden light, she spreads her arms wide.

Soaring. Wheeling in the wind, just like a bird.

Taylor smiles broadly, overwhelmed with joy.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLUFF

Where Maggie has finished telling her story and sits, silent. Miles stands, extends his hands to her. Reluctantly she takes them and they face each other. Miles is shaken but resolute as her eyes meet his.

MILES BAKER

It's not your fault.

She looks away, ashamed. Gently, he reaches out, brings her chin up until she looks at him again.

MILES BAKER

Whatever this island is, whatever it does...it's not you.

Maggie's eyes cling to his, conflict raging within them. Suddenly, they soften, and she inclines her lips toward his, ever so slightly. He begins to lean forward...

When his jaw goes slack, passion replaced with shock, horror. His eyes track downwards, then stop. His hand goes to his mouth.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATER

As Alan and Michael stumble out of the forest to find the wooden mansion engulfed in flame. They stop and stare, speechless. Alan sets down the heavy gear and walks towards the house, the blaze illuminating his eyes. Michael follows.

EXT. PATIO

Little sound but the ROAR of the FIRE.

Eli stands, looking up at the fire. Margaret sits nearby, wrapped in a blanket and sobbing between coughs, clutching Lily tightly. Grace next to her, holding a cardboard box.

Michael and Alan walk up. Grace turns, runs to embrace Alan. Michael walks up to Margaret, places his hand on her shoulder. She looks up and kisses it, clutching him tightly.

Silently, they all watch the flames.

Miles runs up suddenly, trailed by a terrified-looking Maggie.

The group looks up, words are frantically exchanged, but nothing can be heard over the CRACKLING BLAZE. Alan, Grace and Lily spring up, running after Miles towards the beach.

FADE TO:

INT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - BASEMENT WINE CELLAR

As the shelves burn and topple to the floor.

INT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - BASEMENT DARKROOM

As negatives melt and chemicals drip.

INT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - KITCHEN

As flames engulf the cabinets, already torn apart by the deer.

INT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - DINING ROOM

As fire licks up the dark wood walls and the chandelier falls.

INT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - SITTING ROOM

As the bottles in the wet bar shimmer and the armchairs scorch.

INT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - LILY'S ROOM

As photos of Lily with Maggie, Taylor, Cal go up in smoke.

INT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

As the expensive bedspread burns, a half-drunk glass of Aperol still on the nightstand.

Hold.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

SEAGULLS CALL. The storm has passed, just a dull drizzle now, the water and sky the same gray hue. Police lights flash as paramedics lift a stretcher carrying a body bag into view at the base of the tower.

EXT. DOCKS - MOMENTS LATER

A coast guard boat bobs next to the Callahan's sailboat, ROPES CREAKING as the paramedics load the stretcher.

Rich watches them pass. His right hand clutches the compass, his knuckles white. Desperate, hopeless eyes.

Margaret, Michael, and Lily stand next to him. Lily looks up at him.

LILY BLANCHARD

She loved you so much.

He looks down at her. Pain welling in his eyes. He stifles a sob, turns to leave. Turns back, hugs Lily fiercely, tears running down his face.

They separate and he walks onto the sailboat deck, alone.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE BAY - LATER

As the coast guard boat motors slowly out along the gray water, followed by the Callahan's sailboat. An orca spouts faintly in the background.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE BLANCHARD HOUSE - DRIVEWAY

The house is a smoking ruin, sizzling in the dripping rain. Alan and Eli poke through the rubble, occasionally picking something up to inspect it, discard it again.

Suzy, Miles, and Donovan stand next to Suzy's car, their belongings packed. Across from them the rest of the two families are arranged, standing or sitting on the steps.

An awkward moment, on the cusp of saying goodbye.

Donovan steps forward, addresses Margaret, who sits on the ground, Grace and Lily flanking her.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN

I want you to know we won't be recommending this site for further consideration.

Margaret looks surprised.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN

The next step would be a lot more manpower, a lot more investigation.

He pauses.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN

Between what Alan told me, and...

He pauses, looks back at Miles, who looks miserable.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN

...and everything else. No one deserves to go through that.

Margaret smiles sadly, dazed.

MARGARET BLANCHARD

The soil was bad after all.

Donovan nods back.

DR. CHARLES DONOVAN

Looks that way.

Donovan recedes as Suzy approaches.

SUZY LEWIS

I'm so sorry, Mrs. Blanchard. For everything that's happened.

Margaret and Grace watch her with interest.

SUZY LEWIS

Take all the time you need. But I want to tell you now that we do intend to find out the full story, as best we can. Who was in that marsh, and how they got there.

Margaret nods numbly.

SUZY LEWIS

And we deserve our home back.

Margaret nods again, still dazed.

MARGARET BLANCHARD

I understand. Whatever I can do to help, I -- I won't stand in your way. Grace was able to save an old box, some records and journals.

GRACE SMITH

We lost a lot, but there are some things that might be useful.

SUZY LEWIS

Thank you. Both. I'm sure it will be.

MARGARET BLANCHARD

In terms of the land...

(beat)

Grace will be taking control of the estate.

Grace nods. Suzy looks shocked, as do Lily, Maggie, and Michael, who steps forward suddenly.

MICHAEL HARRISON

Mom, you don't know what you're doing.

Margaret turns to him, fire in her eyes.

MARGARET BLANCHARD

No, Michael. I know exactly what I'm doing.

(silencing his protest)

We'll always have a place here. But I want to leave a legacy that you and Lily and Eli can be proud of.

(MORE)

MARGARET BLANCHARD (cont'd)
That Cal would be proud of. And that
means it's time to let go.

Michael retreats, stunned. Suzy turns to Grace.

SUZY LEWIS
Guess you'll have some more time for
that garden.

Grace smiles softly.

GRACE SMITH
For better or for worse.

Suzy shakes her head.

SUZY LEWIS
For better. But if it ever gets to be
too much, you have my number.

Grace nods, composed.

GRACE SMITH
I do. And I intend to use it.

Suzy extends a hand, relieved.

SUZY LEWIS
We'll be in touch.

Grace shakes her hand and they lock eyes.

SUZY LEWIS
(to the group)
Thank you again for your hospitality.

She turns and walks back to the car. Her and Donovan get in
the front seat. As Miles opens his door, Maggie walks
quickly out to him.

MAGGIE SMITH
Miles.

He turns, his eyes anguished. She stands opposite him,
presses something into his hand.

MILES BAKER
Maggie.

He searches for words, finds none.

MAGGIE SMITH
I know.

She walks away as he gets in the car, closes the door, eyes still brimming with everything he can't say.

Lily watches Maggie walk away from the car as it turns and pulls away.

INT. SUZY'S SEDAN - LATER

Silence from the three passengers as the car winds down the long driveway of the estate.

Sheriff Waits' Bronco pulls out behind them, escorting them down the driveway. Suzy notices, says nothing.

EXT. THE BLANCHARD ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

As the sedan pulls through the double gates, one of which has been partially crushed by a small tree. The KINDNESS OVER EVERYTHING sign, half-buried in the mud, sinks deeper as the sedan rolls over it, followed by the Bronco.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Miles stands outside Suzy's car, looking down. In his hands is a small piece of paper. He unfolds it slowly.

PIECE OF PAPER

It reads: "IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT."

BACK TO SCENE

As Miles comprehends the words, face betraying little. He looks up as Donovan and Suzy come up next to him, faces stony. They're all looking at something across from them.

DONOVAN'S SUBARU

Sits in the parking lot, crushed under a rotten cedar tree.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATIO

Maggie and Lily sit next to each other on an outdoor couch, surrounded by ash. Everyone else is gone except Grace and Alan, who still sort through the rubble, slowly forming piles as they clear the debris.

For a moment, the girls watch, unspeaking. Then:

MAGGIE SMITH
How did it feel?

Lily studies Maggie's face a long moment before answering.

LILY BLANCHARD
Strange. Beautiful. Terrifying. Like
tearing down a dam. Everything, all
bottled up, and then I just...watched
it go.

Maggie considers this.

MAGGIE SMITH
Will you be okay?

Lily watches a gull wheel in the sky.

LILY BLANCHARD
I will. I think I will, anyway.

A long pause.

LILY BLANCHARD
I'm sorry you can't come with me
anymore.

MAGGIE SMITH
It's okay.

LILY BLANCHARD
Even with the insurance, it's just
too --

Maggie reaches over, puts her hand on Lily's.

MAGGIE SMITH
It's okay.

Lily smiles softly. Maggie smiles back. They watch the gull.

LILY BLANCHARD
What will you do?

Maggie thinks about it.

MAGGIE SMITH
I'm not sure. Community college,
maybe, at some point. I think I'll
stay here awhile, though.
(MORE)

MAGGIE SMITH (cont'd)
Try to learn the woods a little
better. Help mom bring the garden
back.

Lily smiles again, tears in her eyes now.

LILY BLANCHARD
He'd like that.

Maggie shakes her head ever so slightly, smiling as well.

MAGGIE SMITH
I'd like that.

Lily searches Maggie's face again. Understands.

Maggie stands, Lily with her. Both teary-eyed now.

They embrace fiercely amid the ash and rubble.

After a long moment, they separate, eye to eye. Beyond
words. Slowly, Lily walks away. Maggie watches her go,
stepping carefully through the soot.

When Lily's gone, Maggie turns. She walks in the opposite
direction, towards the rubble. Stepping around charred wood,
she joins her brother and her father.

Together, they begin to pick up the pieces.

THE END.