

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

An old room. Handmade furniture. A DYING WOMAN, 85, pants her final breaths on the high bed, surrounded by a dozen WOMEN and GIRLS. Their clothing speaks of poverty, the oil lamps of age.

The dying woman takes a last deep breath and is still. A WOMAN, 50, steps forward. Closes the dead woman's eyes. Her hand drifts to the dead woman's collar. She lifts a necklace. A red crystal hangs on a chain.

WOMAN

Mary? Come here, girl.

A red-haired girl of five in a secondhand dress steps forward, frightened gaze on the body on the bed. The woman pulls the necklace from the body. Drapes it over the little girl's neck. The crystal seems to glow.

WOMAN

You hide that, now. Don't show it to no one. Not ever.

The girl drops the crystal down the front of her dress.

WOMAN

Your grandma give it to you, you give it to your granddaughter. We teach you to use it when you're ready. You teach her. Understand?

Mary sinks back into the corner silently. The older women surround the bed. Place two worn coins on the dead woman's eyelids. Wrap the body in the topsheet laid for death.

EXT. AMES HOUSE - DAY

The house is a Victorian hodgepodge of additions draped on a settler's cabin. A horse-drawn cart removes a coffin. Women climb into old trucks and cars, all dating from before 1930.

Mary stands in the open front door, alone, gripping the necklace through the front of her dress. When the cart and cars are gone she turns back into the house.

INT. DENSON'S FERRY - DAY

Sun through shifting glass. Salt spray. The ferry's ancient diesel engine works against a headwind.

TRACY AMES, 13, curls on a worn wooden bench, leaning against the salt-sparkled window. She's dressed for cold weather, baseball cap pulled down over vivid red hair.

HANNAH AMES, 15, dark haired, quiet, sits beside Tracy, reading a book. JOSEPH AMES, 45, stands at the back of the cabin, on a cell phone, stooped under the low ceiling.

JOSEPH

The practice will be fine, once I can go through the files. The hospital's busy enough... I can- Richard? The phone's going out. I said the phone-

Joseph stares at the phone. Shuts it off. Takes a seat at the back of the cabin. Runs his hands through his hair.

EXT. CASCO BAY - DAY

The ferry draws closer to a rocky, pine-shrouded island.

INT. DENSON'S FERRY - DAY

Tracy stares out the spray-frosted front windows. She speaks with a complete lack of enthusiasm.

TRACY

There it is.

Hannah looks up from her book.

HANNAH

It looks nice.

TRACY

Oh, please.

The ferry whistle sounds.

EXT. PENRYN ISLAND HARBOR - DAY

The ferry slides toward its berth, prop reversing in a boiling wake. On the stern is painted "Denson's Ferry, Penryn Island, Maine."

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Joseph heaves the last of three suitcases onto the dock. Hannah gathers them. Tracy has wandered to the end of the dock, staring at an abandoned fishing boat alone at anchor in the middle of the day.

JOSEPH

Tracy?

Joseph scrambles out onto the dock. Stops. Stares at the island. Tracy lopes up the dock.

TRACY

Dad? You okay?

He snaps out of his trance.

JOSEPH

I told you to stay with your sister.

He checks his cell phone. Shoves it in his pocket.

JOSEPH

Damn it.

They gather their suitcases.

EXT. HARBORMASTER'S SHACK - DAY

A few ferry passengers wait near the shack for the voyage to the mainland. Their clothes are plain, their luggage cheap. They watch the small family approach. Joseph sets his suitcase down near the door.

JOSEPH

You two wait here.

He enters the shack. A moment later Tracy follows.

INT. HARBORMASTER'S SHACK - DAY

EMMA LANNING, 67, stands behind the counter in a tiny office filled with charts and pictures of boats. She's laughing at something Joseph said.

EMMA

Might as well have thrown your phone in the bay as bring it all the way to Penryn.

JOSEPH

Maybe they'll put in a tower.

She lifts a telephone onto the counter.

EMMA

Dial 3179. We're still on the old system.

TRACY

Dad—

JOSEPH

I told you to wait with your sister.

He dials the number.

EMMA

Well, look at that red hair.

Tracy hangs back near the door. Emma returns her attention to Joseph.

EMMA

You folks sure picked a quiet place
to vacation.

JOSEPH

We're moving in.

Emma studies him with great intensity. The call connects.

JOSEPH

Hello, Mr. Johnson?

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Passengers board the ferry in silence. An old panel truck
backs up to the dock. ED JOHNSON, 50, climbs down from the
cab as Joseph heaves the first suitcase into the truck.

ED

This all you got?

JOSEPH

That's it.

ED

The rest being shipped?

Joseph heaves the last suitcase.

JOSEPH

That's it.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

The girls wait on the wide bench seat. Tracy looks at the
harbormaster's shack. Emma steps outside. Shields her eyes
against the sun. Looks at the truck. Ducks back inside.

EXT. PENRYN ISLAND - DAY

The truck crawls along a rutted dirt road, climbing up from
the harbor.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Joseph sits beside Ed Johnson, Hannah at the window, Tracy
wedged between them. Ed's gaze doesn't wander from the road.
The cab shakes violently.

JOSEPH

I don't remember the roads being
this bad.

No reaction.

JOSEPH

They used to talk about paving them.

ED

Put down some gravel ten, fifteen years back.

JOSEPH

Feels like they put down boulders.

ED

Good traction in winter.

EXT. PENRYN ISLAND - DAY

The truck crests a rise and starts down into a wide, shadowed valley. Here and there smaller roads turn off unseen into pine forest. Smoke curls from hidden chimneys.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Tracy peers into the forest. Occasional glimpses of a clearing or small house are the only signs of life from the road.

HANNAH

Are there wolves here?

ED

Ain't nothing here. Had deer once. Guess folks ate 'em all. Don't you worry about wolves. I been here a dozen years, I seen nothing could hurt you but the cold.

TRACY

We're from Chicago.

EXT. PENRYN TOWNSHIP - DAY

The truck rolls through a small cluster of shops and homes.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Joseph leans forward to stare out the window.

JOSEPH

Hasn't changed at all.

TRACY

Is this all there is?

EXT. PENRYN ISLAND - DAY

The truck climbs the hill behind the town.

EXT. AMES HOUSE - DAY

The old Victorian is unchanged. Wind-stunted pines and orange maples ring the yard and trace the course of a small creek. A horn sounds.

Ed Johnson's truck rounds the corner and stops on the dead lawn.

Hannah steps down and stares at the house. Tracy shoots past her toward the creek. Ed falls to the task of unloading the truck. Joseph heads for the house.

JOSEPH

Mom? Tracy, stay out of the creek.
Mom, are you home?

He climbs the porch stairs. Knocks. Opens the front door.

INT. ENTRY - DAY

A tiny anteroom leads to another door, barrier against the weather.

JOSEPH

Mom?

The inner door opens. MARY AMES, 75, blinks at her son.

MARY

Joseph. You're really here. I didn't
dare hope—

He meets her at the inner door, hugging her close.

MARY

I'll take care of your girls. I'm
sorry about Angela.

JOSEPH

No you're not.

MARY

There's no need for that now.

EXT. AMES HOUSE - DAY

Ed Johnson carries a suitcase onto the porch. Joseph guides Hannah up the steps to where Mary is waiting. Mary hugs her granddaughter. Leads her into the house. Joseph lopes off the porch to the creek.

JOSEPH

Tracy!

Tracy has followed the creek's path up the hill.

TRACY

Dad! You never said there was a creek.

JOSEPH

Get down here.

She runs down the hill. He snatches off her hat and ruffles her hair.

JOSEPH
We're a team, right?

TRACY
Right.

JOSEPH
This is a nice quiet place for your sister. She'll get better here. Your grandmother's going to help us, but it's still you and me.

TRACY
I remember.

JOSEPH
Okay. No tracking mud in the house, stand up straight, no running with scissors...

TRACY
Dad.

They walk to the house just as Ed Johnson drives away.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Hannah stirs something on the stove as Mary watches. Joseph enters.

JOSEPH
I didn't get a chance to pay for our ride.

MARY
Ed wouldn't take it. He likes doing for folks. Now where's my other girl?

Joseph tugs Tracy around the corner. Mary looks at her for a moment. Smiles.

TRACY
Hi, Grandma.

MARY
Tracy. You look just like your mother.

INT. STAIRCASE - DAY

Tracy drags her suitcase upstairs. Joseph follows, carrying the other two.

TRACY

Do I have to share a bathroom with Hannah?

JOSEPH

This isn't the Ritz.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Tracy dumps her suitcase on the landing. The hall reaches left and right, curving off at odd angles.

TRACY

Which way?

JOSEPH

I guess you don't remember the last time you were here.

TRACY

When?

JOSEPH

You were three. You used to love running through the rooms. The closets all connect one room to the next. You and Hannah would spend hours getting lost up here.

TRACY

Mom came here? She never said.

JOSEPH

You'd never go in your grandmother's room, though. You said it was scaaaaaary.

TRACY

Dad.

JOSEPH

Sorry.

TRACY

Which one's mine?

INT. TRACY'S ROOM - DAY

This is the room where the old woman died. Furniture is covered in sheets. The door swings open. Tracy stares. Joseph walks away.

JOSEPH

There you go. Welcome home.

Tracy drags her suitcase inside. Drops it near the door. Walks to the window. It looks out over the creek.

She opens a narrow door. Inside is a narrow bathroom, with another door at the far end.

There is a third door. She opens it, revealing an equally narrow closet crammed with old clothes and boxes. The far end of the closet is lost in darkness.

Tracy quickly closes the closet door. Pulls sheets off an old chest of drawers, a tiny desk. She hops onto the still-shrouded bed, releasing a huge cloud of dust.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Hannah checks something in the oven. Mary sits at the tiny breakfast table. Tracy comes down the stairs.

TRACY

Grandma, where's the TV?

MARY

We don't have television out here.

TRACY

Dad!

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The family sits at a table lit with candles to boost a weak overhead light.

MARY

I don't see why they have to start so quickly. Let them settle in first. Explore the island.

TRACY

Please, Dad?

JOSEPH

I have to go to work tomorrow. I can show the girls the island this weekend.

MARY

They hardly need anybody's help just to poke around.

TRACY

Please, please, please?

JOSEPH

School. Tomorrow. Both of you.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tracy opens her bedroom door. Hannah stands outside the next door down.

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For the complete script please contact Jennifer Brooks at
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