

91 CONTINUED: 91

Noah steps in, knocks into a box of discarded STICKY ELECTRODES and white wires. A fly BUZZES on inside...

NOAH
You in here, Anna?

92 EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY 92

A mailbox reads "MORGAN." Long-faded is the former label: "Morgan Horse Farm, Ltd."

Rachel faces a gravel drive in fenced grasslands, well outside town. There's a large brown two-story house at the center of the acreage. A small barn beyond.

And in the distance, the island's lighthouse.

93 EXT. MORGAN HOUSE - DAY 93

Rachel raps an iron knocker. No answer. Again. Nothing. Rachel then hears something being HAMMERED...

94 START EXT. BACK OF HOUSE 94

Rachel rounds past a PICKUP TRUCK to see a fenced corral by the barns. A gentleman rancher, VICTOR MORGAN, 63 -- gray-haired handsome but weary -- is repairing a section of fence.

RACHEL
Mr. Morgan?

The man turns, surprised to see anyone.

RACHEL (cont'd)
I was wondering if you'd have a moment to speak with me. My name's Rachel Keller -- I'm a writer. With the--

VICTOR
You want to know about the horses.

RACHEL
Uh, well...

VICTOR
Or you're here for the night life.

Victor looks her over, smiles slightly.

RACHEL
I didn't mean to...it's just I wasn't able to find a number...to reach you--

(CONTINUED)

VICTOR

Every few years, a writer comes along, heard about what happened. What's left to write though, I don't know.

RACHEL

I was hoping you had a few minutes.

VICTOR

Well, the work never ends around here, really...but I s'pose I have a few.

Part den, part workshop. Breeder's plaques and trophies. Rachel follows Victor in, as he sets his tools aside. Victor's smile is amiable.

VICTOR

So what is it you're writing, miss? 'Bout horses in general or just those that go strange?

RACHEL

I read you had to put so many down. And others...they drowned themselves. As if they sort of...went crazy.

VICTOR

Uh-huh.

RACHEL

Something scaring them, maybe.

VICTOR

Scaring? Wasn't aware that was a medical term.

He smiles, picks up a BOOT HOOK, scrapes mud from his heels. Rachel nods outside, toward the empty corrals...

RACHEL

Where are your horses now?

VICTOR

I don't breed anymore.

RACHEL

You don't?

(CONTINUED)

VICTOR

More my wife's love than mine, really.

RACHEL

She...she killed herself?

Victor seems to re-evaluate Rachel's presence. She hurries:

RACHEL (cont'd)

It must have been hard on her...the problems...with the horses...

VICTOR

Why are you asking about my wife.

He still has the boot hook in hand. She nervously edges away, and pulls even with another room's half-open door--

RACHEL

I...well, I...

WHERE THE OVAL MIRROR

from the tape hangs on the wall. Rachel stares at it, unsteady. Then back to Victor. His expression the same...

...as she pulls the "ring" tape from her purse.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Do you know what this is?

Victor's troubled by her tone. Shakes his head.

RACHEL (cont'd)

It won't make sense, what I want to say...but I want to say it. Sometimes people who are dead, they say...still try to communicate. To send messages. To us, to the people still living. And I think this tape...may be a message. From your wife.

He stands dead still...a strange look overtaking him.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Your wife is on this tape. She's there, right in that room. You see the lighthouse, the horses, your horses, her horses--

VICTOR

Is that the only one?

(CONTINUED)

A tense beat. He resets his grip on the boot hook. Rachel's eyes never leave it, thinking fast--

RACHEL

No.

Victor stares her down.

His whole figure seems to grow weary, looking to the window. He puts the hook down and starts toward her--

VICTOR

I've got a lot of work to do today.
A lot of acres out there. Minute I
think I'm done with one thing, some
other thing needs fixing--

Rachel edges away, but he simply passes her...to shut the door to the room with the mirror. Then faces her--

VICTOR (cont'd)

I don't want your tape.

RACHEL

Mr. Morgan, hear me out--

VICTOR

The problem with writers...is you
take one person's tragedy and force
the whole world to experience it.
You spread it like a sickness.

RACHEL

Mr. Morgan--

VICTOR

Tell me, Miss, what is it you think
you know?

She doesn't answer, doesn't have one.

VICTOR (cont'd)

Then leave it alone. Please.

END

He moves on.

Victor SHUTS the front door on Rachel.

She backs away, studying the house and surrounding ranch land.

(CONTINUED)