

DEVON. I ask for nothing. I simply know what I know. Though I wish I did not. Knowing what is to come is a terrible gift to have.

SARAH. Poor misunderstood psychic. Sorry, I've heard this story too many times before.

*(He finally turns to her, an expression full of pity.)*

DEVON. I am sure you have. But what if I were to tell you what is to happen in the next two minutes?

SARAH. Let me guess. I'll get a sunburn?

DEVON. Worse, if you stand right over...there.

*(He points toward the scraggly bush.)*

SARAH. Okay. I'll play your little game. Why don't you tell me what's going to happen over there?

DEVON. Someone will die.

SARAH. Die? Right over there?

DEVON. A woman.

SARAH. A...a woman?

*(His eyes burn into hers.)*

DEVON. In exactly one minute and forty-two seconds.

*(Sarah suddenly realizes she is out in the middle of nowhere, alone with this strange man, with no one around to hear her scream. Something about his mournful expression makes her take a few steps back, her eyes locked on his face.)*

SARAH. It's not going to work, you know.

DEVON. Oh?

SARAH. This whole thing. The empty field. The cryptic answers. You are just trying to scare me.

DEVON. Am I?

SARAH. My, uhm.. boss. He knows I'm here.

DEVON. Sarah, we both know there is no truth in that. No one sent you here to do a story. Your editor knows nothing about it.

*(He takes a careful step towards her.)*

SARAH. I'll call the police...

DEVON. Your mobile phone does not work out here. *(Casually.)* Feel free to try, if you don't believe me.

*(Sarah shoves the notepad in her back pocket and pulls out her iPhone. She tries to dial, but her expression says it all.)*

SARAH. No signal. That's why you lured me out here...

DEVON. I am not the cause of you being here. I am not the cause of anything.

SARAH. Look, clearly you are deranged. And not worth my time.

*(He turns to stare at the bush.)*

DEVON. Any moment now.

SARAH. Okay. Enough of this crap. I'm out of here.

*(Devon continues to stare silently at the ground. Sarah turns to leave, just as...)*

*STAGE LIGHTS DIM and the BLUE STROBELIGHT pulses, until...*

*WHAM! Something falls from the sky. Something SCREAMING. It hits the ground with a sickening THUD as the STROBELIGHT ceases. Devon slowly pulls the branches aside to reveal...*

*A DEAD WOMAN. Splayed on the exact spot Devon had indicated. He pulls a small red cloth from his pocket, and solemnly wipes a small tear from the Dead Woman's face.)*

DEVON. Be at peace now.

SARAH. *(Stunned.)* How...how did you..?

DEVON. ...know? *(Standing.)* Best not to ask. *(Sighs.)* You will want to run now.

SARAH. What?

DEVON. Run. NOW!!

*(She takes a few tentative steps backward but cannot tear her eyes from the dead woman's body. STAGE LIGHTS FALL as the BLUE STROBE begins to pulse again.)*

*Suddenly, a DIRT-COVERED HAND reaches up from under the dirt mound and grabs Sarah's ankle.*

*She tries to pull free but cannot. The gnarled fingers drag her slowly toward the mound. Sarah SCREAMS from the insanity of it all.*

*Devon leaps up and pulls out a knife. He STABS the blade into the grave-like mound repeatedly. The grimy fingers release Sarah as the hand goes limp. The BLUE STROBE FADES.*

*As the STAGE LIGHTS RISE, Devon gently scrapes away dirt to uncover the stained and soiled face of the SILENT MAN. Dead.*

*Devon again pulls the small red cloth from his pocket and gently wipes a small tear from the Dead Man's eye.)*

DEVON. *(Solemnly.)* Be at peace now.

SARAH. This...this is...

DEVON. Impossible? That is always their last thought as well.

SARAH. You know their thoughts?

DEVON. I cannot help but hear them. They are forever in my head. The woman with an intense fear of falling. The man terrified of being buried alive. *(Rising.)* Just as you have always feared being attacked in the night...murdered by your drug-addicted father. Just as your mother was, when you were a child.

SARAH. How...how could you know that? How could you possibly know my nightmares?