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Bag of Bones

By Unknown

[Lively jazz music plays]
[sinister music]
[lively jazz music]
Whoo!
[Sinister music]
[somber piano music]
help!
Help, I'm drown...
[Warped screaming]
[Gun fires]
[Gasps]
[Breathes deeply]
Last night I dreamt
I went to Manderly again.
- You all right?
- Yeah?
Just a bad dream.
[Sighs]
Well...
What?
Your book?
Done.
[Sighs]
Done, done?
Done, done.
Totally done?
Well, not totally done.
We'll still need the grand gesture.
That's all.
For a second, I thought
I'd been replaced.
Replace you, my lady?
[Whispers] No, impossible.
Come.
Come, your hand in mine.
Come on.
[Giggles]
Come, come, come, come.
I don't know whose idea it was
to put my office up here, but anyway,
here we go.
Keep going.
Too many stairs in this house.
All right, your throne, madam.

Be seated.

Okay.

Right.

Ready?

- Mm-hmm.

[Taps key]

"She smiled,

"satisfied...

[Keys tapping]

"And then...

"Unwrapped the chains...

"Around her neck.

"She smiled, satisfied.

"And then...

"Unwrapped the chains...

From around her neck."

Now...

Done.

[Taps key]

- Done.

- [Sighs]

- Done.

- Hmm.

Mm.

What's with

the chains around her neck?

You're just going to have
to read the book and find out.

Oh.

[With German accent]

We have ways of making you talk.

Yeah, I bet you do.

[Moaning]

Why do you always have me
write the last lines
of your books?

[Sighs]

Well, because this book...

All of these books...

I couldn't write them without you.

Ah, are you just

trying to get laid, Noonan?

- I think that's my intention, yes.

- Mm, oh.

Is it working?
[Moaning and laughing]
Okay.
Cheers.
Thank you.
I'm your number one fan.
Great.
I'm going to go get some lunch.
I'll see you when you're done.
See you later.
Okay.
Have fun with Annie Wilkes here.
Who do I make this out to?
Your best friend, Jimmy.
Best friend.
Maybe just underline "best"?
[Horn honks]
Hi.
- Hi.
- What's your name?
Ellen.
Good.
[Sirens wail]
Thanks.
Excuse me.
Oh, my goodness.
[Sirens wailing]
[Heart beating]
[Police radio chatters]
[No audio]
[Distant sirens wail]
[Sobbing]
Get off!
Get your hands off me!
[Solemn music]
- so sorry, Mike.
- Thank you.
Listen, they all fall down
is number four
on the times list.
Great.
Another push from marketing
and the right mixture of
in-stores and readings,

scribner thinks we might
be able to hit number one.
We haven't done that since
when the bough breaks.
Now before you get
all high and mighty on me
about demanding why I'm talking to you
about this during your wife's funeral,
it's because Jo wouldn't
have had it any other way.
She supported your career
when you weren't making a dime.
She cared about your books
as much as you do,
and she would be thrilled
to know that you have written
possibly your most successful
novel to date.
You're right.
When you're right, Marty,
you're right.
She would have wanted this.
None of this would
have happened without her.
To Johanna Beverly Noonan,
the best of them all.
Hear, hear.
To my dead wife.
Easy, Mike.
That beer's not going anywhere.
[Clears throat]
[Sighs]
This is.
Look, um...
I... I can't imagine
how hard this is for you,
but you... you really got to take
it easy, okay, Mikey?
Jo was pregnant when she died.
What?
Turns out she was eight,
nine weeks pregnant.
I thought...
I thought the doctor...

Yeah, yeah, I know.
He told me years ago
I couldn't get her pregnant.
Hmm.
Oh, come on, Mikey.
You don't really think that Jo was...
What?
She was cheating?
Hmm?
Maybe Jo didn't want you to know.
Exactly.
That's not what I meant,
and you know it.
The Noonans weren't exactly
the fathering type,
and dad, God rest his soul,
wasn't exactly cuddly.
Well, dad was a prick.
He was an Irish Mick of a prick.
And Jo knew you felt that way,
knew how you felt about being
a father because of that!
Just because he was a son of a bitch
didn't mean I was going
to be a son of a bitch.
I mean, a couple of years ago,
we even decided to have kids.
Yeah, I remember.
Jo told me about it
one time at dinner.
She never looked so excited.
We both were.
If it was going to be a little boy...
[Sighs]
We were going to call him Mike junior.
[Laughs]
And if it was going
to be a little girl,
she'd be...Kya.
Kya.
Kya Jo Noonan.
That's really pretty.
We tried to get pregnant,
but then I, you know,

I went to the doctor,
and he told me it was this
low sperm count,
and that was the end of that.

That was the end.

Jo wasn't cheating on you, Mikey.

[Clears throat]

When you sold me your share
of granddad's lake house...

Yeah.

I mean, Jo spent a lot of time there.

Yeah, of course she did.

I mean, the place was a dump.

It was a total fixer.

Yeah, I know, I mean, I was
really wrapped up in the book
and everything like that.

I went there

a couple of times with her.

I haven't been there

for two, three years.

[Sighs]

You and Jo were the best couple

I ever met, Mike.

So don't beat yourself up
over the little things, okay?

I just hope she wasn't

too lonely out there

on Dark Score Lake, you know?

Hope she didn't need somebody

who might have kept her company.

That's all.

[Chuckles]

[Sighs]

[Cell phone ringing]

[Groans]

[Groans]

[Breathes deeply]

[Scraping]

[Sighs]

[Scraping continues]

Oh?

[Grunts]

[Scraping continues]

- Aah!
- [Screaming]
[Swallows]
[Melancholy music]
[grunts]
[Sobbing]
[Phone rings]
Hi, this is Jo Noonan.
Leave me a message,
and I'll call you back...
If you're very, very good.
[Voicemail beeps]
[Phone rings]
Hi, this is Jo Noonan.
Leave me a message,
and I'll call you back...
If you're very, very good.
[Voicemail beeps]
[Keypad tone]
[Phone rings]
Hi, this is Jo Noonan.
Leave me a message,
and I'll call you back...
If you're very, very good.
[Voicemail beeps]
[Ominous music]
[phone ringing]
[Rings]
Jo!
Jo!
[Screams]
[Distant sirens wail]
[Groans]
"Driving home...
[Cell phone chimes]
[Clears throat] Sorry.
Shut off the phone.
So...
[Clears throat]
"Driving home, I thought
of an old saying about...
"How one person can never really
truly know another.
"It's easy to give

that idea lip service,
"but it's a jolt
as horrible and unexpected
"as severe air turbulence...
"On a previously calm
airline flight to discover
it's a literal fact
in one's own life."
And I can't do this.
It's...
I'm sorry.
[Indistinct]
[Dramatic music]
hmm.
Always said I couldn't write
without you.
Jo...
Are you there?
Can you give me a sign?
Once for "yes,"
twice for "no."
[Cell phone rings once]
Jo...
Jo, is that you?
Hey.
Once for "yes,"
twice for "no."
[Telephone rings once]
Hello?
Mike, Mike!
I'm sorry about that.
I'm going through the tunnel.
[Sighs]
Marty.
Hey.
[Laughs] What's up?
We just got our hands on the
spring fiction list.
And?
And it's...
Looking a little bit crowded.
What do you mean?
How... how crowded?
Like, with some unexpected names.

Names like who?
Patterson. Grisham.
There's even talk of a newly
discovered Bachman book.
All those authors,
they don't publish in the spring.
I mean, they...
Those are summer, fall guys.
What can I tell ya?
Maybe they got some extra ideas
this year.
Some might've stockpiled novels
like squirrels.
Hey, what did you used to call
those books you used to write
when you were young and hungry,
and were writing books faster
than they could print them?
Trunk novels.
That's right.
Trunk novels.
Maybe those guys
dug up a few trunk novels
and dusted them off.
Figured, "what the hell," right?
What are you asking me, Marty?
Scribner wants to publish
a novel late winter.
What does that mean?
Pages with your name on them
by the end of the summer.
You're asking me to write
a novel in three months, Marty?
No, no, no.
You wouldn't have
to turn in the manuscript
until end of September
or early October.
'Course that means they'd really
have to crash their production,
but they can do it.
The question is whether
or not you can do it.
So what do you say?

Can you write your next novel
on this ridiculous schedule?

I can do it, Marty.

Attaboy, Mike.

Well, you get clickety cranking
on your next Noonan blockbuster,
and I'm going to get
to gouging these guys
for every penny they have,
for breaking your balls
and making you rush
your next novel like this.

Okay, Marty, that sounds good.

All right.

Oh, and do me a favor, will ya?

Yeah?

Take it easy on the drinking, will ya?

Yeah, yeah.

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

[Phone beeps]

[Sighs]

[Breathes deeply]

You're not disappointed in me?

Hmm?

Once for "yes,"

twice for "no."

Hmm?

Last night I dreamt I went
to Dark Score Lake again.

[Heart beating]

[Shrill screaming]

[Distant child crying]

[Distant screaming]

[Phone ringing]

Oh?

[Sighs]

Yeah?

Mr. Noonan.

Yeah?

My name is Bill Dean,
from down on Dark Score Lake.

I was helping your wife
renovate the property
you inherited a couple years back?

Okay.

The local kids are getting
Wilder and Wilder every year.

A bunch of them snuck
into your house the other night.

At least the only thing
I can think of happening.

Why?

Why is that?

Well, it's the windows.

They're all broken
from the inside out.

Now I just wanted to make sure
you'll approve the expenses
of getting them fixed.

This goes a little beyond
the normal caretaking
your wife hired me for.

Yeah, yeah, yeah, sure.

Well, do whatever it takes.

Of course.

Um, listen, Mr. Dean,
how is the lake house?

I mean, apart from the windows,
of course.

She's fine.

How come?

Oh, I was just thinking
of maybe getting away
for a while, that's all.

You... you want me to get
it ready for an extended stay?

Yes.

Yes, let's... let's...

Let's do that, Bill.

That would be great.

I appreciate it.

Thank you.

She'll be ready for you,

Mr. Noonan.

I think it's a good idea,
don't you, Jo?

Once for "yes,"
twice for "no."

All right, let's go.

[Groans]

Oh.

[Sighs]

[Telephone rings once]

"Now arriving at Dark Score Lake."

[Turns radio off]

[Sighs]

Wake up, Jo.

[Foreboding music]

[crickets chirping]

Last night I dreamt I went
to Dark Score Lake again.

[Door slams]

Hello?

Mr. Noonan.

Bill Dean.

Oh, good evening, Bill.

Yeah, please call me Mike.

I didn't mean to scare you.

I just thought you'd like
someone here to greet you
when you arrived.

Oh, thanks very much.

I appreciate it.

You look just like your
granddad, Harold.

I do?

Yup.

Can I help you with your luggage?

Yeah, sure, sure.

I don't have much, but thank you.

[Eerie music]

yeah, just put that over there, Bill.

Thanks.

Oh, Jo really did a lot of work
to the place, didn't she?

Yeah, she sure did.

[Chuckles]

Bunter.

Jo named him.

It's the first thing we bought
when we inherited the place.

Got it in a little antique store

outside of town.

[Laughs]

When we got frisky here,
she said we were ringing
Bunter's bell.

[Laughing]

Uh, look, I better be off.

Okay.

Oh, I left my number on the fridge,
along with the number
of the local cleaning lady
your wife hired...

Brenda Meserve.

- Mm-hmm.

Told her she ought
to come by tomorrow,
if that's okay with you.

Great, great.

Good night, now.

You bet.

Mr. Noonan.

Hmm?

I was awful sorry
to hear of Jo's passing.

Right.

We all were.

People around here, they...
Really liked her, didn't they?

They did.

Well, good night,

Mr. Noonan.

Good night Bill.

Good night, now.

[Keys clank]

[Sighs]

Hmm.

[Playing guitar]

[Melancholy music]

Come to me.

I have so much to show you, Mike.

[Keys jingle]

[Sighs]

[Jazz music]

let's fire it up.

[Cracks knuckles]

Mm-hmm.

[Sighs]

Come on now, something,
something, anything.

Something!

Come on!

Just give it to me!

Something!

Okay, Jo.

Tell me how to write, hmm?

Just tell me how to write.

[Bell rings]

Bunter?

[Foreboding music]

[bell softly rings]

[Continues ringing]

[Clears throat]

[Scoffs]

Okay.

Okay, Bunter.

That's enough of that.

[Bell rings]

[Soft rock music]

there are clouds on the horizon
so take a breath
you're in the calm
before the storm
if only for a moment
close your eyes
and feel the thunder
we can't hide
or run for cover anymore
it's time to take a stand together
oh, oh
hold on

'cause the tide is strong
it can't erase
the fire in her eyes

[sighs]

Greetings, my dear lady.

Greetings, my green lady.

Huh.

[Sighs]

[Scraping]
Oh!
[Grunts]
Jo?
Is that you?
Once for "yes."
Twice for "no."
[Bell rings once]
[Laughs]
Oh!
[Sighs]
You're here, aren't you, Jo?
[Bell rings once]
[Laughs]
[Woman singing shrill note]
[Groans]
[Woman screams]
[Bell ringing]
[Screams]
[Panting]
We're not alone, are we, Jo?
Huh?
[Door creaks open]
Jo, are you there?
Hi.
Who are you?
I'm sorry,
Mr. Noonan.
Name's Brenda Meserve.
Your housekeeper?
I... I used the key
to let myself in.
Yes.
[Chuckles]
Oh, yes.
Of course.
Oh, good.
Nice to meet you, Brenda.
How are you?
Uh, Bill said he told you
I'd be coming by today
to clean the place up for you.
I can come back at a better time
if you'd like.

Oh, no, no, no, no, no.

It's all fine.

Uh, I was just going to head into town
and get something to eat.

You're sure?

Oh, absolutely.

Any, uh...

Any suggestions?

Buddy Jellison's cafe,
right there on main street.

Can't go wrong ordering
the villageburger.

Ah, good.

Thank you very much.

Thanks for coming.

Hey! Hey!

Get out of the road!

[Horn honks]

Hey, get out of here!

Come on, come on!

What are you doing?

Ky!

Ky?

Is that your name?

Like Kya?

- [Panting]

- That's my mommy.

Sweetheart, what were you thinking?

- I wanted to go swimming!

- [Sighs]

Her name's Kya?

Kyra, but sometimes I call her Ky.

Oh.

- I'm... I'm Mattie Devore.

- Hi, Mattie.

- I'm not a bad mother. I swear to God.

- No, I didn't say you were.

Please don't mention this to anybody.

We're... we're going through
a little bit of a hard time.

Yeah, well, I think

it's a little late for that.

Yeah.

Well, thanks for saving

my little girl.
I guess God sent you here
at the right time.
God's got nothing to do with it.
I was just going to Buddy
Jellison's for a hamburger.
[Both chuckle]
This is a little bit weird
for me, but, uh,
you're one of my favorite writers.
And I can't believe you just
showed up out of nowhere
and saved my little girl!
Oh, thank you.
And you know who I am?
Of course.
You, uh, inherited
that house on the lake,
but you haven't been back since...
Yeah, since my wife died.
[Quietly] Yeah.
Well, um, you take care
of yourself now, okay?
Stay out of the road.
Nice to meet you, Mattie.
Nice to meet you.
- Bye.
- Bye!
Bye, Kyra!
[Tires screech]
Hey.
Hey, uh, you want a menu?
Uh, I was told
to order a villageburger.
One villageburger coming right up.
Uh, what do you want on it?
Everything.
And a local brew.
Grab a seat.
We'll bring it to you.
Thank you.
Villageburger, on!
And drag it through the garden.
[Sighs]

See you made a new friend
this afternoon.
Yeah, yeah.
Two, actually.
I hear that Mattie Devore can be
quite a dear in the right position.
Yeah.
You hear a lot,
old-timer?
More than you know, son.
Old don't mean dead.
Thank you.
[Sighs] You'd do well
to keep your distance
from Mattie Devore,
Mr. Noonan.
- Mm.
Uh-huh.
How do you know my name?
We don't see a celebrity
here every day.
Yes, well, I'm hardly
what you'd call a celebrity.
Well, we take what we can get.
I'm really sorry to hear about
what happened to your wife.
Hmm.
She was a doll.
So when she'd come in here
and eat, uh...
Would she be alone?
Uh, I guess so.
Or sometimes
with Bill Dean and his wife,
sometimes with Brenda Meserve,
and maybe another friend or two.
"Another friend or two,"
huh? Yeah.
Maybe. Yeah.
Why are you so interested in who
your wife was eating with,
Mr. Noonan?
Mike. Mike.
Just... just call me Mike.

I don't know, I guess
I'd just like to know
what life was like
for a year on Dark Score.
You know, all those years that
I couldn't make it up here.
So...
Hmm.
Anyway.
Mattie Devore...
She's a...
A nice enough girl,
only she can be trouble.
That ain't fair, Buddy.
Mattie Devore's in trouble
and with the wrong people.
Person.
And who's that person?
Max Devore.
He's a mean old son of a buck.
I mean, he owns that big,
uh, computer company.
Multi-millionaire.
Yeah, I think I, uh, may have
seen him yesterday afternoon
in the window
of that old resort up there.
- Mm, Warrington's.
- Mm, yeah.
Yeah, that's the fella.
Mean old cuss.
He wants custody
of the little girl, Kyra.
And why would he want to take
his daughter's little girl away?
- Daughter-in-law.
Mattie married Devore's only son.
- Devore had the boy
when he was 60-something
with some Vegas showgirl
who's no longer
in the picture, of course.
- Oh, okay.
- And so about a year ago,

Lance, that's Devore's son,
he goes a little Dark Score crazy.
What does that mean?
He tried to drown the little girl.
His own flesh and blood.
And Mattie ended up killing Lance
just to protect the little girl,
and ever since then,
Devore's made it his mission
to take Kyra away from her.
And what Max Devore wants,
Max Devore gets.

[Both laugh]

[Sighs]

[Sighs]

[Chuckles]

[Clicks tongue]

[Chuckles]

[Phone ringing]

Hello?

Mr. Noonan?

Yes?

- I understand you met
my daughter-in-law today.

Ah, this must
be Mr. Devore.

Yes, well, it's a pleasure
to meet you, sir.

I'm concerned about my granddaughter.

I was told there was
an incident in the road today.

- Uh-huh.

How did you get my number?

You were seen talking to them.

Yeah, I met a woman and a little girl
on the road this morning, yes.

I stopped to ask directions
to Buddy Jellison's cafe.

Don't lie to me,

Mr. Noonan.

Why are you protecting
my daughter-in-law?

Did she promise you something, hmm?

Listen to me,

Mr. Devore!

I don't like your tone of voice,
and I don't know how
you got my number,
but you can shove it up
your ass, you understand?

[Chuckles]

[Sighs]

Sometimes I feel
like a motherless child
sometimes I feel
like a motherless child
sometimes I feel
like a motherless child
[door creaks open]

A long way

from home

a long way

from home

sometimes I feel

like I'm almost gone

sometimes I feel

like I'm almost gone

whew.

Sometimes I feel

like I'm almost gone

a long way

from home

what in God's name?

A long way

from home

Sara Tidwell.

A long way

from home

[Frankie and Johnny plays]

[Hums]

[Sighs]

Frankie and Johnny

were sweethearts

oh what a couple in love

swore to be true to each other

true as the stars above

he was her man

but he done her wrong

Frankie went down to the corner
for a bucket of beer to buy
the bartender told her
that Johnny was makin' love
to Nellie Bly
he was her man
he was doin' her wrong
Frankie went home in a hurry
she didn't go there for fun
Frankie went home just to
get a hold
of her old .44
he was her man
but he done her wrong
and Frankie peeked in on the party
she got a surprise when she saw
Nellie and Johnny were makin' love
sippin' something through a straw
he was doin' her wrong
Johnny in a panic
mounted the staircase
screaming oh Frankie
please don't do it
she pulled that trigger
and rooty toot toot
three times she did shoot
he was her man
but he done her wrong
now this story has no moral
and this story has got no end
this story just goes
to show you women
that there ain't no good in men
he was her man
but he done her wrong
[applause]
[Knocking at door]
- Mr. Michael Noonan?
- Uh-huh, that's me.
This is for you.
Just take it.
What is it?
A subpoena?
To appear in the offices

of Elmer Durgin,
attorney-at-law and guardian
Ad Litem of Kyra Devore.
And it's my duty to remind you
of the penalty
should you fail to...
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.
I'll be there.
[Sighs]
Let me give you a piece of advice.
Don't mess
with Mr. Devore.
Or he'll squash me like a bug?
[Scoffs] I believe the script says,
"let me give you a piece of advice.
Don't mess with Mr. Devore,
or he'll squash you like a bug."
That's right,
you can say stuff like that
because you're the hot shot
book writer.
[Clicks tongue] That it?
[Sighs] I'll see you
at the deposition, Noonan.
Sounds good.
[Sighs]
"Help 'r."
help her?
Is that what you're trying to say, Jo?
Help Mattie Devore?
[Bell rings once]
[Laughs]
[Bell rings once]
[Bell ringing rapidly]
[Woman screams]
What?
[Screaming continues]
Sara Tidwell?
Is that you?
Sara?
Is that you?
I think we might have company, Jo.
[Thunder booms]
Lullaby and good night

[groans]

With roses bedight
creep into thy room

[door creaks open]

There pillow thy head
if God will thou shalt wake
when the morning doth break
if God will thou shalt wake
when morning doth break
if God will thou shalt wake
lullaby and good night
for the sandman is coming
bright angels are near
so sleep without fear
lay thee down now
and rest

may thy slumber be blessed
lay thee down now and rest
may thy slumber be blessed
lay thee down now
and rest

lullaby and good night
for the sandman is coming
bright angels are near
so sleep without fear
lay thee down now
and rest

may thy slumber be blessed
lay thee down now
and rest...

[suspenseful music]

You didn't think you and your wife
were alone, did you, baby?
You want me, just like all them boys.
What boys?
You'll see, baby.
You'll see.

[Cackles]

[German accent]

We have ways of making you talk.

[Gasps]

Help her.

Who?

Mattie?

And write.
You have to write.
I can't write.
I can't write without you, Jo.
I'll help you now.
I promise.
There's only death out there.
I still love my wife.
Then you should do what she says.
Didn't she tell you to help me?
That's not what she meant.
[Whispers]
You have no idea what Jo meant.
No idea.
mm.
aah!
All will be revealed.
[Gasps]
[Sighs]
State your name for the record.
Michael Noonan.
As you know, I'm Kyra Devore's
guardian Ad Litem.
You know what that means,
Mr. Noonan?
You've been appointed by
the judge to decide what's best
for Kyra, should a custody trial
become necessary.
Very good.
And the judge would not,
in such a case,
be required to base his decision
on my conclusions.
But that's usually what happens.
[Electric whirring]
Sorry to be late, Elmer.
George had trouble getting here.
Let's turn to your first meeting
with Mattie and Kyra Devore
on the highway, shall we?
Sure.
Kyra Devore was all alone.
Her mother wasn't with her, right?

- That's a poorly-phrased question,
but I suppose the answer is yes.
I'm flattered to have my grammar corrected by a best-selling author.
Is this a better-phrased question?
You could have run Kyra Devore over 'cause she was playing in the middle of the road, correct?
The phrasing isn't better, no.
And my answer is absolutely not.
I was driving the speed limit.
I saw Kyra in plenty of time.
So it's your experience that most people obey the speed limit on that stretch of the road?
I haven't spent that much time on Dark Score Lake.
I can't say.
Even in your limited experience, do you think that most people obey the speed limit on that road, Mr. Noonan?
I haven't done a traffic survey. Sorry.
Okay, Mr. Noonan.
Then answer me this.
If you hadn't carried Kyra Devore to safety, isn't it possible that she could've been hit by another car?
[Whispers] Just wait.
You know what?
I left my crystal ball at home.
[Chuckles] I really can't say.
I'd like to remind you you're under oath,
Mr. Noonan.
I'd like to remind you that I answered your question,

leading as it was.

Under oath...

[Sighs]

Let me ask you a question,
Mr. Durgin.

If you're on Kyra Devore's side,
why does it actually seem that
you're working for Max Devore?

[Taps gavel]

This meeting is adjourned.

This isn't over yet, Noonan.

Oh, thank God, Max.

It's just starting to get fun.

I couldn't agree more.

Mike!

Hi.

Thank you!

It's...

Yeah.

It's my pleasure.

Really.

I have to pick up Kyra from day care.

Would you like to walk me to my car?

Sure.

Why not?

So are you working on a new book?

- Yeah.

Mm-hmm.

Oh, my God, I'm so lame.

That must be

the most annoying question,

right up there with, "where

do you get your ideas from?"

That is an annoying question.

The one about working on a new book?

Well, that's just...

Writer's block?

Mm.

Yeah.

My next book,

the one that's coming out

this winter...

Yeah, I know about it.

Red shirt man, right?

Yeah.

I wrote that book over a decade ago.

It's a trunk novel,
a book I never thought
should see the light of day.

I passed it off to my agent
as a new novel
just to keep my little...

[Sighs]

Dilemma a secret.

Nobody knows it's an old book?

Nobody but you.

Well, your secret's safe with me, sir.

[Chuckles]

My agent, my little agent Marty,
after he read
the first couple of pages,
he called me up and, uh...

[Laughs]

You know what he...?

[Laughs]

- You know what he said?

- What?

This is the best thing
I've written in years.

Well, call it classic Michael Noonan.

Yeah, you could do.

Marty would, you know.

But Marty lies.

All the time.

[Chuckles]

He always wants to say
the right thing,
but says the wrong thing.

Thomas Hardy said that...

Compared to the dullest human
being walking on the earth,
the most brilliantly drawn
character in any novel
is nothing more than a bag of bones.

The only problem is that
sometimes I feel like
nothing more than
a bag of bones myself.

A bag of bones without
the energy or the... the talent
to do what I thought I was born to do.
I...
I don't think I can write anymore.
You miss her a lot, don't you?
Yeah.
I saw her once.
She was very beautiful.
Where did you see her?
At Warrington's.
I was, uh, a waitress there.
And I was working a shift
with my friend Laurie Wilton,
and... and I saw her, and I said,
"there's Mrs. Noonan,
the writer's wife.
Isn't she pretty?"
I think Laurie was more interested
in the guy your wife was sitting with.
What guy?
He was just a guy, I guess.
- Oh.
- Did I say something wrong?
Yeah, I mean, who was the guy
having dinner with my wife?
I'm... I'm sorry.
I, um...
No, it's okay.
It's okay, it's okay.
It's just...
I'm sorry.
It's just...
[Clears throat]
After Jo died,
I found out she was pregnant.
[Sighs] Oh, my God, I'm such an idiot.
No, no.
It's not your fault.
It's just... Messy.
Complicated.
Plus the fact...
I keep thinking that Jo...
That she brought me here.

Jo...
brought me here.
After she died, she brought you here?
For a reason.
Like what?
I don't know...
Yet.
Crazy, right?
[Laughs]
Not to me.
Yeah, well,
maybe she did bring me here
so she could finally tell me what...
She was doing here.
Or maybe it's to get you
to write again.
Yeah.
Maybe you're right.
Okay.
[Sighs]
[Sighs]
There you are.
Look at you.
Just look at you.
Hmm.
All right.
Let's just move that there.
There you go.
There you go.
[Sighs]
"She lit a cigarette
"and took a long drag.
"What I saw made me
feel like screaming."
It made me feel like screaming.
It made me feel like screaming.
[Laughs]
Thank you, Jo.
I always said
I couldn't write without you.
I just had to find you.
I just had to find you.
[Peaceful music]
[muttering]

Yeah.

Ah.

[Sighs]

29 pages.

Holy shit.

God, I'm good.

Oh, yeah.

[Sighs] Thank you, Jo.

[Water splashes]

[Suspenseful music]

[splashing continues]

What the...?

Help!

Help, I'm drown...!

Help, I'm drown...!

To be continued...

[Record static]

['20s-style jazz music]

Stephen King's

"Bag Of Bones" Part 2 of 2.

[Ominous music]

[Jazz music]

Help, help, I'm drown...

- Help, I'm drown...

- No!

Help, I'm drown...

- No, no.

- Help, I'm drown...

- Help, I'm drown...

- Don't drown.

- I'm drown...

- You're OK now...

Oh no! I'm here!

- You're not gonna drown! No!

- Help, I'm drown...

- Mr. Noonan?

- [Gasps]

- A-are you okay,

Mr. Noonan?

Uh...

[Chuckles awkwardly]

Yes.

[Laughs] Yes, I'm fine.

Yes, I'm fine, I'm just, uh...

I just slipped.
I'm sorry to make
a habit of scaring you.
I-I just wanted
to get the upstairs
as clean as I got
the downstairs the other day.
Yeah.
The tub needed a good scouring.
Oh, yeah.
I wanted to fill it up and let it soak
before I scrubbed and drained it.
I hope you don't mind.
No, good idea.
Scrub away.
All's well.
Please.
Thank you.
[Breathing heavily]
Mr. Noonan?
Yes, Mrs. Meserve?
Be careful... even though
it's cloudy out,
the summer heat gets muggy.
It's been known to drive
more than a few people
a little Dark Score crazy.
That's the second time
I've heard that expression...
"Dark Score crazy."
What's it mean?
Oh, it's...
It's that whole...
"Curse of Dark Score Lake" stuff...
Just stories people tell
around the campfire.
Stories?
People going...
You know...
Mad?
Is that what happens when
people go Dark Score crazy?
They go mad?
No, seriously.

I mean, how does this happen?

How does what happen,

Mr. Noonan?

The madness.

Hmm?

What do people do when
they go Dark Score crazy?

Mattie Devore's husband, Lance...

He tried to drown their little girl.

[Screaming] Dad!

[Gunshot]

Who else?

There was Normal Jellison back in '68.

"Buddy Jellison's cafe"...

Normal Jellison?

Buddy's father.

He held Buddy's little sister
under the water...

Drowned her...Right in front
of little Buddy's eyes.

Who else?

- Who else, Mrs. Meserve?

- I don't know.

There was, uh...

Bill Dean's father.

Bill Dean?

Our Bill Dean?

His father's name was Fred.

Same kind of thing...

Killed Billy's little sister

40, maybe 50 years ago,

I guess it'd be...

Also when they were little.

Let me guess.

He tried to drown her.

Drowned her right out there...

Dark Score Lake.

[Softly]

"Help me, I'm drowning."

Pardon me, Mr. Noonan?

Nothing.

Nothing, I was just, um...

Thinking out loud, that's all.

Of course, you didn't hear

any of this from me.

- No.

- This is a small town.

People don't take too kindly
to having their secrets spilled.

It's surprising
the secrets that people keep.

No, it ain't,

Mr. Noonan.

A person without secrets
is like a scarecrow without stuffing.

The things nobody knows
make us who we are.

Tell me something.

Did my wife ever...

Yes, Mr. Noonan?

Did Jo ever have...

Any company here?

"Company," Mr. Noonan?

Was my wife seeing someone?

Not that I'm aware of,

Mr. Noonan.

Okay.

Now, if there's nothing more...

No.

Thank you.

Oh, Jo.

Jo, I'm sorry.

I just...

[Item clatters]

Overdue books?

[Breathes deeply]

[Sighs]

[Keys clacking]

Come on, Jo.

What are you hiding from me?

Show me.

[Glasses clatter]

[Banging]

[Objects crashing]

[Drawers rattling]

[Frantic, suspenseful music]

[Grunts]

[Springs rattling]

[Clatter]

[Scurrying]

[Footsteps]

[Clatter continues]

Oh!

[Screeching]

[Grunts]

[Jazz music]

Suddenly in my prime

I mean I'm happy as a bird

flying up above

"The Curse

of Dark Score Lake."

Oh, Max Devore.

You were as ugly then as you are now.

[Scoffs, clicks tongue]

"Tanglewood nursing home."

"And Sara Tidwell's disappearance

"at the height of her fame

at the close of the 1930s

gave rise

to much speculation."

Hmm...

[Livelier jazz music begins]

She was bored

but she was honest

the victim of a rich man's whim

he betrayed her in the garden

[knock at door]

- Hey, you.

- Jackpot!

[Laughs] What's that supposed to mean?

John Storrow, my lawyer...

He just called

and said that he found a link

between Elmer Durgin,

you know, Kyra's Ad Litem

from the custody proceedings.

Who's supposed to be

completely unbiased.

Right, right, right... and

none other than Max Devore.

- Get out of here.

- It's true!

Since late may,
Durgin has paid off his house.
He's paid off his car.
He's bought a boat.
He's caught up on ten years'
worth of child support.
All on a government salary.
And he's received several
deposits into his bank account,
courtesy of Devore.

It's over, Mike.

It's over.

This custody case is over.

They're not going to grant him
custody of Kyra,
not with that type
of judicial tampering.

Great.

The home team wins.

Hmm?

[Chuckles]

I can't thank you enough, Mike.

I mean, if you would've
caved in to Devore,
like everybody else in this town,
Kyra and I would be saying
our good-byes probably soon.

Oh, well, thanks for saying so,
but I don't think I really...

But... but nothing.

I mean, you stood up for us
as if you were our...

Our knight in shining armor.

- Thanks.

- I'll never forget that.

[Sighs]

What is it?

It's... it's him.

Who?

[Sighs] Him.

The... the guy, the one that
I saw Jo having dinner with
at Warrington's.

That's the guy

I've been worried about...
The one who I thought
was sleeping with Jo?
[Laughing]
That's my brother, Sid.
[Coughs] What?
My gay brother, Sid.
[Both laughing]
I love you, Sid.
Yeah, well, it still doesn't explain
why she didn't tell me
she was pregnant
in the first place, but...
It's good enough for now.
Yeah, I guess it is.
Hey, listen, um...
Thanks for coming over.
Are you kidding?
I couldn't wait
to tell you the good news.
Well, congratulations.
It went well.
- I'll see you soon?
- Sure. Yeah.
Good.
[Engine turning]
[Chuckling]
Oh, my God.
Oh, my God.
Jo?
Did you do this?
Are you...
Are you upset?
[Bell ringing]
[Bell rings and clatters]
[Jazz music]
Frankie and Johnny
were sweethearts
oh, what a couple in love
[static]
I'm right there with you, baby.
I'm right there with you, baby.
I'm right there with you, baby.
- I'm right there with you, baby.

- Sara.
I'm right there with you, baby.
Sara Tidwell.
[Record skipping]
[Needle scratches]
Oh, come on.
This damn thing's driving me nuts.
Come on.
"Sid...Down...
Lift."
Jo, is this about
your dinner with Sid?
Hey, Sid, it's Mike.
Um, listen, when you get this message,
will you give me a call?
Uh, there's something
I want to ask you.
Okay, talk soon.
[Camera shutter clicks]
Okay.
[Cell phone rings]
[Grunts]
Hey, Sid.
Hey, Mikey.
I just noticed
I missed your call... what's up?
Uh...
It's, um...
It's about Jo.
You okay?
I haven't heard from you in a while.
Starting to get worried.
No, no, no, I'm great.
I'm really, really, really good.
Uh, really enjoying myself out here.
Glad you pushed me
out the door, you know.
It's a change of scenery...
Good for the spirit, so to speak.
Well, that's great.
You sound out of breath,
by the way, like, uh...
Like you've been knockin'
the boots or something.

[Laughs]

No, no, no knocking boots for me.
Yeah, well, okay, whatever, Mikey.
So what's going on?

Uh...

When, uh...

When you and Jo got together
up here for dinner, um...

Yeah, it's that,
uh, big old place, um...

Warrington's?

Warrington's!

Yeah, that's it.

Well, when you were there,
or a-anywhere around

Dark Score, I guess,

uh, did something happen with a lift?

A lift?

A lift. Uh, did you
take a lift somewhere?

Was there a place called "the lift"?

I mean, I-I don't know...

Anything to do with a lift.

Sorry, Mikey, it's...

It's not ringing any bells.

Okay, okay.

All right, uh...

Don't worry.

All's well.

Thanks.

Why do you ask?

Oh, it's... it's just, um,
something I'm working on,
something that's, uh...

Rattling around inside my head.

Hey, fantastic!

Oh, that's great, Mikey.

Glad to hear it.

Sorry I couldn't help you, though.

Yeah.

[Chuckles]

Hey, listen, Sidney, don't worry.

You take care of yourself now.

Love you.

Talk to you soon, Mikey.

Bye.

Okay, take care.

All right.

[Sighs]

Hey, green lady.

How are you this day, huh?

Oh?

You want to tell me something?

Hmm?

[Chuckles]

[Groans]

[Grunting]

[Retching]

[Groaning]

[Panting]

Oh, Jesus.

[Sighs, inhales deeply]

[Groans]

Yeah.

[Electric whirring]

Whore run off and left you,
has she, Noonan?

I always liked a whore.

Didn't I, Rogette?

Yes, sir...

In their place.

She good, that little whore?

Must be good to have
kept my son a prisoner
in that nasty little trailer
before killing him.

What do you want, Devore?

Do you care

about your soul, Mr. Noonan?

God's butterfly caught
in a cocoon of flesh
that will one day stink and rot
just like mine.

What the hell are you talking about?

I'm going to give you
one chance to save your soul.

Go away...

Right now, this very day,

in the clothes you stand in,
and leave the whore
and the "whorelet" to me.
That "whorelet" you're talking about
is your granddaugther!
I'm not afraid to do
the things that need to be done.
You're even crazier
than I thought, the two of you.
Are you sure you want to be
the little girl's hero, Noonan?
Just get out of my space,
the two of you.

[Gasps]

Are you crazy?

[Groans]

Rogette was always quite an athlete.

- [Grunts]

- [Laughs]

Don't forget, Mr. Noonan...

Custody has its responsibilities.

[Groans]

[Telephone ringing]

[Telephone ringing]

Hi, you've reached the lake house,
please leave me a message.

Hey, Mike, I tried to call your cell,
but the voice mail didn't pick up.

I Fed Ex'd you a bunch of galleys
for Red Shirt Man earlier today.

And I got to tell you again, Mike,

I think this is the best

Michael Noonan book yet.

Scribner feels the same way, too,
which is why they did such great
work on the cover, I think.

Mm, I should have sent them
the one I wrote 15 years ago.

That one would have really
knocked their socks off.

But as you know, with this
crunch publication schedule,
time is of the essence,
so the sooner you can get back to us

with your final revisions, the better.
Oh, sure, Marty.
Nothing pressing going on here, mate.
Thanks, Mike... hope
you're doing well otherwise.
Give my love to...
I'll see you soon, Mike.
Congratulations again.
[Sighs]
[Groans]
Why not?
[Sighs]
"Sid down left."
"Side down left."
"Side...Down...Left."
[Snaps fingers]
Down left side.
Down left side.
Hmm.
There you go.
There you go.
Gotcha.
[Chuckles]
Oh, Jo.
Jo, Jo, Jo.
You and I were such nuts
for times crosswords.
Weren't we just?
Although I think I was the bigger nut.
Here we go.
All right.
"Booya-moon.
Booya-moon."
"Booya-moon"?
What does that mean?
[Knock at door]
Yes?
Ah.
Deputy foot...Man.
I've got a message for you.
Do you, now?
What is it?
Another threat from Methuselah?
No threats.

You might call this good news.

You know your boss
almost killed me today?

Yeah.

If you promise to cease
all legal maneuvers,
if you promise to let Mr.
Devore rest in peace, so to speak,
then he promises to cease his efforts
to gain custody of his granddaughter.

What are you saying?

If this suits you,
call Mr. Devore at Warrington's
and tell him you agree to the terms.

- Uh-huh.

And what's the catch?

There's no catch.

Mr. Devore is nothing
if not a man of his word.

Hmm.

Peachy.

[Line trilling]

Rogette Whitmore speaking.

- Uh-huh.

This is Mike Noonan.

So wonderful to hear
from you, Mr. Noonan.

[Chuckles] Did you enjoy your swim?

You and Mr. Devore seem
to be sore losers, Ms. Whitmore.

Mr. Devore does not lose.

Mr. Devore may change his goals,
but he does not lose.

You were the one who looked
like a loser today, Mr. Noonan...

Pawing around and yelping out
there like a bitch in heat.

Listen, you ugly bitch,
if either of you ever
try anything like that again,
I'm going to come over there
and wring your scrawny Turkey necks.

Do you understand me?

And who's the sore loser now,

Mr. Noonan?
Enough pleasantries.
We have a deal.
Wonderful, Mr. Noonan.
And before I let you go,
Mr. Devore would like me
to remind you
"custody has
its responsibilities."
[Phone clicks]
[Both laughing]
[Groans]
[Moans]
[Breathing shakily]
[Whimpering]
Sometimes I feel
like a motherless child
sometimes I feel
like a motherless child
sometimes I feel
like a motherless child a long way
from home a long ways from home
[band joins in]
Sometimes I feel
like I'm almost gone
sometimes I feel
like I'm almost gone
sometimes I feel
like I'm almost gone a long way
from home a long way from home
[train rumbling on tracks]
What happened to you, Sara?
[Crying]
[Panting]
Mike, Mr. Mike, help me!
Sweetheart, what's wrong, child?
Huh?
Where is she?
Okay, come.
Come with me.
There, there!
- Sometimes I feel
- [Crying]
Come, come, quick, quick.

Like a motherless child okay.
Uh, let's go down this way, come on.
Come this way.
[Weeping]
[Sobs]
Over here!
This way, this way.
Let's go in here, in here.
Very quiet.
- [Sobs]
- There's a good girl.
Stay there, okay?
I'm scared, Mr. Mike.
We're going to be fine, Kyra.
But you have to be very, very quiet.
Okay?
All right.
[Whispering] Really quiet.
Just keep squeezing my hand
if you feel scared, okay?
But...
I'm not holding
your hand, Mr. Mike.
Are you scared, too, little one?
Oh, child.
Do you want us to help you?
Max Devore is dead.
But custody still has
its responsibilities!
- [Screams]
- No!
- They're hurting me!
- Kyra!
[Screaming] Please help me!
Kyra!
Kyra!
[Yelps]
Lie still, bag of bones.
[Telephone ringing] [Gasps] Shit.
Oh, jeez.
Hey.
Hello?
Mike, it's Mattie.
Hey, Mattie, how are you?

You'll never guess
what I'm calling to tell you.
- Max Devore's dead?
- Yes.
He killed himself last night.
Is it already making the rounds?
Yeah, yeah, something like that.
You know what this means, Mike?
- Uh-uh, no,
what is it?
It's over.
That's good.
That's really good, Mattie.
I'm very happy for you.
Congratulations.
Do you want to come over
tomorrow night after the funeral?
- A-are you going
to the funeral?
No, but you are.
And you're going to come over and
tell me every little last detail.
Uh...
Well, let... let me just think
about this one, now.
I'm not sure.
Um, just let me think about it.
Absolutely.
I mean, you take
all the time you need, but...
Go on.
But what?
Jo would want you
to be happy, you know?
[Sighs] I'm sorry.
I'm sorry.
I-I shouldn't have said that.
I-I-I shouldn't have said
any of this.
It's okay.
It's okay.
You've done no wrong.
All's good.
I'll come over for dinner

tomorrow night.
I look forward to it.
Yeah, yeah, me too.
Okay.
Good-bye.
Okay, bye.
[Mutters]
[Sighs deeply]
Lie still bag of bones.
Lie still bag of bones.
Lie still bag of bones.
Lie still bag of bones.
Oh, God.
Hello, sir.
What are you doing here?
I'm sorry.
I don't mean to disturb you.
Harold, is it really you?
Harold?
You look so young, so young.
But you're dead, Harold.
What are you doing here?
How can this be?
Sir, I'm not...
Max is dead.
I went to his funeral today.
Old mad Max Devore is finally dead.
Sir...
I'm not Harold.
I'm Mike.
Harold was my grandfather.
And I take it
that you and my grandfather
were old friends.
We grew up together.
Yeah.
My name is Edgar White.
It's a pleasure
to meet you, Mr. White.
Oh, "Edgar" is fine.
"Mr. White"
is my old man.
And he's been gone for a long time.
What are you doing here?

Well, I was at, uh,
Max Devore's funeral today,
and I saw you.
And, um, well,
you looked pretty upset.
Max was an old friend.
It's never easy to bury an old friend.

- Mm.

- [Chuckles]

Max Devore and me...

We grew up together.

Harold and Normal and Fred...

And old Max, of course.

They're all gone now.

I'm the last one left.

But, you know,

I told your missus
all of this already.

My missus?

Well, yeah, yeah, um...

Jo Noonan, right?

- Mm-hmm.

I didn't realize
you and she had talked.

Pretty gal.

How is she?

She, uh...

She passed away.

Sorry to hear that.

What did you two talk about?

Oh, nothing much.

She had a bunch of questions
about the history
of Dark Score Lake.

Said she wanted to write an
article or a book or something.

Did she want to know
about Dark Score fair in 1939...

And Sara Tidwell?

Among other things, yeah.

But I told her...

I don't know anything.

But you were lying to her,
weren't you?

Hmm?

You do know something.

I bet there's lots of things you know
you wish you could just forget, hmm?

Max Devore is dead now, Edgar.

He can't hurt you anymore.

That's not always true.

Tell me the secret of Max Devore
that you keep in your heart
after all these years.

Tell me, Edgar.

Tell me what happened...

To you, Max Devore... And Sara Tidwell.

It's not about what happened
between me and Devore
and Sara Tidwell.

[Softly] What is it, then?

It's about what we did.

Tell me.

Just tell me.

It was the summer of '39...

[Brassy jazz music]

At the Dark Score fair.

she was poor...

Sara Tidwell was performing
on the main stage.

And she was like nothing
we had ever seen before
around these parts.

it was me, Fred Dean,

Normal Jellison,

your grandfather Harold Noonan,
and mad Max Devore.

Even then, Max was
the man with the plan.

And everyone knew
that he would eventually
run Dark Score Lake

and become a very rich
and important man in the world.

It was Max's idea to go to the show.

He took her in...

We were all heat up from the show.

A small port wine

and it was Max who suggested
we pay Sara a visit afterwards.
Of course, none of us knew
what Max had planned.
At least that's what
I've been telling myself
all these years.
I liked your show.
[Chuckles]
Well, thank you, sugar.
Maybe I'll see you at the next one.
I'm talking to you, girl.
Don't you turn away from me.
[Grunts]
Liking my singing
doesn't buy you a right to me.
Stop her!
You think you can sing the way you do
and get away with it, huh?
You think you and your
kind can boil our blood
and not give us what we want
when you're done, huh?
Come here.
Get over here and help me
hold her down, damn it.
[Whimpering]
Gonna teach this uppity bitch
a lesson.
[Fabric ripping]
You going to tell me
you're sorry, bitch?
You going to beg me for forgiveness?
[Laughing] I don't beg for nothing...
[Grunting]
Especially not for no little boy.
[Yelps, laughs]
Go home, honey!
Now! Run!
Mommy!
Run, Kisha baby, run!
Run!
Where's all your tough talk now?
[Crying] Not my daughter.

Please don't hurt my little girl.
I'll do anything...
Anything you say!
Please!
You already are doing anything I say.
Get her.
[Sobbing]
You think we can leave any witnesses?
Even I can't get us out of this one.
Now catch that little girl
and take her out to the lake.
No! Oh, God, !
Please, please...
Please, I'll do anything.
Please just don't hurt my little girl.
Please.
Please!
Help, I'm drown...
Please, don't hurt my baby!
Please, God!
No, no, no!
Shut that bitch up.
Somebody's going to hear her.
Oh, no!
No, stop!
[Coughing]
[Screaming]
[Spits]
You...
And your kin are cursed!
You and your sons
are going to do to your daughters
what you've done to mine.
With your own hands,
you will murder your daughters.
And with their own hands,
your sons are going
to murder their daughters.
A curse on you and yours
until you're all gone!
[Sobbing]
Max told us
that we could never mention
a word of it to anyone

for as long as we lived,
that it would ruin us all.
He had us bury their bodies
out in the woods.
And that was the end of Sara Tidwell
and her daughter, Kisha.

[Knock on door]

- Hi.

- Hey.

- Come in.

- I made it.

[Clears throat]

- Y-you don't...

[Both chuckle awkwardly]

[Clears throat]

"Kiss the cook".

Well?

Well.

[Giggles]

I think we have a visitor.

- Hi, Mr. Mike.

- Hi, Miss Ky.

How's it going?

- Good.

- Good.

What you up to?

Will you read me

my bedtime story, please?

Sweetheart, I told you,

no begging Mr. Mike.

I would be more than happy

to read you a bedtime story.

Come on.

Hooray!

How can I refuse?

- Mm-hmm.

- Mm-hmm.

"For her birthday, Kim's mom

invited her to the fair

"that just came to town for the week.

"'Get dressed, my love,

and we'll go.'

"'okay, mom.'

"at the fair, many people

were waiting to buy tickets.

"From far away, she saw the big wheel.

Kim was so happy."

I dreamed about you the other night.

You did?

- [Yawns]

Mm-hmm.

And what was your dream about?

A circus...

Or...

A fair or something.

And...

What happened in this dream

of yours the other night?

You were trying to save me

from the bad men,

and the mad lady was singing.

And we hid in a real scary place.

But the mad lady's little girl

was hiding, too.

[Thunder rumbles]

And that girl...

Was she the mad lady's daughter?

- Mm-hmm.

How do you know that?

Because she told me, silly.

[Chuckles with relief] She did?

- Mm-hmm.

She's my friend.

Oh, she's your friend.

Since when?

Ever since...

Her mommy, the mad lady,

made my daddy try to...

Hurt me.

It was the mad lady

who made your daddy do that?

- Mm-hmm.

Her daughter's name is Kisha.

And it's called a curse.

A curse.

Can we finish reading

my book now, Mr. Mike?

Sure.

On one condition.

You call me "Mike."

Okay, Mike.

It's a deal.

It's a deal.

How is she?

She's good.

She's, uh...

Out like a light.

[Sighs] What's the matter?

She, uh... I don't know...

She mentioned something

- about a little girl named Kisha.

- Oh, yeah.

That's her imaginary friend, Kisha,
but it's okay, 'cause the doctor said
that she's perfectly normal
and I don't have a crazy kid,
so that's...

That's good.

So the funeral?

I'm sorry.

I shouldn't have made you go.

No, no, no, no, no,
actually that's been the
best part of the last
couple of days for me...

Seeing that old bastard lowered
into the ground once and for all.

- Yeah.

- I, um...

I learned about the disappearance
of Sara Tidwell today
from an old man in a rest home,
who, it turns out, Jo had also
visited before she died.

Do you know who Sara Tidwell is?

Lance, my husband, used
to listen to her music before...

I, uh... I didn't know
she disappeared.

In 1939.

Only she didn't really
disappear... she was killed.

After she played
at the Dark Score fair one day,
she was raped.
And then she and
her little daughter, Kisha,
were killed by a group of teenagers,
led by the young Max Devore.
Oh, my God.
Which would explain why...
Lance got interested in her music
before he tried to kill Kyra.
Tell me.
A curse...
On all the young men who killed
Sara Tidwell and her little girl.
With her dying breath,
she cursed them all.
If they or any of their
descendants had daughters...
They would do the same horrible
things to their little girls
that they had done to Sara Tidwell
and her little girl.
Their descendants included
Buddy Jellison
and Bill Dean's fathers.
[Thunder booms]
That explains why they drowned
their daughters
all those years later.
One of that group was
my grandfather, Harold Noonan...
No!
Please.
Who willed the lake house
to Jo and myself.
Did your father murder your sister?
- No, no, no,
I-I didn't have any sisters.
There was just Sid and me.
Oh, my God, Mike, don't you see?
This is the final piece of the puzzle.
This is why Jo didn't want
to tell you she was pregnant.

Jo had learned of the curse.
That's why she had all
those library books.
That's why she had Sara Tidwell's
albums and... and photographs.
It's why she went to see
that man in the rest home.
That's why she used to visit Dark Score
lake all those weekends
before she died.
She wasn't having an affair.
She was researching Sara Tidwell.
Mike... when she thought
she might be pregnant,
- she was worried about you.
- Worried about me?
Worried that you might be
bound to this curse by blood.
Thank you.
Thank you.
I just don't want to doubt Jo anymore.
I just don't want to doubt her.
[Gunshot, glass shattering]
No, Mattie.
[Wheezing]
Oh, Mattie.
No, no.
Oh, no.
Oh, God.
Mattie, hey, I'm here.
I'm here.
Don't... come on.
- T-take care of my baby.
I will.
I will, Mattie.
I'll take care of Kyra.
I promise you,
no one's going to hurt her.
No one's going to hurt her, okay?
Mattie...
No!
I see you!
I see you!
Why?

You killed her!
You killed her!
Why?
Why did you kill her?
You should have left
well enough alone!
This thing was always bigger than you.
Bigger than Devore even.
Yeah?
And now we need to take care of Kyra.
"We" do?
Yeah.
[Thunder booms]
[Sobbing] What's happening, Mike?
We got to go, Ky...
- Now.
- Mommy's dead, isn't she?
Yes.
[Sobbing]
Come, come, now.
Now, let's go, we gotta go.
[Engine revving]
[Tires squeal]
How could you do this?
It's the sins of the father, Mike.
I told you to keep away from Devore.
Devore is dead.
You can stop this now.
No, this will only stop when
the last little girl is dead.
Kyra Devore is the last descendant
with the blood of the curse.
[Tires squealing]
Custody has its responsibilities!
You're telling me he wanted
custody so he could kill her?
Is that what you're saying?
Go to hell, both of you.
I'm scared, Mike.
[Sobbing]
[Tires screeching]
[Crying softly]
All right, sweetheart.
Come on in.

Custody has its responsibility!
Now, you go and bring
that whorelet over here
and stick her in the water
where she belongs.
No!
You can't make me do this!
Finish it, daddy.
Lie still, bag of bones.
Where are you, Jo?
Come on.
Lie still, bag of bones.
[Thunder booms]
Is that what you are, Jo?
Is that where
you've been hiding all along...
Inside my writing?
"Down left side."
"Down left side."
Well, if you've been hiding
inside my writing, then...
"Down left side"?
"Owls...Above...
Studio."
"Owls above studio."
So that's why you wanted me
to write, Jo.
So you could send me messages
without Sara knowing...
Messages behind the gatekeeper's back.
"Lie still,
bag of bones."
"Lye..."
Lye.
Lye will still her bag of bones.
Owls in the studio.
Lye...
will still her bag of bones.
You hadn't figured out where those
bones were before you died...
Or you would have done this
yourself, wouldn't you?
Huh?
[Thunder booms]

Come on.

[Groaning]

The green lady.

Finish it.

[Thud]

[Thunder booms]

Aah!

I am so sorry what they did
to you and your daughter, Sara.

I am so sorry what they did
to you and your daughter, Sara.

Leave him alone!

His blood is cursed.

And Devore was the worst of them.

And his blood is in that little girl.

And I won't rest
until she is dead at his hands.

Mike and Kyra
had nothing to do with this.

Their kin killed my baby!

This ends now.

It's time for you to rest.

[Sizzling]

We did it, Jo.

You did it.

[Mouths words] I love you.

I love you.

[Mouths words] I love you.

Kyra?

What are you doing, Kyra?

What the lady tells me to do.

No, no, no, no, honey.

They're at rest now.

Sara and Kisha
are at rest, sweetheart.

Not Sara.

Her.

Who?

We do not lose,

Mr. Noonan.

Max Devore does not lose.

[Wailing]

Kyra, turn away!

[Sobbing]

Oh, shh.
Shh.
Shh, child.
Shh.
It's over, baby girl.
Oh, sweet child.
No, no.
Come now, baby girl, don't cry.
[Smooches]
[Whispering indistinctly]
Bye, mommy.
Oh, my sweet child.
Come on.
Come on.
Come on.
Oh.
[Sobbing]
Oh, no.
Oh, darling.
We're transporting now could
you prepare the report, please?
Hey...
What did mommy tell you when
she whispered in your ear?
She told me to be a good girl
and not to be sad.
But I am sad.
I know.
And that's okay.
I'm sad, too.
But we'll be okay, I promise you.
I promise you.
I know.
You do?
- Mm-hmm.
Mommy told me.
She said I was your little girl now
and that you're gonna take care of me.
Did she, now?
She told me you're ready
to be a daddy now.
Oh, come here.
Yeah.
Yes.

[Chuckles]

Yeah.

Should we go for a paddle
in the canoe?

- Mm-hmm.

Should we do that?

- Go up the river.

- Yeah.

Yeah.

Have an adventure.

I think it's a good idea.

Let's go.

Come on.

You need a piggyback.

Piggyback.

Okay.

[Giggles]