

**INT. LARA'S CABIN - NIGHT**

**Crickets.** Night sounds. A storm.

Fade in on Lara **humming** to herself as she **scribbles** something on sheets of paper.

Sodapop **whines** softly.

As she **shuffles paper**, Lara begins to sing.

LARA  
*The sweet annihilation*  
(she hums again)  
*All will be nothing, and we will be*  
*all*

The walls **creak**. Sodapop **growls**. Lara draws even more furiously.

LARA  
*The harder they fight us, the harder*  
*they'll fall*  
*All will be nothing, and we will be*  
*all.*  
*All will be nothing, and we will*  
*be --*

She hears a distant, eery **cry**. She stops, listens until it finishes.

LARA  
Okay. Good night.

She **slumps** onto the floor, unconscious. Sodapop **grumbles** to himself.

**TITLES**

Theme music.

NARRATOR  
Believer. Episode 4: "The Voice of  
God."

End theme music.

**INT. LARA'S CABIN - DAY**

The next morning. Sodapop **yawns** and stretches. Lara **types** at her laptop.

LARA

Hey, Sodapop! About time you got up, buddy.

(sighs)

I've gotta remember not to look at those drawings Rose made before I go to bed. I had the weirdest dream.

(beat)

I don't remember printing them out, either...I guess it's not a terrible idea.

Sodapop makes a little irritated 'woof' noise.

LARA

Yeah. I gotta get more sleep. Anyway.

(hits a button)

Let's see what ol' Reverend Mitchell has to say.

**Blip-bloop!** The voice of MITCHELL BOONE, strong and confident, comes through the laptop speakers.

MITCHELL

Now, there aren't many of you seated in the pews these days. But that is the price of telling the truth. For I have heard the call of God, as you have, and I know, as you do, the signs of His coming.

LARA

Sounds pretty conventional to me.

The sound shifts so that we can hear Mitchell more clearly.

MITCHELL

In Revelations, chapter six: "Then I saw the Lamb open one of the seven seals, and I heard one of the four living creatures call out, as with a voice of thunder, 'Come!'" And he saw four riders, on four horses.

First, the rider on the white horse: Conquest. Man's attempt to control that which he cannot. We will grab at our minds ever tighter as they sift through our fingers.

Then the red horse: War. Turning prey to predators so that all may have the chance to eat and be eaten.

Then the black horse, representing famine, the choking vegetation. Starving root and bleaching soil.

We have seen these. We will see these. But the last, on the pale horse. They call him death. But he is so much more. He is ending. He is silence.

You will not see him coming. For you cannot see absence, loss, nothing. But you can feel it, can't you? The emptiness in your chest, yearning to join the void. That is what is coming. That is what we seek.

**Bloop-bloop.** A beat.

LARA

Okay, yeah, I can see why that's not on the radio. But if they stopped airing his sermons, then why...

**Blip-bloop!** Next sermon.

MITCHELL

And when we meet that creeping annihilation, the void, the nothingness, we shall greet it as an old friend. For we are one. We are nothing. We are all.

A crowd chants behind him.

CROWD

All is nothing! We are all! All is nothing! We are all!

MITCHELL

(overlapping)

The Earth shall be a sea of glass: nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing --

**Bloop-bloop.**

Lara groans.

LARA

Oh, god. Is there any small town that doesn't have a secretive underground cult? I mean, come on.

She **types** a bit on the keyboard.

LARA

Nothing online, but that's to be expected.

Lara sighs.

LARA

Okay, so, Rose's dad started a -- well, technically it's a "new religious movement." It's possible Rose was involved, but I doubt it. I mean, she's into paranormal stuff, but she'd never get into something like this.

She clicks. **Blip-bloop!** Another recording plays.

MITCHELL

"Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming from tender stem hath sprung." Do you know the hymn? "To show God's love aright, she bore to men a Savior, when half-spent was the night."

He takes a moment to catch his breath.

MITCHELL

And she will. She will bear to us this savior, this darkness. For she hears it. She hears it better than I ever have. And she carries it with her. The darkness. The nothing. Look -- look to my Rose in the scorched, packed earth. The sea of glass. She sees -- she sees --

**Bloop-blip.**

LARA

Ah. Never mind then.

Sodapop **whines**.

LARA

Yeah, let's take you out. But then I've gotta look into this.

Honestly, Sodapop, if this dumb cult took Rose, I am going to be so annoyed.

Sodapop scampers out the door ahead of her.

**INT. LARA'S INBOX**

VOICEMAIL

You have one unheard message. First message.

Message from DR. PENELOPE SIMMONS.

DR SIMMONS

Hello, this is Doctor Penelope Simmons, leaving yet another message for --

The sound glitches out into loud static.

ROSE

Laaaa...Laraa...

Odd distortion breaks in.

ROSE

Nothing's here.

The sound cuts back into static and then we're back to --

DR SIMMONS

Call me back, Ms. Campbell. Please.

BEEP.

**EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY**

Lara walks along the street. Sheriff Tate gets out of his car, approaches her.

SHERIFF TATE

Miss Campbell! Still in town, I see.

LARA

Sheriff Tate. You spend a lot of time in Charity?

SHERIFF TATE

I'm responsible for the whole county, but I admit, I've got a soft spot for Charity.

LARA

It is cute.

SHERIFF TATE

It's wonderful. Anything I can help you find today?

LARA

I'm actually looking for the church.

SHERIFF TATE

Oh, well there's a brand new Presbyterian congregation on the end of Main Street.

LARA

No, um, Reverend Boone's old church.

SHERIFF TATE

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

LARA

Nobody else has moved in there since he got sick and suspended services, right?

SHERIFF TATE

Well, it's -- closed down. Locked. It'd be breaking and entering.

LARA

I won't go inside. I just want to see something.

SHERIFF TATE

Look, uh, I know you get your messaged from the Beyond and all...

LARA

We should make an appointment to talk about your great-aunt, by the way.

SHERIFF TATE

She's still talking to you?

LARA

I think we could have a very promising conversation.

SHERIFF TATE

Well, that's...interesting. But in the meantime, I need you to stay away from the Boone family.

LARA

You can't believe everything Mayor Terri says about me, Sheriff. I'm not actually the Devil.

SHERIFF TATE

No, it's...it's not safe.

LARA

What's not safe?

SHERIFF TATE

Just listen to me, Miss Campbell. We're not to the point of an official order here, and I know Rose meant a lot to you. But you really need to let this one go.

LARA

I'm not gonna do that, Sheriff. Something is going on -- something is wrong in Charity. You've got to see that.

SHERIFF TATE

Rose Boone is just fine. You'll see.

LARA

I hope so.

SHERIFF TATE

Well, I gotta get to another call. You stay out of that church, you understand?

LARA

Yes, sir.

SHERIFF TATE

And I suggest you head out of town as soon as you find what you're looking for.

LARA

That's the plan.

SHERIFF TATE

Good. Stay safe, Miss Campbell.

LARA

I will.

He walks away, gets back in his car. Lara watches him go.

**INT. INBOX**

A voicemail inbox.

VOICEMAIL

First skipped message.

MITCHELL

Abe. I know you stopped airing my sermons. But you see, don't you? I have to share them. You have to...you have to hear it. We have to give ourselves. It wants us quiet and resigned. It wants us as...gifts... please...Abe...

He breaks off into a fit of coughing.

VOICEMAIL

End of messages.

**INT. CHURCH - CHAPEL - LATER**

A window pane **slides open** with effort, and Lara squeezes through.

LARA

Okay, if I can just -- ah!

She **falls** onto the floor. She gets up, wipes her hands on her clothes.

LARA

See? Didn't have to break in. The window was open.

She takes out her phone. **Blip-bloop!** She starts recording.

LARA

Okay. I'm in the old Church of the Seventh Seal in Charity. It's -- very dusty. Hasn't Mitchell only been sick for a month or so? This place looks like it's been closed for years.

She **walks** around, looking at things.



LARA

It's small. Simple. Some pews, a podium up front, just the basics. No stained glass windows. No cross either. Honestly, the only thing you could call decoration is these lines in the woodwork. They're carved into the walls and along the center aisle, just these straight lines that kind of outline the room and then meet above the podium. It's a geometric shape, kind of like a star. Like I said, simple, but I guess it's something.

She walks across the floor.

LARA

The pews have those book-holders, but there's nothing in them. So if this used to be a Christian church, someone chose to take out all the hymnals.

**Up** a few little steps.

LARA

There's a little organ up front, no other seating, just the podium. A little lectern with...something on it. Under a very thick layer of dust. Let me see.

She **wipes** at the lectern, **blows** on it.

**Dust** flies up. She begins to cough violently.

LARA

Oh my god!

She coughs some more. The recording ends. **Bloop-blip.**

She picks up a **single piece of paper**. She shakes it to get the dust off.

LARA

Well, at least I have a generic lunar calendar now! That was worth coating the inside of my lungs.

She coughs, clears her throat.

LARA  
 Alright...oh! Let's see what's over  
 here.

She crosses the **floor** to a closed bifold door. She **pushes** as  
 it **slides open**.

She steps into --

**INT. CHURCH - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS5R**

A small, carpeted office.

LARA  
 Now *this* should be interesting.

She pulls out her phone. **Blip-bloop!**

LARA  
 Looks like I found Reverend Boone's  
 office. It's ridiculously cluttered,  
 but I've got time, so --

An **alert** from the phone.

LARA  
 10% battery? God damn it. Fine, I'll  
 just take pictures.

**Bloop-blip.** Recording off. She moves around the room  
**shuffling papers** as her phone camera makes **shutter sounds**.

LARA  
 Okay...printed sermons...some  
 increasingly erratic personal notes,  
 I'll make sure I get those...is this  
 a drawing? It spans a couple of  
 pages...

From the other room, we hear **organ music**. Lara stops. The  
 music continues.

Now the quiet hum of **people talking**. Lots of people.

LARA  
 Is -- is someone there?

Lara slowly approaches the door.

From the other room, Rose's voice.

ROSE  
You can't find me...

LARA  
Rose?

ROSE  
You can't see me...

She races back through the door to the chapel --

**INT. CHURCH - CHAPEL**

Which is silent. She looks around.

LARA  
Hello?

A cassette player **clicks on**.

MITCHELL (RECORDING)  
Oh the ecstasy of nothingness. For  
when we exist, we suffer. Don't we?

The **organ music** returns. Lara jumps.

LARA  
Ah!

MITCHELL (CONT'D)  
But It is here to help us. It -- it  
will take us. And she will lead us  
there.

The player **clicks off**. Lara stumbles away, **tripping down the steps** from the front lectern.

She sprawls, looks up.

LARA  
The lines. Over the altar. They're  
twisting...like...

She hears **voices talking** again.

The **high-pitched scream** from the meteor shower begins. It's distorted, long, echoing around the room.

The voices fade into a chant.

## VOICES

All is nothing, and we are all. All  
is nothing, and we are all. All is  
nothing, and we are all.

LARA

(overlapping)

Oh no. No. No no no no.

She **breathes hard**, scrambles to her feet.

Lara reels around, lost, confused, hearing sounds.

LARA

How do I...how is this...

The cacophany fades down. A beat.

LARA

Camille?

CAMILLE

Hi, Lara.

LARA

Are you...are you real? Are you here?

CAMILLE

I'm here, Lara.

She **walks** toward Lara. The sound continues to fade away as  
Camille gets closer.

LARA

Oh, thank god. I don't know if I  
accidentally ate something or...mmph!

Camille shoves a rag over Lara's mouth and nose, muffling  
her voice.

CAMILLE

Shhh, shhh...just breathe. Nice and  
deep.

LARA

(muffled)

But...why...ughhhh...

Lara **collapses**.

CAMILLE

There you go.

Camille stands over her a moment.

CAMILLE

That's right, Lara. You just sleep  
now. Everything's going to be okay.

Camille hums the melody to "Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming."

### END OF EPISODE

NARRATOR:

Thank you so much for listening to Believer. You've been so wonderful sticking with us through these schedule disruptions, and to reward you for that I'm going to announce a bunch of cool new stuff...at the end of next episode. So make sure you stay subscribed.

Today, I want to tell you about a really cool podcast that just came out. Crypto-Z is an immersive sci-fi audiodrama that just debuted on May 8th. It's about a pair of scientist-explorers who climb the Alps in search of an Ice-Man, who they hope holds the key to restoring life on the planet. I'm a giant sucker for frozen isolation horror and crypto-humans, and the first episode definitely delivers, so be sure to check it out. You can find it on Apple Podcasts or go to [www.euphonie.media](http://www.euphonie.media).

This episode was sponsored by Saunders & Associates LLC, providing medical insurance consulting in the beautiful state of Oregon and beyond.

See you again soon. In the meantime, if you find yourself staring into a mirror and suddenly you don't recognize what you see -- your eyes begin to slip down your face, and your lips curl in a way that shouldn't be possible, and soon all you can see is this distorted, nightmare-version of your face, shifting and changing even though you know you're not moving a muscle -- Look away for a moment and focus on another point in the room. The neurons you use to sense motion sometimes go into overdrive when you look at a static image for too long.

But maybe don't touch that mirror. Just to be safe.

Bye now.