

The voicemail box of Lara Campbell.

LARA

You have reach Lara Campbell's
Psychic Investigations. Please leave
a message.

BEEP.

First message. ROSE BOONE. She's late 20s, vibrant, cagey,
flighty. Lara's opposite, but also her equal.

ROSE

Hi, um, Lara. This is Rose. Rose
Boone? Yeah. Uh. Listen, I know
it's -- been a while. But I really
need to talk to you. Okay? I'm at my
parents' house and there's
something... Can you just call me?
Please?

BEEP.

A middle-aged woman.

WOMAN

Um , hi, my name is Deborah Lee.
There have been some...things going
on in my house that I can't quite
explain.

BEEP.

Rose again. She sounds rattled, unsettled.

ROSE

Hey. Lara. Me again. Thought I'd see
if you got my other message. I just,
um...God, this is awkward, I...I need
you. Okay? I need you to hear it.
Call me back. Please.

BEEP.

Deborah Lee again.

WOMAN

We found this ouija board and things
haven't really been the same since.

BEEP.

MITCHELL BOONE, 61, well-spoken, composed and confident, if a little worried-sounding here.

MITCHELL

Hello, this is Reverend Mitchell Boone. I think you know my daughter, Rose? Well, I don't know how to say this, but Rose is missing, and I think you might know how to find her. Can you come to Charity right away? Please, we need you. Thanks. God bless.

2 TITLES

2

Music comes in.

JULIE (V.O.)

Believer. Episode One: Charity.

Music ends.

3 INT. PETERSEN HOME - DAY

3

Lara sounds soft here, her voice smooth, soothing, almost meditative.

LARA

Just one more time, please, Mrs. Petersen. Tell me what you saw.
(off her hesitation)
It's all right. Just take a deep breath.

Kathy takes a deep, nervous breath. She begins.

KATHY

Um, well, it's happened a few times now. I wake up in my bed, usually around 2 or 3 in the morning, and I -- I see it. I see her.

LARA

Who do you see?

KATHY

A woman. She's glowing, indistinct. Dressed in a -- an old dress, with the high collars, you know? And there's blood. Dried blood. All over her neck.

LARA

Does she speak to you?

KATHY

No. No. She just...stares. With this look like...like she can see through me. And then I get this horrible feeling, like someone's sitting on my chest. Dread. And I can't move, I can't speak, I can't --

LARA

It's okay, Mrs. Petersen. My protection charm is still in effect. She can't reach you here.

KATHY

Are you sure, because I heard that you used to have a partner. Rose something?

LARA

Uh -- she -- yes. I used to, um, but we're not, um -- it's fine.

KATHY

She always seemed like such a sweet girl. Very in tune, they said.

LARA

Um, yes, well, the spirits are with me now. I feel them all around us, Mrs. Petersen.

KATHY

Kathy.

LARA

Kathy. Of course. So after the floating woman looks at you, what happens?

KATHY

She, um...she comes apart. Her neck, just, like a hinge.

LARA

Her head comes off?

KATHY

Yes. And then the rest of her just sort of unravels. Like when you pull a thread on a scarf or something.

Except instead of thread it's just...
 nothing. Nothing inside her,
 disappearing into nothing, and --
 except her eyes are still there, I
 can feel them just staring, like it's
 my fault, like there's something I
 need to --

She breaks off, emotional.

LARA
 Take a breath, Kathy.

KATHY
 What do I do? What does she want?

LARA
 I can feel her presence here. I
 believe I can commune with her, but
 I'll need you to step away for a
 moment while I make the connection.

KATHY
 Oh, you think I'm causing this?

LARA
 You're doing nothing wrong. Fear is
 understandable, but contagious, in a
 way. I'll just bring her out first,
 see if I can convince her to speak
 with you.

KATHY
 Oh. Okay. Sure.

LARA
 I want you to brew a pot of tea and
 take ten cleansing breaths.

KATHY
 Of course.

LARA
 Thank you.

Kathy leaves. Sound of **door** opening and closing.

Blip-bloop! Lara grabs her phone. The soothing meditation
 voice is gone. She's all business, dry, crisp, hurried.

LARA
 Look up "victorian woman images."

COMPUTER VOICE
Here's what I found.

Sound of typing. Lara's narration breaks in.

LARA (V.O.)
This is an old profession.

LARA
I just need somebody who isn't famous.

LARA (V.O.)
Not, you know, "the oldest profession." But there have always been people who see things, and people who tell everyone what that means.

Blip-bloop!

LARA
Search "victorian woman stock photo blurry."

LARA (V.O.)
They're just not always the same person.

LARA
(under her breath)
Just gotta get past the first page of search results...there we go. Okay, pop it into the app, and...there.

Just then, the **door opens** again and Kathy returns.

KATHY
Can I -- is she here?

Lara's psychic voice is back.

LARA
Yes. She's quiet, but she's here. I know exactly what's going on.

LARA (V.O.)
Hypnopompic hallucinations. You begin to wake up before you've finished your REM cycle, and so you see your dreams as if they're real life.

LARA
You have a ghost.

KATHY
I knew it.

LARA (V.O.)
It's actually very common.

LARA
Mrs. Petersen, this picture came to me. I've recreated it on my phone. Is this the woman you've seen?

Kathy inspects the photo. She gasps.

KATHY
Yes! That's her! How --

LARA
I thought so. This is Mildred Corrie. She lost her children in a typhoid epidemic 128 years ago.

KATHY
Oh...oh no.

LARA (V.O.)
Not a real person. Obviously.

LARA
Yes. It was horrible in this area. She did her best to save her little boy, but...

KATHY
That's awful.

LARA
I sense you understand some of what might keep her here.

LARA (V.O.)
It's an old house. Tragedy is a good guess. Besides, I do have google.

KATHY
Grief. It pulls you apart. You want to hold onto them, you want to let go, you want to be...

LARA
Nothing, sometimes.

KATHY

Yes.

LARA (V.O.)

We need stories. It's just how the human brain is wired. So...I make some up.

LARA

She's attracted to your grief. She wants empathy, compassion. From someone who understands.

KATHY

But how can I help her? When she appears I can't move, I --

LARA

You can look her in the eyes. Take three deep breaths. And tell her with your mind that everything will be all right. She can forgive herself. Can you do that?

Kathy is moved, emotional.

KATHY

Yes. Yes, I think I can.

LARA (V.O.)

Look, I know her type. If I tell her she needs to take care of herself, she's gonna take one bubble bath. But if I tell her there's someone else here who deeply needs her help? She'll do what it takes.

LARA

It may take a few visits before she trusts you, but I'm confident you can help each other.

KATHY

Yes, I -- thank you. Thank you.

LARA

Of course. Now let's perform a few cleansing rituals together. Take my hands...

FADE OUT

4 INT. LARA'S CAR - LATER

4

LARA (V.O.)

It's not scamming, okay? I'm not a scammer. These people -- they believe it's a ghost. They want a ghost. They are not gonna listen to something that's not a ghost. So fine. Let's say the house is haunted.

A car door opens.

LARA

(calling behind her)

Okay, thank you! Yep. Nope. Yep. See you later.

LARA (V.O.)

Sorry? Oh, did I believe? In what, in ghosts? Um...I...I used to. But it doesn't hold up, you know? And -- and you do this job long enough and you find you get the same results whether you believe in it or not. The thing that actually matters is that they believe it.

A little **dog**, SODAPOP, crawls over the seat.

LARA

Hey, dude. Did you have fun with the babysitter? Are you a good boy? Yeah.

Sodapop pants happily.

LARA (V.O.)

Sodapop. World's greatest dog.

(chuckles)

Rose named him. He was Rose's dog, really. But after everything that happened, um...it just made more sense for me to keep him.

LARA

Yeah, bud, let's see if we can hear that voicemail again. Phone?

Blip-bloop!

LARA (CONT'D)

Play voicemail from Mitchell Boone.

COMPUTER VOICE
No messages found.

LARA
What? Okay, um...

(Archie pants and whines throughout this sequence.)

Blip-bloop!

LARA (CONT'D)
Play last voicemail.

COMPUTER VOICE
No messages found.

LARA
No. Okay, let me look at this, um...
it's -- why is it not here?
(sighs)
Okay, uh, let's um...
(**Blip-bloop!**)
Phone, um, call Mitchell Boone.

COMPUTER VOICE
Calling Mitchell Boone.
(beat)
I'm sorry. This call cannot be
completed.

LARA
Okay. Something's going on with my
phone, bud! Alright, Sodapop...wanna
go for a drive? It's fine, it's
only...six and a half hours.

Sodapop jumps up and licks Lara's face.

LARA
(laughs)
Okay. Alright. Let's go pick up a
couple things. Charity, Oregon here
we come.

LARA (V.O.)
I thought maybe taking him might
help? You know, maybe he could find
her, or she'd come back for him,
or...I don't know, maybe I'd see her,
and she'd see him, and...don't look
at me like that. It's fine.

5 INT. LARA'S CAR - LATER

5

SODAPOP **whines** in the back seat.

LARA

I know, buddy. I know. Look, okay, we're almost there! See? Charity, Oregon. Population 5,000. Okay. And AirBnBs...just this one. Okay. I guess this is kind of in town.

The car slows, stops. She opens the door and steps outside.

6 EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

6

Trees sway in the wind. We're right on the edge of the forest.

JAKE

Hey!

Lara opens the **car door**.

LARA

Jake Talbott?

JAKE

Lara Campbell. The Lara Campbell.

LARA

Uh...

Sodapop **barks** and **scurries** out of the car.

JAKE

Oh, he's fine. I love dogs. Anyway, like I was saying, you're Lara Campbell, right? The paranormal investigator?

LARA

Oh, um, yeah. That's me.

JAKE

Do you ever work with cryptids? Because there is a ton of Sasquatch activity out here.

LARA

Um...I'm sure there is.

JAKE
I'm actually working on a Sasquatch experience. The Squatch Walk? It'll go with my podcast, Squatch Talk. I'd actually love it if you could come take a look sometime.

LARA
(overlapping)
Where's the room? For my stuff?

JAKE
Oh, of course. This way. Come on, Sodapop!

Sodapop makes **barks** happily and follows. Lara sighs.

7 INT. LARA'S COTTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

7

Lara and Jake look around. Sodapop races around the space, sniffing at things.

JAKE
So this is it!

LARA
Small.

JAKE
Cozy.

LARA
Right.

JAKE
You've got a half-bath and kitchenette -- full shower and kitchen in the main house -- plus bed, desk, wi-fi and power. Watch this front door, the latch kind of sticks.

He jiggles the latch.

JAKE
Just play with it a little bit, it'll come right open.

LARA
Sure.

JAKE
And seriously, if you want to see the tracks or hair that I've found, I would love to show you.

LARA
I'm actually just here to see the Boones.

His tone changes. Jake goes quiet, awkward.

JAKE
Oh.

LARA
You know, because their daughter Rose and I used to work together.

JAKE
No. I don't know anything about Rose.

LARA
That's fine. I just heard she might be having some trouble, or --

JAKE
I don't think we're supposed to talk about this.

LARA
About what? Rose? The Boones?

JAKE
Yeah, I -- I gotta go. I gotta go. Uh...yeah.

He **jiggles the handle** again, working the door open.

LARA
Jake, what are we not supposed to talk about? Did something happen?

JAKE
Yeah, yeah, so, uh, let me know about the Squatch Walk. I'd love to have you. I gotta go.

LARA
Wait, Jake --

But the door **opens** and he beats a hasty retreat.

JAKE
Let me know about the Sasquatch!

And he's gone. Lara stares after him.

LARA
Well, that was weird.

Sodapop pants happily.

8 EXT. BOONE HOUSE - EVENING

8

Crickets chirp.

Lara walks up, Sodapop at her side.

LARA
Okay, Sodapop, this is the Boone House. Nice.

She laughs nervously. Sodapop **whines**.

LARA
I know, buddy. It's okay. She's -- she's probably here. Yeah.
(deep breath)
Okay.

She **knocks** on the front door.

TERRI RUIZ-BOONE (56, a smiling, domineering, terrifying force of nature) **opens the door**.

TERRI
Yes?

LARA
Mrs. Boone? I'm Lara Campbell, and --

TERRI
Nope.

The door **slams shut**.

LARA
Uh...

She **knocks** again, louder this time. The door **opens**.

TERRI
I told Rose I wasn't taking that dog.

LARA

Oh -- no, Mrs. Boone, we're just here for a visit.

TERRI

A visit.

LARA

Yeah.

TERRI

You want to visit Rose. Lara Campbell.

LARA

Yeah...

TERRI

Do you know what that girl was like before you? My little girl?

LARA

Listen, Terri --

TERRI

My friends call me Terri. You can call me Mayor Teresa Ruiz-Boone.

LARA

Sure.

TERRI

She was going to college, you know? She was so focused. So passionate. And then she met you.

LARA

I know, I know.

TERRI

And suddenly she can talk to ghosts. Her! A good Christian girl. The preacher's daughter. But you know what? She loved you. You. And I don't get it -- I really don't -- but you know, I tried. I really tried. But then -- you know what you did?

LARA

I stopped believing.

TERRI
 (overlapping)
 No, you left her. You used her, and you broke her, and you sent her back to me. So no, I don't think she wants to see you right now.

LARA
 Wait. Can I at least talk to your husband? He said you needed my help.

Terri seems surprised.

TERRI
 Mitchell? When did you talk to him?

LARA
 He left me a voicemail message.

TERRI
 He called you?

LARA
 He said Rose was missing and I needed to come here.

TERRI
 When was this?

LARA
 A couple days ago.

Terri considers this.

TERRI
 Well, he's not taking visitors.

LARA
 I really think I should talk to him.

Terri considers. She sizes Lara up, makes a decision.

TERRI
 You want to see him? Sure. Right this way.

They step into...

9 INT. BOONE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

9

Terri ushers Lara down the hallway. A loud **wall clock** ticks.

TERRI
So this is the dog, huh?

LARA
Yeah.

TERRI
He house-trained?

LARA
Yeah, of course.

Sodapop snorts.

TERRI
Hm.

They walk down the hall.

LARA
So has Rose been, um...is Rose
still...?

TERRI
Let's talk to Mitchell first, shall
we?

They walk into...

THE PARLOR

Where the rhythmic **beep** of a heart monitor takes over for
the clock in the hall.

Machines whir. Mitchell **breathes**, labored. This is the room
of a very sick man.

TERRI
Mitchell? You have a visitor.

Lara stops, taking it all in.

LARA
Um...

Mitchell mumbles.

MITCHELL
Mmm?

TERRI

This is Lara Campbell. Lara? Reverend Mitchell Boone. I'll just leave you two to...talk.

LARA

Wait, um --

But Terri just **walks out**.

Lara hesitates. She approaches Mitchell, carefully.

LARA

Okay, uh...hello, sir. Are you -- you're the one who called me. Right? You were worried about Rose. Sir?

On "Rose," he breathes hard, fast, getting excited. The beeps on the machine speed up.

LARA

Sir are you, uh...

Mitchell whispers. His voice is labored, ragged. Speaking takes great effort.

MITCHELL

Rose.
Find...Rose.

LARA

Right. Yeah. What happened? Did Rose leave?

MITCHELL

She heard...the sound...

LARA

What sound?

MITCHELL

She heard...the voice...of God...

LARA

Okay, Reverend Boone, just calm down.

MITCHELL

Rose is...the key! Please...find Rose...

He starts to **cough** violently. Machines **beep**, alarms going off. Terri rushes back into the room.

TERRI

Mitchell!

She hits a few buttons. The alarms stop.

TERRI

What did you do to him?

Sodapop whines.

LARA

Sodapop! Don't -- Mrs. Boone, what's going on with Rose?

TERRI

Rose is fine. Mitchell? Honey?

Sodapop whines again.

LARA

Has she been hearing things? Voices?

MITCHELL

The darkness...nothing...reaching...

He breaks off into coughing again.

TERRI

Mitchell. Honey. You need to stop talking.

Sodapop barks and runs out of the room. Lara follows.

LARA

Sodapop!

TERRI

Hey, don't -- ugh.

But Lara's already disappeared into --

THE HALL

She hurries down the hall.

LARA

Now where did that dog...huh.

She **opens the door** into...

ROSE'S ROOM

And stops. Shocked.

LARA

Oh my god. Um, uh...

Sodapop runs around, sniffing.

Bloop-blip! Voice recorder on. She speaks quickly, quietly. She's rattled, scared.

LARA

Lara Campbell, June 22nd, 3:00pm. -- Pops, don't touch that! -- Audio notes. I'm in Rose's room. And it's...Photos are on the phone.

Sodapop whines.

LARA

The whole room seems to be disintegrating. It's crazy I couldn't see this from the outside. All the wood, the windowpanes, the walls, it's like...tissue paper. And there are...drawings. All over the walls. The floor. Under the desk. On top of the desk. It's hard to tell -- Pops, no! -- they overlap each other. The lines are erratic, frantic. When did she draw this? I think they might be animals? But they're...wrong. Too many eyes, all kinds of teeth, it's...

Sodapop sniffs and sneezes at something.

LARA

Pops, don't...wait. Is that...Rose's phone?

The door squeaks open. Terri charges in.

TERRI

What are you doing?

LARA

Terri...what is going on in here?

TERRI

You have to get out of here. We don't go in here. Get out!

She grabs Lara and pulls her back into --

10 THE HALL

10

She shuts Rose's door, quickly.

TERRI
We don't go in there. Do you
understand? We don't go into Rose's
room.

LARA
Mrs. Boone, where is Rose?

TERRI
She's...she's camping.

LARA
Camping.

TERRI
Yes.

The **clock** is back.

LARA
And how long has she been camping?

TERRI
Two weeks.

LARA
Two weeks?!

TERRI
Shhh! I just got Mitchell settled.

Lara lowers her voice, but she's just as intense.

LARA
Was this before or after she drew
creepy hell-monsters all over her
room?

TERRI
We don't go into Rosa's room!

LARA
Mrs. Boone, your daughter goes
missing for two weeks...

TERRI
She's not missing.

LARA
After hearing voices...

TERRI
Mitchell doesn't know what he's
saying.

LARA
And tearing her room apart...

TERRI
We don't go in there!

LARA
And you don't think to call anyone?

TERRI
She's fine! Okay? Everything is fine.

LARA
How long has Mitchell been like that?

TERRI
You shouldn't be here. You need to
go.

She pulls open the heavy **front door**.

LARA
Mrs. Boone...

Lara steps outside.

TERRI
Leave. Now. Or I call the sheriff.

LARA
That's actually a great idea.

TERRI
And take the dog with you.

Terri **slams** the front door in her face.

A beat.

The clock ticks. Terri sighs.

TERRI
(under her breath)
Awful woman and her stupid dog...

Terri makes her way back to Mitchell. His machines hiss and whir.

TERRI
You know she's going to catch it now.

MITCHELL
(raspy breath)
Good.

11 INT. LARA'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

11

It's late. Pitch-dark. **Rain** falls softly outside.

LARA (V.O.)
Lara's phone was password-protected. I tried everything I could think of short of locking it forever, um... No, I mean, by the time I got back it was pretty late and, you know, driving all day, it's super dark out there, so...so that brings us to this next part...

Lara is in bed. She **snores** softly in her sleep.

There's a soft knock on her door. Quiet, like someone doesn't want to wake her: **knock-knock-knock-knock**.

Knock-knock. The same soft knock. Lara sits up. She is tired, confused.

LARA
Jake?

She waits a moment. Just when she thinks it's done...**knock knock**.

LARA
Jake? What do you want? It's like three in the morning.

A pause, then **knock-knock-knock-knock-knock** -- louder, more insistent.

LARA
Okay, God, I'm getting up! If this is a Bigfoot thing, I swear...

She **clicks** on a lamp. Nothing happens. She **clicks** it a few more times.

LARA
 Hey, Jake? I think the power's out.
 None of the lights are --

The knocking changes, coming faster, heavier.

LARA
 ...Jake?

The room erupts into **knocking** and **banging** sounds.

Lara cries out, breathes hard, moves around the room.

CRASH! Something breaks the window. It **plops** onto the floor, wet and amorphous like a pile of spaghetti.

Lara screams.

The knocks and bangs continue, along with a strange whistling sound. The wet thing moves across the ground in a series of squishy splat sounds.

Lara runs to the door, pulls on it, but it doesn't open.

LARA
 Come on, come on, come on come on
 come on --

Lara wrenches the **door open** and races out into --

12 EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

12

She scrambles over the gravel, turns, and...

Nothing.

The sounds have all stopped. Just the peaceful **rain**.

Lara waits, **breathing hard**. But nothing happens.

LARA
 What...?

The back door to Jake's house **opens**. Lara jumps.

LARA
 Ah!

JAKE
 Lara? What are you doing out here?

LARA
Um, I -- I think the power's out.

JAKE
Well, all your lights are on...

Lara turns back.

LARA
What the hell?

JAKE
Are you okay?

LARA
I think something...broke my window.

JAKE
Oh. Okay. Let me take a look.

They walk across the gravel and grass.

JAKE
Did you see what broke it?

LARA
Um, no, I...oh my god. Sodapop?

Sodapop comes out. He yawns and shakes off.

JAKE
Looks like he was sleeping.

LARA
But...how could he...?

JAKE
It's okay. I'll check it out.

Jake **opens the door** and enters the cabin. Sodapop jumps on him happily as he goes.

JAKE
Good boy, buddy.

A beat. Lara fidgets in the grass. She stops, seeing something.

LARA
(to herself)
What...?

Jake calls out from the cabin.

JAKE (O.S.)
I think it was just a branch. Lara?

No answer. He steps out of the cabin.

JAKE
Lara? What...

He approaches her. Sodapop sniffs around.

LARA
Are those footprints?

JAKE
Footprints. Oh yeah, oh yeah, those
are some giant footprints.

Lara groans.

LARA
Oh, god. I'm gonna have to go on a
Squatch Walk, aren't I?

FAD OUT

13 END TITLES

13

Music box style music plays.

JULIE (V.O.)
Thank you so much for listening to
the first episode of Believer.

This episode was sponsored by
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beautiful state of Oregon and beyond.

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Episode 2 comes out on March 17th.

Until then, if you hear any strange sounds in the woods, just pay it no mind. It's probably nothing.

Music ends.

END OF EPISODE