

AVISHAY LENSER. I'm a forensic engineer. If a bridge collapses or a dam gives way or people get trapped in a fire, my job is to figure out what went wrong. Some of the cases are famous - the Hartford Circus fire in 1944 killed a hundred and sixty eight people. The Great White fire in 2003 killed a hundred. One of the things you pay attention to is what happened with the doors. There was a fire, a famous fire, in Chicago in 1903. The Iroquois fire it was uhhh . . . It was right after Christmas and so kids were out of school and the whole theater was full of families, all three levels and even standing room on the second. A curtain caught on fire and . . . what happened was, the first people to reach the doors realized half a second too late that the doors opened *in*. The people behind them were panicked, crowded them, and so they couldn't get the door open because they were pressed with the hinges going the wrong way. When you look at a door that's trapped people you always find scuff marks halfway up the door because the impulse is to kick. If there's more time, you'll find dents, sometimes big ones, where somebody got a fire extinguisher or a dresser. Something heavy. But the incident at the Oak Box, I'd never seen anything like it. You looked at those doors and you just thought . . . What the hell?

911 OPERATOR. 911, what is your emergency?

ANGELA. (Panicked:) I'm not sure.

(The OPERATOR goes into professional crisis mode: try to calm the girl while you figure out how to help her.)

911 OPERATOR. Is it life-threatening?

ANGELA. Yes.

911 OPERATOR. Are you safe right now?

ANGELA. No!

911 OPERATOR. I'm sending someone. More than one. There's cars already on the way. What's your name, Chica?

ANGELA. Angela.

911 OPERATOR. Angela, I'm sending them to the Oak Box, is that right?

ANGELA. Yes.

911 OPERATOR. And there's a play tonight. The high school's doing a play. Is that where you are?

ANGELA. Yes.

911 OPERATOR. In the theater.

ANGELA. Yes.

911 OPERATOR. And somebody's hurt.

ANGELA. Everybody.

911 OPERATOR. Who's that, again? . . . Where are you in the theater?
(We start to hear sirens.)

ANGELA. I'm just standing on the stage.

911 OPERATOR. Take a very, very deep breath. Hold it.

GANDER MAIN. So on the afternoon of May 30th, the afternoon that Marcus Tumble disappeared, you claim to have been taking a long walk—a four-hour walk—on the beach, is that correct?

JONATHAN MOLLUSK. Yes.

GANDER MAIN. Were you in the habit of taking four-hour walks in the middle of your workday?

JONATHAN MOLLUSK. No.

GANDER MAIN. Had you ever taken such a walk?

JONATHAN MOLLUSK. No.

GANDER MAIN. Did anyone see you?

JONATHAN MOLLUSK. It was a weekday afternoon.

GANDER MAIN. You work at Momsey Limited, shipping and transcription, is that right? As a typist.

JONATHAN MOLLUSK. Yes.

GANDER MAIN. How long has that been your employment?

JONATHAN MOLLUSK. Three weeks.

GANDER MAIN. Three weeks, but you felt comfortable taking four hours off.

JONATHAN MOLLUSK. I needed to think about the world, my place in the world.

GANDER MAIN. So you took this walk without telling anyone. . . . Mr. Mollusk, is that right?

JONATHAN MOLLUSK. I wrote a note, saying I wasn't feeling well.

GANDER MAIN. And who did you give this note to?

JONATHAN MOLLUSK. I meant to give it to Mr. Clark, my supervisor, but I found it later in my own pocket.

MARION JAY. HELLO? HELLO? Is there somebody there? (Beat.) Sorry. I thought I heard something. You haven't heard of pharonochs because they don't want you to. And because the attacks are rare. Pharonochs are like locusts. They attack every 16 years. The last attack was in Golspeck, Scotland in 2009. There was an attack in Iceland 16 years before that. And then 16 and then 16. This is a swarming behavior. The creatures attack, mate, and then they all die. All but one. A caretaker who watches over the larvae while they grow. And what that means is that pharonochs are all 16 years old. Except one.

pharonochs = FARE - oh - nox

DANALYNN MORSE. Kenosha, can you concentrate just a little longer here? You said that their eyes lit up: could those have been flashlights?

KENOSHA. No. I know the difference.

DANALYNN MORSE. Have you ever heard of anyone whose eyes lit up?

KENOSHA. No.

DANALYNN MORSE. So is it possible you imagined it? If what you said happened in the woods, there should have been four sets of footprints. Right? But they only found yours.

KENOSHA. They must have erased them.

DANALYNN MORSE. The police followed the tracks to a tree just like you said. But there was no body there.

KENOSHA. They moved it.

DANALYNN MORSE. And what about that sound? The sound that they were making that seemed like it was coming from everywhere.

KENOSHA. It was a foghorn.

DANALYNN MORSE. There are no foghorns within two hundred miles.

KENOSHA. It was a foghorn.

DONOVAN. Ephrain, you know I like you. I think you respect me.

EPHRAIN SALAS. I do.

DONOVAN. But you are not in your right mind.

EPHRAIN SALAS. I'm fine.

DONOVAN. I disagree and I'm ordering you to come with me.

EPHRAIN SALAS. They need me here.

DONOVAN. There's no "they" there anymore.

EPHRAIN SALAS. I can hear them.

DONOVAN. The debate now is when to take them off life support.

EPHRAIN SALAS. NO!

DONOVAN. I need you to come with me.

EPHRAIN SALAS. Or what?

DONOVAN. Or you're fired.

EPHRAIN SALAS. I don't care about that!

DONOVAN. I'm two seconds from dragging you out.

EPHRAIN SALAS. You're not big enough.

DONOVAN. I brought deputies.

EPHRAIN SALAS. I'll slip between the bags.

DONOVAN. GET OUT OF THIS THEATER RIGHT NOW!

EPHRAIN SALAS. No.

DONOVAN. Guys!