

GENTRY

Well, that Graham farm's got a bad history to it.

SHINBERG

Is that right?

GENTRY

Uh huh. Anyone still left around these parts will tell you. Something awful come about.

Gentry is a bit reluctant to bring it up.

SHINBERG

Cat's left that bag, Mr. Gentry.

GENTRY

Well. Some time back... we're talking decades. It happened on a Sunday. Most folk gathered for worship, not so much these days. But back then, it was important. The wife, her name was Miriam, folks 'round here called her Mim. Big in the church. Always made sure the twins and the youngest boy, Tommy, were present, dressed proper. Saint of a woman, really. But that particular Sunday Mim was nowhere to be found. Wasn't like her. Tommy, he was especially close to his mother, kept looking at that church door, waiting on her to show. Never saw a boy so lost. He run out, mid-sermon, figured he gone to fetch her. Sermon ran long that day.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - OAK TREE - DAY

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Start

Young Thomas sits at the trunk of the tree motionless, head in his knees. So still, it's as if he's not real in a way.

PULL BACK VERY SLOWLY FROM YOUNG THOMAS eventually revealing a pair of feet dangling in the air in front of Young Thomas. We catch the edge of her summer dress.

GENTRY (O.S.)

Found her hanging from that old oak tree, swinging dead from her neck, left to right.

End