

Anna Tilton: An Innsmouth Story

by

Clemente Esparza, II

Based on characters created by H.P. Lovecraft

(408) 794-8672  
bonesawmcgraw1989@gmail.com  
Instagram: @bright\_sun\_studio  
Twitter: @brightsunstudio

**EXT. NEWBURY PORT BUS STOP - DAY**

SUPER: NEWBURY PORT, 1921.

ANNA TILTON, 20, fair skinned, wearing a cloche hat, a dark blue coat, sits on a wooden bench; a large brown SUITCASE stands next to her. Her PURSE rests on her lap with her hands resting on top of her purse.

She sits waiting for the bus to Innsmouth to show up.

Two men, age indistinguishable, dressed in long sleeve button down shirts with stained and dingy overalls, approach the bench, standing off to the side.

Anna glances over at the people who just arrived. She gasps.

ANNA TILTON  
(to herself)  
Oh my!

She whips her head back, staring at her purse.

Their features are flattened, fish-like; wide black eyes, large flat lips, skin that seems slimy and barely a nose.

A grumbling engine grows louder.

ANNOUNCEMENT  
(over loudspeakers)  
Bus to Innsmouth, Now arriving.

Anna stands quickly, she grabs her suitcase, attempting to not stare at the men.

The bus SCREECHES to a halt in front of Anna and the two men.

Anna removes her bus ticket from her purse as she takes a step toward the bus.

The doors scream open.

Again, she gasps.

She slowly walks up the stairs to the driver.

**INT. BUS: ENTRANCE STEPS - DAY**

The Bus Driver, JOE SERGEANT, maybe in his 40's, a husky man with long arms, similar facial features as the others; flattened nose, and large flat lips and wide black eyes.

He stares at Anna with his unnaturally large webbed hand is outstretched toward her.

JOE SERGEANT  
Yer ticket, Miss?

The two men behind her talk amongst themselves.

Anna comes to.

ANNA TILTON  
Yes! I am sorry, please, forgive me.

She hands Joe Sergeant her TICKET.

Joe takes her ticket, stamps it and hands it back to her.

Anna picks the ticket from his fingers.

ANNA TILTON  
Thank you, Sir.  
(a beat)  
Excuse me.

She grabs her suitcase and makes her way to her seat on the bus.

**INT. BUS CABIN - DAY**

A single PERSON sits at the back of the bus.

The seats on the bus are old; scuffed, scratched and discolored.

Anna choses the seat close to the front, near Joe. She places her suitcase on the seat next hers. The seat creaks as she sits.

The bus begins to move; brakes hiss and the engine heaves.

Anna makes herself comfortable in her seat.

She stares out the window.

JOE SERGEANT (O.S)  
We be there in less than an hour,  
Miss.

Anna turns toward Joe Sergeant.

ANNA TILTON

Oh, Thank you. I really appreciate it,  
Sir.

Joe looks ahead as he drives.

The noise of the heaving engine and rattling bus frame fills  
the cabin.

ANNA TILTON

Does this bus stop anywhere near The  
Gillman House in Innsmouth?

Joe glances at Anna from the REAR VIEW MIRROR.

ANNA TILTON

It's a hotel.

JOE SERGEANT

The Gillman House? Ye, that's around  
the corner from where we stop.

ANNA TILTON

Oh, fantastic.

JOE SERGEANT

First time goin' to Innsmouth, aye?

ANNA TILTON

Yes, actually.

JOE SERGEANT

What's yer business, if ye don't mind  
me askin'?

Anna removes a pen and notebook from her purse.

ANNA TILTON

I don't mind. I am a student of the  
Historical Society at Miskatonic  
University.

JOE SERGEANT

Ah, Miskatonic. Why Innsmouth?

ANNA TILTON

I am interested in the Masonic Hall  
there. I plan on writing a paper on  
the when the Mason's settled in  
Innsmouth.

JOE SERGEANT

Aye, that's interestin'. I'm sure ye will find what yer lookin' for.

Anna opens the notebook and jots down some notes.

ANNA TILTON

Would you happen to have any knowledge on that, by any chance?

JOE SERGEANT

The Masonic Hall, aye? Well, I was just a lad when they gone built that there in Innsmouth.

Again, Joe glances at Anna in the rearview.

Anna still in her notes.

JOE SERGEANT

But--

She stops writing and looks up at Joe.

JOE SERGEANT

But, I don't know nothin' else about anythin', tho.

Anna stares at Joe for a moment.

ANNA TILTON

Anything I should be wary about?

They sit in silence.

JOE SERGEANT

Just be sure, ye be indoors at sundown. Innsmouth can be a strange place, Miss.

ANNA TILTON

Strange?

**EXT. INNSMOUTH BUS STOP: CHURCH STREET- DAY**

The doors of the bus creak open. The brakes hiss and the engine rumbles.

Anna steps down from bus. Her purse is slung over her shoulder and suitcase at her side.

Anna scans the streets of Innsmouth; cars putter, horses trot by as they pulling carriages, the citizens of Innsmouth are scattered about the quaint seaside town.

She struts down the sidewalk as other TRAVELERS rush past her; coming and going. She notices a tall and thin, pale Police Officer standing at the crosswalk ahead.

She hurries over to him.

ANNA TILTON  
Excuse me? Officer.

CROSSWALK OFFICER  
Yes, Madam?

ANNA TILTON  
I am looking for the Gilman House?

The Officer turns and points.

CROSSWALK OFFICER  
Straight down Federal Street on your righthand side.

The Officer steps into the street, blows his WHISTLE with his arms raised in the air.

ANNA TILTON  
Oh! Thank you, Officer.

Anna hurries across the street.

**EXT. THE GILMAN HOUSE HOTEL - DAY**

The Colonial style brick building stands on the sturdy on the sidewalk. The window frames are paint-chipped, moss hangs from the gutters that wrap around the roof of the building. A HOMELESS MAN is slumped over, red-faced drunk, at the corner of the building.

A large, rectangular, aged sign that reads, '*The Gilman House Hotel*' hangs high above the arched doorway.

Anna looks over the exterior of the building.

ANNA TILTON  
Well, I hope the inside is a bit more put together.

She enters the building.

**INT. THE GILMAN HOUSE HOTEL: LOBBY - DAY**

Anna approaches the large wooden front desk that bears a cheap looking mural of a mermaid swimming in the ocean with various sea creatures. A bell rests on the desk top.

She sets her suitcase down on the floor and RINGS the bell.

As she waits for a response, Anna gazes at the obnoxious Nautical influenced décor of the dimly lit hotel lobby.

The stench of cigarettes hangs in the air.

ANNA TILTON  
(looking around)  
This is the Gilman House, then?

A large blue Marlin sits on the mantle of the fireplace.

ANNA TILTON  
(to herself)  
They weren't lying about this place.

Anna RINGS the bell again.

CONCIERGE(O.S)  
I hear ya!

ANNA TILTON  
(to herself)  
Oh, Good...

The CONCIERGE emerges from a draped covered doorway.

An older heavysset woman, maybe mid 50's, wearing an oversized sweater, black pants, scraggly grey hair reaches out from beneath the dark blue beanie that sits on top of her head.

She take a drag of her cigarette and blows smoke.

ANNA TILTON  
Hello, I have a reservation.

CONCIERGE  
Aye? No shit?

The woman takes another drag.

ANNA TILTON  
Very well. It is under the name, Anna Tilton.

The woman glares down at her registration book with a pair of small reading glasses resting on the tip of her nose.

CONCIERGE

Aye, There ye is.

She turns to pluck the room key from its hook on the wall behind her.

The woman places the key on the counter top.

CONCIERGE

A'right. There ye is. Room two-two-eight. Up on the second floor to ye left.

ANNA TILTON

Thank you, very much.

Anna turns and makes her way up the stair case.

**INT. THE GILMAN HOUSE HOTEL: 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY**

Anna reaches the top of the stair case and takes a breath. She looks around as she walks down toward her room. The sound of the RADIO and people speaking loudly can be heard coming from the other rooms.

The hallways are brighter than the lobby but still decorated in nautical themes.

She reads the room numbers as she walks.

ANNA TILTON

Two-Twenty Six. Two-Twenty Seven.

(a beat)

Two-Twenty Eight, here we are.

Anna sets her suitcase down at her feet.

The key jingles as she fumbles with the lock. The door is stuck to the frame. Anna shoves her shoulder into the door.

**INT. THE GILMAN HOUSE HOTEL: ROOM 228 - DAY**

The door flies open. Anna stumbles into the room.

ANNA TILTON

(to herself)

Alright, that was a nice touch.



The room is basic. A single desk sits next to one large window in the corner of the room. A wooden chair is pushed in under the desk. A single lamp and radio rest on the desk.

A bed for one rests at the center of the room with a nightstand at its right hand side.

The framed painting of a schooner on the ocean hangs askew on the wall.

Anna looks around the room.

ANNA TILTON  
(to herself)  
Welcome to Innsmouth, Anna.

She walks over to the bed and sits. She sinks into the mattress.

ANNA TILTON  
(sarcastically deflated)  
Oh, lovely.

Anna lifts herself from the droopy bed. The view from the window catches her attention.

Innsmouth Bay can be seen from her window. She can see the ocean with fishing boats littered about, bobbing with the waves.

ANNA TILTON  
(to herself)  
At least the view isn't bad.

Devil's Reef can also be seen in the distance.

ANNA TILTON  
(to herself)  
That has to be the infamous Devil's Reef.

She reaches into her purse for her notebook. She opens it, removing a small of Innsmouth Bay.

Her finger runs across the map.

ANNA TILTON  
(with excitement)  
It IS Devil's Reef. I have to go see it!

Excited, she rushes to her bag, ripping it open, producing a pair of flat shoes - and a pistol. She kicks off her heels, placing the pistol in her purse, sliding her feet into the flat shoes.

**INT. THE GILMAN HOUSE HOTEL: LOBBY - DAY**

Anna makes her way from the stairs over to the woman at the Concierge desk. The woman sits reading a newspaper as she smokes.

Anna approaches.

ANNA TILTON

Ma'am, sorry to bother you but where about may I find the Innsmouth Historical Society?

CONCIERGE

Once out ye door, turn right. It be up Federal Street before ye get to the Manuxet.

ANNA TILTON

Thank you, very much.

Anna turns and makes her way toward the door.

CONCIERGE(O.S)

Aye, Miss.

Stopping in her tracks, Anna turns back to the woman.

CONCIERGE

If ye be thinkin' of goin' out to ye 'ol Devil Reef, just don't be out after sundown.

(a beat)

Fair warnin' for a non local.

The woman takes a drag of her cigarette.

**EXT. FEDERAL STREET SIDEWALK - DAY**

Anna walks along the sidewalk absorbing the essence of the small seaside town. Half drunk MEN lugging fishing gear over their shoulders, dressed in dingy yellow raincoats, stagger toward the docks.

Boat HORNS blare in the distance. Seabirds SQUAWK overhead.

A couple of haggard looking DRUNKARDS sloppily sing sailor songs as they sit on the sidewalk.

They notice Anna.

DRUNKARD #1

Aye, sweetheart! Come'n have a dr'nk  
wit us!

ANNA TILTON

Not even in your drunken fantasies.

Anna continues onward.

One of the drunks chuckles at the other.

DRUNKARD #2

Aye, Ye be laughin' at me?

DRUNKARD #1

Ye be a fookin' idiot!

The drunkards tumble over each other as they try to stand.

**INT. INNSMOUTH HISTORICAL SOCIETY: LOBBY - DAY**

Anna enters the building. The building is filled, floor to ceiling, with a plethora of nautical paraphernalia; harpoons, anchors of past ships, shark jaws scattered along the walls, portraits of ship captains, and various paintings.

She gazes in astonishment as she makes her way deeper into the building.

A large portrait of a mean faced, bearded man sits above a pair of sizeable shark jaws.

Anna looks over the portrait and jaws, removing her notebook and pen from her purse.

ANNA TILTON

(to herself)

Captain Obed Marsh of the Columbia.

She glances at the portrait again.

ANNA TILTON

(to herself)

These jaws are huge.

HOWARD LOVE(O.S)  
It was a massive beast.

Anna turns quickly. Startled.

ANNA TILTON  
Oh my! I did not know you were there.

Standing behind her wiping his eye glasses is the Historical Societies curator, HOWARD LOVE, early 40's. A slim man, wearing brown high-waisted slacks with matching vest and a white long sleeve button down shirt and black tie, his hair is parted to the side and very slick.

He places his eye glasses back on his face.

HOWARD LOVE  
Forgive me for startling you. You are Miss Anna Tilton from Miskatonic University, I presume?

ANNA TILTON  
Yes, forgive me for my rudeness.

HOWARD LOVE  
No, please, the apology is mine. I shouldn't have been so sneaky.

Howard and Anna greet each other, shaking hands.

HOWARD LOVE  
I am Howard Love. The curator here.

ANNA TILTON  
It is such a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Love.

HOWARD LOVE  
No, please, call me Howard. Shall we take a look around?

ANNA TILTON  
Yes, please, of course.

HOWARD LOVE  
This way, Ms. Titlon.

Howard and Anna begin to tour the museum.

**INT. INNSMOUTH HISTORICAL SOCIETY: FREEMASON HALL - DAY**

Anna and Howard enter the hall of the Freemasons. A replica of the Masonic Ceremony chamber occupies the center of the room. MASONIC COMPASSES adorn the walls, along with various other displays in the room.

HOWARD LOVE

Here we are, Miss Tilton. The Masonic room.

Anna looks around, observing all of the artifacts.

She takes a step in, walking toward the replica ceremony chamber.

ANNA TILTON

(looking around)

My goodness! This is quite fascinating. I've only read about the chambers and ceremonies.

HOWARD LOVE

The Freemasons were a big part of Innsmouth for a long time.

Anna puts pen to paper, taking notes.

HOWARD LOVE

They, the Masons, settled here in 1644. One year after the town was founded. We have found evidence that the Masons were a huge reason as to why Innsmouth flourished in its whaling and fishing endeavors.

ANNA TILTON

I've only read speculations on that information. So it is true?

HOWARD LOVE

Yes, absolutely. Take a look here.

Howard directs Anna's attention to a photograph on the wall next to a newspaper article.

The headline reads, "*Freemasons and the Town of Innsmouth*".

ANNA TILTON

Were all of the fishermen Masons?

HOWARD LOVE

Only some. It was mainly the Captains  
of the boats, to our knowledge.

Anna stares in wonder at the photos and artifacts.

She notices a photograph of CAPTAIN OBED MARSH in traditional  
ceremonial Masonic garb.

ANNA TILTON

Howard?

HOWARD LOVE

Yes, Miss Tilton?

Howard turns his attention to Anna.

ANNA TILTON

This Captain Marsh is the same as the  
one in the painting?

HOWARD LOVE

Yes. Yes it is, actually.

Anna notices Howard's face. He's upset.

ANNA TILTON

Is something the matter?

HOWARD LOVE

I am quite all right. It is just that  
Obed has left a nasty taste in this  
town's mouth.

Howard gazes at the photograph.

HOWARD LOVE

You need know nothing more than the  
fact that he is a scoundrel. A down  
right scoundrel.

ANNA TILTON

Understood.

Anna and Howard stay quiet for a moment.

The GONG of the grandfather clock in the lobby goes off.

Howard snaps his head toward the front door. He becomes  
anxious.

HOWARD LOVE  
 We will be losing light soon , Miss  
 Tilton.

Anna follows swiftly behind Howard as he marches toward the front door.

**INT. INNSMOUTH HISTORICAL SOCIETY: LOBBY - DAY**

Howard's trembling hands fumble with a ring of keys. Anna shoves her notebook and pen into her purse.

ANNA TILTON  
 Why is that even before I arrived  
 here, I have been warned about being  
 out after sundown?

Howard stops dead in his tracks.

He turns to Anna with a serious look on his face.

ANNA TILTON  
 Well?

HOWARD LOVE  
 This town-- This town has become  
 something else, Miss Tilton. After the  
 events that were spearheaded by Obed  
 Marsh, changed everything here.

ANNA TILTON  
 What exactly happened here?

HOWARD LOVE  
 Obed Marsh was found to be running an  
 operation with his men to kidnap  
 locals and tourists alike.

ANNA TILTON  
 For what, exactly?

HOWARD LOVE  
 No one is sure but--

ANNA TILTON  
 But?

Howard looks outside the window. The sun is slowly submerging itself behind the horizon.

HOWARD LOVE

But now you must be going, Miss Tilton. It has been an absolute pleasure to have you here.

ANNA TILTON

But, Howard!

HOWARD LOVE

I must be closing up the museum now, Miss Tilton.

Howard hurries Anna out of the door, she is confused with his erratic behavior.

She looks around, the streets are still active.

Anna checks her wrist watch.

ANNA TILTON

(to herself)

It is only five o' clock. The nerve of that man.

Anna glances over in the direction of Devil's Reef, and then checks her watch once again.

She marches off toward Devil's Reef.

**EXT. MANUXET RIVER BRIDGE - EVENING**

Marching up to the wooden bridge, Anna opens her purse and removes the pistol. She pops open the cylinder of the pistol, checking her ammo.

She snaps the cylinder back in place, then placing in her coat pocket.

Anna briskly walks over the bridge, glancing over her shoulder from time to time.

The Manuxet River rushes below Anna's feet.

A ship horn blares in the distance. Seabirds screech above.

**EXT. INNSMOUTH BAY: BEACH - EVENING**

Anna arrives at a small beach on the coastline of Innsmouth Bay. She begins to steadily climb down the huge black, barnacle covered coastal boulders.



As Anna steps down onto a boulder below her, the cracking of glass.

She glances down at her foot, a broken bottle.

ANNA TILTON  
(to herself)  
Oh shit!

She checks the BOTTOMS of her shoes.

ANNA TILTON  
(to herself)  
Thankfully it didn't go through.

Anna tip toes down to the sand.

Devil's Reef rests in the middle of the bay. The sun blazes from behind it.

Anna slowly walks at tides edge, observing Devil's Reef.

ANNA TILTON  
(to herself)  
Wow. It is really astonishing.

She gazes out to Devil's Reef for a beat. The sun sinks lower behind the reef.

She loses herself in the moment.

Anna turns to see a group of robed, hooded figures gathered with arms raised to the darkening sky. They slowly walk into the ocean.

They are knee deep.

ANNA TILTON  
(to herself)  
Are they chanting?

She takes a couple steps closer.

The CHANTING grows louder.

CULTISTS(O.S)  
(droning mono-tone)  
In thy name let us behold the father,  
From the depths of the waters I come,  
and from the depths the Deep Ones also  
have come, Hail to the ancient dreams,

Hail Dagon.

ANNA TILTON

(to herself)

I-- I think it is time to go back,  
now.

She back steps to make her exit.

Anna begins to anxiously climb the boulders so that she can make her way back to the bridge.

**EXT. MANUXET RIVER BRIDGE - TWILIGHT**

Anna hurries over to the bridge as she glances back at the Cultists, still chanting with arms raised.

Suddenly, Anna collides with an older man.

The man and Anna fall tumble onto the bridge.

ANNA TILTON

Oh! I am so sorr--

Anna takes a good look at the man she collided with.

She rises to her feet.

ZADOK ALLEN, an elderly man, late 80's, with scraggly pale hair, a large yellow-stained beard covers his deep wrinkled face, and grungy clothes. His eyes are blacked out and his mouth agape.

As he rises to his feet, he begins to shout at her face.

ZADOK ALLEN

Ia! Ia! Ia!

Anna backs away from the old man.

She brandishes her pistol.

A commotion can be heard in the distance.

CULTIST #1 (O.S)

Over there!

CULTIST #2 (O.S)

On the bridge!

ANNA TILTON  
 (panicked)  
 Oh shit...

Anna turns and rockets down Federal Street.

**EXT. FEDERAL STREET SIDEWALK - NIGHT**

Zadok and the Cultists can be heard behind her, screaming and yelling.

A roaring commotion.

ZADOK ALLEN (O.S)  
 Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh  
 wgah'nagl fhtagn!

CULTISTS (O.S)  
 Get her!

Anna's shoes stamp on the pavement as she storms by the store fronts.

She zooms past an Officer.

OFFICER  
 Ay! What-- Stop right there!

ANNA TILTON  
 Damn!

Anna disappears around the corner of a building.

**INT. THE GILMAN HOUSE HOTEL: LOBBY - NIGHT**

Anna explodes through the front door of the hotel. The concierge woman is startled by all the noise.

Anna furiously stomps up the stairs.

ANNA TILTON  
 (anxiously)  
 They're coming!

CONCIERGE  
 What in the-- Ye done messed up, girl.  
 Bloody hell...

The woman stomps behind a curtain that leads to a back room.

**INT. THE GILMAN HOUSE HOTEL: ROOM 228 - NIGHT**

Anna busts through the door. She slams it shut behind her. The room is DARK. She hurries over to the window and shuts the drapes closed.

Anna ducks down behind the bed.

Pistol pointed at the door.

Men's voices can be heard from the lobby.

CULTISTS (O.S)  
Where are they?

CONCIERGE (O.S)  
Get the fuck out!

BOOM. BOOM.

Shotgun blasts can be heard exploding from downstairs.

SHATTERING GLASS. The woman screams.

A stampede is coming up the stairs.

The stampede stops.

CULTIST #1 (O.S)  
Search the rooms.

Anna can hear every step on the creaky floor.

Doors can be heard opening.

OCCUPANT #1 (O.S)  
Aye! What ye be doin' fools?

OCCUPANT #2 (O.S)  
What the fuck are ye doin'?

Anna tightens her grip on the pistol. Her finger rests on the trigger.

Breathing heavily, her eyes are wide. A look of terror.

The light from under the door is blocked by a pair of feet.

A beat.

The door goes flying open.

Anna fires a couple rounds at the cultist.

He drops to the floor.

CULTIST #1 (O.S)

In there!

Anna rises from behind the bed, gun raised she creeps toward the open door.

A cultist rushes in with a dagger in hand.

Anna fires at the cultist.

The cultist collapses to the floor, dropping the dagger.

Quickly, she reaches for the dagger, snatching it from the ground.

ANNA TILTON

(to herself)

Only two shots left...

Another cultist rushes into the room and tackles her onto the bed. The pistol flies from her hands onto the floor.

The cultist grasps at her wrists, holding her down. Anna drops the dagger.

ANNA TILTON

Get off of me!

CULTIST #3

Dagon will be pleased!

Anna knees him in the groin and kicks him off of her. She then hurries over to the pistol, picking it up of the ground.

She points it at the cultist, and fires her last two rounds.

POP! POP!

Her eyes are wide, they well up with tears as she stares at the bodies laying on the blood soaked floors.

ANNA TILTON

(anxiously to herself)

Fuck. Oh, Fuck. What is happening here?

Anna stands there. The light from the hallway seeps into the

darkened room.

Cautiously, She walks over to the bed and picks up the dagger.

**INT. THE GILMAN HOUSE HOTEL: 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY**

Anna walks down the hallway with hesitation, holding the pistol in one hand and the dagger in the other. Tears stream down her face.

Worry and fear, the look on her face.

She approaches the staircase.

CULTIST #1 (O.S)

You!

Anna turns to the cultist. He charges at her with a dagger in his grip.

ANNA TILTON

Oh shit!

She storms down the staircase. The cultist follows close behind.

**INT. THE GILMAN HOUSE HOTEL: LOBBY - NIGHT**

Anna turns down the staircase. She glances behind her to see the cultist. He is only steps behind as he slashes at her, missing her every time.

The Police Officer that Anna ran by earlier rips the door open. He is holding a large pistol.

OFFICER

Hey, you! What are you doing?!

Anna sees the officer.

ANNA TILTON

Shoot him! Shoot him now!

The Officer sees the cultist stomping down the stairs behind Anna.

OFFICER

Get down!

ANNA TILTON

Shoot him! Shoot him! Shoot him!

Anna leaps from the stairs, tossing the dagger and pistol. She lands on the floor hard.

The Officer points his pistol and fires round after round at the cultist. He tumbles violently down the stairs.

Anna staggers to her feet.

The Officer sees the Concierge woman laying in a pool of blood.

He looks at Anna and the cultist.

OFFICER

What in the bloody hell is going on here?

(a beat)

I need reinforcements, now...

The officer walks out to the sidewalk.

OFFICER(O.S)

Help! We have an emergency here!

Anna stares at the carnage in shock. She begins to cry, as she slowly lumbers toward a bench in the lobby.

She sits on the bench, wiping her eyes when she notices the elaborate dagger of the cultist laying on the floor.

Anna reaches for the dagger and picks it up.

Strange hieroglyphics are engraved on the daggers BLADE.

It reads, "*Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn!*"

OFFICER(O.S)

Over here! The Gilman House!

Anna turns her attention to the shattered front door. She stares out at the Officer waving others to him.

BLACK OUT