

THE HIDDEN PEOPLE

Episode 1.05

"Helvegen"

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TEASER

53. Mackenna JOGGING on pavement. BREATHING heavily. Occasional TRAFFIC passes her.

NARRATOR

Mackenna Thorne. An adult who refuses to take responsibility. While her brother conducts himself at their parents' funeral, she runs. Runs from her duties. Runs from her family. Runs from her emptiness.

THOMAS

(Distant, muffled)

Yes, thank you again for coming. It's good to see you. Thank you so much.

Yes, quite a shock...

(cutting in and out)

Such a tragedy... Mackenna isn't feeling well... You understand...

Taking it hard...Yes, I'll let her know... No, no, she's just...

Shop doorbell RINGS. Coffee bar SOUNDS.

NARRATOR

(inhale)

Ah, the smell of books and coffee. There's something special about the way they blend together in the air but damage each other if they ever physically touch. Speaking of ruining everything they touch...

Mackenna WALKS quickly. Coffee bar SOUNDS fade into bookstore retail MUSIC.

NARRATOR

That's alright Mackenna, it's completely reasonable to run straight to the children's section. On the day of your parents' funeral. When you're twenty-seven. Who could resist those deflated bean-bag chairs?

Bean-bag chair SHIFTING.

NARRATOR

Do you even know how many snotty germ-factories have caressed the faux fur on that read-and-feel picture book? I wonder if you would care. I wonder what it would take to make you care. About anything.

MACKENNA

(sighs)

How long can I reasonably hide here?

NARRATOR

In this world my dear? You can't hide anywhere for long.

END TEASER

54. Outdoors at the cemetery. Most of the crowd has left or is leaving.

THOMAS

Thank you again for coming all this way; it means so much.

WALKING on grass.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(sigh)

I feel like I've just been saying the same three things over and over again.

SAM

That's pretty much par for the course at funerals. It's been a long day for you, and everyone who matters understands that.

NISSA

Thomas!

THOMAS

Alfie, Nissa. Did you find Mackenna?

ALFIE

No, we hoped she'd come straight to the cemetery, but it looks like she didn't.

NISSA

We let ourselves into your parents' house with the spare key, but she wasn't there.

SAM

And she still hasn't called you back?

ALFIE

Her phone is either off or no bars-- everything goes straight to voicemail.

THOMAS

(worried)

Where the hell is she? Sam, could she have been...

SAM

I think it's too soon to jump to conclusions--

THOMAS

But our parents' killer has the address. My dad's pictures. They could have gone after Mackenna.

SAM

That's...possible. But very unlikely. I'm sure wherever she is, she's safe. Let me go make a few calls. I'll check with the officer who's been keeping an eye on the house. We'll find her.

THOMAS

I should have made her come with me, should be out looking for her, but--

NISSA

You have to finish up with the funeral home, and the priest, and the last of the well-wishers. Take care of things here Thomas. We'll keep looking for her.

ALFIE

Go go Gadget tracking device!

Nissa HITS Alfie's arm.

ALFIE (CONT'D)
(oof)

THOMAS
I'm so exhausted from the funeral, and
now Mackenna might be...
(shakey)
Thank you both so much.

NISSA
We're not really huggers, Thomas.

ALFIE
(whispered)
Aw, let him have this one.

55. Sam WALKS away and to the parking lot. Car
door OPENS and CLOSES.

SAM
Ron, I need an APB on Mackenna Thorne,
last seen sometime last night. Method
of travel unknown, but possibly on bike
or on foot. Have whatever officers that
were staking out the Thorne residence
in the last twelve hours report in
and...
(beat)
have someone check the bus and metro
stations.
(beat)
No, no physical description of possible
abductors. I'm not ruling out that she
left on her own. Regardless we need to
find her.

MUSICAL TRANSITION

56. NISSA
We need to find her, Alfie.

ALFIE
Well, clearly, but where to start? She
could be anywhere: the coffee shop, the
library, the space museum, the void of
space--

NISSA

Her bike was still at her house, so she didn't go too far. This is Mack. She runs, either from something or nothing. She's distracted, brain someplace else...not paying attention, and neither is the guy in his imported sports car as he clips her and she's in a ditch. Shit, she's in a ditch.

ALFIE

She's probably not in a ditch, Nissa. She's just in a dark place right now, you know? Like...a closet. A closet in the 90s. Lots of grunge. And plaid.

(beat)

Oh, she's possessed by the ghost of Kurt Cobain!

NISSA

You're making it worse.

ALFIE

All apologies.

NISSA

(groans)

Right. Focus. We checked her house. She could be anywhere.

ALFIE

We could hit the pavement, check all her regular haunts?

NISSA

It's the twenty-first century. I'm hacking her phone.

ALFIE

Taking the anagram of your name a bit seriously, aren't you, "IS NSA?"

NISSA

I'll need my computer. Let's go.

MUSICAL TRANSITION

57. Bookstore retail MUSIC. Shop door bell RINGS.

KAREN
(humming)

HUMMING is distant but grows closer.

MACKENNA
(hums in tune)

NARRATOR
A voice from your past, Mackenna.
Coincidence?

MACKENNA / KAREN
(humming stops)

KAREN
En-ya? En-ya! My sweet En-ya.

MACKENNA
Nanny? Nanny Karen? What are you--

NARRATOR
"Nanny Karen" is the beloved childhood
babysitter of our embroiled
protagonist--well, beloved to Mackenna,
anyway. Most people would use the
euphemism "eccentric" to politely
describe her particular brand of
lunacy. So looney, in fact, she's the
only adult to have ever chosen Mackenna
over perfect Thomas as the favorite
Thorne in their side.

KAREN
Dear girl, sweet child, my poor En-ya!
Such pain to lose so suddenly, your
mother and papa.

MACKENNA
Ah, but why did you--how did you...?

KAREN

The wake, my dove, the wake! Missing at such a troubled time, I set afoot as soon as I saw you were not where others ought you'd be.

MACKENNA

Troubled? It's not...it's really not like that, Nanny Karen.

KAREN

You forget that I have witnessed since you were small, your ticks, your tells, your twitches, too. I recognize them all. Your tired eyes, your wrinkled brow, a concerned mind's carding call.

MACKENNA

"Calling card," Nanny. You still get your idioms mixed up--and you had me doing it until fourth grade.

KAREN

Bah! Language is a dance, my dear, with room to improvise. Those teachers only sought to limit your words, thereby limiting your mind.

MACKENNA

You didn't do my English grades any favors.

(laughs)

I miss hearing the way you speak. I miss seeing you all the time, coming here to read.

KAREN

And here is where you fled in hopes to find a return to that childhood time? Here with me, when you thrived--and a time when your parents lived?

MACKENNA

I ran, Nanny Karen. I couldn't even make myself go to the funeral, couldn't even try. The moment I stepped out the door, I was running away.

KAREN

My young En-ya was always as fleet of foot as a wood nymph. It shouldn't shock you that you scatter at the first sense of danger, even now. Even if the predator you premonate is in your own psyche.

NARRATOR

While listening to her is excruciating, I'm afraid we all must suffer through this reunion together. To understand what's really going on in the mind of Mackenna Thorne, we need to listen as she shares with one of the only people she trusts.

MACKENNA

It's not danger, or a flight-or-fight response, I think. Everything considered, I'm doing alright, really. Well, no, I mean, given the situation, it's not as bad as it could be. I'm not saying this right...

KAREN

You and I have always observed the world for what it is. Say what it is, En-ya, without what others think it should be.

MACKENNA

Everything's just been awful, but not in the way I expected. I keep thinking about it, trying to understand what happened; that I'll never see my parents again, never talk to them. I'm...I'm an orphan now and everything that I expected of my life will be different, but...

KAREN

Denial, En-ya? That is grief's way.

MACKENNA

No, no, not denial. I've accepted that they're gone. I just can't bring myself to care.

MUSICAL TRANSITION

58.

ALFIE

That's messed up.

NISSA

Well, it's a messed up situation.

ALFIE

Yeah, but this just feels skeevy.

Keyboard TYPING.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

Woah, that was way too easy. Has this, uh, happened before?

NISSA

Are you accusing me of regularly hacking into smart-phone GPS tracking data in order to pinpoint the location of a person or persons unknown to an accuracy of five meters?

ALFIE

No, I'm asking if the tab labeled "MACK'S CLOUD" was original content or DLC for EA PRESENTS HACKTIVIST 19?

NISSA

I have superpowers. I use them for good. And, yes, spying on my friend aligns a bit closer to chaotic than lawful good, but if you haven't had nightmares about something happening to Mack when you could have known something, done something--

ALFIE

I get it, I get it: the ends justify the means. You don't happen to have a file

labeled "Alfie's deepest, darkest secrets," do you?

NISSA

No.

ALFIE

Ah. Of course. Not that I have any deep, dark--

NISSA

That's a whole hard-drive. Here, it looks like Mack's phone battery died around quarter-after ten, while she was on 3rd Street.

ALFIE

Okay, that's a place to start, I guess.

NISSA

If I add all her other location info leading up to the untimely battery death, we can see which way she was heading.

ALFIE

Oooo, connect the dots! Maybe she drew a picture with her route! Spelled out "help me!" or "back off, Nissa!"

NISSA

Or she went in a straight line for 20 blocks.

ALFIE

Well, that just spells "eeeyyeee."

NISSA

And gives us a good lead. C'mon, Alfie.

MUSICAL TRANSITION

59. Bookstore retail MUSIC.

MACKENNA

Nanny Karen, how did you find me? I mean, this wasn't a coincidence, right?

KAREN

I sought you out as soon as I saw you skipped the service, and here is where I hoped your retreat would end. Perhaps a bit self-indulgent to think, but I imagined this as your refuge.

MACKENNA

You were the first person to bring me to Beans and Books, weren't you? Mom and Dad preferred taking Thomas to the sporting goods store, but you dragged us all the way out here at least once a week.

(laughs)

Thomas always complained that it smelled like ash and old people, but you never listened, and I loved it.

(sigh)

And now it's nuevo-industrial with a bullshit micro-brew coffee shop...sorry.

KAREN

To grow and change is mortal, and cannot be stopped any more than the seasons. People and things shift as they must in this world.

MACKENNA

Still doesn't mean changes are for the better.

KAREN

It's not just the change here you resent, is it? You warily eye the change in yourself.

MACKENNA

Sure, I've changed. I mean, changing from the girl you babysat every week makes sense, but recently...recently I've been feeling even further from myself. Sometimes it's like I don't even recognize my face. Like, I'm not really me, or I don't even know who that is.

KAREN

And so you absconded from the funeral, thinking those prying eyes would question who you are as well? And what answer would you give to such small minds?

MACKENNA

I already know our family looks at me like I don't belong. The expected thing, the normal thing would be to show up, have a good cry in front of everyone, and give my parents the proper respect, but I can't even do that. I can't bring myself to fake the proper part and emote what I'm not.

(softer)

I'm such a shitty daughter I can't even do that for them when they're gone.

MUSICAL TRANSITION

60. Car ENGINE SHUTS OFF. Car door OPENS and CLOSES.

SAM

Ron! Hold up a second.

RON

Sam! You're back!

SAM

Surveillance officers report in yet?

RON

Everyone on the Thorne Disappearance just walked into the briefing room for the, uh, briefing. I caught DeMarcos on the way in; he said he saw the screen door slam around 10-hundred, but no Mackenna. Thought it might have just been the wind.

SAM

Not particularly windy today.

RON

"Just the wind." Might as well say it was ghosts or aliens, DeMarcos.

Sam and Ron WALK through the parking lot.

SAM

And the points of exit monitoring?

RON

If she left, it wasn't by plane, train, or automobile. Aren't we getting a bit too worked up too early about this? I mean, it's been, what, seven hours since she was last seen? We don't even open anything on teen runaways this soon.

SAM

Teen runaways are called in by their parents; they don't have open investigations into the murder of their parents, Ron.

RON

Yeah, but it's not like she's a suspect or anything. Probably just needed time to process, poor kid.

SAM

Kid? Ron, she's a year older than me. Don't let her immaturity fool you; she knows more than she's letting on. Something spooked her, and until we know the whole truth, we can't afford to lose her.

RON

You're going pretty gung-ho on a non-lead, boss. It's not like she's a genuine suspect or anything. I mean, sure, no real alibi, but her life looked pretty cushy living in her parents' basement, and unless we find out she has a collection of giant spears and a litter of rabid wolves at her beck and call, I don't see how she could have

possibly butchered her parents in cold blood.

NARRATOR

Not wolves, exactly. And a bit bity-er than your average litter.

SAM

I'm not saying she did. But I know what I saw in that interview room. Everyone coddles her.

RON

She seems kinda...mentally fragile to me. Maybe they just know her better than we do. Which tracks, considering I just met her. We're not even to the level of just-met-and-now-we're-awkwardly-social-media-friends.

SAM

Please never befriend the family of victims on social media.

RON

(beat)

Like, going forward? Kidding. You get my point.

SAM

Sure, but what exactly do they know about her that makes them so defensive? To me, she looks like she can more than handle herself.

RON

She seems kinda...mentally fragile to me. Maybe they just don't want her to get pushed too hard?

SAM

Pushing might end up the only way I'm going to find out what she knows. And, she does know something, Ron.

RON

If you say so, boss.

Door OPENS. Police station CHATTER.

RON (CONT'D)

Hey, we'll need to hurry if we want to get a muffin in the briefing room--those rookies eat like animals, even when it's low-sugar, almond-flour pastries.

SAM

You are a rookie.

RYAN

By "we," I mostly mean "you." I've already had two muffins.

MUSICAL TRANSITION

61.

ALFIE

(out of breath)

Okay, city block numero-uno, scoured. Can we take a break now? I'm pretty sure my endurance stat is modified to be encumbered sans-cumberment.

NISSA

Seriously, it's been ten minutes, and you started complaining after five. We can keep going.

ALFIE

Are we really going to go into every store on Mack's route? We already know she passed all these without stopping.

NISSA

Yes. We are. What if she doubled back after her phone died? What if someone saw which way she was going? There are a million tiny variables to account for, and without enough data, we could run off in the wrong direction or miss something that could lead us to her, or that would tell us she's in genuine danger right now.

ALFIE

Nissa, your Millenium Falcon brain's made the jump to light speed.

NISSA

Right, no, she's fine, but the answers are here, and we are going to turn this street upside-down looking for any inkling of our friend, because it is the day of her murdered parents' funeral and she is missing. If there is some tiny thing we miss, could have seen but didn't, because we thought it was too small to make a difference--

(catches breath)

Something's wrong, Alfie. Not with Mack, but with her life. Something isn't right, and her parents, the way she's been acting, and now this...it's all pieces that don't fit together yet.

ALFIE

Mack's always lived in her own mental Fortress of Solitude. That's just part of the Mack Pack Unhappy Meal. And, yeah, she has been isolating herself more than usual since her parents died, but couldn't that be normal?

(hesitating)

I mean, it's not like she's actually in danger right now. Right?

NISSA

God, I hope not. But, I just have this feeling, this dread that it's only going to get worse for her, especially with Detective Withholds-a-Lawyer suspecting her.

ALFIE

So are we worried about the killer or the cops?

NISSA

Both! The killer could be after her. And we know Sam is suspicious.

ALFIE

Maybe there just aren't a lot of leads and Mack's the closest straw to grasp at. Anyone who actually thinks Mackenna could have been involved is cuckoo for Cocoa Puffs.

NISSA

Or has a stick up her ass with a total disregard for Miranda Rights.

ALFIE

With your smarts and my plucky determination, we'll prove it to the rest of the world in a dramatic eleventh-hour reveal and save the day.

NISSA

Yes. We can, and we will. But, priorities: we need to find Mackenna first, then find out who killed her parents. If the cops can't, we will.

ALFIE

Saving the day like big damn heroes!

NISSA

Don't throw yourself a parade just yet. We're still on step one: find Mack.

MUSICAL TRANSITION

62. Bookstore retail MUSIC.

NARRATOR

The bookstore confessional continues. Mackenna, have you ever wondered why it's only easy to open up to fellow outcasts? If so, you're asking the wrong question.

KAREN

The change you feel, En-ya, can you describe it? What it is that has you so skittish?

MACKENNA

Nanny, you know I've always been... different. Acted different than Thomas, different than what my parents expected. I'm used to it, I guess, especially after the doctors saying I'm lacking whatever neurotransmitter they can sell me in pill form. But, feeling like this, after something so horrible--is something more wrong with me? Something the doctors missed or the meds caused?

KAREN

Don't be afraid, put the name to it: say it aloud and face what fears you.

MACKENNA

I think I'm insane. Psycho-, socio-, whatever prefix to -path you want to put on it. My parents are dead, and yeah, they weren't perfect, but I should care, right? I should be upset or worried about my future at least. It would make sense if I even felt relieved that I couldn't let them down anymore, but it's like it doesn't matter, like it's something that's happening to someone else and I'm just...I'm just watching the reflection of someone else's tragedy.

KAREN

Do others know you feel this way?

MACKENNA

I haven't said that to anyone, but they all know. Thomas, my friends, even the cops know there's something wrong with me, with the way I'm reacting to this. Maybe they're trying to assume the best, that I'm in denial and it will hit me eventually, but they can't think that forever.

KAREN

Police, En-ya?!

MACKENNA

Yeah, the cop investigating, she's a friend of Thomas's and...I don't know, just the way she looks at me, the things she asks--

KAREN

Interrogation!

MACKENNA

She suspects something, that I did something or know something.

KAREN

You must be wary, lest you be overcome. They will use their power to convince others of your guilt. Beware anyone whose power cannot be questioned.

MACKENNA

I wouldn't go that far, Nanny. Sam is... well, she is determined, but to find the truth, the genuine truth, not just what would be the easiest truth. She just gets on my nerves with how pushy she's being.

KAREN

En-ya, as long as I've known you, you've never strayed. You've held steadfast in your sphere. Seeing the same scape since time infinitum. Perhaps your mind has finally grown bored of it; perhaps things that don't make sense here would make sense elsewhere. Far elsewhere.

MACKENNA

I've fantasized about it more than once: quitting my job and leaving everything and everyone, but it all seems so pointless. Just thinking about the effort it would take to leave, to try to explain why, to even begin looking for something else...it exhausts me. Sure, my job is dead-end work that pays peanuts, but it's something to do with

people who care about me, and I'd rather not rock the boat.

KAREN

And those who care, what would they say about how you feel now? Where were they, when you fled what you could not face? Are they just more livestock, following the herd of expectation rather than care for the solo sheep?

MACKENNA

Nissa and Alfie care! God knows I'm not worth the effort, but they put it in anyway. Maybe...maybe I am just a pet project for them, a fixer upper for them to flip and sell, but if they'll stick around through this, I don't know what could ever drive them away.

(laughs)

Maybe if I actually end up being a haunted house.

KAREN

You are not an abode, my dear. The only foundations that hold you here are the ones you let keep you.

(firmly, true voice creeps in)

You are a kite. You can sail on the wind to the edges of existence that no human has ever seen. Don't let small people keep you from realizing that this world is bigger than they believe it is.

MACKENNA

I know how big the world is. I just prefer the size of my world. And my friends aren't small. They care, and they should have called by now. I can't--

(beat)

Oh, shit, my phone's off. I must have squeezed the power button. How long...oh shit that is a lot of text messages.

Mackenna's phone BUZZES repeatedly.

MACKENNA (CONT'D)

And missed calls. And voicemails? Did they try to fax me, too?

KAREN

Perhaps they are the foundation you need for now.

MACKENNA

Thank you for finding me, Nanny Karen. Talking me through this. I think I just needed someone detached to help me realize what I really need.

KAREN

I cannot fight your battles for you, dear girl, but oh how I wish I could. I will always be near to counsel you, in all the ways I am permitted.

63. Shop door bell RINGS.

NISSA

You. Barista Boy. Look at this picture. This girl. Right now.

ALFIE

Have you seen her?

MACKENNA

Nissa? Alfie?

NISSA

Mack!

Nissa RUNS to Mack and HUGS her.

MACKENNA

(oof)

NISSA

Oh my god, Mack, what the actual hell? You weren't at the funeral, and you were gone, and you weren't answering your phone, and do you know how my brain works in these situations?

ALFIE

I thought we aren't the hugging type,
Nissa?

NISSA

Oh shut up. Mack's alive in a bougie
Barnes and Noble knock-off--

ALFIE

--and not dead in a ditch or kidnapped
for ransom, or run away to join the
circus--

MACKENNA

What even--

NISSA

Just isolating herself from her worried
friends and family after a life-altering
tragedy by sitting alone in the
children's book section for twelve
hours. Seriously, Mack?

MACKENNA

I haven't been gone that long, and I
wasn't alo--

(beat)

Oh. Where'd she go?

ALFIE

Who? Shaylee?

MACKENNA

Shaylee? No, my Nanny Karen, the one who
used to babysit me. We were talking
and...uh, wait, what about Shaylee?

ALFIE

We ran into her outside the café down
the street when we were looking for you.
Good thing, too, because she said she
saw you in here earlier, but she had to
run.

MACKENNA

No, I didn't see her at all. I've been
in here all day.

Muffled SCOFF from the barista.

NISSA

Hey! Quit eavesdropping, Barista Boy!
Yes, she was here all day without buying
any of your over-priced hipster buzzword
coffee. Maybe you should mind your own
cold brew blonde roast! Now, shoo.

NARRATOR

(laughs)

Oh, Nissa. How I'll miss your sass.

ALFIE

We should shoo, too. You missed the
funeral, and Thomas has been really
worried. We should get you back home.

MACKENNA

(sighs)

(under her breath)

Shit.

MUSICAL TRANSITION

64. Three car doors OPEN.

ALFIE

Thanks for the ride, Mister Uber Man!
Five stars.

Three car doors CLOSE. Car DRIVES away.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

Okay, four stars, but only because he
wouldn't stop talking about his
screenplay. At least the chocolate mints
were good.

NISSA

You ate those? They could have been
roofied.

ALFIE

Honestly, anyone willing to roofie a
person who looks like me has enough

problems in their life without my judgment.

MACKENNA

I'm not sure this is the right time, but we should also discuss why you should never use the phrase "Mister Uber Man" again.

ALFIE

Nazis ruin everything.

House door BANGS open.

THOMAS

Mackenna? Mackenna!

Thomas RUNS and HUGS Mackenna.

MACKENNA

Yay, more hugs.

THOMAS

Mackenna, god, I thought--I thought you were gone! I was so worried that something terrible had happened to you too and that I...I was...

(deep breath)

I'm so glad you're alright. What happened?

NISSA

Thomas, maybe we should go inside.

THOMAS

Uh, right, right.

(deep breath)

Come on. I had Sam running every lead she could think of, but it was like you vanished into thin air. None of the officers patrolling the area even saw you leave this morning, and with whatever attacked mom and dad on the loose I...I guess my imagination ran a bit wild.

All four WALK inside. House door CLOSES. They SIT on the sofa.

THOMAS

Do you need me to get you anything?
Water, tea, a blanket?

MACKENNA

Thomas, I'm fine. You don't need to worry.

THOMAS

Don't need to...Mackenna, you were missing for half the day, you weren't answering any of my calls--

MACKENNA

It's not like we're always super chatty.

THOMAS

You missed our parents' funeral! What happened today?

MACKENNA

I just couldn't go.

THOMAS

(disappointed)

Couldn't go? You flaked out? Again? I took care of everything, bore the burden of all of it, so maybe it wouldn't drive you away, but when I need you to show up, for me, it's still too much?

ALFIE

(whispered)

Nissa, we should go.

THOMAS

Thank you both for finding her. For bringing her home.

ALFIE

Of course. Later, Thornes.

NISSA

I'll call you later, Mack.

MACKENNA

Yeah. Bye.

House door OPENS and CLOSES.

NARRATOR

The tension in the air is palpable.
Like a heavy quilt, handmade and slaved
over, weighing you down until it
smothers you out of the guilt you feel
for thinking it's hideous.

THOMAS

Where were you, Mackenna?

MACKENNA

I went for a run. I'm sorry. I just...I
couldn't be there, not with all those
people. You know I couldn't.

THOMAS

Those people are our friends, our
family.

(beat)

Okay, when I say family, I know they
don't really come around often, but even
they took the time to show up and
support us.

MACKENNA

Well, I didn't need their fake support,
never seeing them until there's drama.
I'm sure you appreciated all their well-
wishes and sympathy repeated ad nauseum.

THOMAS

Mackenna, I needed your support. You're
the family I have left, and I needed
you. I get that planning the funeral
wasn't your thing, but today was so hard
and to do it without you...

(beat)

Where did you go? Please don't keep me
out. Not now.

MACKENNA

I ended up running to Beans and Books.

THOMAS
(sad laugh)
That place hasn't been condemned?

MACKENNA
It's changed.

THOMAS
So, I take it that it didn't give you
the support you were looking for.

MACKENNA
No, but Nanny Karen did.

THOMAS
You saw Karen?

MACKENNA
Yeah, she found me...sort of by
accident, I think? Sat and talked with
me practically the whole time I was
there. It was nice to get a lot of
things off my chest.

THOMAS
Things like what?

MACKENNA
How I've been feeling. About everything.

THOMAS
Things you won't share with me?

MACKENNA
You're different. You're feeling things
too...normal things. You wouldn't
understand.

THOMAS
But a crazy stranger would?

MACKENNA
She's not a stranger! And, don't call
her crazy, she's just--

THOMAS

Strange. What do you even remember about her from when she used to babysit us?

MACKENNA

I don't know, fun stuff. Going out and being silly.

THOMAS

She would take us to weird, isolated places and make circles out of random junk. She left me behind at a nature preserve once because I wanted to follow a trail rather than sit and "attend to the annular rhythm!"

MACKENNA

Oh, no. One adult in the whole world who didn't treat you like you hung the moon.

THOMAS

Even in the best case scenario, she's an overly-attached, hermyty spinster that doesn't understand societal norms, or personal boundaries. She's not someone our parents should have ever let us associate with, let alone trust to watch over us.

MACKENNA

Of course, the one person in our family who's kind to me you consider too weird to function.

THOMAS

Mackenna, she's not your family. I am. I am the only real family you have left. And you're mine. But you'd rather spend our most important day as siblings with our crazy old nanny.

MACKENNA

Stop calling her crazy.

THOMAS

And still your only interest is protecting her. Y'know, one day you'll actually be on your own. Completely.

MACKENNA

That sounds lovely.

THOMAS

That's...honestly, that's exactly what I should expect.

(beat)

There are seven casseroles in the fridge, if you get hungry. I'll be in my room.

Thomas WALKS away. Door CLOSES.

NARRATOR

Don't look so forlorn, Mackenna. If you haven't gotten exactly what you deserve by now, I promise you soon will.

THE END