

CREATURES IN THE TALL GRASS "The Sound Outside" CAMERA TEST SIDE

FADE IN:

**INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN - EVENING**

The small kitchen feels cramped with moving boxes still stacked against the walls. DALLAS (mid-30s, physicist, tired eyes) picks at a microwave dinner while MAC (15, withdrawn) stares at his plate.

The only sounds: the hum of the old refrigerator and the distant crash of waves.

DALLAS  
(clearing throat)  
How was... how was the first day?

Mac doesn't look up.

MAC  
Fine.

Silence stretches between them. Dallas pushes food around his plate.

DALLAS  
What did you learn?

Mac takes a deep breath

MAC  
We learned about the weather

Dallas looks toward the corner where his makeshift weather monitoring setup sits - a tangle of wires, rain gauges, and wind chimes.

They sit in uncomfortable silence.

Suddenly, a LOW, OTHERWORLDLY GROAN echoes from outside. Both father and son freeze.

Mac moves to the window, pressing his face against the glass. In the dim twilight, the tall grass sways gently, but something feels wrong.

Dallas joins him at the window. In the distance, a faint, pulsing light flickers through the reeds.

**EXT. COTTAGE - MARSH EDGE - CONTINUOUS**

Father and son step into the humid evening air. The sound has stopped, but the silence feels heavy, expectant.

Mac holds up his recorder, pressing record.

Dallas's weather equipment CHIMES softly in the breeze. He checks his monitoring device - the readings are erratic.

Mac ventures closer to the tall grass. Dallas reluctantly follows.

Suddenly, the light pulses again - brighter this time, and closer. Both Mac and Dallas see it clearly.

The SOUND returns, but now it's almost... musical. Mournful. Like a lullaby played backwards.

Dallas stares at his equipment, then at the marsh, then at his son Mac.

The light flickers once more and then fades. The sound stops. Normal night silence returns.

Mac hits stop on his recording device.

FADE OUT.