

**OutFields**

written by

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**EXT. THE FIELD - NIGHT**

SUPER: 1992 New Town Country Road, The Field.

The field is silent. Breeze blowing the grasses with a cool WHEEZ.

Flashlight cuts through the grasses.

A man (39s) with a serious face walks around, a shotgun behind him.

MAN  
Found anything?

Silence. No response.

MAN (CONT'D)  
Joe!

He looks around, the grasses too tall to let him see.

JOE (20s) with a shotgun in hand bursts through the grasses startling the man.

The man takes a deep breath.

MAN (CONT'D)  
That's not how you hold it.

Joe properly holds the gun, raises the barrel pointing the man.

MAN (CONT'D)  
Take your finger off the trigger!

Joe obeys.

The man continues walking around.

JOE  
We have been here for -

MAN  
Shh... The beast can be anywhere.

The man looks around with his torch.

JOE  
The grasses are too tall.

MAN

So?

JOE

If we cut it we might find the  
missing -

A quick rustle in the leaves. They both look around, back  
each other - looking in opposite direction.

JOE (CONT'D)

*(Whispers)*

Raise the barrel.

Joe raises his gun.

JOE (CONT'D)

Finger on the trigger.

Joe places his hand on the trigger.

He moves slowly forward towards a part of the grasses moving  
like something was slowly pushing it forward.

Behind Joe, the grasses cover him away from the man.

A loud scream from the man erupts multiple gunshot - BANG!  
BANG! BANG! BANG!

Joe turns around. Points the gun at the wall of grasses.

CLOSE-UP on Joe.

We hear the grasses slowly open. A beastly hiss and a  
crackling howl.

Joe's eyes widen in fear. He shivers.

### **SAME - LATER**

Flickering flashlight cuts through the tall grasses. Heavy  
breathing. Joe runs. Falls.

The flashlight drops. It rolls, casting light upward.

He cannot stand. Looks up in fear as a disfigured shadow  
covers him.

Joe reaches for his shotgun behind him, shakes.

JOE  
No God please!

Before he can place his finger on the trigger a sudden PULL from below, his body brutally yanked underground.

The grass sways. Then still. Resistant to breeze.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**TITLE CARD: OUTFIELDS**

**INT. PAMELA GROVERS HIGH SCHOOL - ZARA'S CLASSROOM - DAY**

Super: Present day.

ZARA (17) has a headphone on, she scribbles on a book.

ROGAN (7) sitting in the same class but at the back of the classroom listening attentively to the teacher, MISS HALLAND (25) just like the remaining students.

Rogan coughs.

Mrs. Halland has written an calculative assignment on magnetic force on the board. And she's explaining a concept on the topic.

Mrs. Halland's eyes scans the class as she teaches. First on Rogan, who she smiles at in admiration and then Zara.

The scribbling sound very audible.

MRS. HALLAND  
Zara!

Zara continues scribbling. Someone throws a paper at her.

She glares at the person and then at Mrs. Halland.

Zara takes off the headphone.

MRS. HALLAND (CONT'D)  
This is not acceptable in my class  
Zara.

ZARA  
I know it's not.

MRS. HALLAND  
It's not, Why do it then?

ZARA  
I'm just feeling sick.

MRS. HALLAND  
Sorry, the class will be over soon.

ZARA  
Miss Halland, can we just leave?

MRS. HALLAND  
No, you go with the rest of class.

ZARA  
My brother might be having a flu.  
Even worse. I want to take him to  
my dad's clinic as soon as  
possible.

MRS. HALLAND  
Okay, go.

Zara looks back at Rogan. Winks at him with smile on her face.

Zara leaves the class with her things. Rogan follows her.  
Rogan gives Mrs. Halland a piece of paper.

MRS. HALLAND (CONT'D)  
Have a nice day, Rogan.

She looks at the paper, Rogan had done the calculation on the board and wrote a remark: I know it's correct.

Mrs. Halland smiles.

**INT. PAMELA GROVERS HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY**

Zara slams her locker door close and walks down the hallway with Rogan.

ZARA  
Roggie, what do you want to eat?

ROGAN  
(Mouths)  
Food.

ZARA  
No, snack.

Rogan shakes his head, Nothing.

ZARA (CONT'D)  
Are you okay?

Rogan nods, Yes.

Zara takes a deep breath and they continue walking.

**INT. ZARA'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY**

A kettle is hissing from high heat on an electric heater.

An eviction notice paper on the kitchen counter.

JAMIMA, (35) rushes into the kitchen laughing and turns off the heater.

Her eyes stop on the eviction notice paper and her smile quenches.

An old woman, TARRY enters the kitchen chuckling.

TARRY  
You have no idea how terrible your  
shit smelled.

Tarry laughs. Stops laughing after feeling Jamima's silence.

TARRY (CONT'D)  
Are you okay baby?

JAMIMA fold the paper.

JAMIMA  
Yes Mama, I'm okay, I'm just... I'm  
thinking of how to fix the heater.

TARRY  
The heater just boiled the water.

JAMIMA  
It's tea, not water.

TARRY  
Tea is made with water.

JAMIMA  
Yes ma'am.

TARRY  
Devon will fix it.

Tarry goes quiet. Stares at Jamima who cannot hide her sadness.

TARRY (CONT'D)  
Can't he?

JAMIMA  
He can.

Tarry steps forward. Holds Jamima's hand.

TARRY  
I don't come to your house to  
gossip alone, cherry. I come to  
know what's up with you.

JAMIMA  
I'm fine, are YOU fine?

Jamima forces a smile on her face.

Tarry looks at the folded paper in Jamima's hand.

TARRY  
Give me that.

Jamima hesitates, about to hand the paper over to Tarry,  
Rogan steps in.

TARRY (CONT'D)  
Hmm big man Rogan, school boy.

Rogan hugs Tarry. She strokes his head.

TARRY (CONT'D)  
Are you good?

She holds his face. He nods, yes.

TARRY (CONT'D)  
Where's Zee?

ZARA (O.C.)  
It's granny when I hear granny!

Zara enters the kitchen and hugs Tarry.

TARRY  
My love, how was studies.

ZARA  
Fine.

Jamima drops the folded paper in a bin.

JAMIMA  
You came quiet early today.

Zara seems uninterested in answering the question.

ZARA  
Hi mom.  
(Then)  
Grandma, I'll go take a bath.  
Please urge Rogan to do the same!

Zara leaves the kitchen. Jamima looks sad.

Tarry turns to Jamima - she quickly smiles.

TARRY  
Tea for four now.

Tarry leaves the kitchen with Rogan.

Jamima stares at the air in silence.

#### **EXT. ROAD - DAY**

DEVON (41) muscular and fit, drives through the road in his car. One hand on the steering, the other with a phone over his ear.

DEVON  
Halland, just a month more and I  
promise you'll get the payment.



HALLAND

How?

Devon furrows.

DEVON

What do you mean -

*(Takes a deep breath)*

I need this for my wife and children, I am planning to get my son treated.

HALLAND

He burnt the house not me, Devon. I also have a family to attend to. Sorry.

The call ends.

Devon stops his car and clenches his fists, biting his bottom lip.

His phone rings. A soft ringing tone.

Devon picks the call.

DEVON

Hello?

MAN(ON PHONE)

Hello Mr. Devon Clark, this is New Fields Housing. Can you hear me?

DEVON

Yes.

MAN

We have secured the house you requested and it has undergone cleanup. All we need now is your visit to the place.

Devon smiles.

DEVON

Okay, thank you. Thank you so much.

MAN  
Contact us for more information.

DEVON  
Thank you.

MAN  
Have a nice day.

The call ends.

Devon smiles, shouts:

DEVON  
Yes!

He places his head on the steering. It horns and it makes him jolt back to sitting position.

A breathy smile and he starts the car and drives off.

**INT. ZARA'S HOME - ZARA'S ROOM - NOON**

Zara sits on her bed. Two girls around her age. Kelly and Iris both stand in front of her posing in nice dresses.

KELLY  
Why don't you wear these dresses  
Zee.

IRIS  
I just love this dress. How much  
did your mom buy it again?

ZARA  
I bought this one myself.

IRIS  
You mean you dad gave you the  
money.

ZARA  
Girl, get the hell out of that  
dress, you might get lost in it.

IRIS  
You don't have to be so mean.

KELLY

You have lots of dresses like this  
- you could've worn this and Julius  
would have been wowed.

JAMIMA

Julius? Who's Julius?

Zara ignores Jamima.

IRIS

Zara used to scribble his name on  
her desk.

ZARA

It was Julius Baker, the legend.

KELLY

Zara is kinda gay. She wears  
trousers to parties when she has an  
unexplored mine of dresses.

Jamima folds her hands.

JAMIMA

Round up girls, it's almost dark.  
Snap-snap.

Jamima and Zara's eyes meet, Jamima's face saying: I will  
still send you friend home no matter what.

Jamima walks off.

**INT. ZARA'S HOME - LIVINGROOM - NOON**

Zara and her friends walk across the room and Zara opens the  
door.

Rogan sits in the floor in front of a table. Holding a pen  
over a book and gradually swirling the pen around.

KELLY

Thanks for the dress.

IRIS

I still want the yellow one.

ZARA

Leave my house.

IRIS  
(*Holding bust*)  
Seriously, my bust fits just right  
in it.

Iris spots Rogan staring at them.  
She smiles awkwardly and waves at him.

IRIS (CONT'D)  
Byebye.

Iris and Kelly leave. Zara closes the door.  
She looks at Devon who's just staring at the paper.  
Zara sits on a couch. Knees over her chest.

ZARA  
You were looking bad today, mind  
telling me?

Rogan looks at Zara and then back at the paper. Uninterested.

ZARA (CONT'D)  
Write me a whole book of your  
thoughts and I'll read them like it  
were your last.

Rogan writes on his book and shows her: Shakespeare?

ZARA (CONT'D)  
No, I'm flattered, bonjour.

Rogan drops the book and continues swirling his pen over it.

Zara looks around in silence, away from Rogan.

Rogan glares at her. Glares. Glares.

Zara looks at him. Smiles.

She looks away and he continues Glaring at her. His stare  
becoming predatory.

The hair on zara's arm raises and she looks at Rogan in  
shock.

She places her hand on her chest. Breathes.

ZARA (CONT'D)  
What in the world... Why are you  
looking...  
Rogan, I can still hold your ears  
of you don't -

Rogan writes something and drops the pen on the book like he was forced to. He doesn't show Zara.

Zara rises, approaches and sees what he wrote on a new page:  
In the fire I saw something.

Zara furrows.

ZARA (CONT'D)  
(*Whispers*)  
What? What was that?

Zara raises the pen and stretches her hand to give him.

The door opens, Devon steps in, Rogan carries the book and slides it under a couch.

ZARA (CONT'D)  
Daddy!

Zara rushes towards him and gives him a hug.

ZARA (CONT'D)  
How was work today?

DEVON  
Fine... Fine.

Devon and Zara stare at Rogan. Rogan slowly rises, walks towards Devon and hugs him.

Devon carries Rogan.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
How are you my boy?

Rogan forces a smile. Smiles with lips tucked in.

JAMIMA (O.C.)  
Love.

Jamima approaches Rogan, hugs and kisses him on the cheek.

JAMIMA (CONT'D)  
Welcome home.

Jamima rubs Rogan's shoulder.

DEVON  
Lemme talk to your mummy for a  
second.

Devon keeps Rogan on his feet. He holds Jamima's hand and  
they both leave for —

**INT. ZARA'S HOME - DEVON AND JAMIMA'S BEDROOM - NOON**

Jamima sits on the bed.

JAMIMA  
What is it?

DEVON  
...We got the house.

Jamima smiles, rises and hugs Devon.

JAMIMA  
That's so good to hear.

She leans back.

JAMIMA (CONT'D)  
You are tense.

Devon looks at her. Their eyes dart over each other's.

JAMIMA (CONT'D)  
We'll have to tell them eventually.

DEVON  
We shouldn't even stay here any  
longer.

JAMIMA  
We might as well tell them as soon  
as today.

DEVON

Jamima.

JAMIMA

Hmm?

DEVON

I don't want her to find out about the town. We wouldn't be going there if we had another choice.

JAMIMA

Okay.

**INT. ZARA'S HOME - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT**

Zara, Jamima, Rogan and Zara all in the living room.

Zara looks in silence.

ZARA

Wait, What do you mean we're leaving?

DEVON

It's our own place we will stay permanently there and we won't be moving from place to place.

ZARA

And you didn't tell us, now you do when it's late dad.

JAMIMA

There's nothing you would've done.

Zara looks at Jamima in annoyance.

ZARA

I would have told you that Rogan is struggling to adapt to my school he's been in for a year. And then he'd have to go to a different place and a different school lord knows where. This can affect him.

Jamima and Devon both stare at each other.

DEVON

Big boy, go to your room. Mummy  
will be there in a snappy.

Rogan obeys.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Zara, we thought of every possible  
way to keep us here, buying a house  
at New Town was the best idea.

ZARA

I know what's happening, you guys.  
An eviction notice in the trash.  
What else is there? I'm not a kid.

JAMIMA

Zara —

ZARA

It's fine. Just... don't lie to us.

JAMIMA

I know you are worried about  
leaving your friends. But  
everything will be okay.

ZARA

I wasn't talking about my friends,  
mom. I was talking about Rogan.

JAMIMA

So you want to tell me that you've  
been taking to us like your mates  
all because of Rogan?

Zara stares at Jamima. Tears in her eyes.

Zara leaves for her room.

Devon and Jamima both glance at each other. Pity in their  
eyes.

BEGINNING OF MONTAGE —

— Zara writes in her class room, looks behind her. Rogan at  
the corner of the class string into thin air. She looks sad.



– In the night Zara draws a girl standing in a field.  
– Zara and Rogan both walk down the hallway of their school.  
END OF MONTAGE.

**EXT. PAMELA GROVERS HIGH SCHOOL – DAY**

Jamima waits for Zara and Rogan as they both left the school building.

Kelly and Iris both rush out of the building.

KELLY

Zee!

They both hug Zara.

IRIS

Oh! I've never felt this warm  
hugging you.

Zara smiles, holds her tears.

IRIS (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I'm already missing your dresses.

ZARA

Don't start.

Kelly hugs her again. Tears in her eyes.

KELLY

God, I wasn't expecting this.

ZARA

Me too.

IRIS

Don't cry.

Iris is already in tears, blinks repeatedly. She wipes Zara's tears and Zara wipes her's.

IRIS (CONT'D)

We can still talk on phone, like  
it's no different from seeing  
eachother. Right?

Iris knows it's different.

KELLY  
Fool yourself Iris.

They all burst into a short laughter.

Zara looks to her Jamima who admires Zara and her friends.  
Jamima looks away.

ZARA  
Joy killer.

KELLY  
Don't say that.

IRIS  
Okay then...

Iris pats Zara's shoulder.

IRIS (CONT'D)  
...Peace.

Zara walks away.

KELLY  
Adios Rogan!

Iris waves at Rogan. Rogan smiles with on side of his lips.

Zara and Rogan enter the car. Jamima is about to enter the car -

MRS. HALLAND  
Jamima! Jamima!

Mrs. Halland approaches Jamima.

JAMIMA  
Hey, Mrs. Halland

MRS. HALLAND  
I'm so sorry about what happened. I  
talked heavens into my husband but  
he wouldn't listen. I'm so sorry  
ma'am.

JAMIMA  
No problem.

MRS. HALLAND  
Your son Rogan... He's a really brilliant boy. He does things, calculations was above his grade. He did this...

Mrs Halland takes out a finely folded sheet of paper and hands it over to Jamima. Jamima opens it.

MRS. HALLAND (CONT'D)  
That's a very hard equation on electromagnetic force and he did it after just a class. What I'm saying is this boy needs to be in a GOOD school. One better than here even. He's a brilliant boy.

JAMIMA  
Thanks Mrs. Halland.

MRS. HALLAND  
Can I get a hug?

JAMIMA  
Yes.

They both hug eachother.

Jamima enters the car and starts it.

Mrs Halland waves at Rogan, he waves back.

MRS. HALLAND  
Keep up the good work Zee.

Jamima drives off.

# **EXT.COUNTRY ROAD - DAY**

Devon drives his car. Jemima sitting opposite him.

Zara has her headphone on looking out the window. Quiet.

Rogan plays 8-bit pixel art video game featuring a car - just like the color of Devon's car.

Devon controls the car along a road and along the road there's a green field beside it. The car crashes with another car.

Game over.

Rogan raises his head and sees a massive, perfectly green field.

Grasses are short, uniform. No fence. A vast emptiness.

DEVON  
(*seeing the field*)  
Let's stretch our legs.

**EXT. THE FIELD - DAY**

The family gets out of the car. The wind is soft. silence. No birds.

The sun is to set over the field.

JAMIMA  
Never seen such beautiful view  
before.

They wander into the field.

Zara closes her eyes and inhales. She furrows and opens her eyes. Looks around.

Rogan tugs Jamima's sleeve.

JAMIMA (CONT'D)  
What, baby?

He points back at the car.

JAMIMA (CONT'D)  
You'll play your video game in the  
car. Okay? Sometimes you keep tech  
and embrace nature.

Zara walks deeper, eyes scanning the field. She stops. Blinks. Looks around.

Rogan stares at Zara. She sits in the field.

Jamima approaches Zara. Sits beside her.

JAMIMA (CONT'D)  
I feel like sleeping here.

ZARA  
Yeah, It's... Airy.

Zara faces her palm to one direction.

ZARA (CONT'D)  
That's weird... the breeze is coming  
from the west, but the grass is  
leaning opposite.

Jamima chuckles.

JAMIMA  
Wind's wind Zara. What is that  
electro-what?

ZARA  
Nevermind.

Silence.

Devon has Rogan sitting on his shoulder as he runs around.

Jamima looks at them and then at Zara.

JAMIMA  
This move... it's a really hard  
choice for your father.

ZARA opens her mouth to say something but doesn't.

JAMIMA (CONT'D)  
Tell me... Please.

ZARA  
It's just so hard, mummy. It  
happened before. Now again - Having  
friends back at home felt pointless  
until I had them. Now everything  
starts from the beginning. Worse  
for Rogan.

JAMIMA  
Twenty kids can't play with one  
another for twenty years, love.  
You'll meet new people. Make new  
friends. Maybe we can bake  
somethings on some Saturdays.

Zara smiles.

ZARA  
Really?

JAMIMA  
Honey bread, chocolate cakes, pan  
cakes. Which other?

ZARA  
... Red velvet.

JAMIMA  
Exactly.

DEVON  
Let's hit the road!

JAMIMA  
Not to far from New Town.

JAMIMA walks back to the car. DEVON follows with ROGAN.

ZARA stays. For a beat too long.

Then closes her eyes. Deep breathe. She hears a low  
mechanical hum and gradually opens her eyes. She looks back  
and the car is gone.

**EXT. DEVON'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Everyone's back inside. ROGAN plays his game.

The car drives off.

**INT. DEVON'S CAR - MOVING - DAY**

Devon's wrist watch ticks, ticks, ticks. A minute past.

JAMIMA glances in the rearview mirror.

JAMIMA

Zara?

No answer. She looks again. No Zara.

JAMIMA (CONT'D)

Zara!? Zara is not here!

Devon slams the brakes.

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY**

They jump out. Panic.

DEVON

Let's go back, let's go back.

They get back into the car.

**EXT. THE FIELD - DAY**

They drive back to the field

They run through the grasses. Jamima calls:

JAMIMA

Zara!

DEVON remains in the car. Nothing. No footprints. No sound.

JAMIMA (CONT'D)

(screaming)

ZARA!

ROGAN steps out of the car. Stands still. Watching the grasses sway.

JAMIMA(CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Rogan, when did you last see her?

Rogan points toward the center of the field. His hand shakes.

JAMIMA (CONT'D)

Call the police Devon.

Devon takes out his phone from his pocket.

His phone is dead.

DEVON  
It's dead.

Jamima takes her phone from the car. It's also dead.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
We have to go get police. Now.

They rush back into the car.

As the car leaves the edge of the field... all grass stops moving. Completely.

Silence.

Then it moves again and a car passes by WHOOFV!

**EXT. ROAD TO NEW TOWN - SUNSET**

Devon's car moves fast. The mood is heavy.

They pass a "WELCOME TO NEW TOWN" poster, faded and crooked.

No one speaks. Worry etched in their faces.

Rogan looking through the window behind the car.

**INT. NEW TOWN POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

Devon and Jamima sit with Rogan at the front desk. An older, calm POLICE CHIEF (60s) hears their report.

POLICE CHIEF  
You forgot her?

JAMIMA  
No we thought she came with us.

POLICE CHIEF  
Where exactly did she go missing?

JAMIMA  
At a field. Right off County Road.

The Chief's face subtly tightens. He turns to a younger officer at the back.



POLICE CHIEF  
Officer Levi. You're taking this  
one.

OFFICER LEVI (35) nods, grabs his jacket without hesitation.  
Jamima notices the police chief's tense expression.

OFFICER LEVI  
Ma'am, sir I'll take my team. You  
should stay here.

Devon holds Jamima's hand.

DEVON  
Wait here okay?

JAMIMA  
I'm going. Rogan will stay here, I  
have to go.

DEVON  
We're both going.

**EXT. THE FIELD - NIGHT**

FLASHLIGHTS sweep across the waving grass. POLICE DOGS bark.  
Officers comb the area in rows. Officers shout Zara's name.

OFFICER LEVI  
Zara!

No answer. Just the sound of grass.

JAMIMA refuses to stop. DEVON follows her, worried.

After hours, Levi softly pulls Jamima aside.

OFFICER LEVI (CONT'D)  
(soft)  
Ma'am, We have to call it for  
tonight.

JAMIMA  
No. Please, just a bit more.

Devon steps in.

DEVON  
(gently)  
Jamima... we'll be back. They'll  
keep searching.

Levi nods at his team to pack up.

LEVI  
The search will continue tomorrow.

JAMIMA  
Is that even right? What do you  
mean tomorrow?

LEVI  
I'm sorry.

Levi walks off.

Jamima drops to her knees, in tears. Devon holds her.

DEVON  
Let's go back. The search will  
continue. I'll make sure of that.  
You and Rogan need rest.

JAMIMA  
But, she's out here, somewhere.

DEVON  
Exactly, we'll find her. Be  
positive.  
(Then)  
Come on.

They both approach the car.

Devon looks back into the field in worry.

**INT. POLICE STATION - SAME TIME**

Rogan sits across from the Police Chief.

The Chief looks through some files.

He raises his eyes to see Rogan.

The Chief watches him in silence.

POLICE CHIEF  
You haven't said a word.

Rogan doesn't react.

POLICE CHIEF (CONT'D)  
Not worried about your... sister?  
Cousin?

Rogan nods yes.

POLICE CHIEF (CONT'D)  
Then why do you look like you don't  
care?

Rogan stands, walks to the desk. He grabs the Chief's pen and writes:

"That's what I intend to ask you."

The Chief chuckles. Nervously.

Rogan writes again:

"Many people have been missing here. Saw the piles of files."

POLICE CHIEF (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Back to your seat, kid. That's  
nothing but paperwork.

Rogan goes back to his seat.

**INT. DEVON'S CAR - RETURNING FROM THE FIELD - NIGHT**

Devon drives. Jamima stares out the window.

JAMIMA  
This is so... I can't even - I just  
wanted good for her.

DEVON  
You did your best.

JAMIMA  
She always thought I didn't  
understand her. Now...

DEVON  
It's okay Jamima.

JAMIMA  
(quietly)  
If not for the fire... none of this  
would've happened.

DEVON is silent. His hands tighten on the wheel. Guilt.

**INT. ZARA'S NEW HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

They enter the quiet, dusty home. Rogan is asleep in Jamima's arms.

She gently lowers him onto a couch. Devon stands awkwardly nearby.

DEVON  
When it happened... I swear, I  
didn't know what came over me.  
First Rogan was crying, and the  
next thing... the house was in  
flames.

Silence.

Devon turns to Jamima. He frowns.

JAMIMA  
You don't have to prove anything,  
Devon. It's not your fault Zara  
is...

DEVON  
I'm not proving anything.

JAMIMA  
You want me to believe something  
just came into you and you burned  
our house?

DEVON  
If you didn't believe me, you  
wouldn't have agreed that... Roger  
did it.

JAMIMA  
Roger didn't.

They both stare at each other. Silence.

JAMIMA (CONT'D)  
Let's talk about the matter on  
ground...

DEVON  
I could've lied. Not tell you what  
really happened and said it was  
him. We'd never be having this  
conversation.

JAMIMA  
Your guilt made you say it.  
*(Softer, watching Rogan)*  
You were angry. At me. At  
everything.

DEVON  
I just... I wanted to fix it all-

JAMIMA  
You made it worse.

Devon stares at her. Then turns and walks out.

Jamima sits still, her hand stroking Rogan's head. Her tears  
are silent.

Rogan opens his eyes.

#### **EXT. NEW TOWN POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

Devon pulls up in front of the station, parks, and walks  
inside.

#### **INT. NEW TOWN POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS**

Devon steps up to the front desk where Officer Levi sits.

Devon Officer, the search has to go again. We can't wait.  
Something might have happened to her.

Levi and two other officers exchange glances. Devon notices  
it.

DEVON  
You can just sit here and do  
nothing!  
(Then)  
What's going on?

LEVI  
We're working on it. I promise.

DEVON  
I want to see the Chief.

LEVI  
He's not here. He Left earlier.

Devon glares, frustrated. He walks out.

**EXT. POLICE STATION PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS**

Devon sits in his car, exhales in frustration. Leans back in the seat.

**INT. NEW HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY**

JAMIMA arranges a flower vase on the dining table.

The house is still barely furnished.

VOICE OVER - ZARA (echo) "The breeze is blowing left... but the grass is facing right."

Jamima pauses. furrows her eye brows. picks up her phone and dials Devon. No answer. She drops the phone.

**INT./EXT. FEMI'S VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS**

A neat a neat SUV glides through the road.

In it is FEMI (late 30s), sharp-eyed, back of his right hand scarred from a BURN.

He pulls up his car to a strange sight: large stones arranged across the road.

Femi steps out of the vehicle after grabbing a gun from under the seat.

He begins moving stones from the road.

From the trees: four ARMED MEN emerge. Hunting guns in hand.  
One is their LEADER.

LEADER  
Kneel. Nice and slow.

Femi kneels, calm.

FEMI  
What do you want?

LEADER  
What do you think?

He gestures. Two goons search Femi's vehicle.

FEMI  
If you rob me, things won't turn  
out nice for you.

LEADER  
Close that gutter up and take out  
everything you got!

Suddenly Femi fires! Hits the LEADER in the leg, then the one  
next to the leader in the thigh.

He turns, fire the third one at his car, fires again—CLICK.  
Out of bullets.

The last man opens fire wildly.

Femi rushes towards his car for cover, dives across the hood,  
tackles the last man, and pummels him. PUNCH! PUNCH! PUNCH!  
PUNCH! PUNCH! Face bloodied.

He stands. Calm.

FEMI  
I'll have this.

He grabs their guns. Their all in pain.

Femi opens his car trunk. Inside, something partially  
exposed, a high-tech device with a cube shape.

He throws in the guns, slams the trunk, and drives off,  
leaving the injured men behind.

**INT. NEW HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Jamima sits on one end of the bed.

Rogan asleep between her and Devon, who enters quietly and sits down.

DEVON  
They said tomorrow.

Silence. Breathes.

JAMIMA  
we can't just sit and do nothing.

DEVON  
I know.

Silence.

JAMIMA  
Your uncle was mayor.

DEVON  
So?

He looks over his shoulder. Waits for her to speak.

JAMIMA  
He can help us.

DEVON  
The police can, Jamima.

JAMIMA  
They've done nothing, He can do better.

DEVON  
How sure are you?  
(Then)  
Jamima... this is the last place  
I'd ever choose to live in again.  
He's one of the reasons.



JAMIMA

I can't sit here without thinking  
of everything that could've gone  
wrong. It's either your feelings,  
or Zara.

DEVON

That man killed —

He stops. Breathes.

DEVON (CONT'D)

I'll think of something else.

He stands to leave. Jamima rushes to block him.

JAMIMA

You're not walking out of this  
again.

DEVON

Jamima, please.

JAMIMA

I don't know how you feel, but  
right now, we can't afford to  
protect your feelings.

*(Softer)*

You're here. Face it. For her.

She takes his hand.

JAMIMA (CONT'D)

Please.

DEVON nods slowly, torn.

DEVON

Okay... okay.

They hug.

**EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE THE HOUSE - NIGHT**

Devon gets into the car and drives off.

**EXT. DIRT ROAD OUTSIDE A LONELY HOUSE - NIGHT**

DEVON's car slows and pulls over some distance from a weathered farmhouse.

DEVON (V.O.)  
You will never see my footsteps in  
this place. Never! Else I might  
f\*cking shoot you in your sleep!

Devon drives forward. Pulls up in front of the house. Kills the engine.

He steps out, walks to the door, hesitates... then knocks.

DEVON  
Hello?

WOMAN (O.S.)  
Who is it?

DEVON  
I'm looking for Marcus Thomson!

WOMAN (O.S.)  
Who - Who are you?

DEVON  
I'm...

The door FLIES open. SHACK-SHACK! A SHOTGUN COCKS. ELIZABETH "LIZZY" (50s, sharp, ex-military vibe) stands firm, shotgun raised.

LIZZY  
What do you want?

DEVON  
(hands raised)  
I just came to ask him about something.

LIZZY  
What?

VOICE (O.S.)  
Lizzy! Was that my gun? I told you,  
you're not licensed—you can't use  
that!

The POLICE CHIEF — MARCUS THOMSON appears behind her.

MARCUS  
Why are you here? Did you follow  
me?

DEVON  
(stunned)  
Uncle?

Marcus blinks. Recognition.

MARCUS  
Dev?

**INT. MARCUS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

A simple, dimly-lit room. Faded floral furniture. Family photos that haven't moved in a decade.

One of the photos; an image of the man and Joe from the first scene with unarguably younger Devon in his early 20s in the picture. All smiling.

Devon sits stiffly on the couch. Marcus slouches opposite.

Lizzy arrives with two mugs of coffee. Sets them down without ceremony.

LIZZY  
To calm your hearts.

She walks off.

MARCUS  
You look... I didn't know you'd be  
back.

DEVON  
Voila, I guess.

Beat.

MARCUS  
You're still mad, I take it.

DEVON  
I didn't come to talk about that.

MARCUS

Your daughter. Why did you think I could help.

DEVON

You are the mayor.

MARCUS

- Was... There's nothing I can do son.

DEVON

What do you mean? Just a search party is what we need.

MARCUS

Half of a search team went missing trying to look for just one missing person.

*(quietly)*

I wish I could explain this better.

Devon stares at Marcus in anger and disappointment.

Devon rises and is about to leave.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

- Exactly what happened to Joe. Same as the search party and... We have tried.

Devon turns to him.

DEVON

Nothing you say will make me believe your lies.

Devon rises and leaves the house.

Lizzy approaches Marcus. Massages his shoulder.

LIZZY

He has a daughter.

Marcus looks into thin air.

MARCUS

And a son.

LIZZY  
They can't go back there.

MARCUS  
I wish it were that easy to do.

**EXT. MARCUS' HOUSE - NIGHT**

Devon gets into the car and drives off.

**MATCH CUT TO:**

**EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT**

Femi speeds down the lonely stretch of road.

In the distance, a figure emerges from the field. Female, same height and build as Zara. Naked, dirty, staggering.

Femi drives and looks at the field dash of the green grasses. He looks.

Femi faces front, spots her too late.

SCREECH! The brakes scream.

THUD!

The girl is hit. She flies off the hood, lands hard.

Femi sits in shock-wide-eyed.

**INT. NEW HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

JAMIMA paces slowly, restless. Her eyes are tired, but her mind races. She stops. Her phone rings.

She picks up immediately.

JAMIMA  
Hello?

OFFICER LEVI (V.O.)  
Jamima, this is Officer Levi.

JAMIMA  
Yes?

OFFICER LEVI (V.O.)  
I think we found your daughter.

**CUT TO BLACK.**

**TITLE CARD: OUTFIELDS**

**INT. NEW TOWN HOSPITAL - RECEPTION - NIGHT**

Devon and Jamima hurry into the hospital with Rogan and approach the receptionist.

DEVON  
Hello, were looking for an officer,  
officer Levi. He's -

JAMIMA  
Officer, is she okay?

Jamima steps towards officer Levi who approaches them.

LEVI  
It's is not of certain it's her.  
Come with me please.

**INT. NEW TOWN HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Devon and Jamima with Rogan follow Levi down the hallway.

Levi opens the door to the room with the door labelled  
"Morgue"

Jamima pauses on her track.

JAMIMA  
(*Whispers*)  
No, Devon. This can't be possible.

Devon looks into the morgue where A DOCTOR, officer Levi and Femi wait by.

Femi stands speechless.

Devon swallows.

DEVON  
Look, stay with Rogan here. Let me  
check and I'll be back okay?

JAMIMA

It's okay. I'll come. I'll come.

Devon holds Rogan's shoulder.

DEVON

Big guy, wait here. We'll be right out. One minutes.

**INT. MORGUE - NIGHT**

Cold silence.

Devon enters, holding Jamima, whose breath is shallow, hands shaking. Tears already forming.

They step in.

Levi nods and gently closes the door behind them.

Femi bits his bottom lip in hopes that it won't be their child.

Devon approaches the body on the tray. He hesitates. Then lifts the sheet.

A deep, ragged breath — the girl gasps jolting awake.

Jamima stumbles back with a scream.

But it isn't Zara.

Jamima collapses into Devon's chest.

The girl breathes sharply almost as if she's been underwater for hours.

**INT. NEW TOWN HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - LATER**

Devon and Jamima both stand opposite from officer Levi. Talking to him.

Rogan stands and watches them.

Rogan steps out of a ward. Ward 12.

LEVI

He was driving through country road and he didn't see her coming.

Femi approaches them.

FEMI  
Hello, I'm Femi.

He gives Devon and Jamima handshakes.

Rogan enters Ward 12.

**INT. NEW TOWN HOSPITAL - WARD 12 - NIGHT**

Rogan closes the door behind him and stares at the girl that Femi hit. "ANA"

BEEP... BEEP... BEEP... The monitor beeps gently.

Rogan takes a few steps towards her. Stops when her hand moves.

He moves closer and looks at her.

He goes to the other side of the bed and looks. Places his hand on her's.

**INT. NEW TOWN HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Femi stands with Jamima, Devon and Levi.

FEMI  
I'm so sorry for what happened. It must have been... Sorry.

DEVON  
Thanks.

JAMIMA  
Where did you hit her?

FEMI  
Few miles towards New Town. I never expected a hospital to be my first stop moving in here.

JAMIMA  
You're moving in here?

FEMI  
Yes.

Femi turns to Levi.



FEMI (CONT'D)  
Officer, have you found anything?  
Her parents.

LEVI  
Nothing yet.

FEMI  
I'll be going by now. I'll see to  
it that she's okay till her parents  
are informed.

Femi and Levi both shake hands. Before she could leave -

JAMIMA  
Where's Rogan?

They all look around.

Jamima walks down the hallway way in hurry. Worry in her  
expression. Devon, Levi and Femi follows.

#### **INT. NEW TOWN HOSPITAL - WARD 12 - NIGHT**

Rogan's hand is still on Ana's. He holds it tight till her  
hears -

JAMIMA  
Rogan!

Jamima enters the room with the men and Rogan's hands are  
already dropped.

Ana opens her eyes gradually, a shuddering breathe through  
her lips.

Jamima approaches Rogan and holds his hand.

JAMIMA (CONT'D)  
What are you doing here? Don't walk  
places with mummy or daddy.

She holds him close.

Officer Levi and Femi both approach the girl. Her eyes  
slightly opened.

LEVI  
She's awake? I thought the doctor  
said -

Levi looks at the girl in intrigue.

FEMI  
I'll call the doctor.

Femi hurries out of the ward.

ANA  
(*Whispers*)  
Kireth... iL... Kireth.

JAMIMA  
Is she okay?

ANA  
Kireth...

She's too weak to speak. Levi leans closer to hear.

LEVI  
She's saying something.

ANA  
Kireth...

Rogan watches, moves closer to Jamima.

LEVI  
I'm listening.

ANA  
Kireth... Is coming.

Suddenly she screams:

ANA (CONT'D)  
He's coming!

She screams and jerks. The monitor starts to flatline.

Levi holds her.

LEVI  
Call the doctor! She's flat-lining!

Ana tried to leave the bed.

ANA  
 Un! Un! Un!  
*(Then, stretched scream)*  
 Un!!!

Her scream stops abruptly like light turned off and her body collapses back on the bed.

Femi steps in with the doctor. The monitor had flat-lined completely.

**EXT. NEW HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT**

Femi drives in his car with Jamima. Rogan asleep at the back. Femi pulls up his car in front of the house.

Jamima leans back on the seat.

JAMIMA  
 What do we do now?

DEVON  
 I'll see what I can do.

Devon opens his door and slides out of the car. Opens the back door and carries Devon.

They enter the house.

**INT. NEW HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Devon enters the bedroom and keeps on the bed Devon.

He sits on the bed and looks at Rogan.

DEVON(O.S.)  
 Rogan? Are you okay?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]**

CLOSE-UP on Devon. Kneeling in front of Rogan.

DEVON  
 Rogan? Are you okay?

Devon's hands tremble.

**END OF FLASHBACK.**

**CUT BACK TO:**

**SAME - CONTINUOUS**

Devon's hands tremble over his thighs.

JAMIMA(O.C.)  
How did it go?

Jamima stands at the door post.

Devon grasps two hands together.

DEVON  
I uh... I met him.

Jamima waits.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
He said that there were cases like  
this in new town that are still  
unsolved.

JAMIMA  
So, they're not going to do  
anything?

Devon takes a deep breath.

DEVON  
It's all my fault isn't it?

Jamima stays silent.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
If I hadn't... If...

Devon presses his hands together as if it could hold back the  
tears that well up in his eyes.

Jamima approaches him, sits beside him and places her hand on  
his.

JAMIMA  
It's okay.

She hugs him.

JAMIMA (CONT'D)  
I didn't mean what I said. I'm  
sorry.

They lean back.

DEVON  
I'll be back.

Devin rises.

Jamima let's him leave no questions asked.

### **INT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT**

Devon drives his car on high speed through the road.

He stops his car by the grass field and slides out. A  
flashlight in hand.

He steps into the field and a low HUM follows his entrance.  
He stops.

Devon scans around with his the flashlight.

DEVON  
Zara!

A WIDE-SHOT from a far distance inside the field watches  
Devon.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Zara!

Devon takes more steps in looking around. A tiny bean in this  
vast land. He continues searching desperate.

The WIDE-SHOT ZOOMS-IN on Devon slow and intentional.

Devon turns to the direction of this movement and it stops.

Devon searches desperately. Later he pauses breathing in  
frustration. He kneels, tears escape his eyes.

He wipes his tears, rises and steps to his car.

### **EXT. FEMI'S HOUSE - DAY**

Femi's SUV stands outside his house.

We hear the clanking of plates.

Fela Ransom Kuti's "*Lady*" plays.

**INT. FEMI'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Femi fries eggs while dancing and humming to this song.

He turns off the gas and pours the egg into a plate of avocados and bread.

He makes coffee. Still dancing to the song he exits and goes to the --

**INT. FEMI'S HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - DAY**

He sits on a couch, keeps his food and coffee on a table and draws it closer to him.

Before he can start eating - KNOCK-KNOCK! At the door. He pauses.

**EXT. FEMI'S HOUSE - DAY**

Officer Levi knocks at the door.

LEVI  
Femi! Officer Levi!

The song from inside the house stops and the door opens.  
Femi.

FEMI  
Officer.

They both shake hands.

FEMI (CONT'D)  
Reason for the visit?

LEVI  
You're needed at the station for questioning.

FEMI  
Is that so?

Femi opens his door wider.

FEMI (CONT'D)  
Can I eat my food before I go? The  
eggs will stink if they get cold.  
Come in please. You can join me if  
you want.

Levi enters.

**INT. FEMI'S HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - DAY**

Levi closes the door behind him and Femi heads to the  
kitchen.

FEMI  
What do you want? Rice? Exactly  
what is on the table?

LEVI  
I'm full thanks.

FEMI  
Coffee?

LEVI  
Yes please.

Levi sits on a couch looking around. There's enough stuff in  
the room.

Femi approaches Levi with a cup of coffee. Gives it to him.

FEMI  
So, do you have a wife?

Femi sips coffee.

LEVI  
That's not exactly what we need for  
the case.

FEMI  
I knew that you needed coffee. And  
New Town is a very small place to  
reject potential friends.  
(Then)  
So, do you have a wife?

Femi bites his bread.

LEVI  
No.

FEMI  
Babe?

LEVI  
Husband.

Femi's eyes widen dramatically.

FEMI  
A good looking dude for a good  
looking dude?

LEVI  
Yes.

Levi sips coffee.

**INT. CLARK HOUSE - ROGAN'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Rogan sits on the floor behind a table writing in his tidy rooms. Bed made. Books arranged. No posters. No toys.

He pauses. Remembers:

ZARA(V.O.)  
That's weird... the breeze is coming  
from the west, but the grass is  
leaning opposite.

Rogan lays out a folded paper on the table.

He draws carefully the breeze blowing west with lines and arrows showing the direction of the wind, and the grass leaning east.

He draws a dividing line in-between the wind and the grass. Then labelled the dividing line with a question mark.

He stares at it, intensely focused.

He hears a knock at the door.

JAMIMA(O.S.)  
Rogan? Are you awake?

He fold the paper and waits.



Jamima opens the door.

JAMIMA (CONT'D)  
Studying?

Rogan nods, yes.

JAMIMA (CONT'D)  
What?

Jamima approaches him and he takes the paper off the table.

Jamima pauses for a second and sits beside him.

JAMIMA (CONT'D)  
Daddy went to find her.

She holds him closer to her.

JAMIMA (CONT'D)  
You don't worry, okay? We'll find  
her.

Rogan takes a paper and writes:

"New school?"

Jamima caresses his head for a short while.

JAMIMA (CONT'D)  
I wanted to know if you're ready to  
resume early. Guess you are. Hm?

Rogan nods, yes.

JAMIMA (CONT'D)  
Let's eat first then I'll take you  
to write the entrance exams.

She rises, gestures for him to take her hand.

JAMIMA (CONT'D)  
Come on.

He holds her hand and they both leave the room.

**INT. CLARK HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Jamima serves food into a second plate. Covers the pot.

She takes the two plates of food into the --

**INT. CLARK HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - DAY**

There Rogan sits and waits. Her phone to his ear.

Jamima keeps the plates on a table and bends, her hands on her knees.

On the phone is Mrs. Halland speaking:

MRS. HALLAND(ON PHONE)

Hello?

Jamima bends, hands on her knees.

JAMIMA

*(Whispers)*

Talk... Talk to her.

He doesn't, hands her the phone. Jamima takes the phone and places it on her ear.

JAMIMA (CONT'D)

Hello, Mrs. Halland.

MRS. HALLAND

Hello, Jamima. How are you doing?

JAMIMA

I'm good.

MRS. HALLAND

Rogan? Zara?

Jamima faces Rogan and looks away again.

JAMIMA

Fine. They're all fine.

MRS. HALLAND

I saw your call.

JAMIMA

Oh, yes. That. Uh... I wanted to ask you if you knew the meaning of "Un" the word "Un" Like from another language or something.

Roger writes something on paper.

MRS. HALLAND  
I don't know that word - even if I  
could tell you, lots of languages  
have that sound.

JAMIMA  
It's like a word.

MRS. HALLAND  
I'll check and get back to you,  
okay?

JAMIMA  
Okay, thanks. Bye.

The calls ends.

Jamima keeps her phone on the table in front of Rogan and  
pauses when she sees what Rogan wrote on a book:

"Un = No."

Underbreath:

JAMIMA (CONT'D)  
Oh.

She looks at Rogan.

JAMIMA (CONT'D)  
That's... It sounds right. Good  
brainstorming love.

Jamima returns to the kitchen.

**EXT. NEW TOWN POLICE STATION - DAY**

Devon pulls up his car in front of the police station.

**INT. NEW TOWN POLICE STATION - MARCUS' OFFICE - DAY**

Femi sits opposite from Marcus. Levi standing and writing  
down notes.

MARCUS

Did you meet a group of hunters on  
your way here?

Femi pauses.

FEMI

No. Why? What happened?

MARCUS

Nevermind. What is your reason for  
visiting here?

FEMI

Came to cool off my head, get some  
breeze.

MARCUS

Have you been here before?

FEMI

No, I found it on the net thought  
this would be the best place to  
stay.

MARCUS

On the net?

FEMI

New town has a relatively low  
population and dense forestry.

Marcus stares at his files for a short while.

MARCUS

All for now.

Devon barges into the office. An officer rushing towards him  
to stop him.

Marcus gestures for the officer to let him.

DEVON

What are you doing about my  
daughter?

MARCUS

We would try hoping it's not like  
the other cases.

DEVON  
This isn't try.

Devon gestures to the policemen men standing around.

MARCUS  
Devon listen to me.

DEVON  
- Are you finding Zara or not?

They both stare at eachother.

Lizzy enters the office. A basket full of fruits in hand.  
Pauses to scan the room.

LIZZY  
(To Devon)  
Your uncle is near death. Take it  
easy on him.

She keeps the basket on the table.

LIZZY (CONT'D)  
(To Marcus)  
Eat them all.

She stands behind Marcus.

Levi furrows. Uncle?

LIZZY (CONT'D)  
There are files stacked up. Years  
of unsolved cases. Trying to solve  
any of the cases of people missing,  
we only made it worse.

DEVON  
So what? You want me to sit down  
and do what?

LIZZY  
Where's the journal Marcus.

Marcus gestures to his desk drawer.

Lizzy opens it and takes out a journal.

LIZZY (CONT'D)  
I wrote everything I knew about the  
disappearances. I wrote down every  
possibility...

She hands the journal over to him.

MARCUS  
I don't know your kids, but I know  
what it feels like to lose one. I  
was as desperate as you are.

Devon glares at Marcus.

DEVON  
I'm not desperate. I'm determined.

Devon leaves the office. Lizzy follows him.

**EXT. NEW TOWN POLICE STATION - DAY**

Devon stumps towards his car, opens the door, enters and  
BANGS! it close.

Lizzy exits the office and approaches his car. Arms on the  
window.

LIZZY  
Heading to country road?

**EXT. NEW TOWN HIGH - DAY**

Jamima and Rogan both walk towards New Town High. They stop  
in front of it.

JAMIMA  
What do you say huh?

Rogan does the nice gesture 🙌 with his hand.

JAMIMA (CONT'D)  
Nice to know.

They both walk towards the building.

**INT. NEW TOWN HIGH - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY**

Rogan sits in the office ticking answers to questions on an test paper.

On the tidy desk is a small desk name plate with the name "Prof. Analisse Burk."

The door behind him opens and the PROFESSOR ANALISSE (57) enters.

ANALISSE

Hey young man, no that's not yours.

She takes the test script from him and looks at it. Furrows. Glances at Rogan and then the script.

She keeps the script and circles to her seat. She takes out a different script and hands it to him.

ANALISSE (CONT'D)

This one. Your mom will come to pick you by two. So you'll get the chance to see your class and meet new friends.

Rogan just writes. Analisse glances at him as she looks through her documents.

Rogan looks at the wall clock. 11'0 clock. Continues writing, finishes and ands the paper over to her.

Analisse looks through the script. She smiles.

ANALISSE (CONT'D)

Okay, wonderful.

Analisse rises and suddenly BAMS! Back on her seat like she was pushed and her head falls onto the desk.

**EXT. NEW TOWN HIGH - DAY**

Rogan walks out of the school building and strides down the road.

**CUT TO BLACK.**

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY**

Rogan walks down the country road. Towards the grass fields.

He stops in front of the field. His eyes scanning the field.

The WIDE-SHOT of Rogan from inside the grass field. Watches. Breathing with the breeze.

It moves towards him with steady speed.

Devon looks behind him at the opposite side of the road.

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - SAME**

Devon rides his car through the road. Angry. Lizzy sits beside him.

LIZZY  
This place was home to many,  
tourists used to visit.

Lizzy looks at Devon and then the road.

LIZZY (CONT'D)  
Because they read about the past of  
New Town.

Lizzy chuckles. Devon doesn't speak.

LIZZY (CONT'D)  
How could a man swallowing outskirts  
have history to be told?

Lizzy looks at Devon again.

LIZZY (CONT'D)  
I lost my daughter years ago... How  
old is your daughter?

DEVON  
Seventeen.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY**

Devon walks further on the road. Takes one step into the field.

The wide shot lowers to the grass level and closes in on Devon.

Devon takes out his leg. He then walks in.



He feels the breeze and watches the grasses.

He hears a snarl and jolts and sees something.

CLOSE-UP on Devon as he raises his gaze to the sky. A growl.

**CUT BACK TO:**

**SAME**

Devon still drives.

LIZZY

Amy was older. She said that she  
wanted to go on a picnic with her  
friends and but... Perdu à jamais.

Devon drives slower.

DEVON

You tried looking for her?

LIZZY

Yes. Then we never knew it would  
worsen if we tried.

DEVON

I'd rather be disappear with my  
child than keep thinking what wrong  
could have possibly happened to  
them.

LIZZY

You have a son.

Devon goes quiet. He looks distance away and squints his  
eyes.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

That's a child.

Devon drives faster.

DEVON

That's my son!

Rogan takes steps back. His eyes open widely.

Devon pulls up his car near, dashes out of his car.

Rogan breathes hard. Devon rushes towards him and grabs him about of the grass field.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Rogan! What are you doing here?

Rogan hyperventilates.

LIZZY  
Let him breath, let him breath.

Rogan continues hyperventilating, eyes wide open.

**CUT TO BLACK.**

**TITLE CARD: OUTFIELDS**