

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

Tall, thin trees loom, surrounding a low open area. The ground cover is thick like carpet, a wet and vibrating green.

Right in the middle there is a door, all by itself.

Solid oak, no walls or visible support.

MARCY stands, hip cocked, and considers it with a frown. She's about thirty, wearing jeans and a rain jacket.

In one hand she holds an overflowing KEY RING.

A RAVEN the size of a dog lands on the door with a CAW.

MARCY

Took your sweet time getting here.

The raven rustles its feathers.

Marcy tries the door. Locked.

MARCY (CONT'D)

You know, I assumed you would talk.  
I took it for granted!

The raven turns its head, staring at her.

MARCY (CONT'D)

So cliché! Why make anything easy?  
He's stuck in there somewhere and  
all I've got are a hundred keys.  
Who needs a hundred keys, anyways?  
Does he have a side gig as a mail  
carrier I should know about?

She sighs and starts fiddling with the keys. She tries one in the lock and it doesn't work.

MARCY (CONT'D)

How about I hold them up and you  
caw twice for yes and once for no?

The raven caws once.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Smartass!

She holds up keys one by one and the raven caws once for each. She wanders as she does, turning her back on the door.

That's why she doesn't notice when the door creak open. Or when a CLAWED HAND reaches out and PULLS HER INSIDE.