

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address  
Phone Number

**51) INT. WHEELER'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT**

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El gazes up at Mike standing in front of her. He holds a BLACK BLINDFOLD. Behind him, STATIC fills the TV screen.

Will, visibly worried, sits on the coffee table facing El as Lucas, Dustin, and Max hover in tight perimeter behind him.

WILL

I'm not so sure about this, guys.

MIKE

(to El)

Are you sure you want to do this?

EL

If she's reaching out to me, Mike,  
I need to know why, what she's  
trying to tell me.

Mike hands her the blindfold and sits facing El on the coffee table next to Will.

MIKE

Okay. I'm right here. We're all  
right here.

Mike looks at Will first, then turns around to include everyone as they simultaneously give their verbal support.

LUCAS

We're with you, El.

DUSTIN

You got this.

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All eyes on El; she meets their gazes with conviction.

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She connects with Mike who nods in support. Then, from El's POV, the blindfold rises to cover her eyes, and we are plunged into...

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