

GRACE NOTE

Written by

J.Andrade, Jr.

@2025 All Rights Reserved

3122 Angela Lane
401.640.5586

ACT 1

EXTERIOR NIGHT - EXTERNAL FARMHOUSE ESTABLISHING

PANNING DOLLY IN ESTABLISHING SHOT

A lone farmhouse window glows in the moonlit night. Peepers croak in a distant pond and the rustle of wind gently moves the trees.

CLOSE UP OF A WINDOW WITH THE SHADOW OF A CHILD PEEKING OVER THE SILL.

INTERIOR, NIGHT - PARENTS BEDROOM

Mother and Father are settled in their narrow bed. Moonlight glows through the window as MOTHER puts her book on the nightstand, reaching for the nightlight. FATHER is starting to snore, unshaven, covers at his waist, sleeping in his stained A-shirt [tanktop undergarment]. An empty beer can sits beside a pill bottle in the shadows on his nightstand.

Mother's weary eyes widen as the sound of singing comes from another room in the house. Glancing furtively at her husband she starts to take the covers off when he grunts, waking up with a grumble.

MOTHER

Don't bother honey, I've got it.
I'll settle her down. You need your
rest.

With a heavy sigh, FATHER sits up in bed angrily.

FATHER

No. I'm so tired of this. Maybe
she'll listen if it's me. It's not
like she doesn't understand us,
even if we don't understand her.

He kicks the covers off, stands and pauses, wincing with his hand on his back. Grumbling, he marches out the bedroom door, stomping his way into the dark hallway.

CLOSE UP FLIPPING HALLWAY LIGHT LIGHT SWITCH.

CLOSEUP OF MOTHER'S DEJECTED FACE LIT BY THE HALLWAY LIGHT COMING THROUGH THE DOOR.

INTERIOR, NIGHT - GRACIE'S BEDROOM

FATHER throws open the door to his daughter's bedroom. An eerie nightlight shines on a little girl standing at the window, staring out of it. The is bed fussed. She's holding her raggedy doll. Startled, she spins around in her little night dress and we hear the last few notes of her singing. Her face falls when she sees her angry father.



CUT TO FATHERS OUTLINE IN THE DOORWAY

He snaps on the harsh overhead light. Gracie squints.

FATHER

**Stop that noise! It's way past your
bedtime. Stay in the damn bed.**

He picks her up, yanks the doll out of her hand and sits her firmly her on the bed. Holding her shoulders he leans in close.

*CLOSEUP SIDE VIEW OF THEIR FACES, GRACIE STARTING TO CRY,
FATHER GLARING.*

FATHER (CONT'D)

**I mean it Gracie. (voice dropping
to an angry whisper) And stop that
singing. If you can sing and make
sounds then you should be able to
talk like a normal kid.**

He turns storms out, slaps the light switch and pulls the door shut firmly.

CLOSE UP OF ACTION ON SWITCH. CUT TO GRACIE IN THE BED

Gracie snuffles, quietly slips out of the bed, picks her doll up from the floor, and returns to the window to continue her observation. She breathlessly whispers the notes of her song.

CUT TO EXTERIOR SHOT OF GRACIE IN FRAME AS WINDOW STARTS TO FOG



INTERIOR NIGHT PARENTS BEDROOM

Mother is sitting despondently on her side of the bed when Father grumbles and sits across for her. He pours some pills into his mouth and swallows hard.

MOTHER

You got up too fast, Honey. Go easy on yourself.

FATHER

I'll live. Be easier if I could get some sleep.

Father lies back painfully. An awkward silence ensues.

MOTHER

You can't be so hard on her, Honey.
The doctor said we'll probably have
to deal with it forever. The
singing is just her way of reaching
out to the world.

Father sighs in frustration, eyes closed.

FATHER

I just don't understand why we
don't have a normal kid. Why did
this happen to us?

MOTHER

It's just the good Lord's way. I'm
sure it's part of his plan.

FATHER

A kid that'll never speak? Yeah,
let's just blame it on God. Turn
the light out I've got an early
morning.

Mother flicks the light out but continues to sit dejectedly.
Father rolls his back toward her and pulls the covers up
around his face.

In an instant, a low whine and rumble shakes the house. The
room is lit by a bright flash through the window, outlining
the trees and yard. The night is lit up with a bright eerie
glow.

MOTHER

Oh my God! Is it a storm?

FATHER

What the hell?! It can't be!

Mother jumps up and to the window where she sees someone
outlined in the yard.

They hear the banging of a door from somewhere outside the
house. The man lurches up painfully. He reaches into the
corner of his room and he grabs his shotgun.

MOTHER

Be careful!

Mother jumps out of bed and grabs her robe.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

I'm sure Gracie would've woken up.
I don't hear her singing. I'm gonna
check on her.

But Father is already gone and she can hear him shouting from elsewhere in the house.

FATHER

The front door is open! I always
lock the front door!

Mother races to Gracie's bedroom, it's door swung open, the bed empty.

She gasps and races to catch up with Father.

MOTHER

Gracie is not in her room. Oh my
God I think that was her in the
front yard. Oh Honey, why did you
yell at her like that? Oh my God.

But Father is already heading toward the Eerie glow in the forest.



END OF ACT 1

ACT 2**EXTERIOR NIGHT -**

MEDIUM SHOT INTO THE WOODS -GRACIE LIT UP BY THE EERIE GLOW

Gracie's doll dangles by her side as she walks barefoot through the woods.

We hear a low whining and pulsing sound as the lights shift through the trees. As Gracie gets closer she hears music. She smiles, wide eyed.

As she enters the clearing we see the spacecraft glowing in the distance, small aliens barely bigger than Gracie approaching her. Their simple, full body flight suits glow in the night and helmets cover their heads, framing their child-like faces. They are exuberant and singing back and forth as they approach.

Each of the aliens pass musical phrases back and forth, like a conversation. One alien leads the group, singing phrases a little more loudly than the others.

MEDIUM SHOT OF ALIEN GROUP -

CLOSE UPS OF ALIEN FACES AS THEY SING THEIR WORDS, CLOSE UPS OF ALIENS LISTENING.



They see Gracie and the musical conversation increases in intensity and excitement. They all start to gather closer to her in a welcoming way.

The Leader holds her hands up to Gracie and waves a greeting. All the others are suddenly quiet.

LEADER

(singing the same tune
Gracies was been
repeating)

GRACIE

(repeats the musical
phrase)

And all the aliens laugh in musical notes of glee.

Leader sings again in her musical language, and one of the aliens repeats her song. The group all starts to chime in, and the combined song of all their musical phrasing coalesces into a joyful harmony.

Soon the entire conversation started by Gracie is a masterfully arranged piece of music; a symphony rising in intensity.

Laughing, Gracie hands the doll to Leader, pushing it into Leader's arms.

The alien song begins to crescendo.

CUT TO SCENE FROM THE VIEW OF THE WOODS.

We hear branches breaking in the woods.

CLOSEUP CUT TO BOOTS. SHOT FROM BEHIND FATHER WHO IS STOPPED AT THE EDGE OF THE WOODS.

Sudden silence. Gracie swings around in surprise, fear in her eyes.

CUT TO FATHER - CLOSE UP

Father's face, first confused, then furious, is spotlit in the night. He shouts.

FATHER

Get away from my little girl!

The group turns towards Father, who is aiming his shotgun and inching forward ominously. The only thing between aliens and gun is Gracie.



END OF ACT 2

ACT 3**EXT. NIGHT IN THE OPEN FIELD**

Leader is still holding Gracies doll. She smiles and takes a step towards Father, tentatively singing a phrase. Father pauses and looks confused dropping, his aim a little, then angry again. He re-aims and quietly, determinately warns the Leader.

FATHER

Stop right there. Gracie get back here!

Gracie smiles and steps between Leader and Father.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Gracie get back! Please!

GRACIE

It's OK Daddy, these are my friends.

Father's aim droops when he realized he just heard his daughter speak for the first time in her life. He blinks in disbelief.

FATHER

What?! Did you...? did you say?

GRACIE

I heard them singing from their house. They heard me, too.

CLOSUP OF MOTHER'S HAND RESTING ON THE GUN

Mother slips quietly to Father's side and slowly pushes the muzzle of the gun down toward the ground. Father is dumbfounded, tears forming in his eyes.

MOTHER

They're beautiful, aren't they?
Maybe they came from heaven.

The Leader starts his song again, and the rest of the group quietly begins their chorus again.

Gracie steps toward her father and he sinks to his knees.

GRACIE

It's ok, Daddy. We love you.

Father and daughter embrace, tears streaming from his closed eyes.

He holds Gracie by the shoulders and starts to rise, then sinks back to the ground in pain. He puts a hand to his low back. The aliens become quiet

MOTHER

Oh Honey, let me help you.

Father is doubled over in pain. Mother reaches down to help. Leader steps forward and reaches out to the man. He looks up in fear and starts to pull away. Gracie holds him. Leader places her hands on Father's face and sings her little song. Father blinks as his pain recedes and he can breathe again. Leader steps away and Father slowly stands, a slow smile growing.

GRACIE

See, Daddy. It's not scary.

Father looks down at Gracie, stuttering but speechless. Finally, whispering,

FATHER

Thank-you.

He looks up as the chorus is getting fainter. The little aliens are marching back to their spaceship, skipping and laughing and singing happily. Leader is swinging Gracie's doll by her side.

MOTHER

Come on you two, it's time for bed.
Gracie are your feet ok without shoes?

WE SEE THE FAMILY WALKING HAND IN HAND BACK TOWARD THEIR HOUSE.



FATHER
I'll carry her in.

MOTHER
Let me, Honey. You gotta nurse your back.

FATHER
No problem, dear. Seems fine all of sudden.

Mother glances at him, stating quietly,

MOTHER
I told you they were angels.

GRACIE
Mommy, can I get new doll?

The parents share a little joyful laugh and smile at their daughter.

FATHER
I always knew you would talk, kiddo.

END OF ACT 3