

Unwell Season Three Trailer: Below

A massive, dripping cavern. A lapping river.

We hear a bit of the outside bouncing around the space- a strange dissonance.

A bird flaps through the cavern. It is out of place.

The Phobetor slips in- a thrumming, strange bass note that pulses and grows

A chirp, echoing.

JOEY: Lily.

More fluttering birds.

JOEY: (Lilting, singsong) Liiily.

Echoing through the space:

MASON: Feel all the energies of the dead surrounding you. Know that they loom on all sides, in all directions, as far as you can imagine.

JOEY: Lily.

MASON: They are here and they are hungry, but they can be controlled if you are of strong mind and soul. Breathe it in.

CHESTER: Not "The One in the Night." Why didn't you say something before?

The creak of a door, echoing strangely

LILY: And no stories, no metaphors. Just the truth.

NORAH: I am very, very upset with you. I took you for someone who finished what they began.

*A strange sound starts building-
somewhere between radio interference and music
The ring of the bell at Hunter's Diner*

WAITRESS: We're closed! You're trespassing!

*Heavy breathing begins- in the distance, but
growing steadily.*

LILY I get it! It's winter! We're all cold and stressed.
Okay? And right now things don't
feel okay, but they are okay. 'Kay? Things feel like
they're going to fall apart, but they're not apart.
So breathe.

*With the slamming of a door, the phoebetor and
radio cut out.*

WES: Did you know what you wanted to be when you were my age?

JOEY: Liiiiiiiiillyy...

The Phoebetor peaks.

JEFFREY: Unwell, Season Three. Coming February 17, 2020.
www.unwellpodcast.com, or wherever you listen to podcasts.