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BOB: Listen.

(The train whistle is growing in volume. KATIE stops her "la da da dahs")

Your Gramma, Katie, his mother. She'd set her clock by that train. Set her clock by the junction train crossing the railway bridge into Devon. Must be what? Three-quarters of a mile of single track spanning the river? And midnight, every night, that train coming down from the junction – half-way across three-quarters of a mile of single track its whistle would split the night...and that night do you know what she did?

EV: (his focus on the letter) No.

BOB: She walked out to meet it.

EV: No.

BOB: You wanna know something, Katie?

KATIE: No.

BOB: Your father's mother, your grandmother, killed herself...Katie!

KATIE: What!

BOB: She walked across the train bridge at midnight and the train hit her.

KATIE: That's an accident.

BOB: She left a letter, and the letter tells him why she did it.

KATIE: There isn't any letter.

BOB: What's that?

KATIE: Daddy?

BOB: And he won't open it cause he's afraid, he's afraid of what she wrote.

KATIE: Is that true, Daddy?

EV: No.

KATIE: Is that the letter?

EV: Your grandmother was walking across the Devon bridge—

KATIE: What for?

EV: Well – it was a kind of short cut.

BOB: Short cut?