

OPENING SCENE - [FULL SCRIPT AVAILABLE ON REQUEST]

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Abandoned warehouse on the outskirts of town. ECHO of drip-dropping WATER. Moonlight pokes through broken windows.

An uneasy VOICE, female, calls from the darkness.

VOICE

Johnny?

Except for the sound of water, the call meets with silence.

FOOTSTEPS, then IRIS, an anxious young woman and owner of the voice, late 20s, enters the frame, seen from behind. Her jacket is TORN. She glances left then right, sees nothing, turns, still silhouetted. She creeps out of the frame.

She enters a corridor, flips open a Zippo LIGHTER. The darkness dwarfs the flame and only her hands shimmer. She is lost.

IRIS

Johnny?

Silence again, except for the water. The woman snaps shut the lighter. The snap ECHOES. She moves along the corridor, passing doorways, peering in: none seem familiar. Finally, she reaches a room she recognises.

She steps in; we hear a SLOSH. Water puddles the floor as if it's rained inside. The woman carefully treads down a step then wades across. Near the middle of the room she stops, kneels, studies the water. Her fingertips disturb its surface.

IRIS (cont'd)

Johnny.

She scoops a handful of water then dabs her lips, water trickling back through her fingers. This water is like the perfumed handkerchief of a dead lover. The woman spreads her hand over her mouth, drags it down onto her neck.

IRIS (cont'd)

Johnny, where did you go? Where did you go?

A light flashes on the woman's face. She jumps; turns. In the doorway stands a HUMAN FIGURE, moonlit, motionless, pointing a torch.

FIGURE

Talking to your shadow?

The woman shields her eyes from the burning light.

IRIS

Thomas. Oh, thank God. (dipping her fingers back in the water) He was here. Johnny was here. I held him. Or I'm in a fever, too. We should go.

No response. The woman stands, water sloshes.

FIGURE

Stop.

The woman stops. She shields her face again.

IRIS

Thomas? You're blinding me.

The figure moves into the room, down the step, onto the watery floor. The woman is pinned by the beam of light.

IRIS (cont'd)

Thomas? Let's go. I've got what she needs.

No response.

IRIS (cont'd)

Thomas?

FIGURE

What the hell happened to you? What is this place?

IRIS

I don't know. I really don't. It's like nowhere. And everywhere... all at the same time.

FIGURE

What did you see?

IRIS

I'll tell you. But we need to go. I have it, Thomas. Oh my God, I actually have it.

FIGURE

What is it?

IRIS

I don't know. But she's going to be okay. We have to hurry.

The figure takes a step forward; more water splashes.

FIGURE

Hold out your hands.

IRIS

Thomas, I can't see.

FIGURE

Hold out your hands.

IRIS

Why?

FIGURE

Your hands.

In the beam of light, the woman fearfully raises her arms, then outstretches her palms.

IRIS

What're you going to do?

The figure takes another step towards her.

FIGURE

Iris Melcombe. Tiny, blind Iris. Human beings are such a mystery to you.

The light goes out.