

THE SLEEPING

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INT. TWO STORY HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM -- DAY

A man, WESTON (27), sits in a desk chair. Leaning back, he stares at a fan, rotating overhead.

In his hands rests a NOTE PAD with names and notes written on it.

Glancing at a nearby CLOCK, he stands and walks towards the window. Peering between the blinds, he finds nothing in particular.

Turning, Weston looks towards the bed. On it rests --

-- GUN AFTER GUN!

Weston cleans the weapons. Suddenly, there's a --

-- THUMP AT THE DOOR.

Looking up, Weston sees a shadow move under the door. Silently.

Weston continues, clearing the weapon.

MOMENTS LATER

Weston sits on the floor, with headphones, watching a film on VHS. Suddenly --

-- SCREAMING AND VIOLENT CRASHES EMERGE DOWNSTAIRS!

Weston takes off his headphones and listens. The sound continues, only to end abruptly.

Grabbing a BAT and an UZI, Weston walks towards the door. Unlocking it, he peers out.

Emerging slowly, Weston creeps down the hall, making no sound. Making his way to the stairwell, Weston walks --

DOWNSTAIRS

Rounding the corner, Weston listens intently. Nothing.

Moving forward, Weston makes his way towards the --

KITCHEN

Finding nothing, Weston looks about the kitchen. As he turns towards the refrigerator, something catches his attention.

A WOMAN WONDERS ABOUT; BLOOD ON HER HANDS AND CLOTHES.

Slowly opening the fridge, keeping an eye on the WOMAN, Weston grabs several bowls and packages of food. As he shuts the door --

-- A SECOND WOMAN APPEARS BEHIND IT!

Catching him off guard, Weston drops a bowl.

The sound triggers the women to attack! HACKING and SCOWLING, both women charge at Weston, clawing away!

Narrowly getting away, Weston makes his way --

UPSTAIRS - BEDROOM

Rushing inside, Weston locks the door. Sliding down the door, he lets out a giant GASP of air. Glancing up --

-- ANOTHER WOMAN STANDS BY THE FAR WALL!

Weston doesn't move. The woman moves about the wall, reaching a shelf. Her hands find a BRUSH. She lifts it to her hair and begins brushing.

Thinking to himself, Weston calmly asks --

WESTON
What's your name?

WOMAN
Iris...

Weston slowly reaches for his note pad, writing down the name: IRIS.

WESTON
Where are you?

IRIS
Not home. Lost...

Weston takes note.

WESTON
What are you...

IRIS LASHES OUT, SLAMMING HER FISTS AGAINST THE WALL!

Beat.

WESTON (CONT'D)
What are you looking for?

IRIS
 Memory... I am me? Is this me? Me?
 I'm me...

Weston takes note again. Before he can respond --

IRIS (CONT'D)
 Kill you... I need you dead.
 Gone...
 (pauses)
 Want you dead...

Weston swallows hard.

WESTON
 Who? Who do you want dead?

Beat.

IRIS
 I hate... Him.

Iris stumbles several steps across the room.

WESTON
 Who is he?

IRIS
 He's gone... My best friend is
 better. I'm reaching for him...

Weston takes more notes.

WESTON
 Why? Why reach for him?

IRIS
 All I have. Nothing left. I
 could've been. Better than never
 was...

Weston looks up to Iris. Slowly, he approaches her. Face to face, he watches her movements.

Cautiously, he slowly tucks her hair behind her ear. A moment of clarity exchanges between them when --

-- IRIS LETS OUT A SCREECH!

Attacking Weston, Iris claws and bites at him. Weston fends off the attack, stepping away from her. Weston calls to her --

WESTON

Iris. Listen.. This isn't you. Hear my voice.

Iris continues to act erratic, slumping towards Weston.

WESTON (CONT'D)

Iris, just think. Listen to your name. Iris... Iris...

Iris calms herself. Weston approaches her.

WESTON (CONT'D)

Iris...

Reaching out, Weston touches Iris' hand. In a flash --

-- IRIS LASHES OUT, LUNGING AT WESTON!

Weston pushes Iris back, pulling out his UZI. Iris lets out a SCREAM as Weston pulls the trigger.

BLAM!!!

Letting out a SIGH, a FIGURE slams at the door, SCREECHING. Weston ignores the commotion, staring at his note pad, now splattered with BLOOD.

Picking up the note pad, Weston wipes away at the blood. Falling back into his desk chair, Weston looks back at the ceiling fan.

The figure outside the door scratches at the door again before calming down.

Thinking to himself, Weston reaches into the desk, pulling a CELL PHONE out. Turning it on, Weston listens to a message --

-- *"Weston, it's Devin. I don't have much signal left, but the boat at the dock is waiting if you need it. The island..."*

The message goes dead as Weston turns the phone off. Thinking to himself --

MOMENTS LATER

Weston gathers GUNS, a BACKPACK, and a VHS PLAYER/TAPES.

Taking a breath, Weston opens the bedroom door.

BLAM! BLAM!!!

Weston takes down both of the SLEEPERS.

EXT. TWO STORY HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Weston looks around. After a beat, he loads up his CAR with all of his equipment.

INT. CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Weston takes off, driving the car out of the driveway. Soon, he's on the main road, driving away.

80's style electronica plays as the sun reflects through the windshield.

TO BE CONTINUED...