

What Have You Done?

BLACK

A car IDLES. The metallic CRUNCH and WHINE of a roller door.

CAMERON (O.S.)

We're here.

POV of a blindfold being pulled away. A van door opens.

HEATHER (30) sits in the van. She squints at the sudden light. She's in a tight-fitting blue polo and pants. Easy to move around. Her hair is pulled back in a pony tail.

CAMERON (55) holds the blindfold. A skin graft stretches over his right cheek. It's healed, but far from subtle. Heather tries not to stare.

He has bags under his eyes. His shirt, tie and jacket are the budget version. Professional, but nothing matches. Grey overwhelms his once dark hair.

CAMERON

Let's go.

He holds out a hand and Heather steps out of the van.

She looks around the expansive garage. Powerful overhead lights eliminate nearly all shadows. Four unmarked vans are parked with space for another three.

No windows. No natural light.

Heather sees other people being led into the facility.

INT. HALLWAY

Heather follows Cameron. Small cameras are bolted to the ceiling at intervals. Their footsteps are muffled on the lino. Nothing echoes. The sound is absorbed. Weird.

They pass closed doors with small reinforced windows. Heather glances in. She glimpses people huddled around a table, other people argue, although she can't hear them.

She looks in the next window to see a face up against it staring out. She jumps back and gives a small cry.

Cameron glances over his shoulder, unconcerned.

They round a corner.

CAMERON

This is it.

INT. STARK WHITE ROOM

Cameron walks in and holds the door open for Heather. She steps in and looks at the bare room.

A massage table, a simple desk and chair. A notepad, a pencil. A glass vase with tulips is the only colour in the room. Small cameras are mounted in each corner.

HEATHER

This won't be adequate. I'll need my equipment.

CAMERON

This will do for now. If things work out, we'll get you what you need.

Heather checks out the massage table. She flicks the pencil. Lifts a flower to her nose. They're fake. Why'd they even bother putting water in the vase?

CAMERON (cont'd)

(hundredth time)

You have been invited here because of your skill set. Please do not talk to the patients about the work being done here. They will not respond. Keep all conversations strictly professional and only gather the information you need to perform your work.

HEATHER

Can I...

CAMERON

(talks over her)

I'll remind you of the NDA you signed. This precludes you from sharing any information you do gather.

HEATHER

I'm well aware...

CAMERON

You will have twenty minutes with each patient. If you need assistance, press this button.

He indicates a round white button near the door.

HEATHER

That's not enough time to do a proper assessment.

CAMERON

This is a trial. If you're successful, we can negotiate the consultation time.

HEATHER

Fine.

Cameron leaves.

IRIS (16) steps in. She wears exercise shorts and a sleeveless top. Cradles one arm. Long brown hair, blue eyes. One cheek droops slightly. She stands by the door. Timid.

Heather moves towards her.

HEATHER (cont'd)

Hello, I'm Heather. What's your name?

IRIS

Iris.

HEATHER

Nice to meet you, Iris. Would you like to come and sit down?

Iris nods. She pushes herself onto the massage table. Heather squats so she's at eye level with the girl.

HEATHER (cont'd)

So, what brings you in here?

Iris indicates her cradled arm.

HEATHER (cont'd)

What happened?

No response from Iris.

HEATHER (cont'd)

Right. You can't say. Let's take a look. I'm going to take your arm through its range of motion. Let me know if you want me to stop, okay?

Iris nods.

Heather gently extends her arm away from her body.

HEATHER (cont'd)
Is this okay?

IRIS
Uh-huh.

She moves her arm back and to the side. A SHARP INTAKE OF BREATH.

HEATHER
Okay. That's too far.

She lifts the arm. Again that SHARP INTAKE OF BREATH.

HEATHER (cont'd)
Alright. I think that's enough.
Was your shoulder dislocated?

Iris shrugs.

Heather notices something. She looks over Iris's shoulder. Her spine is very pronounced against her shirt.

IRIS
Will I be okay?

HEATHER
Sure. We'll work on some stretches to help your shoulder recover.

IRIS
Alright.

Heather quickly scribbles down a note on her pad.

HEATHER
Mind if I check your other arm?

Iris shakes her head.

Heather takes her arm and goes through the motions again. Its fine this time. She rolls the arm around in the socket. Iris doesn't flinch.

HEATHER (cont'd)
Okay, I'm just going to stretch your arm back a little. Try and resist and push forward against my hand, okay?

Iris nods.

Heather pulls her arm back. Iris pushes forward until...
CRACK. Heather lets go of Iris's arm and steps back. Her
elbow is bent THE WRONG WAY.

HEATHER (cont'd)
But, I barely... Are you okay? Oh my
god, I'm so...

Heather holds out her hands, but doesn't approach. Afraid to
do more damage.

Iris turns to look back at her.

IRIS
It's okay. My arm does that now.

HEATHER
What?

Iris strains and with a wet CRACK, her arm goes back the
right way.

IRIS
It doesn't really hurt that much.

Heather stares at her arm. She holds it and gently feels
over the joint.

HEATHER
That's really not good for you.

Heather frowns. Something doesn't feel right.

HEATHER (cont'd)
Does it hurt when I press here?

IRIS
No.

HEATHER
And here?

Iris shakes her head.

HEATHER (cont'd)
Iris, have you ever had any
operations on your arm? Did it always
feel like this?

No response.

HEATHER (cont'd)
Sorry, I forgot. You can't say.

Heather crosses to the desk and scribbles down a couple more notes.

HEATHER (cont'd)
Would you mind if I took a look at
your back?

Iris is unsure.

HEATHER (cont'd)
I just want to make sure there wasn't
any damage from your shoulder injury.

IRIS
Okay.

HEATHER
Is it alright if I lift your shirt?

Iris nods.

Heather lifts the bottom of her shirt and CRIES OUT. She steps back and covers her mouth.

She holds her breath and lifts it again. SMALL ROUNDED BONES protrude from Iris's back. They're surrounded by raw, pink flesh that weeps a little. They run all the way up her back.

HEATHER (cont'd)
Oh my god.

She steps back.

HEATHER (cont'd)
What have they done to you?

Iris turns to look back at her.

HEATHER (cont'd)
This is barbaric. They've mutilated
you. You need to get out of here.

IRIS
No.

HEATHER
What?

IRIS
I want to be here. It's my choice.

HEATHER
You don't know what you're saying.

IRIS
They fixed me.

HEATHER
Oh my god. This is not what I signed
up for.

Heather rushes to the door and slams the call button. Again.
Behind her Iris starts to turn red.

IRIS
Heather?

Heather turns.

Iris is sweating. She's gone bright red. Heather runs over.
Puts a hand on her forehead. Yanks it back as if burned.

HEATHER
You're burning up.

Footsteps in the hallway.

Heather runs to the desk and grabs the vase. She tosses the
fake flowers and pours the water over Iris's head.

The door opens and Cameron runs in with two men in
coveralls. They take in the situation.

HEATHER (cont'd)
She was overheating. She's really
hot.

Iris looks from Cameron back to Heather. Her hair is wet and
starts to slide OFF HER HEAD.

Heather drops the vase. It SHATTERS and glass skitters
across the floor.

Heather covers her face with her hands as Iris's scalp is
exposed. Sections of SKULL show through the skin.

Heather looks at Cameron.

CAMERON
What have you done?

CAMERON (cont'd)
(to the men with him)
Get rid of her.

CUT TO BLACK