

ON BLACK.

Loud techno music plays.

INT. HAVANA NIGHT CLUB, CHANGKAT - NIGHT

Disco lights flash: Green, yellow, red...

With every flicker, we catch little glimpses of the club -- the DJ, a shirtless bartender, two women making out while their guy friend takes a picture.

People in trace dancing in the middle.

One woman is desperately trying to fight her way through all the chaos, holding on to her handbag for dear life.

This is MAY (26). She's slim and Chinese and her looks are timeless; homegirl stepped right out of a Wong Kar-Wai film and found herself in this shit hole.

Her bag gets stuck between a young couple grinding on the dance floor. She forcefully tugs at the strap, and then quickly turns around to see how far behind she is from her pursuer.

His name is CHEN (30), and he's all the way at the other end of the club, but closing in real fast.

Chen is screaming something -- shouting -- but we can't hear anything. His voice is repeatedly being drowned by the music. It's like every time he opens his mouth, the loud techno gets even louder just to mess with us.

May gets to the exit and runs out...

EXT. HAVANA, CHANGKAT - NIGHT

... and then jumps out of the way -- almost as a reflex -- as a little INDIAN KID on a red tricycle comes speeding past from her right.

May looks on at the kid, her mouth hanging slightly open. The kid doesn't even turn around, he just keeps on riding like nothing had happened.

She starts walking really fast in the same direction as the kid -- following him. He takes a right turn at the end of the street.

(CONTINUED)

May takes the same turn and immediately, a little girl is there smiling and holding flowers. She offers May a single red rose.

May walks past the girl, turning to look for just a second -- shaking her head "no" -- and when she turns again, the kid on the tricycle is gone.

Chen comes running out of the club and stops dead in the middle of the street. He looks to the right. Then to the left. No sign of May. He decides to go right.

EXT. STREET, CHANGKAT - NIGHT

Orange halogens. A street light.

May leans on a white hatchback car and puts a cigarette stick in her mouth. She takes out a lighter from her handbag and tries to ignite.

CLICK. One.

CLICK. Two.

CLICK. Three.

Fail.

Frustrated, she forcefully throws the lighter. It ricochets off a tree and bounces on the road -- *one, two* -- her eyes following -- *three, four* -- until it finally lands in front of the Little Kid with the tricycle from earlier -- *five*.

He's looking directly at her, not blinking.

She looks at him for a moment, and then turns away.

She takes out her iPhone from the handbag and searches for a number.

Dials. Takes the phone to her ear.

It's ringing.

She looks up at the kid again, but alas, he's not there anymore.

His red tricycle still is.

With one hand still holding the phone to her ear, she starts walking slowly towards the tricycle.

Very slowly.

(CONTINUED)

Her right hand on her right ear; the phone still ringing.

She reaches the tricycle and there's a small puddle beside it.

She looks into the puddle and it's completely black -- no reflection.

All of a sudden, an arm reaches out from the puddle and grabs her leg. She SCREAMS and drops the phone.

She tries to get away but another arm reaches out and grabs the other leg.

She falls, smashing her face on the asphalt.

Shouting. She's getting pulled into the puddle and she's screaming at the top of her lungs. Blood coming out of her nose and mouth.

She is now waist-deep in the puddle.

She's screaming some more, but there's no one there to hear it. And she's screaming louder. And louder. And louder...

Then silence.

She's completely disappeared, and lying next to the puddle, the iPhone. On the screen, green, and a picture of an Indian woman.

WOMAN
(from the phone)
Hello?