

RABBIT

by

Anthony McCloskey

For

Grace

EXT. FIELD - DAWN

A gaunt WOMAN in a long flowing white dress wanders the field of dead grass and morning dew. Climbing atop a hill, she looked over the dead industrial landscape. The brown RABBIT enters.

RABBIT

Follow me.

The woman followed the rabbit away from the outlook and through brambles into a dark forest. The brambles slashed at her skin causing her to bleed all over; her white dress turned red. Eventually they came across a giant broken tree.

RABBIT

Broken and rotting. This wood once was taller than all others.

The woman leans over and looks into the stump. She finds a single snow white iris growing amongst the fungi. She picked the flower and wove it into her hair.

RABBIT

In death comes life.

The rabbit hopped onwards towards a murky stream and the woman followed. She slowly placed both feet in the stream.

RABBIT

You are your sins. Bathe in the river--not to wash them away, but to soak in them.

Slowly lying down in the river, her blood red dress turned pink and the river turned red. As she floated the red stream slowly became crystal clear. Her dress turned jade.

RABBIT

You are yourself if you accept those sins. You are yourself and nothing less.

The rabbit and the woman walked deeper into the forest, eventually walking to an untouched opening, the warm sun shined through the canopy. The rabbit laid down in the center.

RABBIT

Live life to die peacefully.

It deteriorated, slowly rotting and withering away, until only a skeleton was left. From the skeleton bloomed hundreds of irises, engulfing the woman as she falls asleep.

FADE TO WHITE

END