STILL WATER

SIDES

SHOOT DAY 1 OF 7
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 2026

Crew Call 7:00 AM First Cast Call 8:00 AM
First Shot 8:30 AM Meal 1:00 PM Est. Wrap 7:00 PM
74° / 61° · Partly Cloudy
Sunrise 6:59 AM · Sunset 5:37 PM
Golden Hour 6:59–7:33 AM · 5:03–5:37 PM

SCENES

5	COASTAL NEIGHBORHOOD	AFTERNOON	1 2/8	1, 6
6	ISABEL'S HOUSE	LATE AFTE…	4/8	1
7	ISABEL'S HOUSE	CONTINUOUS	3/8	1
8	ISABEL'S HOUSE – HALLWAY	CONTINUOUS	6/8	1, 2
9	ISABEL'S HOUSE	CONTINUOUS	2/8	1

CAST

1	**JOEL**	Sam Reed	8:00 AM
2	**ISABEL**	Elena Marsh	8:00 AM
6	**SHANE**	Walt Delaney	8:00 AM

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
You'll rub it raw.

The Old Man rubs his wedding band with a thumb, polishing a groove into the metal.

JOEL
Just an itch.

The pump clicks off.

The Old Man turns toward the water. A pale, closed seam shows below his own ear.

Joel's hand goes to the same spot on his own neck. He lowers it.

The Old Man lifts the bottle a few inches toward the water and takes a drink. Joel hangs up the nozzle.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
Somebody out there?

OLD MAN
My wife.

Joel looks at the flat, empty water.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
She comes up when it does.

5 **EXT. COASTAL NEIGHBORHOOD - AFTERNOON** 5

Houses stand far apart on raised ground. Water fills the ditches. No street signs.

SHANE (50s), sweat-dark shirt, kneels inside a gap in a sandbag wall. His house stands well back across a bare yard. Beside him: a hand shovel, loose sand, empty burlap.

The wall is uneven: fresh bags piled over older ones already dark with seepage. A second shovel lies untouched beside the porch.

Joel parks opposite and crosses with a sealed bottle of water and the photograph. Shane keeps filling a bag.

JOEL
Have you seen my wife?

Shane looks at the picture. Joel turns it to show the address.

SHANE
Two more up. Right.

He knots the bag. Joel offers the bottle.

JOEL
It's hot out.

SHANE
No, I'm all right.

His hands shake when he ties the knot. He hides them by reaching for another bag.

JOEL
I'll leave it here.

He sets the bottle outside the gap.

JOEL (CONT'D)
Thanks for the directions.

Shane pulls the bag into place. Joel crosses back to the car. Two houses down, a WOMAN in a faded blue dress stands shin-deep in water, hanging a shirt over a porch rail.

For a moment Shane watches the unopened bottle, then turns back to the wall. Water seeps between the bottom bags. *

Shane glances at the woman in blue. Packs the next bag tighter. *

The bag splits. Sand spills into the rising ditch. Shane gathers it with both hands rather than watch it wash away. Joel takes a step toward him. *

SHANE
I said I'm all right.

Joel stops. From his open car door, Joel frames the wall and flooded yards beyond it. SHUTTER.

6 **EXT. ISABEL'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON** 6

The address. A wooden house facing the road, its front door open two inches. Water stains climb the siding. Through a gap beside it, the flooded backyard.

Joel checks the pale tin patch on the roof against the photograph. Pockets it. He takes the ring from the mirror and slides it over the pale band on his finger.

Camera in hand, he crosses the yard and climbs the front steps. He scratches the raw spot below his ear, catches himself, and raises the camera toward the doorway.

JOEL
Isabel?

No answer.

JOEL (CONT'D)
I got your picture.

He sets two fingers against the door and pushes it open.

7 **INT. ISABEL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS** 7

Buckets beneath ceiling stains. Plastic over two windows. Two cups on the kitchen table. A swallow of coffee in one. The other sits clean and empty, its chair pulled out.

A pale circle on the table marks where the second cup has stood for a long time. The chair faces the door. Beyond the back window, a porch rail rises from the flooded yard.

Joel lowers the camera.

JOEL
Isabel?

No answer.

8 **INT. ISABEL'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS** 8

Framed photographs crowd the wall. Portraits and candids, decades of them.

A woman stands waist-deep in water, hands folded, this house behind her. Sepia. Another woman, black and white. A third, faded color. Different faces. The same pose.

Joel holds Isabel's photograph beside them. Looks along the row.

At the end, a clean color print.

Joel. Waist-deep. Hands folded. Wearing these clothes.

He looks down at himself. Back to the print.

He pockets Isabel's photograph and lets the camera hang from its strap. Takes the frame off the wall. Brings it closer.

He tilts it toward the daylight. His reflection slides across the glass. Behind his reflected shoulder--the hallway and open front door.

ISABEL stands in the reflected doorway. Backlit, facing the daylight, looking back. One hand extended into the hall, palm up.

He drops the frame and spins around.

The doorway is empty.

9 **EXT. ISABEL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS** 9

Joel hurries to the car and shuts himself inside. He pulls Isabel's photograph from his pocket.

Sits breathing.

He crushes it, then tears it into scraps. They fall into his lap. He brushes one from his palm and turns the car around. Back the way he came. Out.

10 **EXT. OUTSKIRTS ROAD - DUSK** 10

Headlights strike water across the road. Both shoulders submerged. No far side in sight.

Joel brakes, gets out and follows the edge with his phone raised. No signal. The flood stretches unbroken.

He wades in, testing the bottom. Water passes his shins. Wind pulls at his shirt.

The water goes still.

A ripple travels toward him. Another forms closer. Something beneath the surface, coming straight at him. The low, wet breathing rises with it.

He backs onto the road. The ripples stop a few feet from the bank. The breathing stops with them.

Nothing surfaces.

A bubble rises where the ripples stopped. It bursts with a sound almost like the beginning of his name.