

JANE

by

Glenn Gers

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Valuable Illusions, Inc.

writingforscreens@gmail.com

INT. JANE'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

A neat, sweet home in the suburbs of Lexington, Kentucky.

JANE is icing a made-from-scratch cake.

She is 17, intelligent, somewhat fragile, and deeply, deliberately conventional. Hair, clothing and makeup like she studied broadcast TV -- no, broadcast TV *commercials* -- to find a style. And it's worked. She wouldn't stand out in a crowd.

LINDA (Jane's mom) is starting to prepare dinner -- 40ish, overweight, kind, loving.

They share the kitchen easily, gossiping, laughing. Velvety light bathes the pink frosting and blue frosting-flowers.

VANCE comes home -- the man of the house: 40ish, in a suit, tie loose. Out-of-shape, unimaginative. He sets down his briefcase, gives Linda a kiss hello and goes to the cake:

VANCE

Mmm, looks sweet! What's the occasion?

LINDA

There's a bake sale at school tomorrow.

Vance runs a fingertip along the side, scooping off frosting.

LINDA

Vance!

He puts it in his mouth, eyes on Jane. Licks his lips, winks.

VANCE

Damn, that is good.

Jane looks away, going to get the frosting bowl to see if she can scrape up enough to repair it.

LINDA

She worked all afternoon.

VANCE

Hey, I took it off the side. No big deal.

Linda is distressed, but Jane just focuses on fixing the icing. Refusing to look at him.

As Vance goes to get a beer from the fridge:

VANCE

She can smooth it over. She's good
at that.

He goes into the living room and turns on the TV.

Linda gets a pill bottle from a cabinet and shakes one out,
takes it with a cupped-handful of water from the sink.

Jane doesn't look at them, covering up the damage to her
cake.

It's still pretty and pink; the kitchen and the daylight are
still lovely.

P.O.V. NIGHTMARE FLASHES - SO FAST WE CAN BARELY GRASP THEM:

In a dark bedroom : A MAN too close, sweating and shirtless --

-- VIOLENCE, STRUGGLE --

*-- SOMETHING screaming in rage -- teeth bared, pupils so
large the irises are black --*

-- blood splattering --

-- curled sharp TALONS --

-- is that a black leathery wing unfolding? --

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD 1 - DAY

Jane STARTLES AWAKE, terrified --

-- sitting on a dirty sidewalk, her back against a wall. A
purse, two scuffed backpacks and a beat-up guitar case on the
pavement beside her.

She takes a moment to remember where she is:

Hollywood Boulevard. East of Vine, where teenagers can still
sometimes get away with crashing on the sidewalk.

Still the girl in mall clothes and makeup, but she hasn't
slept much...or showered for a week.

Los Angeles roars past.

An expensive car slows. **FRANK** rolls down a window and
studies her: 50's, comb-over, crisp shirt and expensive tie.

Jane pointedly looks away.

FRANK
Need some help, getting somewhere?

She sighs, getting to her feet -- struggling to collect the luggage, refusing eye contact.

FRANK
Take ya anywhere you wanna go.

She walks away, around a corner.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - STREET 1 - CONTINUOUS

Jane lugs her stuff down the sidewalk.

Frank's car follows, slow. When he's alongside:

FRANKS
Oh come on, what -- you look like
you want to get off the street.

Frustrated Jane turns, walks back the way she came.

Frank puts it in reverse, backing up at her pace:

FRANK
I'll make it worth your while.
Show ya a good time, too --

He JUMPS as two milkshakes SPLATTER on the windshield --

-- **RANDY** (18, handsome, with the same unwashed-out-of-town feel as Jane) comes up fast -- dropping his bag of fast-food burgers to reach in through the open driver's window --

RANDY
The hell you doin'?!

-- grabbing Frank by the tie, Frank yelps in shock --

RANDY
The hell you think you're doin',
douchebag?! Huh?!

-- both hitting at each other --

FRANK
Nothing! Let go!

RANDY
Nothing?! Huh?! Nothing?!

-- Randy almost dragged as Frank PULLS AWAY -- hanging on to the guy's necktie as long as he can --

-- then shouting at the retreating car:

RANDY
You better run, asshole!

He turns, breathless and proud, standing in the street -- grins at Jane on the sidewalk. She is apologetic, scared, grateful.

But then Randy's smile fades.

RANDY
Dammit.

JANE
(concerned for him)
What?

RANDY
Supper.

He looks at the paper bag of fast-food burgers and fries SQUASHED on the street where Frank ran over it.

They both kind of smile -- frayed and worried, but together.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - STREET 2 - DAY

Small apartment buildings on both sides of the street.

Randy's carrying the guitar case and his backpack, Jane has her purse and pack. They walk -- worn, hungry, alone in their thoughts.

She watches him veer to one building's front stairs, sit, unzip his backpack. As he starts rooting through:

JANE
What are you looking for?

RANDY
Something to sell.

He pulls out a pair of high-end headphones. Looks up at her: *gotta do what you gotta do*. It breaks her heart.

JANE
I'm not that hungry.

RANDY
(affectionate)
Bullshit artist.

JANE
No, I'm all right.

She sits beside him on the steps. They are on the edge of admitting they're in serious trouble.

The **MANAGER** opens the door behind them: big, burly.

MANAGER
Can I help you folks with something?

RANDY
We're fine.

Beat.

MANAGER
You visiting somebody in this building?

RANDY
Yeah, my uncle.

MANAGER
What apartment?

RANDY
You want to give us just a minute here?

MANAGER
No, I want you to get off my steps, now.

Randy is getting up, turning to face off with the Manager.

RANDY
Just one goddamn minute?!

MANAGER
Or what?!

Jane is hastily trying to gather their stuff --

JANE
Let's just go --

RANDY
(to Manager)
We just want to sit here!

MANAGER
Well, that's trespassing!

JANE
Randy...

Randy is eye-locked with the bigger, tougher man.

Then, roughly, he grabs his guitar case and pack from Jane and storms away down the sidewalk. As she follows, Jane glances back:

JANE
Sorry.

RANDY
Don't say that to him.
(shouting back)
We're not sorry! Dickwad!

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD 2 - DAY

Randy storms around a corner. Jane follows.

He slows, anger beginning to burn off...leaving him a homeless runaway teenager on Hollywood Boulevard with a girlfriend to take care of.

Jane watches Randy take in the traffic, the crappy shops.

He won't look at her. Neither says anything.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD 3 - DAY

Randy playing his guitar and singing. He plays country-rock, not particularly well.

Jane sits on the sidewalk behind him, her back against a building-front, with their backpacks.

The guitar case is open on the sidewalk at Randy's feet.

About six coins in it. Mostly pennies.

People walk by without stopping to listen.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD 4 - LATER

A different block. Randy playing and singing, Jane on the sidewalk behind him.

Maybe two more coins in the case.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD 5 - CONTINUOUS

In front of an out-of-business store. Still ignored by the passers-by.

Except **VIDA**: 17, like Jane...but Vida has been on the street for years. A "CRUSTPUNK" -- homeless young people who have given up on having a place in the world, and reject society right back with filthy, self-destructive abandon.

And seven months PREGNANT.

Randy tries to ignore her, because she is weird.

Jane is curious. Also she can't help but feel grateful to the first person all day who stops and listens.

Then Vida starts to SING ALONG. Just an experimental harmony, but she's not bad.

Randy doesn't acknowledge her at all.

When the song is done, Randy doesn't start a new one -- pretending to tune his guitar, hoping Vida will go away.

VIDA

You guys know about the Golden Lotus?

Randy gives nothing. Jane shakes her head.

VIDA

Chinese food. Three blocks down, alley 'round back.
(indicates where)
They throw out the leftovers every day at four. There's a dumpster.

Randy kneels to collect his coins and put the guitar away. Jane meets his eye: *maybe?* Randy shakes his head.

VIDA

It's free food.

RANDY

We're fine, thanks.

Still won't look at Vida, closing the case. Jane shrugs:

JANE

Thank you.

Vida considers saying something about the whole dynamic here.

But Jane is getting to her feet, Randy's slinging his guitar case over a shoulder.

VIDA

Okay, then.

Vida watches them walk away together.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - STREET 3 - DAY

They turn on to a side-street, Randy trying to ignore Jane's disappointment. But after a while:

RANDY

What.

JANE

Why not?

RANDY

You want to eat out of a dumpster?

Jane doesn't. But she wants to eat. Night is looming and they have no money, no place to sleep. They both know it, so she doesn't say it. Randy simmers a second, then:

RANDY

I got us here, right?

(beat)

Ronnie's back in three weeks. I'll work it out.

He's part sincere, part whistling in the dark.

JANE

It's not all on you, you know.

(beat)

I can work. I could waitress.

He is grateful. But:

RANDY

You gonna fill out an application?

(beat)

Give 'em your name, address and social security?

Jane is silent. Clearly something they cannot do.

RANDY

So you find a place where they
don't ask.

(beat)

What's that gonna be like?

(beat)

When it's time to close up and it's
just you and some...guy: knows
you're not gonna report -- whatever
he does?

She has no defense. And they both know he's mad because he's
trying to protect her, but she can't help feeling hurt.

Jane looks away. Processing.

Feeling both ashamed and righteously-provoked, Randy waits --
wanting to say more, knowing it will just make it worse.

JANE

I'm gonna take a walk.

RANDY

You what?

JANE

I need some time by myself, okay?

RANDY

(more fear than anger)

Where're you gonna go?

JANE

I don't know -- around.

(beat)

We've been together every second
for two weeks. I just need to take
a walk by myself.

He thinks it's a big mistake; she knows he might be right.

RANDY

Just...

Don't?

JANE

An hour. Okay? I will meet you
back here in one hour.

Randy doesn't want to. But he nods.

She nods too: *it'll be okay.*

Randy watches Jane walk away.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD - [MONTAGE] - DAY

Jane walks alone amid:

Stores jammed with cheap t-shirts and tacky ashtrays and toy surf boards and fake Oscar statues.

Spraypainted murals.

Neon **PSYCHIC ADVISOR** stores, hand-painted mystic symbols.

Lingerie shop mannequins with distinctive nipples, posing in garish sex clothes and wild wigs.

Even among the aimless tourists gawking and snapping pictures in the middle of the sidewalk --

-- Jane looks lost. Vulnerable, out-of-place.

EXT. CAFE - HOLLYWOOD - DAY

A hand-made sign: **WAITRESS WANTED.** Jane looks in through the plate-glass at the waitstaff working, the food on the tables.

EXT. BUS STOP - HOLLYWOOD BLVD 6 - DAY

Jane sits in a bus shelter. A bus lets people off and on, drives away.

She takes in the xeroxed flyers taped to the shelter's wall: **MAKE MONEY FROM HOME.**

Hears something across the street -- looks:

A **MENTALLY-ILL HOMELESS WOMAN:** 30, maybe 50, filthy ripped clothing, hair in a rat's nest, skin scabbed and weathered --

-- consumed with terror and anger, SCREAMING at invisible people, swatting at them, staggering and reeling.

People on the streets steer clear --

-- as **TWO UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS** approach, wary. Pulling on heavy rubber gloves and masks, following procedures --

-- as they RESTRAIN HER and call for an ambulance.

Jane watches, feeling empathy, revulsion and fear.

All too much. She gets to her feet.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - ALLEY - DAY

A half-dozen **HOMELESS** sift through industrial-size clear trash bags of Chinese food, by a dumpster. No pushing or shoving, routine. A few LONG-TERM, with the matted hair and layers of clothes, and a few CRUSTPUNKS.

VIDA GLANCES UP from dumpster-diving -- sees:

Jane, at the end of the alley.

Vida smiles.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - STREET 4 - DAY

Jane and Vida sit on a low wall, watching the passing parade. Vida's eating out of a food container from the trash; Jane hasn't been on the streets long enough to try that.

JANE

We were sleeping in Randy's car,
but last night it got set on fire.

VIDA

Somebody just -- outta nowhere, set
it on fire?

Uncomfortable beat.

JANE

He got in a beef with these guys at
a place we were parked outside?
They were making a thing out of us
being there overnight.

(beat)

We went to see about this open-mike
he heard about...and when we came
back...

She shrugs. Vida nods, withholding judgment. Offers:

VIDA

I been out here three years. *Mi*
'buela passed...and my Mom's an
addict, so...

(shrugs, grim)

Foster care.

Vida keeps her eyes on the street. Jane watches her.

VIDA
But...y'know: ran away. Been out
here since.
(beat)
'cause: it's not rape if you make
'em pay money.

Vida shrugs -- looks at Jane, who is suddenly --

INT. JANE'S HOME - VARIOUS - FLASHBACK

*-- in VERY FAST FLASHBACKS. Like the nightmare flashes,
almost subliminal -- but just PAST MOMENTS:*

*Jane's POV: Vance being a classic nice boring stepdad. At
dinner -- washing his car --*

-- licking the frosting off his finger with his eyes on her --

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - STREET 4 - DAY

Vida sees Jane struggling to keep thoughts away. Doesn't know what they are exactly, but sees it's happening and knows what it's like. Offers the Chinese food:

VIDA
You sure?

Jane politely declines. Vida doesn't take it personally. Digging in again:

VIDA
Eating for two.

Jane watches her, glad to change the subject; amazed at Vida's toughness -- re: the baby:

JANE
Do you know -- when?

VIDA
Eight weeks, tick-tock.
(smiles at her belly)
Esperanza. Gonna make her a
warrior princess.

JANE
Is the -- father...?

VIDA
Don't know, don't wanna know.
She's mine.

Jane nods, recognizing Vida's fierce love but deeply skeptical about her future. Too kind to say it.

Vida watches Jane, sensing her sweetness -- and likewise believing her doomed. Gently:

VIDA
Okay. Listen.
(beat)
If you want to leave him, I can help.

Beat.

JANE
What?

VIDA
Don't wait until he hurts you.

Jane is truly touched, feels bad for Vida misunderstanding:

JANE
No. He's just -- real protective.

VIDA
Yeah, that's one thing they say.

JANE
We been friends since we were kids.
(beat)
There was -- stuff at home. And I had to leave. In the middle of the night.
(beat)
And Randy said let's just go.
Together.

She hopes Vida can see the awe-inspiring goodness. Trying to explain, to assure Vida she's got it wrong:

JANE
He was in a band, back home? He writes his own songs and everything. And one guy in the band: his cousin Ronnie does lights for concerts, lives out here. He's on tour, but when he gets back? He's gonna set us up. With like a job, or -- connections.

Beat.

VIDA
You two're like rats, don't even
know you're in a maze.

Jane understands: they look bad right now --

JANE
No -- that's -- just...

-- because they had to run. But she can't talk about that.

JANE
We'll work. I'll cook -- or
babysit. Clean houses, I don't
care.

Beat.

VIDA
When you can't get work, you're
gonna beg.
(beat)
Then you're gonna steal.
(beat)
Then you, or your boy, is gonna get
in a car and do the nasty for
twenny bucks.
(beat)
And I don't think it's gonna be
him.
(beat)
If you don't know that, you can't
do it smart.
(beat)
I know what shelters are good. And
squats. 'cause there are bad ones.

Awkward silence. Jane doesn't want to hear this. Even if a
tiny buried part of her fears Vida is right.

JANE
You know -- I don't even know what
time...I think I'm late --
(getting up)
I'm sorry.
(beat)
Thank you.

There's nothing left to say.

JANE
I mean it.

Vida nods, believing her.

VIDA
Think about it, awright?
(beat)
I'm around. I live here.

Jane nods, shrugging.

Vida watches Jane walk away. Worried about her.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD 7 - DAY

Jane walks, alone again. Distracted, distressed. A target...

...for **NATHANIEL**: mid-20s, carrying a clipboard, wearing a brightly-colored t-shirt with a SYNCHORDYNCE logo, and a cross-body shoulder bag.

NATHANIEL
Hi, can I talk to you for a minute?

She tries to politely-not-stop:

JANE
I'm sorry...

NATHANIEL
No, I get it -- go ahead, let me
just -- give you...this...

-- he roots through his bag full of paperbacks and pamphlets. It's brilliant: she waits, feeling sorry for him --

NATHANIEL
-- sorry, you're going somewhere
...just one sec...

And then he sighs, giving up on himself. Looks at her.

NATHANIEL
You know what: I blew it.
(formally, in farewell)
Look: I'm Nathaniel, we're here --

He indicates two YOUNG WOMEN nearby in SYNCHORDYNCE t-shirts, carrying clip-boards, engaging people on the sidewalk.

NATHANIEL
-- every day. If you're...ever...

Bingo: Jane is listening. He stops -- as if seeing her for the first time. As if discovering a kinship:

NATHANIEL

You've been messed-with...too.

JANE

(scared)

What?

Probing with generalizations but making it feel like he is tuning out the entire world and only seeing Jane:

NATHANIEL

Life? Messing with us. We have these -- dreams and plans...and then -- stuff happens to us.

(confiding)

I think people come here: following a dream? But really? We're all victims.

(re: his team)

Susie over there, and Myra...

He seems on the edge of confession, but realizes:

NATHANIEL

I'm sorry: too personal.

JANE

No -- it's...

She is wondering if he could possibly understand her dark truth. He smiles, appearing grateful for her acceptance:

NATHANIEL

You know what? I'm going way too fast. I just felt like we had this -- crazy connection, I guess...

(re: the boulevard)

This isn't a good place to talk.

(points down street)

We have a cafe, at the Guidance Center?

(indicates his t-shirt)

It's a non-profit. There's coffee, and free food. And when you're registered: we have dormitories -- you can work with us, in a community, and get to do something meaningful.

This is how it happens: how people get into cults.

JANE

Free food?

NATHANIEL

If you take the survey.

(sees she's wary)

Easy stuff: "Do you like fast food
or home cooking?"

He can see her relax a bit -- works the intimacy, watching
her face, dealing them like it's 3-card monte:

NATHANIEL

"Do you feel like you have to
explain or convince people a lot?"

(no luck, tries:)

"Do you sometimes feel more afraid
of yourself than of other people?"

Jane is STARTLED --

-- by a *FAST FRIGHTENING NIGHTMARE FLASH* --

-- but all Nathaniel knows is the question landed. Putting
out sympathy while actually having no idea what she's
feeling:

NATHANIEL

It can help. We all took it.

Jane is barely listening -- abruptly remembering: *she can't
trust anyone.*

JANE

I -- have to go.

Nathaniel knows when to let the hook-line run out a bit:

NATHANIEL

Okay.

She's apologetic but desperate -- starting to leave --

JANE

I have to -- meet my boyfriend.

NATHANIEL

No problem.

Nathaniel slows her -- holding out his hand in farewell.
Jane, raised polite, stops to shake:

NATHANIEL

If you guys don't know where to go:
we're right there, 24-7.

Jane's already walking away --
-- fighting off dark thoughts.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD 8 - DAY

VERY DISTRESSED AND DISTRACTED -- Jane gets to a corner and
waits for the light to change. Notices:

A **TOURIST FAMILY** -- A **GIRL**, 7-8, holding her **MOM's** hand; a
DAD carrying a worn-out **TODDLER GIRL**. They're all frayed,
over-done, but together and loving.

Jane stares at them.

INT. JANE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

FAST JUMP-CUTS: Vance BEATING UP Linda in their pretty home --
Jane, age 9, crying -- trying to stop him:

JANE (Age 9)(O.S.)
Stop! Stop it!

VANCE
Shut up!

LINDA
Go to your room, Jane!

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD 8 - (RESUME)

Jane FLINCHES. Tries to shake off the memory, looking away
from the family -- but:

INT. JANE'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

ONLY DETAIL CLOSE-UPS: Jane, age 9, in the bathtub. A trace
of blood in the water, between her feet by the drain, seen
through the wavering surface. Linda kneeling beside the tub,
washing her, comforting her. Crying.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD 8 - (RESUME)

Jane walks blindly on the crowded streets, wishing she could
stop seeing:

INT. JANE'S HOME - BEDROOM & LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Jane's P.O.V. - FAST JUMP-CUTS: packing, throwing clothes and personal stuff into a small suitcase and backpack --

-- Jane in the mirror, wiping drying blood off her face --

-- pulling on her jacket: the one she is wearing in L.A. --

-- a last look around the girly bedroom as we get out bags. BLOOD ALL OVER. A glimpse of Vance, in pajama pants, lying motionless face-down on the floor. Jane's nightgown, bloody, on the floor by the bed --

-- VERY FAST NIGHTMARE FLASHES: teeth bared, pupils black -- curled sharp TALONS -- blood splattering --

Opening the door and going out -- seeing:

-- Linda on the sofa, hunched-over, palms pressed against her ears, staring at the floor. Her face wet with tears. Looking up at us as we walk out of our room --

-- Linda stares as we go past, heading for the front door.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD 8 - DAY

Jane staggers to a wall, faint. Leans on it.

Crumples, slides down -- sits on the pavement with her back to the wall, PANICKING as the street hustles around her.

Randy, carrying all of their bags, sits quietly next to Jane.

They sit in silence. Both guilty about how they have behaved today. And very scared...of many things, which they do not talk about.

RANDY

I'm sorry. I followed you.

JANE

's okay.

He nods.

RANDY

All right.

He pulls off his sneaker, taking from his sock: FOLDED CASH.

JANE

What is that.

RANDY
I was saving it, for an emergency.

EXT. MOTEL - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

The cheapest possible motel. It's getting dark, lights are coming on.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Just checked-in: Jane is in the bathroom, testing the hot water in the shower.

RANDY
How is it?

JANE
(thrilled)
Crappy. Who cares? They have soap.

RANDY
After dinner, though, okay? It's gonna get cold.

She comes out to see Randy setting a supermarket feast: rotisserie chicken, potato salad and coleslaw, slices of cake, plastic utensils. Sad as it is, it feels like the most romantic get-your-best-dress-on dinner ever.

RANDY
Not bad, huh?

JANE
It's great.

As she sits, he lights a couple of religious candle-glasses with portraits of saints on them, turns off the room lights.

They begin to eat, savoring the mediocre food.

Not wanting to spoil it but needing to ask:

JANE
What do we do tomorrow?

RANDY
We'll figure it out.

JANE
What if we can't?
(beat)

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

What if we don't belong here,
Randy?

RANDY

Then we'll go somewhere else. Get
you back in school. You're smart,
you can do anything you want.

His faith is contagious, a stubborn flame in the dark. So
she trusts him enough to share:

JANE

Suppose I want kids? And a house,
and all that dumb boring stuff.

RANDY

Then -- good.

JANE

You want to be a rock star.

Beat.

RANDY

You're really gonna worry about
what happens if both our dreams
come true?

They both smile. Grateful to have each other. And even in
this scary place, with all their troubles...kind of happy.

Gently, after a tender silence:

JANE

You don't have to stay, you know.
(beat)
This is my mess. You can go back.

RANDY

To what? Working at the garage?
Singing less and drinking more,
'til I end up at Dunion's every
night, talking about how great I
used to be?

Intent, looking in her eyes:

RANDY

We are never going back.

Beat. Randy knows he's crossing a line -- but:

RANDY

And whatever happened? He had it coming.

Jane stares at him, frightened. They do not talk about this.

INT. JANE'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Jane's P.O.V. - VERY FAST: from the bed -- the door opening, light spilling in, silhouetting Vance in the doorway --

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (RESUME)

RANDY

I'm not asking. I don't need to know. I know you.

INT. JANE'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Jane's P.O.V. - VERY FAST: Vance standing by the bed, untying his pajama-pant drawstrings --

-- Vance on top of us --

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (RESUME)

RANDY

I should have done something. Told someone. A long time ago.

A breath of WIND INSIDE the motel room, the candles FLICKER.

Randy, intent on her, doesn't even notice it -- but JANE DOES. To herself, troubled:

JANE

No.

INT. JANE'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Jane's P.O.V. - VERY FAST: Jane's hand trying to push Vance away -- Vance fights her, strong and brutal --

JANE

No!

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (RESUME)

Randy sees Jane is distressed -- gets up, comes around the table, to reassure her:

RANDY
I know you been -- hurt. But I'm
gonna take care of you.

JANE
No...

He has no idea that she is not whispering to him, but to SOMETHING she FEELS coming. Like she did, back in her bedroom. It SHOCKS her to feel it now, it's WRONG --

INT. JANE'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Jane's P.O.V. - VERY FAST: looking past Vance, on her --

JANE
NO!

-- at a HOT WIND IN THE LOCKED BEDROOM: ruffling the sheets,
the papers on her desk --

-- the faint sound of FLYING INSECTS --

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (RESUME)

RANDY
I will not let them find us.

-- Randy CARESSING Jane to comfort her, not understanding
what she fears --

RANDY
I will never let anything happen to
you. I'm gonna make it all right.

The WIND STIRS again -- Jane is breathing faster, feeling
FEVERISH -- whispering TO THE FEELING he's triggering --

JANE
No --

RANDY
I know. I can wait. Long as it
takes.

INT. JANE'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Jane's P.O.V. - VERY FAST: the WIND WHIPS, VIOLENT, and Vance looks around CONFUSED -- wincing as she claws at his face, pushing him off --

JANE
(angry)
NO!

-- Jane's eyes widen in rage, irises opening so much the whole pupil is BLACK --

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (RESUME)

-- JANE'S P.O.V.: Randy LOOKS AROUND now, confused -- as the WIND whips up, BLOWING OVER CANDLES -- the sound of INSECTS --

INT. JANE'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Jane's P.O.V. - VERY FAST: the talons, the wings -- VIOLENCE -- BARED TEETH -- VANCE'S BLOOD SPLATTERS THE WALLS, THE CEILING --

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (RESUME)

-- Jane LUNGES -- reaching to hold on to Randy --

JANE
(anguished)
NO!

-- Randy is HURLED BACK, BLOODY -- terror in his face --

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Sappy muzak. The CLERK glances up at the DOOR CHIME.

SEES JANE, from the back, going down an aisle.

Checks the security monitor: Jane's back, as she gets a BOX OF WIPES off a shelf -- then heads for the doors.

The Clerk GOES AFTER -- grabs her arm:

CLERK
'scuse me?! You planning to pay
for tha--

-- Jane TURNS: stares out of a face COVERED IN RANDY'S BLOOD.

The Clerk backs off. Watches Jane walk out into the night.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - STREET 5 - NIGHT

Jane WALKS, smeared in blood. PASSERS-BY stare but don't try to help; it's Hollywood.

She kneels by a parked car to use its side-view mirror. Opens the box of wipes and frantically starts to clean the blood off her face --

-- breaking down WEEPING, mourning Randy, as she does.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - STREET 5 - SOON AFTER

A BLOOD-STAINED WIPE drops into a PILE in the gutter, beside Jane.

There's still blood in her hair, but she's got it off her face when:

SARA (O.S.)

Jane?

Jane looks past the mirror, down the sidewalk:

SARA stays back, respectful. Around 30, simple and functional in dress and style, a denim-and-khaki-and-cotton kind of person. Speaks with a practiced, determined calm.

SARA

Jane?

Jane stares, a squirrel ready to bolt. But gives a tiny nod.

SARA

(nods back)

My name is Sara, I work at the Hope Women's Shelter. We have an Outreach Van:

Indicates a double-parked PASSENGER VAN, the side door open.

SARA

We were driving past, and we saw that maybe you needed a little help.

(beat)

It's an emergency shelter, just for the night. Tomorrow we can try and get you help from other services, if you want.

(MORE)

SARA (CONT'D)

(beat)

We have showers and clean clothing.
Hot food, a bed. And it's safe.

(beat)

Would you like to get off the
streets tonight?

Beat. Wary:

JANE

You know my name.

SARA

There's another girl with us, she
said she knows you.

She indicates the van again. Jane looks:

KRYSTAL -- a STRANGER, a teen with home-bleached hair and a
battered face, a bad black eye, is seated by the open door --

-- but VIDA LEANS OUT PAST HER from a rear seat, so Jane can
see: raises a welcoming palm.

INT. VAN - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

MAX is driving: late 20s, hipster-ish. Sara is shotgun.
Jane climbs in beside Krystal, who looks out the window,
silent. Vida sits behind them, alone. As Max pulls away:

SARA

This is Max, he's another Counselor
at the shelter.

MAX

Hey, Jane. Whereya from?

Slight awkward beat.

JANE

Do I have to say?

MAX

Nah. Just making conversation.
(to ease tension:)
I don't care about you. I'm just
in this for the money.

Jane manages a weak smile. Max navigates Hollywood
Boulevard. The damage and pain that put these people in this
van in painful contrast to the colorful nightlife outside.

After a bit Vida leans forward to Jane:

VIDA

You okay?

Jane has changed since Vida saw her last: paler, eye sockets darker.

JANE

Yeah.

Jane tries to discourage more talk, eyes on the street.

VIDA

That guy you were with...?

JANE

He's gone.

VIDA

He just...left?

Jane shrugs.

VIDA

Didn't seem like the type to -- let go.

Jane doesn't answer. Uncomfortable silence in the van.

JANE

A demon took him.

Beat.

VIDA

A demon?

Jane nods. Eyes on the streets.

Sara and Max exchange a glance. But for now they focus on getting to the shelter.

EXT. SHELTER - NIGHT

A small aging building on a crummy Downtown street.

The van parks. Sara gets out, taking keys from her bag. As Max helps Jane, Krystal and Vida out of the van -- Sara goes to unlock the well-lit and crowbar-resistant shelter door:

SARA

It's not the most elegant place you'll ever stay, but it's --

-- **KEN JULAIO** gets out of a parked car: in his 30s, working class, groomed with a bit too much male vanity, very fit.

KEN
'scuse me? Is Nicole Julαιο in there?

Sara immediately PULLS HER KEY OUT of the door --

-- as Max steers the women back to the Van. It's locked, so he just keeps them by it -- all eyes on Sara and Ken:

SARA
I'm sorry, I can't answer that.
This is a private facility, we need to keep our clients confidential.

KEN
Yeah, well I'm her husband.

SARA
Even from husbands. I'm sorry.

KEN
No, she's in there cause we had a fight. And I need to explain.
This whole thing got outta hand.

SARA
If she's in there, she felt she needs a safe space. When she's ready, she'll get in touch.

KEN
Meanwhile, you're brainwashing her.

SARA
I promise you, no one is brainwashing anybody.

KEN
Yeah, right.

By the van, Max is getting out his phone:

VIDA
You gonna help her?

Max explains, absently -- eyes on Sara:

MAX
I take care of you. There's a protocol.

By the door, Ken comes closer to Sara:

KEN
Let me just talk to her.

SARA
That's not gonna happen. I'm
sorry. You should go.

KEN
This is all a misunderstanding.

SARA
Well: she doesn't feel safe.

KEN
You know how my wife feels?!

SARA
I know you need to leave.

KEN
No, I'm gonna go in there and talk
to Nicole.

Sara indicates a SECURITY CAMERA over the door:

SARA
I need you to know you're being
recorded.

KEN
Good! So they can see you're
keeping me away from my wife --
illegally --

SARA
If we have to call the police --

KEN
That is my wife, that is by law --
between me and her, a sacred thing
between a man and a woman -- you
have no business getting in between
that!

Ken LUNGES for the door, Sara BACKS out of his way. He pulls
it and kicks it -- then TURNS ON HER:

KEN
Gimme the keys, bitch.

Ken tries to GRAB Sara's bag -- she pulls a STUN-GUN from it
and shoves it into his gut --

-- it CRACKLES blue-white and Ken doubles over.

Jane, Vida and Krystal watch Ken FALL TO THE PAVEMENT.

VIDA

Whoa, shit.

As Ken grunts and writhes on the ground, Sara swiftly BANGS on the door and WAVES to the security camera: *let us in.*

A BUZZER unlocks the door. Sara holds it open for Max to BRING THE WOMEN IN -- stun gun ready, eyes on Ken:

SARA

You need to go.

She backs into the shelter and pulls the metal door shut.

INT. SHELTER - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Max shepherds Jane, Vida and Krystal in, as Sara locks the door and goes to check the security monitor.

BABS, a staff member in her 40s, does triage --

BABS

Why don't you all come on away from
the door, okay? Looks like we all
had a night, huh?

-- checking the new arrivals for injuries, steering them into:

INT. SHELTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cheap but home-y decor fights off the essential drabness. A fish tank, plants, floral-print curtains, inspiring posters.

Three OTHER WOMEN staying in the shelter that night join Babs attending to the newcomers:

PATTI, recovering addict/alcoholic, earth-mother-neo-hippie in her 40s.

OFELIA, homeless in her 50s, probably mentally ill, certainly worn by life on the streets, mis-matched clothes.

NICOLE, 30s, working class, something of a wanna-be-Real-Housewife. Married to Ken, the guy outside.

The thing about everyone here is: *their kindness.*

Jane hangs back, taking it in.

Nicole is gushing apologies to a shaken-up Sara:

NICOLE

I'm so sorry -- I told my sister I was coming here, I should have known, she's such a dipstick. She must've told Ken --

Max intervenes, steering Nicole away and letting her redirect to him, so Sara can step out.

Meanwhile, Babs examines Krystal's battered face --

BABS

Ofelia, you want to go get us an ice pack for...?

(off Krystal's shy silence)

We're not talking. Okay, that's fine.

VIDA

(indicates her own neck)

Krystal.

Babs checks: Krystal is wearing a thin gold chain with a script name-plate. Babs nods gratitude to Vida, still attending to Krystal:

BABS

-- Krystal, you get hurt anywhere else?

(as Krystal shakes her head)

How's the baby, Vida?

VIDA

She's a ninja ballerina.

BABS

You looking for long-term shelter?

VIDA

We're gonna be fine.

BABS

Can't take care of a baby on the streets, Vida. Patti, can you get Vida an Ensure? And then put her in "Springtime."

Patti steers Vida out as Ofelia comes in with an ice-pack for Krystal, and Babs turns to Jane, kindly, examining her:

BABS
Now, what's your story?

INT. SHELTER - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Alone, Sara lets herself cope with the PTSD. Doesn't turn when Max comes in:

MAX
You okay?

Sara nods. Looks at her trembling hands.

SARA
Adrenalin. Fight or flight.
(beat)
Except I only wanted to fight.

Max comes to embrace her; she turns to hold him. Lovers.

MAX
You know he was, like, begging for
it, right?

SARA
(smiles)
Yeah -- but we can't go around
giving everybody what they deserve,
can we.

In his arms, Sara feels Max shift to look behind her, so she turns:

Jane is in the hall outside the open door: lost.

JANE
Sorry.

Sara and Max are already parting, professional:

SARA
No worries -- did they assign you a
room?

JANE
"Autumn"?

Max watches Sara head out with Jane:

SARA
Yeah, all the rooms have themes,
like "Forest" and "Clouds" and
"Seashore." It's a little hokey.

INT. SHELTER - DONATIONS ROOM - LATER

Crammed with boxes, mismatched open shelving and clothing racks. As Sara shows it to Jane:

SARA

This is all stuff people have donated. See if you can find something that fits, and then after your shower --
(re: what Jane's wearing)
-- leave yours in the bathroom and we'll get it washed. Okay?

JANE

Thank you.

Sara smiles, watching Jane start to browse:

SARA

Well -- don't thank me yet. This is where style goes to die.

Jane smiles back a little, grateful.

INT. SHELTER - BATHROOM - LATER

Jane washes in the steaming spray, using lots of soap.
Close on her feet: scrubbing away black stubborn grime.
Then she just stands under the hot water, indulging.

INT. SHELTER - LAUNDRY ROOM - THE SAME TIME

Hot water running in a laundry sink. Vida, wearing heavy rubber gloves, sets Jane's old clothes on to a table, goes through the pockets.

She drops the clothes in the steaming water, is about to measure in disinfectant pre-soak when:

BLOOD SWIRLS out of Jane's clothing.

Vida thinks about this.

INT. SHELTER - JANE'S ROOM - LATER

Basic bland furniture. They've tried to make it home-y with paper cut-out leaves in autumn colors, fall-themed party-store wall decorations, dried flowers in vases.

Jane, hair wet, in new clothes, sits on the edge of the narrow bed, examining a ziplock bag with travel-size toothbrush, toothpaste, dental floss, deodorant, etc.

Vida steps into the doorway.

VIDA
Hey.

JANE
Hi.

VIDA
You doin' okay?

Jane nods. Beat.

VIDA
There are demons. Out there.
(beat)
People don't understand.
(beat)
What happens to us. It's not
just...
(beat)
It's evil.

Jane studies her. Vida's empathy is kind -- but:

JANE
It was my demon.
(beat)
I called it down. Out of how I
felt.

Jane watches Vida take this in -- afraid of being ridiculed or judged insane. Vida processes it, then:

VIDA
I would give anything to have a
demon.

Jane almost wants to laugh, and to cry from gratitude. Before she can sort that out --

-- Sara shows up in the doorway behind Vida:

SARA
Hey Jane, ready for a little talk?

INT. SHELTER - OFFICE - NIGHT

Sara sits at a cluttered desk, filling out a form in a folder. Jane's in a chair facing her. Scared.

SARA
How old are you, Jane?
(off her discomfort)
We're not going to report you, or
send you home. We just need to
know.

JANE
Seventeen.

SARA
And where are you from?

JANE
Do I have to say?

SARA
It would help.

Sara watches her wrestle with it, lets her off the hook:

SARA
Is there anyone you want to call?

JANE
No. Thank you.

SARA
That's fine. Not unusual.
(beat)
You want to talk about what
happened?

Silence.

JANE
You won't believe me.

SARA
Women don't end up here for no
reason. If I know what happened,
maybe I can help.

Beat.

JANE
My friend got ripped apart by a
demon.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

(beat)
Can you help with that?

Beat.

SARA

Can you tell me what it looked like? The demon.

JANE

She was small.

SARA

"She"?

Jane shrug-nods. Struggling to explain:

JANE

Like a little girl --
(groping)
-- but: wings. And claws. Pointy teeth. Long hair like snakes. And there was a hot wind, stunk like something had died.

Silence.

SARA

Where did this happen?

JANE

A motel. I'm not sure where, I don't know how long I was walking.

SARA

Were you two using drugs?

JANE

We're not like that.

Beat.

SARA

Do you know why -- "she" did it?

Tears welling up. Jane is anguished over this, but struggles to be honest:

JANE

He was asking me about Vance.
(beat)
My stepfather.
(beat)

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

First time she came, it was for him.

SARA

For Vance?

JANE

(nods)

He was -- doing stuff, to me. Since I was nine.

Sara takes this in. Calm, accepting.

SARA

And -- was...your friend...?

Also "doing stuff" Jane?

JANE

No! He was my best friend! We grew up together.

(heartbroken)

I knew he liked me. Randy. But we never did anything.

(beat)

I wasn't into it.

(beat)

He knew why.

SARA

Did you and Randy have a -- fight?

JANE

No. I mean, kind of. 'cause I took a walk. But we made up. He was being sweet.

SARA

Was he very -- controlling? Telling you how to act, what to wear?

JANE

No.

SARA

Did you feel like you couldn't get away from him?

Beat. Jane reluctantly nods.

SARA

Like with...your stepfather?

She hadn't thought it was, until it was too late. Wrestling with that, shaking her head, Randy didn't deserve this:

JANE

No.

(beat)

But he was...

(beat)

It started to feel the same. It was like he was -- making me -- feel --

SARA

He triggered you.

JANE

He didn't mean to. And I couldn't stop it. The feeling. Calling her down.

Sara is quiet a long time.

Jane is scared of what's going to happen to her, but when Sara speaks she is simple and caring. It's hard to do this, but she has worked to trust sharing the reason she is here:

SARA

I was raped. In college. I went to a party, and I was drunk, and a group of men abused me. Very badly.

(beat)

And if a woman has been abused, and she did something to fight back, or try and stop it? I believe she should be taken care of. Not punished.

Jane is so grateful, relieved -- but Sara is also firm:

SARA

But I also believe she needs help.

(beat)

So if you -- did something: I'm not going to tell you we can look the other way...but --

JANE

It wasn't me. It was a demon.

Beat. Sara thinks a while before:

SARA

In my experience there are
different kinds of demons.

(beat)

And sometimes all we can say is
what it feels like.

Jane nods. That's true.

SARA

Do you know what PTSD is?

(Jane nods)

Sometimes people with PTSD feel
like they're not themselves. Or
like they're not even a person at
all.

Jane takes this in, processing it. Maybe it is what's
happening. Sara sees Jane working on it, grateful:

SARA

Those feelings are real. And they
mean something.

(beat)

And tomorrow we're gonna start
finding out what this demon means.
Okay? We going to get you help.
Medical help -- and legal help.

Beat. Jane nods, scared. Sara smiles: hope.

SARA

That's tomorrow. Tonight we just
take care of tonight.

JANE

One day at a time, huh?

SARA

Honestly, let's not get too
ambitious. Let's see how we do
with one minute at a time.

Jane kind of smiles. Maybe Sara's even right.

INT. SHELTER - KITCHEN - THE SAME TIME

Max is cooking a simple hot meal.

Jane, at the table, watches him. A bit less pale and hollow-
eyed.

JANE
So...you and Sara, huh?

Max shrugs, nods. They try to keep that from the Shelter Women.

JANE
That's nice.

MAX
Thank you.

Silence. He's cooking.

JANE
Was it -- hard for her? To be -- close. Because of...

Beat. Trying to be sensitive, discreet -- but also honest:

MAX
Yeah.
(beat)
Can't do it alone.
(self-conscious)
I mean: not "do it." You can -- "do it" -- alone. Everybody -- nothing wrong with that -- it's just --

JANE
I get it.

Max grins, embarrassed. Beat.

JANE
You get help. She said.

MAX
Yeah. She's done groups. Mindfulness. Self-defense. Lots o' therapy.
(beat)
Also...I'm a really great guy.

JANE
(smiles)
If you do say so yourself.

INT. SHELTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Patti, Nicole, Ofelia, Vida and Krystal sit on the sofas and chairs around a bunch of open cardboard moving boxes -- pulling stuff out, examining and discussing it.

When Jane steps in, uncertain if she belongs -- Patti holds up a tacky hand-made sweater:

PATTI
What do you think?

JANE
(uneasy)
...did you make it?

PATTI
(laughing)
Donations. Wanna help?

As Jane finds a seat in the circle:

VIDA
(quietly)
You okay?

Jane nods, not looking at her.

IMPROVISED BEATS - NOT A MONTAGE, BUT TIME-CUT:

Jane begins to relax and join in as the Shelter Women deal with --

Clothing: passing items around, who might fit or wear what.

Books, magazines.

Make-up kits: Nicole convinces Patti to let her do a make-over. After one dramatic shimmery eye, Patti checks it and refuses to let Nicole do the other. Patti spends the rest of the scene with one eye made-up; later in the night there are still traces lopsiding her face.

Toys: issues of gender roles and ideals.

Weight-loss supplements: pure speed, Max confiscates.

A flying-saucer-on-a-stick "massage wand."

During these beats, Vida is watching Jane, thoughtful.

And Jane, for the first time since frosting the cake, is home. A teenage girl, tentatively safe, sweet...herself.

So the FRONT DOOR BUZZER is a SHOCK --

INT. SHELTER - COMMUNITY ROOM/FOYER/OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

EVERYONE watches Sara go to the security monitor --

-- Nicole tensing -- others watching her, concerned --

-- until Sara lets in two **UNIFORMED L.A.P.D. OFFICERS**, one female and one male.

THE OTHERS RELAX a bit (it's not Ken), but curious --

-- as the cops follow Sara into the office, bringing with them their low walkie-radio jabber -- respectfully-but-professionally checking the shelter women in passing.

Jane looks down.

The group gets back to donation talk...but to Jane it's a VAGUE BUZZ.

She tries to conceal her desperate desire to hear what's being said in the office. Tries not to stare at the open doorway: a view of the COPS' BACKS as they talk to Sara.

Vida's watching Jane.

A tiny WIND ruffles the curtains, the pages of a magazine.

Krystal and Ofelia each react to a brief foul whiff.

Jane abruptly GETS UP AND WALKS OUT --

-- Max watches her go.

INT. SHELTER - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jane hurries for the BACK DOOR.

EMERGENCY EXIT ONLY - ALARM WILL SOUND.

She stops. Trying to think.

She wanders back along the hall -- sees the DONATIONS ROOM, and GOES IN. As she shuts the door behind her --

-- Max appears at the end of the hall. Concerned.

INT. SHELTER - DONATIONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jane LOCKS the door, switches on the overhead light. She's pale, breathing shallow and fast.

There's a HOT WIND in the closed room -- the faint buzz of a FLYING INSECT --

Jane JUMPS as Max KNOCKS ON THE DOOR.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SHELTER - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

MAX

Jane? Can I --

(tries the knob)

Okay. House rules. You can't lock the door.

Jane stares at the door, starting to sweat. WIND RUSTLES the clothes on the racks around her.

MAX

Let me just talk to you.

JANE

Don't come in.

MAX

I'm sorry I have to. Or you come out.

The LIGHTS FLICKER as WIND STIRS UP, stronger, around Jane.

JANE

I need to be alone.

MAX

Okay, and I understand. Let's find a solution -- but not through a locked door.

The WIND IS FIERCE NOW, bits of TRASH and DUST WHIP past -- more INSECTS BUZZING -- Jane sitting on the floor, SWEATING and TREMBLING, pressed to the door, WHISPERING:

JANE

Please. Please. Please. Just --

MAX

Jane, for real. I have to unlock this door.

Max grimaces and gets out his keyring. There's a tool on it: it fits a hole in the knob to unlock the button on the other side.

As Max jiggles it --

-- BAM! Something SLAMS the other side -- SCARING Max back.

MAX

Okay.

Jane is in a corner now. Nowhere near the door.

INT. SHELTER - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Vida is at the end of the hall, watching Max.

The Cops appear behind her, with Sara.

Max signals to hold them off: *it's okay* -- as he starts unlocking again...

INT. SHELTER - DONATIONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The lights are OFF and the wind is just a few almost-invisible gusts in the corners --

-- as Max OPENS THE DOOR, light spills in. He stays in the doorway.

MAX

I'm not coming in. I just need to talk. And see you.

Jane, sitting on the floor in the corner with her back to the wall, is pale, feverish, trembling:

JANE

Just go, please!

MAX

I want to help.

He steps in, tries the light-switch: they FLICKER ON and then OFF --

-- as he EDGES slowly toward Jane -- Max ALMOST THINKS HE GLIMPSES SOMETHING MOVING between racks -- but the lights FLICKER again and there's nothing. Unnerved:

MAX

Whatever it is, you don't have to
face it alone.

Jane's HOARSE, FIGHTING OFF CONVULSIONS now, MOANS angrily --

INT. SHELTER - HALLWAY - THE SAME TIME

Hearing the MOANS down the hall, through the open Donations
Room door --

-- Sara hastily TURNS to the COPS, who are reaching for their
pepper spray:

SARA

It's a panic attack -- let me go
talk to her --

INT. SHELTER - DONATIONS ROOM -

Max moves closer -- reacting slightly to the HEAT and the
SMELL, starting to sweat -- he can SEE JANE now --

-- she is grunting, shaking her head, looking away --
struggling not to let the convulsions take over -- KICKING
and SQUIRMING, GRITTING HER TEETH.

Max STARES, frozen -- until he's DISTRACTED as HE THINKS HE
HEARS SOMETHING RUSTLING, MOVING behind the clothing racks
again, RATTLING them --

-- looking over, frightened -- BUT THEN Sara steps in behind
him, coming forward, speaking low:

SARA

Jane? It's Sara.

Jane is staring at nothing now -- GRIMACING, TWITCHING and
TAUT, SOAKED IN SWEAT --

SARA

Max is okay, Jane. He's kind. He
won't hurt you.

-- Max putting his hands up, BACKING OUT, UNNERVED --

-- Sara EDGING FORWARD, trying to keep Jane's focus -- her
hands where Jane can see they're empty. Until she is close:

SARA

He loves me, Jane. He's good to
me.

Jane LOOKS UP INTO Sara's eyes -- the pupils huge, her irises ALL BLACK -- sweating, trembling, UNDER ENORMOUS STRAIN -- she WHISPERS FRANTICALLY:

JANE
I'm holding it back--

Sara GLANCES at the RACKS across the dark room:

SOMETHING MOVES, SHIFTING the clothes -- the hangers make noise --

SARA
(absently)
You're safe, Jane --

JANE
*-- keep 'em away, don't let 'em
take me --*

-- this focuses Sara back on Jane, as she REALIZES:

SARA
The police?! They're here about
Nicole.

-- Jane FROWNS, TREMBLING, STRUGGLING understand --

-- Sara urgently tries to get her to see she's SAFE:

SARA
Her husband, I zapped him. We had
to report it. They're not here for
you, Jane.

-- a HOT WIND WHIPS UP SUDDENLY AROUND THEM -- and then with a CRACKING, SNAPPING sound: STOPS. Sara looks around, confused, not sure it happened --

-- as Jane GASPS, weak and disoriented, wrung out, sweat-soaked.

SARA
I told them you're sick. But you
have to come out.

Jane nods -- ashy white, breathing fast. She is sick.

INT. SHELTER - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

At the other end of the hall, the Cops and Max and Vida watch, wary -- as Sara comes out of the Donations Room, helping Jane toward the kitchen:

SARA

It's okay. It's over. Thank you.
(to Max, re: cops)
You want to show 'em out? I'm
gonna get her some fluids.
(to the Cops)
She's okay. Just a scare.

Through a doorway, we can see the other Shelter Women in the Community Room, watching too, worried.

INT. SHELTER - KITCHEN - SOON AFTER

Jane sips juice, weak, out-of-it. Sara's taking her pulse and temperature, checking her pupils. Holding out her hands:

SARA

Squeeze as hard as you can.

Jane sets down the juice and takes Sara's hands, squeezes. They are holding hands, facing each other, during:

JANE

I'm sorry.

SARA

Nothing to be sorry about.

Jane gives her a look: *seriously?* Sara shrugs slightly, smiles: *okay a little.*

SARA

Your pulse is coming back, but I'm going to check again in a while, and if it's unstable we ought to take you to the ER, okay?

Jane nods, scared but trusting her -- both of them starting to come back from the frightening encounter -- when:

VIDA (O.S.)

Was that the demon?

In the doorway, Vida is watching. A step or two behind her, the Shelter Woman look too, timid.

As Jane looks at Vida: *yes --*

SARA

Vida -- not now, all right? We don't need more drama --

VIDA
-- I was just asking --

SARA
Max --

Max herds Vida out of the doorway --

SARA
There's no "demon."

VIDA
She said there was --

MAX
We need to take care of Jane right
now.

INT. SHELTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As the Shelter Women all come in and find seats:

PATTI
What "demon"?

VIDA
She said a -- demon -- took out
this guy. Right?

To Krystal, who hesitantly nods.

VIDA
This asshole, she could not get
away from. And then all of a
sudden he's gone.

MAX
Why don't we all just calm down?

VIDA
I'm calm. What did you see, Max?

MAX
Nothing.

Vida studies Max, so the other women study him too:

VIDA
He's lying. I can tell when a man
is lying, Max.
(to the women)
Look: I don't know. I'm not saying
(MORE)

VIDA (CONT'D)

what it is. But it sounded like
something was in there.

Vida has them all spooked, everyone's looking at Max. The feeling in the room is like when someone starts telling a spooky story at a campfire. Even if they're pretty sure they don't believe it -- the edge of fear is contagious.

NICOLE

I think he is lying.

PATTI

Your face kinda does look like it's lying, Max.

MAX

My face -- is, like, the worst indicator of -- anything...

But then he's off the hook, because Jane comes in with Sara. Ad libs: asking if she's okay, Jane nodding, sitting.

Sara makes a formal, honest attempt to dispel the spooky-campfire vibe:

SARA

I know a lot of you are -- freaked out -- by what happened. I am too.

OFELIA

(to Jane)

What demon, child?

SARA

Could we not work ourselves up? I need to keep you all safe.

NICOLE

Well, then -- what happened?

SARA

I think Jane had some kind of -- seizure. And it scared us.

VIDA

Seizures don't get rid of men.

PATTI

Well...

SARA

We don't know, we're taking her to a doctor tomorrow. But she's all right now.

It's working: Sara's walking the Shelter Women back from the edge of unreason. Trying to help, Nicole sympathetically asks Jane:

NICOLE
Has this happened before?

Jane...nods. Deciding to trust.

PATTI
When, honey?

They all listen, rapt, as Jane struggles to put it in words:

JANE
My -- I was -- molested.
(beat)
For a long time.
(beat)
But this time...I just -- didn't care. Any more. I hated him so much. I was wishing that I was dead. That we were both dead. I was praying to God to just kill us both.
(beat)
And this -- demon -- girl -- with wings and claws -- came out of the wind -- and just...ripped him up.

Awed silence. Sara's losing now, the spooky campfire atmosphere is back with a vengeance.

Each woman processing it in their own way. But all taking Jane seriously.

VIDA
Doesn't sound like a demon to me.
Sounds like an angel.

Krystal and Patti nod but:

OFELIA
Don't make jokes on this.

VIDA
I'm not. She prayed to God.

OFELIA
God does not send demons.

VIDA
Mine does.

OFELIA

The devil sends tricksters: make you think you're getting what you want -- but he's taking your soul.

(to Jane)

You go to church?

JANE

Used to.

OFELIA

You go back.

Jane nods, scared. Silence.

They all feel now: the campfire mood of fun-being-spooked has gone dark, especially for Jane, who is raw and vulnerable to all opinions after sharing.

Patti tries to heal them, offering hippie wisdom:

PATTI

You know, women have powers that men don't understand. That's why men are afraid of us.

MAX

Some -- men.

PATTI

Maybe Jane just tapped into that. Y'know?

(beat)

We carried the tribal power: the priestess, the goddess. And then our wisdom was forbidden. And lost.

(beat)

But maybe Jane has a gift -- and it's letting her connect to something that's still buried in all of us. And we're just -- not used to having power any more.

Vida rubs her belly and murmurs to her unborn girl:

VIDA

Girl power, *hija*.

No one speaks for a beat. Patti has ventured into big mysteries, and no one is sure what to do with this.

Nicole steps into the silence, well-meaning but not all that bright:

NICOLE

I read we only use like five percent of our brains. What if the rest is like -- where you can move stuff with your mind?

She turns to Jane: *can you?* Jane stares, no idea how to respond to the jumble of beliefs being dumped on her.

SARA

Why don't we all just agree that we don't know what it was.

Determined to break up the campfire voodoo:

SARA

And you know what? It's way past lights-out. I think we all need some sleep.

Most of the women take Sara's way out, relieved (though Vida's watching Jane, wanting to go further.) They all start to get up and head for their rooms, ad-libbing goodnights:

NICOLE

Tomorrow is another day.

PATTI

You tell 'em, Scarlett.

Jane quietly, shakily accepts expressions of concern and support as she heads for her room.

INT. SHELTER - OFFICE - LATER

Sara's at the desk, worn, concerned, writing in Jane's file. Max comes in: their first moment alone together since the Donations Room, two veterans after a battle.

SARA

You okay?

MAX

Yeah. How is she?

SARA

Malnourished, traumatized. Probably psychotic.

MAX

Scared the crap out of me.

SARA
Yeah, me too.

Max doesn't really want to join the spooky-campfire vibe, but feels like he has to say:

MAX
It did...feel like something was in there.

SARA
You know what was in that room? Fear. Which is contagious.

Max nods. This is probably true. Except:

MAX
I think I saw it.

SARA
What are you saying?

MAX
I don't know. I mean, it's possible, right? Anything is possible.
(beat)
All I know for sure right now is: I don't know.

SARA
"Anything" is not possible. That's hipster bullshit. It's not possible to eat a 747 in one bite. And knowing-I-don't-know is not a plan.

She's the senior officer and he loves her, so he shrugs:

MAX
Felt like a...brilliant, next-gen kind of plan.

And she loves him, so this is cheerleading, not scolding:

SARA
This girl has real problems, and we need to get her real help. A hospital, a university: somebody has to know what this is.
(beat)
And until then -- if her head turns around backwards: we just keep her safe, and get her through 'til
(MORE)

SARA (CONT'D)
morning -- when we can start
looking for what she needs.

Beat.

MAX
Okay -- but if the head thing
happens, I want to re-open the
discussion on anything-is-possible.

EXT. SHELTER - NIGHT

The scabby downtown street, late at night.

The shelter, safely locked up and lit.

INT. SHELTER - VARIOUS - NIGHT

The dark Community Room. Hallways. Night-lights, low to the
floor.

COMPUTER SCREEN

Typing into a search engine:

DEMON

Clicking through the results. A definition and a list of
sites -- and IMAGES:

*A few Doré-illustrating-Dante etchings, but mostly an array
of "fantasy art" paintings in rich colors.*

*The demons are all male, ghastly hulking muscle-bound
monsters with horns.*

INT. SHELTER - OFFICE - NIGHT

Sara is at the desk, eyes on the screen: frustrated.

Max has fallen asleep on the crappy secondhand office sofa, a
book open on his chest.

Sara frowns, hearing SOMETHING OUTSIDE.

Gets up and goes to look out the open door.

INT. SHELTER - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Empty hallway. Night-lights.

Sara steps out of the office. Uneasy.

Distant sirens. Maybe a footstep.

A tiny MOVEMENT, a SHADOW glides on the edge of a doorway.

INT. SHELTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Sara passes the night-lights, her SHADOWS STRETCH and SLITHER.

She goes to check the alarm, the security monitor.

The views outside. Nothing.

Then she hears a muffled metal *hiss*.

INT. SHELTER - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sara steps warily into the dark doorway:

Patti is MOTIONLESS, EMPTY-EYED, lit by a low pale light.

The open refrigerator.

SARA

Patti?

No response. Sara comes to gently touch her shoulder:

SARA

Patti.

Patti STARTLES awake -- Sara waits it out, calm:

PATTI

What?!

SARA

You're sleep-eating again.

PATTI

Damn. I'm sorry.

SARA

Let's get you to bed.

As they walk out:

PATTI

Did I have anything good, at least?

SARA

It looked like you couldn't decide.

INT. SHELTER - JANE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jane STIRS AWAKE in the dark unfamiliar room. Paper leaves taped to the walls.

A SHADOW under the door. VIDA COMES IN, quietly, keeps the lights off.

VIDA

Hey. You mind?

JANE

No.

Vida comes to sit by Jane. Whispers, kindly:

VIDA

For real, Jane. What I said.

(beat)

Maybe it's not a demon.

(beat)

She saved you, girl. She watches over you -- and when people try and hurt you...

JANE

You didn't see it.

VIDA

Maybe it's like with a pit bull. She doesn't know right and wrong, just does what she does. You gotta teach her.

(beat)

You show her love, and she'll listen to you.

JANE

...I don't know.

Vida feels for her. Sincere and caring:

VIDA

Well -- you can't keep going like this. Outta control.

Jane nods, reluctantly. That is true.

COMPUTER SCREEN - CLOSE ON:

TEXT: *ceremonial magicians called, conjured and controlled demons, angels or spirits -- a process called "theurgy" --*

IMAGES: *Schongauer's St. Anthony, Japanese and Hindu demons --*

TEXT: *"visitation by demons" were later proved to be DISSOCIATIVE IDENTITY DISORDER --*

INT. SHELTER - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sara studies the results: not helpful. Just creepy.

She has the lights off to let Max sleep -- so when MAX APPEARS BEHIND HER --

MAX
You don't want --

-- Sara JUMPS -- which SCARES MAX --

MAX SARA
Sorry -- -- it's fine.

It takes them a beat to recover...then:

MAX
You don't want "Demon." You want
"Furies."

SARA
Because...you know what this is?

Max shrugs, struggling to explain:

MAX
It's not the right word. It's just
-- the one she had. The word she
knew.
(beat)
She didn't major in comp lit.

He sees Sara is reluctant -- we get a tiny glimpse into them: this place is her work, her world; he's there to be with her. He's into creative stuff. But now he's saying his frivolous expertise might be the key to a scary corner of her world, and she feels a vague edge of fear...letting go of control.

MAX
Furies. F-U-R-I-E-S.

Beat. Sara kind of wishes she hadn't started this. But she turns to the screen and he watches her type.

INT. SHELTER - JANE'S ROOM - NIGHT

In the dark, talking quietly:

VIDA
Try and call her down.

Beat. Scared:

JANE
Why?

VIDA
She's like -- wild. You gotta get used to each other.
(beat)
Like: you hold out your hand, let her sniff it. Sit with her.
(beat)
Get to know your angel, Jane.

Jane's on the edge of it. Frightened. But:

JANE
Okay.

VIDA
Yeah?

Jane nods, uneasy.

COMPUTER SCREEN - CLOSE ON:

IMAGES OF FEMALE DEMONS: *ancient vase-paintings -- women descending from the air, often overtly sexual, with animal claws and snakes for hair --*

SARA (O.S.)
(reading)
-- in ancient mythology, female spirits of justice and vengeance. In Greek, Erinyes: The Angry Ones. Primeval daughters of the night and the sky, born before the Gods.

INT. SHELTER - JANE'S ROOM - NIGHT

JANE

How?

VIDA

How'd you bring her before?

JANE

I don't know. I mean -- I didn't even want to. Except the first time.

VIDA

What happened then? Exactly.

JANE

(trying to put it in words)
I wanted to kill him. I wanted to die.

(beat)

It was just -- a feeling.

VIDA

Then try and feel it.

JANE

No. It was bad.

VIDA

Then feel something good.

(beat)

She hears your feelings.

(beat)

Feel how you want to say *thank you*.

Jane nods...scared but probing her feelings, trying to find that one. Vida watches, whispers:

VIDA

How you want to meet her.

Jane nods -- trembling a little --

VIDA

Don't be afraid. She loves you.

-- breath shallower, eyes going empty in the dark --

VIDA

She loves you so fierce.

COMPUTER SCREEN - CLOSE ON:

PAINTINGS of FURIES: *men pursued, tormented by vicious half-naked, winged, snake-haired flying women --*

MAX (O.S.)

(reading)

Foul-smelling hags with the wings
of bats and hair entwined with
serpents...can appear as storm
clouds, or swarms of insects...

-- STONE CARVINGS of *Lilith (the Burney Relief)* -- *Hugo van der Goes's 1470 painting "Fall of Adam and Eve"* --

SARA (O.S.)

(reading)

Called down by victims -- in
retribution...for crimes, betrayals
and offenses to the order of the
universe...

INT. SHELTER - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sara and Max, in the glow from her screen -- reading aloud:

SARA

(reading)

They punish without remorse,
bringing madness and death...but
the innocent have nothing to fear.

INT. SHELTER - JANE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

WIND STIRS the dried flowers and paper leaves. Vida LOOKS AROUND, whispering -- she and Jane both FLUSHED, SWEATY, feeling heat in the dark --

VIDA

She's coming, honey. She's here.

Jane's IRISES going ALL BLACK as she EDGES TOWARD A SEIZURE --

JANE

I feel it --

-- DARK STREAKS appear IN the WIND, like ASHES IN SMOKE or SWIRLS IN WATER --

-- they WHIP PAST, not just dragged by the wind, but creating it --

-- Vida WATCHES in awe --

COMPUTER SCREEN - CLOSE ON:

A GRAINY OLD PHOTOGRAPH: *a classroom, the REMAINS OF A MAN IN A SUIT torn up around the desk and blackboard, a blood-splattered SCHOOLGIRL sitting on the floor in the corner --*

MAX (O.S.)

Modern-era references include the
Bulan School Incident, 1913...

A SCAN of a PHOTO from an OLD BOOK, all half-tone dots, with a caption in German: *mostly darkness, a whitish blur, the shutter open a fraction too long: but the FACE of a FURY --*

MAX (O.S.)

...and Liesle Grember, Ostrava,
1924.

INT. SHELTER - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Max sighs, trying to get back to a sane skepticism:

MAX

You know, she could have just as
easily gone on line too, and read
all this stuff --

His eyes are on the screen, but Sara is distracted:

SARA

Wait -- shh...

They LISTEN: in the hall...something is...rattling.

INT. SHELTER - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Max, hanging back, watches Sara step into the hall.

Jane's room door. It's SHAKING.

INT. SHELTER - JANE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- the dark streaks in the wind are thickening, slowing,
CATCHING, JOINING -- like RAGS OF SMOKE KNOTTING TOGETHER --

VIDA

It's okay. It's gonna be okay.

-- Jane is STRAINING and CHOKING, STARTING TO CONVULSE --

INT. SHELTER - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sara stands at Jane's door, watching it warily.

The hallway is quiet, but the door is RATTLING IN A WIND.

INT. SHELTER - JANE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- the BLACK STREAKS are TANGLING UP, into a RAGGED
TUMBLEWEED -- a sudden SCREECH and a LOUD CRACKING NOISE --

-- and the FURY is FLYING, TRAPPED in the room, a WILD BIRD --
we only GLIMPSE IT:

-- small and spindly, like a STARVED LITTLE GIRL -- but also
like a BAT or a REPTILE, with DARK PEBBLED SKIN and LEATHERY
WINGS -- an oversized head, large TALONS that SCRAPE and
SKITTER on the floor --

-- as it frantically scrambles UNDER THE BED.

The WIND STOPS.

Silence, except their BREATHING.

Jane is wrung-out, vague, sweat-soaked -- beside Vida, both
STARING at the DARKNESS UNDER THE BED.

A gleam of WARY OVERSIZED BLACK EYES. Staring back at them.

LIGHT SPILLS IN from BEHIND Jane and Vida, a BAND of light
widening AS SARA OPENS THE DOOR --

-- the FURY SCREAMS -- the BED FLIPS OVER --

-- Jane and Vida SCREAM, FLINCHING --

-- Sara, letting the light flood in -- is BLOWN BACK by a HOT
FETID WIND --

-- not seeing the Fury SCRAMBLING UP the wall into a SUDDEN
WHIRLWIND -- getting PULLED APART INTO STREAKS of SMOKE.

As the WIND VANISHES, leaving the room hot and stinking, the
bed overturned -- Sara rushes in to Jane, pushing past Vida --

VIDA
What are you DOING?!

SARA
What am I doing?!

VIDA
She's okay --

-- but Jane is weak, disoriented -- coughs, there's a bit of blood in her hand after. As Sara takes her pulse --

SARA
She's not okay, Vida! What were you doing?!

VIDA
She can bring it, Sara -- she can call it down!

-- to Max, as he appears in the doorway:

SARA
Get her out, Max.

MAX
Come on, Vida --

Steering Vida out, Max might notice -- in the wall above the overturned bed, among the paper leaves: CLAW-MARKS GOUGED INTO THE WALL. But of course...maybe they were there before, vandalism from a frustrated guest.

INT. SHELTER - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Down the hall, Patti, Nicole, Ofelia and Krystal are in their sleep-clothes, STAYING BACK --

-- as Max brings Vida out, arguing:

VIDA
You can't tell us what to do --

MAX
Actually, we can. We have rules for staying here, and you agreed to them --

VIDA
-- rules against angels?!

MAX
Yes. Drugs, alcohol, stealing -- and angels. Okay? So don't make me crazy...er.

INT. SHELTER - JANE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jane is hollow-eyed and weak. As Sara checks her vital signs, Jane whispers:

JANE
Sorry.

SARA
What were you doing?

JANE
I had to know.

From out in the hall, Vida calls in the open door:

VIDA
I saw it, Sara! It's real.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SHELTER - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Patti, Nicole, Krystal and Ofelia listen, down the hall:

VIDA
It's a freakin' monster bitch-girl -
- and it came when she called!

OFELIA
Do not mess with demons.

VIDA
We're not messing and she's not a
demon --

As Ofelia begins praying quietly to herself:

MAX
Look: we don't know what this is --

But Vida keeps talking to Sara through the doorway:

VIDA
What if we all have our own angels,
Sara? And she found a way to talk
to hers?!

SARA
It's hurting her, Vida -- can't you
see that?!

VIDA
'cause you scared it off! You came
bangin' in, and that's when it went
wrong!

SARA
Max --

MAX
-- come on, Vida, let's give 'em
some room --

Max tries to gently move her down the hall but Vida yanks her
arm away:

VIDA
Jane --

Jane is recovering a bit now. Quietly:

JANE
She was here, Sara.

SARA
Okay: we're gonna get you to a
doctor, and find out.

VIDA
A doctor?! A doctor -- for what?!

JANE
(to Sara, more firm)
She was here.

VIDA
What kind of doctor, Sara?!

Sara looks at Jane, who's waiting for the answer. Doesn't
want to lie, but also doesn't want to scare Jane with her
suspicion Jane is mentally ill.

SARA
You're having some kind of
seizures.

Jane wants to trust Sara.

JANE
What will they do? The doctors.

SARA
I don't know: observe you, run some
tests. Try to understand what's
happening.

VIDA
You know what a Fifty-One-Fifty is,
Jane?

Jane doesn't. Looking in Sara's eyes for the answer.

VIDA
It's when they lock you up. In the
psycho ward. You can't get out.

JANE
("is that true?")
Sara?

Sara is careful -- but honest:

SARA
If you're a danger to yourself --
or others.
(reassuring)
It can help. It's temporary.

Jane studies Sara, beginning to fear.

VIDA
What if it's real, Sara? Will they
let her go? Or give her
"medications"? To stop it. To
take it away.

SARA
MAX!

As Max tries to move Vida -- she shoves him away:

VIDA
You don't have to do this, Jane!
You don't have to stay here!

Jane studies Sara torn, confused, afraid.

SARA
Jane, you're not well, and it's two
in the morning.

JANE
I want to go.

She starts, weakly, to try and stand up.

Sara tries not to confront her, but a standoff is looming:

SARA
Don't do this.

VIDA
We're leaving.

SARA
Jane: stay. Please.

Jane is on her feet. To Sara, sincerely:

JANE
I'm sorry. Thank you.

Jane stands facing the door. Sara stands in the way. Vida is behind Sara, out in the hall.

SARA
I can't let you leave right now.

Everyone silent, watching, listening.

VIDA
Sara: don't.

Jane and Sara looking in each other's eyes.

A FAINT WIND rustles around them.

JANE
Let me go.

SARA
You are a danger to yourself at
this time.

Jane and Sara are facing each other. Dangerous.

WIND WHISPERS in the Shelter.

The INTERCOM BUZZES, SCARING everyone.

Then AGAIN -- LONGER.

ANGRY BANGING on the front door.

KEN (O.S.)
NICOLE?! NICOLE!

NICOLE
Oh my God.

INT. SHELTER - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Max hurries to check the security monitor --

MAX

Oh, shit.

VIDEO/MONITOR: *Ken is on the sidewalk, looking at the camera, holding a snub-nose revolver to his own temple.*

Nicole and Sara hurry over to look as:

KEN (INTERCOM)

Nic, you don't want me no more?!
Then I don't wanna live! I mean it
baby! You are my life.

INT. SHELTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Max leaves Sara and Nicole at the monitor to start lockdown procedures -- shutting off lights, getting the women to sit on the floor in the hall:

MAX

Everybody away from the windows.
Down please, on the floor, sit.

INT. SHELTER - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

KEN (INTERCOM)

Nic?! Talk to me! Or I swear I'm
gonna do it!

Sara is picking up the desk phone --

NICOLE

No -- wait, let me talk to him --

-- Nicole rushes to the door, Sara hangs up and starts after:

SARA

Nicole, do not --

-- TOO LATE, she's out.

EXT. SHELTER - CONTINUOUS

Ken backs up as Nicole comes out -- gun still at his head:

KEN

Baby.

NICOLE

Don't, okay? Just -- talk to me.

Sara's voice RATTLES out of the intercom:

SARA (INTERCOM)
Nicole -- come back in.

Nicole, edging toward him -- calls back to it:

NICOLE
He's not here to hurt me.
(to Ken)
Right?

KEN
No! No! I just want you back.

NICOLE
I know.

He keeps the gun to his head, love in his eyes...

KEN
I made a mistake.

...and she edges closer, pure strategy.

NICOLE
I know.

KEN
'cause you made me so mad!

And...it's working. She's closer...

NICOLE
I know, I'm sorry.

KEN
You think I want to be this way?!

Close now, Nicole lifts a hand, open: *give me the gun.*

Anguished silence. Ken with the gun to his head, looking in Nicole's pleading eyes -- her hand outstretched.

SARA (INTERCOM)
Nicole: wait for the police.

Panicked, Ken POINTS THE GUN AT NICOLE --

KEN
NO POLICE!

-- who FREEZES, the muzzle inches from her face.

INT. SHELTER - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Sara whirls to Max, who is listening to 911 ring:

SARA
HANG IT UP!

Max, terrified, disconnects the call --

EXT. SHELTER - CONTINUOUS

KEN
I SEE POLICE, I SHOOT HER DEAD!

NICOLE
Listen to him, Sara!

SARA (INTERCOM)
Okay -- all right -- we're not --

KEN
HER, THEN ME!

NICOLE
Baby, put down the gun.

KEN
I JUST WANT EVERYTHING TO GO BACK
THE WAY IT WAS!

NICOLE
I know. It will.

-- Ken FLINCHES as a FLY BUZZES his face and then WHIPS AWAY --

KEN
NO WAY NOW! THOSE BITCHES --
CALLING THE COPS?!

NICOLE
No -- they won't -- I told them --

KEN
I'm done, it's all messed up now --
they're gonna...

NICOLE
-- no, baby, it's okay --

KEN
It's NOT OKAY! IT'S NEVER GONNA BE
OKAY --

NICOLE
-- it will, we'll figure it out --

KEN
DON'T LIE TO ME BITCH!

-- A SHRIEKING SPINDLY BLACK BLUR, so FAST it barely registers: the FURY comes at Ken like a HAWK on a rabbit -- we HEAR the THUD and TALONS GOUGING INTO HIS FLESH -- Ken screams --

-- Nicole stares in SHOCK --

INT. SHELTER - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Sara watching the GRAINY IMAGE --

MONITOR: *Ken staggering back from the impact, FLAILING -- the FURY grabbing his HEAD, WINGS FLAPPING, HISSING -- a CLATTER as the gun falls to the pavement -- and THE FURY YANKS KEN UP INTO THE NIGHT.*

Sara and Max stare at the monitor:

Nicole...alone now on the sidewalk.

INT. SHELTER - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Shelter Women, sitting on the hallway floor in the dark, frightened -- are looking at:

JANE, SPRAWLED OUT -- RIGID, STARING AT NOTHING, mouth agape -
- blood on her teeth -- pale, in a fugue state, sweat-soaked.

As the Shelter Women start attend to her --

INT. SHELTER - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

MAX
Stay here --

-- Max unlocks the door and rushes out.

Sara turns to look at the hallway; she can't see Jane...but knows she's there. Starting warily toward the hallway door.

EXT. SHELTER - CONTINUOUS

Nicole stares at the EMPTY STREET in shock. Max comes out behind her, looking around.

MAX

Let's get you inside...

Hurries to Nicole -- notices the GUN on the sidewalk. Goes to pick it up --

-- then gently steers Nicole to the door. On his way into the shelter -- checks the empty night sky.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS 1, 2 & 3 - NIGHT

CITYSCAPES: desolate night-lit streets, seen from low to the ground.

In the last one...

...a brief rain of BLOOD and torn BODY PARTS hit the asphalt: bone and muscle, a vertebra, a flap of scalp.

No one around. The lit-up towers are distant and unchanged.

INT. SHELTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Max goes to lock the gun in the office desk -- as Nicole, IN SHOCK and confused, sees:

Vida and the other Shelter Women have brought Jane in, sat her on the sofa, put a blanket around her -- she is groggy, pale, trembling. There is a bit of blood on her mouth, from coughing.

PATTI

What just happened?

VIDA

I told you.

(to Jane)

Come on, girl -- come back.

Sara stays back, watching --

-- as Jane sees Nicole across the room. Nicole is PARALYZED WITH FEAR AND SHOCK, staring at Jane. Unable to process it.

NICOLE

Did...you do that?

Jane doesn't answer, afraid, in pain -- Vida brushing Jane's sweat-damp hair from her face, caring, mothering --

VIDA

All right, let her breathe --

-- Jane shifts her gaze to SARA, WATCHING them:

JANE
(whispers)
Am I in trouble?

Beat. Sara shakes her head, but uncertain. Afraid.

SARA
Do you -- know -- where he went?

Jane shakes her head, honestly:

JANE
I'm scared.

Sara nods. She is too. Makes a DECISION, pushing past feelings, getting practical:

SARA
Okay. Max is going to check your pulse and fever --

She glances at Max, who nods and takes the order, bringing the First Aid kit over to Jane on the sofa --

-- we GO WITH SARA into:

INT. SHELTER - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

-- where she hastily opens a LOCKED CABINET and locates a BOTTLE OF MEDICATION and a SYRINGE -- calling out to Jane:

SARA
We're going to make sure you're all right before anything else, okay?
We'll just take care of one thing at a time.

As she FILLS the SYRINGE, her back to the door:

VIDA
Are you calling the police?

Vida's in the doorway. Sara keeps her back to Vida, so Vida can't see what she's doing.

SARA
Not yet.

VIDA
Not yet?

SARA
I don't know yet, Vida --

VIDA
You can't.

SARA
People are getting hurt.

Sara CONCEALS the syringe in her hand and PUSHES PAST Vida.

INT. SHELTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sara goes to Jane and Max by the sofa --

-- letting Max SEE the syringe in her hand and meeting his eye: *do you understand what we have to do?*

SARA
Nobody's going to do anything until
we're ready, and safe. Okay, Max?

-- Max, scared, meets her eye and nods. Preparing himself.

SARA
Let's make sure Jane is all right --

Sara comes closer, syringe out of sight, fussing with Jane's blanket -- preparing to get to her neck for the injection.

Vida comes closer, NOT seeing what Sara's doing:

VIDA
She's gonna have you locked up,
Jane. In a mental hospital.

SARA
(warning)
Vida.

She can't inject Jane with Vida this close -- they could hold Jane still, but not fend off Vida.

VIDA
Fifty-One-Fifty. Ask her.

SARA
Stop.

Jane looks at Sara, trusting and weak -- but troubled.

JANE
...Sara?

No one speaks as Vida opens the door.

She and Jane walk out of the shelter.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET 4 - NIGHT

Jane and Vida walk on a desolate street: lighted skyscrapers rise in the distance, but at street level it's all gritty pavement and shuttered industrial buildings.

Jane is weak, hurting, having trouble breathing.

Vida takes her arm, helping hold her up. Vida is scared, but strong -- supporting her damaged friend:

JANE

Where are we going?

VIDA

I know a place. Just have to get there.

(beat)

Get outta downtown. I don't go down here much. This is hard core.

They walk like that, two kids LOST IN A DARK CONCRETE FOREST.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET 5 - NIGHT

Vida and Jane walk, alone. Freeways and rail trestles loom at the ends of empty streets. Patches of streetlight in washes of darkness.

Solitary cars pass like metal-and-glass sharks. A WOMAN driving past glances at them -- and then looks away.

Jane has to stop, resting on a loading-dock. Fighting tears.

JANE

I want to go home.

Vida caresses Jane's face, comforting her. She's been in this harsh life a long time, determined to save Jane:

VIDA

We'll get you there.

JANE

(sadly)

No. I can't go back.

VIDA

I know. Gonna make ya a new one.

Jane smiles slightly. Vida's so tough and motherly.

JANE

Yeah?

VIDA

I'm gonna take you to this place,
and we're gonna make it safe. Make
it our home.

JANE

That sounds good.

Vida studies Jane. Seeing she doesn't believe.

VIDA

What I know, and what you can do?
We got the power now, honey.

JANE

I don't feel so good.

Vida lifts Jane's arm on to her shoulders and starts walking with her, like wounded warriors.

VIDA

Just hang in. We gonna get there.

INT. SHELTER - OFFICE - NIGHT

Sara is filling a BACKPACK: first aid kit, flashlight -- and the SYRINGE. As Max comes in:

MAX

Are you calling the...

He stops, realizing what she's doing.

SARA

Not yet.

MAX

What are you doing?

SARA

Going out to find them.

He knows he can't control her. Regretting at the moment that they are enlightened, equal, independent lovers. Tries being reasonable, logical:

MAX
That's not safe, Sara.

SARA
What do you suggest?! Tell the
police? Tell them what?!

She's scared too. They've seen a dark, violent reality that shakes the ground beneath them and leaves them alone in the universe. She had this happen before, and it took years to get part of her self back. Only knows one way to face this kind of assault: fight back...for a bigger cause.

SARA
And what if they find her? And she
-- goes off on them? Or at a
hospital?

MAX
So you warn them.

SARA
Would you believe me?

Beat. Max is scared but:

MAX
Then let me do it.

They both know that won't work. It has to be her. And someone has to stay with the Shelter Women. As she goes back to gathering her stuff -- convincing herself as much as him:

SARA
We were doing okay, alone. She was
trusting me. I can get close --
and put her out. Get her sedated.

She looks at him, ready to go. Seeing the fear in his eyes.

SARA
She won't hurt me.

MAX
What makes you think she's in
control?

Sarah hesitates. This is fair. Goes to get the STUN GUN off the charger -- but a RED LIGHT switches on. Not recharged.

Max takes Ken's gun from a desk drawer. Holds it out.

Sara doesn't move. This is insanity. He feels it too. But he's making his stand:

MAX
Or I'm calling the police right
now.

Sara takes it. As he watches her head out, putting the gun
in her bag -- he takes a car key off a hook on the wall:

MAX
Hey.

Sara turns back, sees him hold up the key -- shakes her head.

SARA
My car. They know the van, I don't
want to scare 'em off.

Max watches her leave.

MAX
Call in.
(beat)
A lot.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET 6 - NIGHT

Jane leans on Vida as they walk toward a SKID ROW STREET.

AHEAD: huddled HOMELESS lined up along the sidewalk with
their carts and bits of junk, broken tents. Almost all MEN.
Mostly awake, sitting up, watchful.

Vida holds Jane back, choosing to steer clear, turning them
to walk on the boulevard -- diverted off their path.

JANE
How far now?

VIDA
We can do it.

A car slows, the MAN DRIVING it CRUISING them.

It's like there's nowhere they can go where a woman isn't
vulnerable.

Vida flips the driver off, keeps Jane going.

EXT./INT. SARA'S CAR - DOWNTOWN STREET 7 - THE SAME TIME

Sara DRIVES the same MENACING MAZE.

DARK STREETS glide by outside her windows. She turns corners, searching.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET 8 - NIGHT

Vida stops them on a desolate street. Jane can't make it.

Scared, desperate...re-thinking her plan, laying out a new idea for Jane:

VIDA

Okay, listen. This house we're going to: it's in Hollywood. That's like five miles.
(beat)
So we need a car, Jane.

JANE

Right. Okay, you want to buy it, or should I?

VIDA

We don't need to buy one, dope. We take it. When the guy is gone.

Jane doesn't get it yet. Vida guides her: indicating the street, the cars passing --

VIDA

There's guys, who pick you up. All you have to do is go with one.
(beat)
He'll want what he wants.
(beat)
And the angel will do the rest.

Jane understands now.

JANE

That's killing a man, for his car.

VIDA

He's killing himself. By being a predator.

JANE

I can't.

Jane is scared -- they are in a terrible, desperate place...but this is darker than she thought it would get.

Vida's every day has been this brutal for years, and she is ready to use any weapon she can find. She doesn't relent --

because she can't. The alternative is letting the city eat them alive.

VIDA

Okay. Let's walk. I'll carry you.
Baby'll be fine.

Jane gets it. But -- weak not angry:

JANE

I can't.

VIDA

We are alone out here! No one
cares!
(beat)
You gonna be a victim all your
life?

Jane knows Vida's right. A part of her has always been ready to fight for her life. She just has to use it.

EXT./INT. SARA'S CAR - DOWNTOWN STREET 9 - THE SAME TIME

Sara DRIVES.

Sees TWO WOMEN on the sidewalk ahead.

Rolls past: they're all done-up for a night of clubbing. One checks her phone, the other lights a cigarette.

Sara keeps driving.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET 10 - THE SAME TIME

Jane walks, alone.

A car slows.

She meets the gaze of the driver, **LOUIS**: middle aged, balding.

They take each other in, wary, through the passenger window as she walks closer.

He unlocks the doors.

As she gets in, Jane glances at:

Vida, in the shadows, down the block. She watches Jane get in the car and drive off.

INT. SHELTER - OFFICE - THE SAME TIME

Max waiting, alone. Grabs up his phone when it rings:

MAX

Hey.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. SARA'S CAR - BY TUNNEL - THE SAME TIME

Sara is parked, looking at the dark tunnel under the 101 at Ivar: HUDDLED FIGURES line the sidewalk in it. Tents, shopping carts, piles of junk.

SARA

Vida said sometimes she used to camp under the 101. So I'm there, gonna go look.

MAX

Alone.

Sara's checking that the syringe cap will come off easily, then puts the syringe in her jacket pocket, ready to draw out -- scared:

SARA

No, not alone -- there's a whole bunch of people in there, that's why I'm calling, Max. So you know where I went. In case.

MAX

So I can picture exactly where you died?

As Sara gets out of the car:

SARA

That's not funny.

MAX

Stay on the line, okay?

SARA

So you can hear it happen?

MAX

That's not funny.

She starts toward the tunnel, uneasily.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - FREEWAY TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

She walks in, slow. FREEWAY RUMBLING overhead.

The HARD-CORE HOMELESS stare from the darkness.

SARA

Does anyone know Vida?

HOMELESS VOICE

Vida loca.

SARA

She's pregnant? Seventeen. Short
black hair, pierced eyebrow?

She JUMPS as a HAND TOUCHES her ankle -- reaching out of a
pile of trash and blankets: **RITA** -- a HARD-CORE HOMELESS
WOMAN. Straggly-haired, straggle-toothed, leathery skin.

RITA

I know Vida.

EXT./INT. LOUIS'S CAR - DOWNTOWN STREET 11 - CONTINUOUS

Louis drives. Jane is shotgun. After a while:

LOUIS

How much?

JANE

For what?

Louis checks her. Confused.

LOUIS

Head.

JANE

No.

LOUIS

"No"?

Louis pulls over. Idling. A slight WIND stirs, but he
doesn't notice. Confused more than angry:

LOUIS

The hell did you get in my car for?

Silence.

JANE

I was hoping you were...decent.

He sighs. With a fair amount of self-loathing:

LOUIS

I'm not.

Silence. Slightly kinder:

LOUIS

Where are you going?

JANE

Hollywood?

LOUIS

Hollywood? No.

Uncomfortable silence. Neither knows what to do now.

LOUIS

You need some money?

JANE

I'm not -- doing anything.

LOUIS

Jesus, I know. Do you need it.

Jane thinks about this. Reluctantly:

JANE

No. Thank you.

They sit awkwardly.

LOUIS

You want...a meal or something?

JANE

Can you take me back?

Louis puts the car in gear.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET 10 - NIGHT

Vida waits, alone. Looking for Jane.

An expensive car slows, she looks away. A window slides down: three assholes in their early 20s. The driver is **CHAD**:

CHAD
Hey, smile.

Vida flips him off and walks away. He drives after, slow.

CHAD
Come on -- just gimme a smile.

VIDA
Get lost, animal!

CHAD
What? Rude.

She turns around, walking in the opposite direction.

Chad pulls away BURNING RUBBER, HONKING the horn once.

The car disappears around the corner behind her.

Vida slows. Waiting on the empty street.

CHAD'S CAR slowly turns the corner AHEAD, having circled.
Drives toward Vida.

Vida is scared. Turns, starts WALKING AWAY.

Chad drives after, catching up.

Vida starts RUNNING.

Chad ACCELERATES, chasing her.

INT. CHAD'S CAR - DOWNTOWN STREET 10 - THE SAME TIME

Assholes laughing, as through the windshield:

VIDA RUNS, FRIGHTENED, in the headlight glare -- trying to
get somewhere they can't drive --

-- Chad FOLLOWING, recklessly --

-- until Jane STEPS INTO THE STREET AHEAD OF THEM, a hand up
to block the HEADLIGHT GLARE. As they SCREECH to a stop:

CHAD
What the hell?

Jane STARES, lit from below --

-- as Chad LEANS ON THE HORN -- and a WIND WHIPS up INSIDE
THE CAR, dust and fast food wrappers and cigarette butts
flying around -- freaking the guys out --

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET 10 - CONTINUOUS

Vida STARES from down the block --

-- at Jane, SILHOUETTED IN THE HEADLIGHTS, car horn BLARING --

-- as the CAR BEGINS TO SHAKE BY ITSELF --

-- a BLACK SHADOW moving INSIDE the windows -- SCREAMS muffled by the glass, hidden by the BLARE of the HORN --

-- the tires SKID a bit as if the car is being PUSHED SIDEWAYS --

INT. CHAD'S CAR - DOWNTOWN STREET 10 - CONTINUOUS

VERY FAST: the assholes are FLAILING, SCRAMBLING -- their SCREAMS LOUD, mingled with the SHRIEKS of the slashing, biting FURY -- and the sound of claws TEARING FLESH, teeth CLAMPING DOWN ON BONES --

-- and outside, in the glare beyond the shield:

JANE STARES...her EYES RIMMED WITH BLOOD.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET 10 - CONTINUOUS

Vida stares at Jane's silhouette, the SHADOW flapping and BLOOD splattering the inside the car --

-- as the SCREAMS die out and the HORN GOES SILENT.

The car is still.

Jane turns: proud, trembling, bleeding eyes meeting Vida's --

-- until she tries to take a step and FALLS TO THE ASPHALT.

Vida runs to Jane.

Sits in the street, cradling Jane's head in her lap, wiping blood from Jane's eyes, grateful tears welling in her own eyes --

JANE

It hurts.

VIDA

It's okay. It's okay.

JANE

Something's wrong. Inside.

Jane's clutching her head -- taking fast shallow breaths and then great wheezing desperate ones. She coughs blood.

VIDA

All right, gonna sit you up now.

Vida props Jane up -- checking for witnesses down the street:

VIDA

We gotta move, can you walk?

Jane nods, pale as death.

VIDA

Okay, up we go.

Vida tries to help her to stand, but Jane is too weak.

JANE

You should go.

VIDA

You cray? What you just did for me? If that isn't besties, girl...

Vida looks around, desperate.

VIDA

Okay. Wait here.

She leans Jane against a parked car, goes to Chad's car...and hesitantly opens the driver's door.

Revealing: Chad's MANGLED CORPSE behind the wheel. BONES PROTRUDE from shredded bloody meat in TORN CLOTHING. Ripped-open ORGANS. Blood drips from the open door.

Vida grimaces -- but REACHES IN to search Chad's remains.

BITS OF GORE fall out of the car as she reluctantly SHIFTS THE BODY, to reach into the other pants pocket. After an unbearable groping search --

-- she steps back, triumphant...a dripping SMARTPHONE in her blood-soaked hands.

Vida hurries back to Jane, wiping the phone, working it:

JANE

What are you doing?

VIDA

Getting us an Uber.

INT. SARA'S CAR - ABANDONED HOUSE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Sara drives slowly down a side-street, scanning the houses.
Hands-free to Max:

SARA
She said it's boarded-up. And
looks evil.

MAX (ON PHONE)
Great.

SARA
And...she's right.

She stops her car -- looking at:

An ABANDONED HOUSE. Boarded-up, some graffiti. It's SCARY.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SHELTER - OFFICE

MAX
Would you wait for me? Or the let
the police --

SARA
They need to see I'm alone.

But she considers the house. Frightened:

SARA
But I'm texting the address...and
you stay on the line, okay?

CLOSE ON: MAX'S PHONE - IN HIS HAND - SOON AFTER

Sara, on Facetime or Skype -- connecting from the street:

SARA
You there?

SARA'S PHONE VIDEO is INTERCUT when needed from here on:

INT. SHELTER - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MAX
I'm here.

SARA (ON PHONE)
Okay -- if it starts up, the wind --
or anything --

MAX
Just run. I got 911.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - THE SAME TIME

Sara tucks the phone into a pocket on the strap of her shoulder-bag, lens facing out. Keeps the mic'd ear-buds in her ears.

Checks the syringe is ready in her jacket pocket.

Takes her flashlight out of the bag and switches it on.

The front door is boarded-up, so she begins circling the house, looking for:

SARA
She said you get in through a
window...

A rear window has been pried-open: you can pull the board aside and climb in.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - SMALL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sara pulls aside the window-board, shines her light in:

Vacant for years, squatted-in. Foul-smelling piles of clothing and old blankets, decaying food, broken bottles. Graffiti on the walls.

SARA
Vida?

Sara CLAMBERS IN with difficulty. Heads out to the hallway.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - BEDROOM 2 - CONTINUOUS

From the doorway: Sara's flashlight plays on **3 CRUSTPUNK KIDS**, sleeping amid trash.

SARA
Vida?

A **CRUSTPUNK GIRL** stirs, squints into the light:

CRUSTPUNK GIRL

Huh?

SARA

I'm looking for Vida -- or Jane?

CRUSTPUNK GIRL

Who? No.

The girl rolls over, back to sleep.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Vida helps Jane out of an Uber, across the street from the abandoned house.

DRIVER

Get her some coffee.

VIDA

Right, thank you.

She shuts the door and the car pulls away.

Jane is in bad shape, Vida has to hold her up. They look at the NEGLECTED, MENACING HOUSE across the street.

Scared, and sorry she has to push Jane now...one last time:

VIDA

Okay. Here's the thing.

(beat)

There's a guy in there: Lonnie.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

SARA (O.S.)

Vida?

LONNIE STIRS AWAKE: in his 30s, sprawled on a stained queen-size mattress -- naked except for overalls, muscular, over six feet, wild-haired and bearded. He has a BLACK UPSIDE-DOWN CRUCIFIX TATTOO where Manson has his swastika.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Eyes on Lonnie's grim lair, the ABANDONED HOUSE:

VIDA

He, like -- runs it. Lets you stay, if you pay. With money, or
(MORE)

VIDA (CONT'D)
drugs...or your body.
(beat)
I want you send the angel in for
him.

JANE
(weak)
What?

Vida is certain of her moral ground. It's not even anger. They have to do this. They're in the rough sea, and he's keeping them out of the only lifeboat she knows.

VIDA
This is an evil man, Jane. He hurt me. Bad. And not just me. He likes it. He's not gonna stop. He sits in there like a spider and he waits for kids to crawl into his web.
(beat)
If you get rid of him -- we can clean it up, and lock it up, and stay there -- 'til the baby comes, maybe.

Jane listens to Vida share a dream -- feeling the lure of it.

VIDA
Nobody can mess with us now, Jane. Not with the angel. We can make this our home for a while -- save up some money, this could change everything. For you, and me, and Esperanza.

Jane understands. She nods, looking in Vida's eyes. Scared, but hurting -- and ready to reach for the dream together.

Jane turns and looks at the house...CALLING the FURY.

VINT. ABANDONED HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sara moves down the dark hallway, warily shining the light through BROKEN DOORWAYS into the SHAMBLES OF ROOMS.

She feels a HOT WIND. Looking around in fear:

SARA
Jane?

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Vida HOLDS JANE, both staring at the house -- anguished by Jane's agony, feverish to get beyond this last obstacle:

VIDA

Big ugly asshole with a beard. Has
a cross tattoo -- upside-down, on
his forehead.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lonnie LOOKS AROUND, groggy and confused -- as the WIND STIRS UP TRASH in his room.

SARA (O.S.)

Jane?!

Sits up, a ROUSED BEAST. Blinking away the stinking wind,
the BUZZING INSECTS --

-- sees through the doorway: the FLASHLIGHT BEAM, moving.

INT. SHELTER - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Max stares at the FUZZY IMAGES on his phone: *the FLASHLIGHT BEAM searching -- catching the TRASH picked up by the wind --*

MAX

Sara: get out of there.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sara is SCARED, sweating. As the WIND WORSENS, BLACK STREAKS thrashing past --

-- she TURNS to flee -- hurrying BACK the way she came --

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jane's breath RATTLES, she GRIMACES --

JANE

It hurts. I can't.

Vida's crying too, feeling for her.

VIDA

One more time. Then we can rest.
Then we'll be home.

Jane TRIES TO FIGHT THROUGH THE PAIN, eyes LOCKED on the building. It is AGONY, it's KILLING HER -- but the window-boards rattle from the WIND INSIDE --

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sara STUMBLES over junk, partly blinded by the HOT WIND -- GASPING in shock as:

LONNIE steps into the hallway, a HUGE SHAGGY MONSTER LOOMING between her and escape.

LONNIE
Hell you doin' in my house, bitch?

INT. SHELTER - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Max grabs up the land-line office phone and DIALS 911 --

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sara backs away -- Lonnie comes toward her:

SARA
I'm looking for -- Vida, she stayed here sometimes? I work at a shelter -- I'm trying to --

-- but he's not listening, noticing her hand frantically fumbling to open her bag --

-- the WIND RISING FURIOUSLY AROUND THEM --

LONNIE
(re: her bag)
Whas'at?

-- he GRABS HER and SHOVES her BACKWARD against the wall, she's wrestling to pull her hand out of the bag --

INT. SHELTER - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Max watches HELPLESS as the phone screen goes BLACK, Lonnie pressed up against Sara --

MAX
SARA!

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jane's head tips back as she begins to CONVULSE --

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lonnie holds Sara by the THROAT, AGAINST THE WALL -- LIFTING:
her FEET are KICKING --

-- the BLACK STREAKS begin to TWIST and TUMBLE TOGETHER --

BANG!

-- the FURY WIND STOPS DEAD -- as if SHOCKED --

-- as Lonnie staggers backward, SHOT POINT-BLANK IN THE GUT --
letting go of Sara -- hunching over clutching himself --

INT. SHELTER - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Max FREEZES, land-line in his hand -- WATCHES on his phone.

911 (ON PHONE)
911, what is your emergency?

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Vida STARES at the house.

VIDA
Oh my God.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sara GASPS through her injured throat -- revolver smoking in
her hand -- WARILY WATCHING:

Lonnie writhing on the filthy floor, staring up at her.

He's struggling to GET BACK UP. Sara walks closer.

SARA
Who's the bitch now?

She FIRES down into Lonnie. Over and over until the gun
clicks empty.

INT. SHELTER - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

911 (ON PHONE)
911, what is your em--

Eyes on the phone in his hand, Max disconnects the land line.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Vida turns to Jane, who is DAZED and WHEEZING, bleeding from the eyes:

VIDA
Did he hurt her?! Did he shoot the
angel?!

Jane is too weak and sick to know or answer -- Vida turns to look at the house again, because:

The CRUSTPUNK KIDS come SCRAMBLING out from the back of the house and RUN AWAY down the street --

VIDA
I'll be right back, stay here --

-- Vida starts to get up but Jane CLUTCHES AT HER:

JANE
Don't leave me!

Jane is terrified. UNABLE TO STAND.

Vida is horribly torn: frantic to know what happened, to help the angel if she can -- but needing to care for Jane --

-- so she pulls Jane's arm around her shoulder, standing her up -- and HALF-DRAGS, HALF-CARRIES Jane toward the house.

INT. SHELTER - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Max can see the room from Sara's POV -- but not:

MAX
Sara?! SARA?!

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sara stands over the body, processing -- hears Max's tiny buzzy voice from the earbuds hanging from her bag. She pulls them up to say shakily:

SARA

I'm okay.

Looks up -- hearing the boarded-up window being PULLED OPEN.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sara steps warily into the doorway and sees:

Vida struggling to help Jane get in through the window.

SARA

Oh my God.

Sara rushes to them.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sara and Vida CARRY Jane in and lay her on a broken sofa.

Jane's breathing is ragged, her eyes are sunken, her skin is deathly-pale. She is DYING.

Vida stays back, noting Lonnie on the floor --

-- as Sara checks Jane's vital signs. But then Sara TALKS INTO HER PHONE:

SARA

Max -- I have her.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SHELTER - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MAX

Is she awake?

SARA

Yeah, we need an ambulance.

VIDA

No, don't.

MAX

Sara: is she awake?

SARA

It's all right, Max -- just get us the ambu--

VIDA
Sara, DON'T.

Sara turns, startled by Vida's tone.

VIDA
I'll take care of her.

SARA
She needs a hospital.
(to Max)
Tell them possible cardiomyopathy --

VIDA
You know what they'll do to her!

Max is grabbing up a pad and pen:

MAX
Sorry -- cardio-what?

SARA
(to Vida)
We don't! We don't know anything!

MAX
Sara?!

VIDA
What, you think they're gonna let
her OUT?! Just -- out there with
this -- power?!

Sara doesn't have time to argue. Turns away -- dictating to Max, steady and slow:

SARA
Seventeen-year-old female: shock,
arrhythmia, possible
cardiomyopathy, weak rapid pulse --
shallow respirati--

Jane watches: WEAK, eyes widening, TRYING TO SHOUT as --

-- Vida comes up behind Sara, SWINGING a 2x4 in both hands
like a baseball bat -- HITTING Sara in the back of the head.

Sara falls forward with a cry, clutching her head --

JANE
(weak, horrified)
No!

-- and an ANGRY WIND STIRS UP around them, HARSH AND FAST.

Vida doesn't notice -- eyes on Sara, scared, 2x4 raised to strike again if she has to --

-- as Sara is hunched over in pain, holding her head --

MAX

Sara?!

VIDA

Stay down --

Jane MOANS, trying to stop them, WARN them -- breath shallow and rasping -- shaking her head --

-- as SHADOWS WHIP around them in the SUDDEN FIERCE WIND, lifting the trash and rags --

JANE

NO...

MAX

What is happening?!

Sara shakes off the pain and LUNGES -- warding off the next swing of the 2x4, grabbing Vida and wrestling her back --

JANE

(gasping)

Stop -- please!

-- Sara and Vida STUMBLE on junk and FALL BACKWARD --

-- Jane CONVULSING weakly, deathly-pale, crying blood --

JANE

PLEASE!

-- they don't hear -- FIGHTING as the WIND RISES -- SHREDS of BLACK VAPOR TWISTING TOGETHER as they whip past --

Max paces in helpless anguish:

MAX

SARA?!

-- Vida is out of control, ferocious, a wild animal protecting her cub, doesn't care if she gets hurt --

-- but Sara is TRAINED, self-defense classes, and even though she doesn't want to hurt Vida -- she's protecting herself --

-- Jane's desperate GASP of emotional and physical AGONY almost SOUNDLESS, so weak and breathless --

-- as the FURY FORMS in the MAELSTROM with a RUMBLING CRACK --
falling, ROLLING into the room --

-- Sara and Vida LOST in their MURDEROUS STRUGGLE on the
trash-strewn floor --

-- until the SHRIEK.

SHRILL and ANGUISHED and ANIMAL -- coming from the FURY: its
face taut and skeletal -- eyes black, teeth pointed like a
shark's -- its MOUTH AGAPE, EYES WIDE --

-- freezing Sara and Vida in fear.

It MOVES -- skittering frantically DIRECTLY AT them --

-- and then PAST...to Jane.

Dying on the sofa in the corner.

The Fury scrambles up to Jane -- ON to her, coming to rest on
her chest, like a child, STARING down into Jane's PALE FACE,
delicately taking it into its clawed gnarled-twig hands as --

-- Jane STARES into its black eyes, SORROWFUL --

-- as her heart gives out -- a DEATH-RATTLE rising in her
devastated lungs, a shallow rasp slow from her throat.

The Fury STARES down at Jane in PAIN --

-- and EMBRACES Jane with spindly clawed arms -- HOLDING HER
CLOSE --

-- as JANE DIES.

HER EYES GOING EMPTY, over the Fury's winged shoulder -- her
FACE GOING SLACK and her body limp -- LIFELESS.

The Fury RAISES ITS STRANGE ANIMAL-GIRL FACE to WAIL AT THE
SKY in anguish, in UNBEARABLE LOSS.

Sara and Vida watch.

In grief and shame and horror.

SILENCE FALLS in this dark filthy place.

And then the Fury SLOWLY TURNS ITS BLACK GAZE on Sara and
Vida.

And it RUSHES AT THEM, vicious jaws opening.

CLOSE-UP - PHONE VIDEO:

Sara's phone has fallen to the floor, he can only GLIMPSE, FUZZY -- ACROSS THE ROOM:

SARA AND VIDA TORN APART -- SCREAMING -- BLOOD SPLATTERING

And then...worse: no screams.

INT. SHELTER - OFFICE - DAWN

Max stares at his phone: PARALYZED, DEVASTATED.

Then he looks around -- startled:

A HOT WIND rustles the papers on the desk.

Sees, out through the open doorway:

Daylight spilling in, from the street door.

He moves to look:

INT. SHELTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The STREET DOOR IS OPEN. Standing out on the sidewalk, their backs to him, looking up -- Krystal, Patti, Nicole and Ofelia.

Wary, Max goes toward them.

EXT. SHELTER - DAWN

Max steps out. EARLY DAYLIGHT sweeps the street.

Krystal, Patti, Nicole and Ofelia are standing on the sidewalk -- LOOKING UP.

A hot stinking WIND stirs TRASH on the sidewalk around them.

Max goes closer -- looks up to FOLLOW THEIR GAZE:

The sky is streaked with SUNRISE behind the buildings of downtown. And racing across this gorgeous sky -- the FURY, in silhouette.

The women watch in awe. Quietly:

NICOLE
What happened?

PATTI

It's been -- set free.

KRYSTAL

It's not hers any more.

The FIRST TIME Krystal has spoken.

Max TURNS, startled, to look.

KRYSTAL

It's ours.

She smiles slightly -- eyes raised, almost in ecstasy --
fixed on THE DISTANT FURY --

-- with a dark, eager love.

- THE END -