

SWAY

by

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FADE IN.

INT. BLACK VOID

The black void twists like a vortex. Grinds. Faster, it cyclones. It rages loudly. Louder. Faster. Louder.

INT. SWAY'S BEDROOM - DAY

SWAY, 16, quiet, chestnut-haired beauty with sad eyes, jolts up from bed. Vomits on the floor. Rude awakening.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Sway cleans her face in front of the mirror. She squints, rubs her eyes. Like there's something in them.

She washes her eyes with water. Dries her face.

She stares at herself. Looks down at a large, healed cut on her forearm.

INT. LILA'S BEDROOM - DAY

LILA, 3, Sway's adorable mini-me, sits criss-cross on the edge of her bed. Covers her face, whimpers.

Sway walks in, sits down beside her, smooths her hair back.

SWAY

What is it, Lila?

LILA

I peed the bed.

Lila snuffles, wipes her eyes. Sway rubs her back, pulls her close.

SWAY

It's okay.

Sway gently rocks Lila side to side. Sings a tune.

SWAY

Sister finger, sister finger.
Where are you?

Lila brightens. Beams at Sway. Sings along.

LILA

Here I am, here I am. How do you do?

Sway tickles Lila's neck. She giggles.

JUNE (O.S.)

Sway! Sway!

Sway sighs. Stands.

INT. JUNE'S BEDROOM - DAY

JUNE, 40s drunken, proud MILF, lies on the floor. Sway walks in and helps her back into bed.

JUNE

Honey, can you make my vodka--

SWAY

Here.

Sway hands her a full glass. June smiles, cups Sway's cheek.

JUNE

You're sweet.

Sway leaves the room.

INT. SWAY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sway gets dressed. She looks for a shirt in her closet. Pulls it on.

Mid-dress, someone bangs on her window. It scares her.

ROCKY, 20s, Big & built in a muscle shirt. White trash personified, an unkempt faux hawk hangs in his eyes. He grins.

ROCKY

Hurry up.

SWAY

I am.

Rocky walks away. Sway huffs, stuffs books and handwritten sheet music into her backpack.

INT. SWAY'S TRAILER - DAY

Sway walks through the living room. Stops at her small, dinky wooden piano. She smiles, caresses the keys.

She can't help but sit down at it. She straightens some sheet music.

She plays a lovely tune. Closes her eyes. Her own slice of paradise.

Lila peeks her head out of her room. She hums along to the tune. Sway sees her, smiles, continues to play.

Rap music booms from outside. She cringes. Sighs. Gets up from the piano. She looks at Lila.

SWAY

I'll be back. Try to find your shoes.

Lila nods, disappears into her room.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

It's a trashy shit-hole. The kind of place where you take a detour just so you don't have to look at it.

Trailers in bad shape. Rust. Water damage. Stray animals. Piles of trash and metal. Old shopping carts for some reason.

A fire-pit with chairs around it. Empty beer bottles and cigarette butts everywhere.

Sway walks through it all to Rocky's trailer. Rap music blares.

Up ahead, an obnoxious, tricked out red Cadillac on platinum spinners rests. Sorely out of place next to the rotted trailer.

MIKEY, 20s, skinny freak with face tattoos lounges on the porch with SKEET, 20s, goofy looking burnout. They share a blunt.

Beside them, TANK, a beaten up Rottweiler. Tied to the porch railing, he barks and growls at Sway. She shrinks away from him as she goes inside.

INT. ROCKY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Rocky argues with someone on the phone. It's indiscernible mixed with the loud rap music.

At the dining table, DARLA, 20s, what she lacks in self worth she makes up for with tight clothes, bags pills.

It's a whole opioid setup in here. Their livelihood. Bread & butter.

Sway walks in, flops into a chair across from Darla.

Rocky drops a cashbox with a combination lock in front of her. She opens it. Lots of cash. She straightens it up.

Skeet pounds in, as loud as possible. Grabs some beer from the fridge. Rocky continues to argue on the phone.

Sway pops in some earbuds. Cranks the volume all the way up.

Fur Elise by Beethoven plays, drowns out all other sounds. Sway counts the money.

Darla scowls at her, mouth full of bubblegum.

LATER

It's quieter. Sway finishes with the money. Writes down the amount and locks it in the box.

Rocky sits across from her. Smokes a cigarette. Sway swings her backpack over her shoulder.

ROCKY

School ain't gonna teach you what you need to learn.

SWAY

Unless you want a truant officer coming by then I need to go.

Rocky shrugs. Sway stands, walks to the door.

ROCKY

Be on time for my Daddy's barbeque.

Sway doesn't respond. Rocky doesn't like that. He stomps his foot on the floor. The whole room shakes. Sway turns to him.

ROCKY
Heard what I said?

SWAY
Yes, Rocky. I won't be late.

Satisfied. He dismisses her with his hand. Watches as she leaves.

Darla sashays in, hangs all over Rocky. Kisses his neck. Catches his line of sight to Sway. She scoffs.

DARLA
She thinks she's better than us,
you know.

Rocky ignores her. Watches Sway until she's out of sight.

EXT. WOODED PATH - DAY

Sway walks down the path, earbuds in. Piano music plays.

She passes more shitty trailers. Some method-out weirdos stare at her.

She continues on, gets lost in the piano music.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Sway floats through the crowd. Earbuds still in. She goes to her locker. Puts some books in, takes some out.

Taped up in her locker is a picture of Carnegie Hall along with some sheet music.

INT. MATH CLASS - DAY

Sway sits at a desk near the front. She writes notes on sheet music.

MR. HARLAN, 50s, strict & tough, does all kinds of math on the whiteboard as he speaks.

CHARLES, that one annoying kid in class, wads up paper balls and throws them at a GEEKY STUDENT nearby.

Geeky Student glares at him, wipes the paper balls from his hair. Charles chuckles. Sway shakes her head.

Sway goes back to scribbling. She moves her pen to the middle of the paper.

She draws a spiral. Keeps going. Around and around. Like a cyclone.

Eyes transfixed. She continues circling. A black void fills the paper.

Mr. Harlan turns and looks around the class. Makes a stink eye.

MR. HARLAN

Can any of you ingrates answer this?

His hard eyes land on Sway.

MR. HARLAN

Sway.

Sway snaps out of it. Stops circling. Looks at Mr. Harlan. Surprised.

MR. HARLAN

The answer?

Her eyes dart around, embarrassed. Looks at him.

SWAY

I don't know?

MR. HARLAN

Disappointing. Continuing on.

He goes back to teaching. Sway looks down at the black void on the paper. She looks at her pen. Confused.

She squints her eyes, rubs them hard. She stares back at the black void. Eyes red.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Average lunchroom. Students bustle about.

Sway eats alone at a table. Her backpack and books take up the other chairs to ensure nobody sits by her.

Sway sips a chocolate milk. Holds the paper with the black void. Stares at it.

A CHUBBY GIRL walks around for a seat. Everyone rejects her. She spots Sway alone at her table.

Sway clears a seat. Motions her over. The girl smiles. Sits across from her. They eat in silence.

INT. BAND CLASS - DAY

A multi-tiered classroom. Students sit in chairs behind their instruments. Sway sits behind a piano.

The teacher, MR. DENNIS, 50s, passionate about his job, stands in the front with DYLAN, 17, handsome with soft features.

MR. DENNIS

Everyone, this is Dylan. He's come to us all the way from Illinois. He's going--

DYLAN

--Actually I'm from Denver. And Oklahoma. Florida, Indiana... It's fine. Sorry. You go ahead. Sorry.

Dylan chuckles, awkward. Sway cracks a smile.

MR. DENNIS

Right. Well, you'll be second on piano. Right over there.

Mr. Dennis points to a seat to the side of the room. He nods, chuckles again, nervous. Takes a seat behind the piano.

Sway glances at him, he looks back. He smiles at her. She looks away.

MR. DENNIS

Everyone get your sheets ready and let's begin.

Students rifle around with the sheet music in front of them.

Everyone begins. They sound good. Sway closes her eyes as she plays. Relishes it.

Mr. Dennis moves around, observes everyone. Dylan falters, Mr. Dennis helps him get back on track.

MARTIN, an incompetent but nice kid, sits next to Sway and plays tuba. He messes up. Sway opens her eyes and cringes.

Mr. Dennis comes over and helps him get back into the groove. It doesn't work. He continues to play badly. Sway tries to deal.

LATER

Everyone sits around the room, instruments put away. Mr. Dennis addresses the class.

MR. DENNIS

Now onto some good news. Twelve of our students have been chosen to perform at Carnegie Hall this winter. That means a trip to New York, everybody. It's a big deal that could kickstart your futures.

Sway's eyes light up, hopeful.

MR. DENNIS

The twelve students are Holly, Patty, Steven, Riley, Hannah, Sullivan, Scott, David, Andy, Farrah, Georgia and last but not least... Sway.

Everyone applauds. Sway is shocked. Happy. Her eyes water. Dylan sees this. He smiles.

MR. DENNIS

Permission slips will be going out soon. Practice is this Saturday. I want everyone to take this seriously. It's a huge honor.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Sway opens her locker. HOLLY, 16, cheerful girl, runs up to Sway, excited.

HOLLY

Congrats on making the cut, Sway.

SWAY

Thanks. You too.

HOLLY

Some of us were going to the diner later to celebrate. You wanna come?

SWAY

I can't. I'm sorry. I've got a family thing.

HOLLY

Aw, are you sure?

SWAY

Yeah. Sorry.

HOLLY

Well, okay. Congrats anyway.

Holly turns away. Sway purses her lips, irritated. She really wanted to go.

Sway takes some books out of her bag, stuffs them in. The paper with the black void falls out.

She picks it up. Stares at it. Stuffs it into her backpack. Slams her locker shut.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Sway walks away from the school, earbuds in. Dylan walks behind her, tries to get her attention.

DYLAN

Hey. Sway?

She doesn't notice him. He tries again.

DYLAN

Hey, congratulations on Carnegie Hall. That's really cool. I play but I'm not that--

She still doesn't notice him. She walks on. Dylan falls back, looks around. He chuckles, scratches his neck.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

The barbeque is in full swing. A dozen people sit around a fire-pit in lawn chairs.

Meat sizzles on a big grill. A cooler full of beer.

Rocky watches on from a lawn chair and laughs. Darla sits on his lap, hangs all over him. Tank sits right beside them.

Sway walks up. Earbuds in, head down. She beelines it for her trailer.

ROCKY

Sway!

She pretends she doesn't hear him. Walks into her trailer.

Rocky throws Darla off his lap, stomps over to Sway's trailer.

INT. SWAY'S TRAILER - DAY

Sway closes the front door behind her and takes a breath.

Rocky whips open the door. Glares at her.

ROCKY

I was calling you.

SWAY

I gotta check on Lila.

ROCKY

Hurry up.

She nods. He walks away. Sway walks over to a beat-up old piano. She gently runs her fingers over the keys. She grins.

INT. JUNE'S BEDROOM - DAY

June sits in front of a mirror with curlers in her hair. Full face of makeup. Nurses a vodka.

Lila sits on her bed. Plays with a couple ratty dolls.

Sway comes in. Lila smiles big. Raises her dolls in the air.

LILA

Sway!

Sway gives her a kiss on the cheek, tickles her neck. She giggles.

JUNE

Honey, take my rollers out, will ya?

Sway walks over, takes her hair out of the rollers.

SWAY

I have something to tell you.

June applies more gooey lipstick.

JUNE

Uh huh?

SWAY

I got chosen to play at Carnegie
Hall in New York.

June smiles, adjusts her eyeshadow.

JUNE

Oh, isn't that nice.

SWAY

It's a really big deal, I could--

JUNE

--Will you hairspray me, honey?

Irritated, Sway grabs the can and sprays June's hair.

JUNE

Well, I think that sounds great.
I'm sure you'll have fun on your
little field trip.

Sway looks at her mom's reflection in the mirror, frowns.
June continues to do her makeup.

Lila stands, jumps on the bed. Sway notices her shorts
are soaked. Motions to them.

SWAY

Mom, we need to potty train her.
You have to remind her--

JUNE

--Just put her back in a diaper
for now.

Sway sighs. Irritated, she picks up Lila, walks out of
the room.

INT. LILA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sway tucks Lila into bed. Smooths the sheets. Gives her a
kiss on the head.

SWAY

Love you to the moon and back.

LILA

And the stars too?

Sway smiles.

SWAY

And the stars too.

Lila turns to her side, closes her eyes.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Sway and June join the party. June's wobbly in heels and a tight, tacky dress with lots of cleavage.

Rocky throws his arms around them, pulls them toward the fire-pit.

ROCKY

My auntie June is still the
hottest MILF in the trailer park.
Woo!

He gives her ass a quick slap. June blushes.

JUNE

You're too sweet, Rocky.

Sway sits down in the nearest chair. Rocky offers her a beer. She refuses.

ROCKY

Take it. Relax.

She hesitates. He shakes it at her. It's a demand. She gives in, takes it. Opens it. Satisfied, he leaves her alone.

Rocky raises his arms and motions everyone to come.

ROCKY

Alright, everyone, gather 'round.

They all obey him. They crowd around, beers in hand. Thick cigarette smoke.

ROCKY

Beers in the air!

Everyone raises their beers.

ROCKY

To Daddy, who kicked the bucket
eight years ago today! He was the
best shit-kicker of all of us.
Hear hear!

Everybody hoots and hollers. June stands, motions her beer to Rocky.

JUNE

That's right. Eddie took care of all of us and you've done a fine job taking his place. You're good to us, Rocky. Hear hear!

Everyone hoots and hollers again. June gives Rocky a kiss on the cheek. Sway is annoyed. Everyone parties.

LATER

The party has died down a bit. Sway sits in the same seat. Old beer beside her.

June flirts with RONNIE, 40s, shirtless perv. They fondle each other. He leads her to her trailer.

JUNE

Honey, Ronnie's gonna help me get to bed.

Ronnie grins, slaps her ass hard. Squeezes it.

Sway grimaces. Takes a swig of her beer. Maybe that will help. She cringes. Nope.

Darla saunters by, laughs at Sway.

DARLA

Look who's all trying to fit in now.

Sway ignores her. Darla sneers at her as she struts away.

Nearby, a small crowd gathers around Rocky and Tank. Some TRASHBAG looking guy with a pitbull walks up.

Everyone circles the dogs to watch them fight. Sway can't watch this. She storms off to her trailer.

Even before she gets in, she hears her mom and Ronnie going at it. Annoyed, she stomps away behind some trailers.

Back at the dog fight, Tank has defeated the pitbull. Trashbag is angry. Rocky high-fives Skeet. They laugh.

TRASHBAG

Man, you got that dog on something.

ROCKY

Gimme my money and kick rocks.

TRASHBAG

Man, fuck you. You ain't shit.

Rocky shoves Trashbag against a tree, lifts him up by his neck with ease.

TRASHBAG

Put me down!

Rocky flips out a butterfly knife, holds it to his neck. Draws some blood.

TRASHBAG

Fine, take your fuckin' money!

Rocky drops him. Trashbag shoves money into his hand. Picks up his dog, trudges away.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Quiet. Crickets chirp. Sway leans against the back of a trailer.

She stares off. Squints. Rubs her eyes, irritated.

Rocky laughs. Steps out of the shadows. Cigarette in hand.

ROCKY

Drink too much?

SWAY

Maybe.

She tries to walk past him. He puts an arm up to block her.

SWAY

I'm going to bed.

Rocky puts his arm down to let her pass. She tries to but he puts his arm up again. She glares at him. He laughs.

ROCKY

Lighten up.

He grabs her arm. Spins her around, Pushes her against the trailer. Looms over her. Sway panics.

SWAY

Let me go.

She tries to pull her arm away. He holds it in his grip. Leans in close, smells her hair.

SWAY

I need to go to bed.

She strains under his grasp. Trapped.

ROCKY

Where's your manners?

SWAY

Please let me go, Rocky.

Rocky lets her go. She rushes away. He laughs, amused with himself.

INT. SWAY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Sway walks in, past Ronnie, who rubs against her as he leaves. She recoils, disgusted.

She peeks in Lila's room. She's fast asleep. Satisfied, she heads to her room.

INT. SWAY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sway sleeps in bed, earbuds in. All is quiet.

The door slowly creaks open. A low growl in the darkness.

A black hand grabs Sway's covers. Pulls them off the bed. She doesn't wake.

A monstrous, humanoid shadow slowly looms over her bed, shrouds her in darkness.

The shadow slides onto her bed. Runs it's gigantic hands up her body. It growls.

Sway's eyes snap open. The shadow shakes her vigorously. She tries to scream, but nothing comes out.

The shadow presses her down on the bed, Crushes her chest. She chokes. Can't breathe.

A black void opens up on the ceiling. Like a twirling vortex.

She stares at it. Hypnotized. The shadow crushes her chest harder.

The black void rages, twists. Magnetized, her eyes go black as space.

She glares at the shadow. Screams in it's shrouded face. An inhuman howl.

The shadow retreats. Disappears into the darkness.

The black void relents. Sway's eyes go back to normal.

The void twists into itself until it disappears.

INT. SWAY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sway jolts up. Takes a huge breath, holds her chest. Groans.

JUNE (O.S.)

Sway!

Sway sighs, throws the covers to the side.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Sway rifles around under the sink, grabs a bottle of antacids. Pops a couple in her mouth.

In a basket, a pregnancy test sits unwrapped. She picks it up, thinks.

The door handle twists wildly. Bangs on the door. Sway tosses the test back under the sink.

LILA

I wanna come in with you!

Sway stands, opens the door. Lila runs in, wraps her arms around her legs.

LILA

Can I have lipstick on?

Sway hefts her up, grabs a chapstick. Rubs it on her lips. Sway points her to the mirror.

SWAY

So pretty.

Lila smiles in the mirror.

JUNE (O.S.)

Sway!

INT. JUNE'S BEDROOM - DAY

June lies in bed, hungover. Useless. Sway walks in, Lila on her hip. Glares at her mom.

JUNE

Honey, make my--

June looks into Sway's eyes. Locked in. She blinks hard. Sits up. Throws the covers off and walks past Sway.

JUNE

Okay, I'll make my own drink.

Sway watches her walk away, confused as hell.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

Sway walks to Rocky's trailer. Tank barks and growls at her.

She locks eyes with him. He goes quiet and lies down on the grass.

Sway shakes her head, curious. She walks into the trailer.

INT. ROCKY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Sway counts money. Darla cooks scrambled eggs at the stove.

Rocky's at the front door, gives a drugged out LADY a baggie of pills. She puts money in his hand.

He shuts the door, plops down across from Sway, feet up. Tosses the money at Sway. Some falls on the floor.

Sway gives him a sideways glare as she picks it up. Rocky doesn't notice. He lights a cigarette. Slaps Darla's ass.

ROCKY

Where's my eggs?

Annoyed, Sway glares at him. Darla looks back, catches Sway's eyes. Locked in.

She blinks hard. Turns around. Grabs the pan of eggs. Pours them right on top of Rocky's head. Sway's eyes go wide.

ROCKY

What the fuck!

Darla is confused.

DARLA

I didn't--

Rocky grabs her, swings the door open.

ROCKY

You think that shit's funny?

DARLA

Rocky, wait, I didn't--

Rocky shoves her outside, slams the door. Locks it. He glances at Sway, pissed. Wipes eggs out of his hair.

ROCKY

Shit!

Rocky stomps to the bathroom. Turns on the water.

Shocked, Sway looks around. A small smile forms. She covers it with her hand.

INT. MATH CLASS - DAY

Mr. Harlan teaches at the whiteboard. Sway watches him, bored. Next to her, Charles wads up paper balls.

Not this again. Sway looks over at him. He glances at her. Catches her eyes. Locked in. He blinks hard. Cleans up the paper balls.

Sway looks ahead. Furrows her brows. What is going on?

Dylan walks into the classroom. Knocks on the door. Mr. Harlan and the whole class turn to watch him.

MR. HARLAN

And you are?

Dylan chuckles. Nervous.

DYLAN

Um, I'm Dylan. I started yesterday. Sorry I'm late.

MR. HARLAN

If you started yesterday then why weren't you here-- You know what, I don't care. Plant yourself in the back.

Dylan nods, rushes to a seat in the back. Trips on someone's desk, almost falls.

Charles chuckles.

CHARLES

Fag.

Sway rolls her eyes. Mr. Harlan gives him a stern look. Charles zips it.

Mr. Harlan points to the whiteboard, where an equation is written.

MR. HARLAN

Who can answer this?

Sway squirms. Mr. Harlan glares at her.

MR. HARLAN

Can you do any better today, Sway?

Sway looks into his eyes, tries to lock into them. He looks back at her, puzzled.

MR. HARLAN

The answer?

Sway stares at him, brow crinkled. Mr. Harlan snaps in her face.

MR. HARLAN

Attention!

Sway snaps out of it. A few students hold back snickers. She turns red, embarrassed.

MR. HARLAN

Guess not. Anyone else?

Mr. Harlan looks around for someone else. Sway rubs her face with her hands.

Dylan watches her from the back, curious.

INT. BAND CLASS - DAY

Everyone plays instruments together. They sound great. Sway closes her eyes, enjoys the piano.

Dylan messes up a little. Mr. Dennis helps him.

Beside Sway, Martin falters. Sway cringes a bit. Looks at him. Catches his eyes. Locks in. He blinks hard.

He plays perfectly. They smile at each other and continue.

LATER

Everyone gets their things gathered, ready to go. Sway bends over, zips her backpack.

Dylan approaches, fiddles with his backpack straps. He clears his throat. Sway looks up at him.

SWAY

Hi.

Dylan Scratches behind his ear, nervous.

DYLAN

Um... So, you're really good at piano, right?

Sway gives him a curious look. Opens her mouth to speak. Dylan word vomits.

DYLAN

I mean, I just thought... With Carnegie Hall and all that you... You were like... Um...

Dylan stares at her, searches for the words. Sway can't help but smile a little.

SWAY

Are you okay?

Dylan gets his bearings.

DYLAN

I was just wondering. And you totally don't have to if you don't want, but... Do you think you could maybe... help me out on the piano after school? I'm way behind everyone else.

SWAY

Um... Well, I have to get home.

DYLAN

I won't keep you. I promise. I just need the basics.

Sway rolls it around in her mind. Dylan looks down, awkward.

DYLAN

You know what? It's fine. Forget it. I'm just gonna--

SWAY

--No. I'll help you.

Dylan's eyes light up.

DYLAN

For real?

Sway nods. Dylan's excited.

DYLAN

Cool! I mean... Cool. So, I'll see you? Here? I'm Dylan, by the way.

SWAY

I know.

DYLAN

Right, because... Okay, well I'm...

Dylan chuckles, motions to the door. Turns, quietly scolds himself as he walks away.

DYLAN

Say "cool" enough times, loser?

Sway watches him leave, smiles.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Bell rings. End of school. Kids flood the hallway. Hurry toward the exit.

Sway sits by the band class door. Earbuds in. Listens to music.

Dylan approaches. Hands in his pockets. He smiles, waves.

Sway removes her earbuds. Stands. Tries to open the door. Dylan does too. Their hands touch.

They pause, look at each other. Dylan chuckles.

DYLAN

Sorry, I'm--

Dylan opens the door for her. She bites back a smile. Walks into the room.

INT. BAND CLASS - DAY

Dylan and Sway walk into the room. Silence. It's just them in here.

Dylan chuckles, it echoes, breaks the silence. They look at each other, awkward.

SWAY

We should get started.

Sway motions to the piano. Dylan follows her over.

Sway pulls up an extra chair at the piano. They sit. Get started.

SWAY

What song do you want to practice with?

DYLAN

Uh... The one in class today would probably be best, right?

Sway arranges the sheet music. He hovers his fingers over the keys. Waits for her cue. She nods.

He plays. He's okay. The harmony's not quite right. He slips up. Stops, winces.

DYLAN

It's always that part.

Sway scoots closer to him, rests her fingers on the keys.

SWAY

You're not bad. You have to let the black keys guide you. Try to feel the music.

Sway talks as she plays the tune.

SWAY

Think about how the music sounds
in your head even when you're not
playing it.

Dylan nods. Sway plays a little more. Stops. Motions him
to try again.

He plays again. From the top. He concentrates. Nears the
part where he always falters. He's nervous.

Sway notices. She puts her hand on top of his. Moves his
fingers down onto the right keys.

He continues to play. Sway leaves him be. He plays the
hard part again, perfect this time. He smiles.

LATER

They finish up. Sway rifles through her backpack. Her
handwritten sheet music falls out.

Polite, Dylan grabs it for her, glances at it.

DYLAN

Did you write this yourself?

Sway takes it, nods.

SWAY

I wrote it for my little sister.

DYLAN

Wow, that's cool. You wanna play
it?

SWAY

Now?

Dylan shrugs.

DYLAN

Yeah. Why not? Unless you don't
want to. No big deal. Sorry.

Sway looks around.

SWAY

Yeah. Okay. Just this one.

Sway straightens up her sheet. Brings her fingers to the
keys. Plays.

She's amazing. She closes her eyes, gets into it.

Dylan watches her, mesmerized.

Sway finishes. Opens her eyes. Smiles back at him.

SWAY

Do you like it? I'm not quite done with it yet.

DYLAN

You're beautiful.

Sway flushes red. Dylan stammers.

DYLAN

I mean IT. IT was beautiful. It really was beautiful. I didn't mean to-- Oh, god. I'm sorry. I'm an idiot.

Dylan smacks himself in the head, flustered. Sway can't help but laugh. He joins in. They calm to a silence.

SWAY

So, you're from all over?

DYLAN

Oh. Yeah. I mean, kinda.

SWAY

That must be exciting. I've always wanted to travel.

Dylan looks down, fidgets with his hands. Shrugs.

DYLAN

If you consider being passed from one foster home to the next exciting, then I guess...

SWAY

Oh. I'm sorry.

Dylan laughs it off.

DYLAN

It's fine.

Heavy silence.

SWAY

We better get going. It's getting late.

DYLAN

Oh, yeah. Right. Hey, thanks. For helping me out. Sorry I'm such a...

Dylan stands, makes crazy-twirly motions toward his head. They chuckle. Get their things together.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The sun threatens to go down soon. Sway and Dylan walk out of the school.

DYLAN

Hey, it's getting dark. Why don't you let me walk you home?

SWAY

You don't have to.

Dylan shrugs, keeps up with her. They turn onto a street sidewalk.

DYLAN

It's alright. I'm going this way anyway.

Sway gives in. Lets him tag along.

EXT. WOODED PATH - NIGHT

Sway and Dylan walk down the wooded path. Silence. Sway looks at Dylan, smirks.

SWAY

You weren't really going this way were you?

Dylan opens his mouth to say something. Stutters. Raises his hands in defeat. Guilty.

Sway smiles, shakes her head.

SWAY

Won't your... Foster family be worried?

Dylan lets out a dry laugh.

DYLAN

Yeah, right.

They continue on in silence. Sway glances at him, not sure what to do or say. Dylan brightens a bit.

DYLAN

Besides, being here with you gives me a reason to avoid them.

They share a smile.

Rap music rattles in the distance. The red Cadillac approaches from behind them. Sway freezes. Worried.

They both turn as it pulls up beside them. The music lowers.

Rocky's driving. Skeet's passenger. Skeet eyeballs Dylan, whistles.

SKEET

OooWeee! Look at that pretty boy!

Rocky hangs his arm out the window, cigarette in hand. He glares at Dylan.

ROCKY

Who's your friend, Sway?

SWAY

He was just walking me home.

ROCKY

That right? What a gentleman.

Rocky spits. Flicks his cigarette at Dylan. Dylan jumps back.

ROCKY

This's far as you go. Turn your ass around and start walkin'.

Sway glares at Rocky. He grins.

ROCKY

Get in, Sway.

Dylan's confused. Sway looks at him.

SWAY

I'll see you in class.

DYLAN

But--

Rocky punches the side of the car. Sway and Dylan jump.

ROCKY

Now, Sway!

Sway hurries into the back seat. Rocky glares Dylan down until he turns and walks in the opposite direction.

Sway turns to watch him leave. Skeet makes kissy noises. Pretends to hump the dashboard. Moans.

SKEET

Oh, yeah! Sway wants her some of that pretty boy dick!

Rocky doesn't like that. He grabs Skeet by the hair, slams his head into the dashboard. Sway flinches.

ROCKY

Shut the fuck up!

Skeet whines, holds his head.

SKEET

I was just kidding, shit!

ROCKY

Get out.

Skeet obeys. Rocky motions to Sway.

ROCKY

Shotgun.

Sway climbs to the front seat. Rocky puts the money box in her lap. Puts the car in gear, drives ahead.

INT./EXT. CADILLAC - DAY

Sway sits passenger. Holds the money box. Stares at the dashboard.

Outside, Rocky deals with a stocky POLICE OFFICER.

POLICE OFFICER

Two thousand.

ROCKY

That ain't the deal and you know it. 'Sides, I thought I heard about a pig sniffin' around. What do I pay you for, huh?

POLICE OFFICER

Fine. One thousand and a bag.

Rocky knocks on the hood of the car. Sway opens the box. Counts out a thousand.

Rocky takes it, pulls a bag of pills from his pocket. Hands it all over to the officer.

POLICE OFFICER

Till' next time.

The officer walks to his cruiser. Rocky flops into the driver's seat. Cranks the ignition.

They drive ahead. He rolls down the window, lets the wind blow his hair. Smiles.

ROCKY

Remember when we used to go driving like this? Been a while, huh?

He glances at Sway. She nods. Rocky gazes ahead. Ruminates. His smile fades.

ROCKY

Yeah, Daddy'd do a real number on me and I'd just drive and drive and drive.

Sway glances at him, wary. He rolls the window up a bit. Sparks a smoke. He sighs, stares ahead. Thick silence.

INT. SWAY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sway cooks hot dogs on a skillet. Lila sits at the table, colors on a paper.

June pours vodka into a glass, sulks away. Tipsy.

Sway makes a couple plates. Adds some chips. Places one in front of Lila. Sits.

SWAY

Time to eat.

Lila smiles, takes the hot dog out of the bun, takes a bite. Sway shakes her head, smiles. They eat together.

INT. SWAY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Sway plays piano. Lila beside her. Hands in her lap. She hums along with Sway's music. Sway closes her eyes. Enjoys it.

INT. SWAY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sway lies in bed. Listens to music.

She springs up, gags a couple times. Nothing comes out. She sighs. Gets up.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sway reaches into the cabinet under the sink. Grabs the pregnancy test. Opens it. Shaky hands.

INT. SWAY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sway sits on her bed, legs crisscrossed. Holds the pregnancy test. It's positive.

She stares at it with dry, dead eyes. She puts in her earbuds. Listens to music. Catatonic.

INT. SWAY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sway sleeps in bed. It's a fitful sleep. Her eyelids bounce around. She jerks.

The shadow man looms in a dark corner. Breathes hard. Watches her.

INT. SWAY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sway sleeps in bed. Rocky swings the door open, barges in. Startles her awake.

ROCKY

Know what time it is?

Sway looks at her clock. She slept in.

ROCKY

Hurry up.

Sway glares at him. Tries to lock into his eyes. He just looks annoyed.

ROCKY

Get. Your ass. Up. Now.

He stomps away. Sway drags herself out of bed. Angry.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

Sway walks to Rocky's trailer. Mikey throws some firecrackers at a KID that walks by. Laughs.

Sway glares at Mikey. Tries to lock into his eyes. He just laughs.

MIKEY

The fuck you lookin' at, Sway?

Sway turns away, creases her brow in confusion.

INT. ROCKY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Sway counts at the table. Darla bags pills across from her. Chomps on bubblegum.

Rocky walks in. Rap music blares from his phone. He bobs his head to the beat. Grabs a beer out of the fridge.

Sway loses her count. She glares at Rocky. Irritated.

The door swings open. Skeet and Mikey muscle Ronnie to the door frame. He looks worried.

Rocky lowers the music. Leans in the door frame. Ronnie looks at him in fear.

Mikey smacks him across the back of the head.

MIKEY

Spit it out.

Ronnie nods, swallows hard. Looks up at Rocky.

RONNIE

It's gettin' real hot in my trailer. You think there's any way you can--

ROCKY

--Pay for the last two bags and I'll turn your power on.

RONNIE

B-But, please, Rocky. Your daddy woulda--

Ronnie tries to take a step into the trailer. Angry, Rocky kicks his foot back. Ronnie stumbles backward.

ROCKY

Well, I'm not my Daddy now am I?
Fuck off!

Ronnie nods, pulls himself together and scurries away.
Rocky slams the door, irritated.

He walks to the counter, punches it. Sway and Darla
flinch. He leans over the sink, sulks.

Darla rises, tentatively puts a hand on Rocky's shoulder.
Tries to comfort him. He sighs, shakes his head.

ROCKY

Can't make nobody happy around
here. Fuckin' ingrates.

Sway watches this moment of tenderness between them. It
doesn't last long.

Rocky brushes her off and barges out of the room.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Sway sits alone at a table. Her backpack and books take
up the chairs. She listens to music. Ignores her food.

Dylan walks up, taps her shoulder. She jumps, takes out
her earbuds.

DYLAN

Sorry I scared you.

SWAY

It's okay.

Dylan motions to the table.

DYLAN

Can I?

Sway moves books off the seat next to her. He sits down.
Wiggles his fingers around.

DYLAN

I think my piano fingers are ready
today.

Sway half-laughs. Can't concentrate that well. Dylan
notices.

DYLAN

You okay? I was worried about you.

Sway sighs.

SWAY

I'm fine. Just a lot going on.

DYLAN

You wanna talk about it?

Before Sway can say anything, a wigger kid, TRIP leans on the table. Startles her.

TRIP

Hey, baby girl. You Rocky's cuz, right? He got any oxy's?

Sway glares at him. Locks into his eyes. He blinks hard. Stands up. Walks away. Dylan chuckles.

DYLAN

That was weird.

Sway pokes around at her food. Dylan smiles at her.

DYLAN

Do you wanna hang out after school today? Maybe show me around?

SWAY

I can't. I have to go home.

DYLAN

Well, maybe you can help me on the piano again?

Sway shakes her head. Gets her stuff together.

SWAY

I can't.

DYLAN

Did I do something?

SWAY

I'm sorry, okay? I'll see you in class.

She walks off. Dylan watches her, dejected.

INT. BAND CLASS - DAY

It's the end of class. Mr. Dennis hands out the permission slips.

Sway looks at hers, excited. Dylan smiles at her.

MR. DENNIS

I'll need these back and signed at
practice on Saturday. Don't be
late.

Everyone gathers their things.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Sway walks out of the building. There's a ruckus nearby.
Charles picks on Dylan.

Charles trips Dylan. He falls down. He unzips his
backpack. All his books fall out as he stands back up.

Dylan sighs, bends over to pick up his books. Charles
doubles over in laughter.

Sway charges over. Glares at Charles. Locks into his
eyes.

Charles stops. Blinks hard. Bends over. Picks up all of
Dylan's stuff, returns it to his backpack. Zips it up and
wanders off.

Dylan looks from Charles to Sway, astonished. Sway,
turns, walks away. He follows.

DYLAN

What was that all about?

SWAY

You wouldn't believe me if I told
you.

DYLAN

Try me.

She shakes her head, puts her earbuds in. Moves faster.
Leaves him in the dust. He just stands there, bewildered.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

Sway walks through the park. Toward her trailer.

In front, Lila sits in the grass, plays with her dolls.
Some LITTLE SHIT, 8, kicks dirt at her. Laughs.

Sway glares, walks up to him. He looks up at her. She
locks into his eyes. He blinks hard. Turns to Lila.

LITTLE SHIT

I'm sorry, Lila.

Little shit hightails it away from them. Sway cracks a smile. Picks Lila up, heads into the trailer.

INT. SWAY'S KITCHEN - DAY

June nurses a drink. She stands over the stove, makes a mess as she stirs a pot of chili. It pops and bubbles.

Sway enters, Lila on her hip. She sets her down in a chair.

Lila picks up some silverware, bangs it on the table. June glances at Sway

JUNE

Hey, honey.

Sway pulls out her permission slip. Sets it on the table.

SWAY

My permission slip came in.

June dips her finger in the sauce, sucks her finger.

JUNE

Permission slip for what now?

Sway shakes her head, frustrated.

SWAY

For the trip to New York. Carnegie Hall. Remember?

June turns, picks up the slip.

JUNE

Oh, right. That's nice.

Sway hands her a pen. June takes it. About to sign.

Rocky stomps in. Hops onto the counter. Opens the pot of chili. Shovels a spoonful into his mouth.

ROCKY

What are ya'll talkin' about?

JUNE

I was just about to sign this permission slip so Sway could go on a little field trip.

ROCKY

To where?

JUNE

New York.

Rocky shakes his head.

ROCKY

Nope.

Sway narrows her eyes at him.

SWAY

What? Why not?

ROCKY

Need you here.

SWAY

Can't Darla count while I'm gone?

ROCKY

Nuh uh. You.

Rocky shovels more food into his mouth. Looks back at her, matter of fact. She glares at him.

SWAY

Sign the slip, Mom.

June is conflicted.

JUNE

I don't know, Honey. Rocky said--

Sway locks into her mom's eyes. June blinks hard. Sits at the table. Brings the pen to the slip. Rocky's incensed.

ROCKY

Don't do it, June.

June signs it anyway. Rocky hops off the counter. Grabs the slip. Rips it up.

SWAY

No!

Sway loses it. She lunges at him, tries to get the slip. He throws her back. June catches her, frightened.

Lila's scared. She jumps off the chair, bolts out of the kitchen.

Sway glares into Rocky's eyes, tries to lock in. He just glares right back.

ROCKY

Fuck the trip and fuck the piano!
If I'm stuck here then so are you!

She shakes her head, tears form. She trembles harder. Fists clenched.

SWAY

Fuck you!

Rocky raises his eyebrows, scoffs.

ROCKY

Oh, yeah?

Rocky opens a kitchen drawer, pulls out a hammer. He marches out of the room. Sway's eye widen.

SWAY

Rocky, no!

Sway runs after him.

LIVING ROOM

Rocky charges up to the piano, raises the hammer over it. Sway runs in, grabs his arm, tries to pull him away.

He shoves her. Hard. She falls onto the coffee table. June runs out, goes to Sway's side.

SWAY

No! Please!

Rocky bashes the hammer onto the piano. Over and over. It ting, ting, tings as keys break off.

Sway tries to go at him again but June holds her back.

Rocky continues. Splinters the wood. Busts it all up. Sway breaks down. Cries.

Rocky spits on the piano, turns to Sway, points the hammer at her.

ROCKY

You're done with the piano. If I see you playing it again I'll break your fuckin' fingers!

He busts the piano good one more time. Tosses the hammer. He stomps out, slams the door behind him.

Sway cries, face in her hands. June tries to rub her back, but she pushes her away.

Lila peeks her head out of her door, sees Sway. Tears up. Runs over. Jumps into her arms. Tries to comfort her.

INT. LILA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sway and Lila lie in bed, face to face. Sway's eyes are red, she snuffles. Smooths Lila's hair.

LILA

Why Rocky hurt your piano?

Sway doesn't know what to say. She just shakes her head.

LILA

He's mean. I'm shy of him.

Sway forces a smile. Kisses her head.

INT. SWAY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sway sleeps in bed. The shadow man slowly rises, looms over her like a huge black mass.

It hovers. Watches. Oppressive. She continues to sleep. It reaches a huge, gangly hand out to her.

Sway's eyes snap open. She tries to scream. Nothing.

The shadow growls. Grips her by the neck, holds her up against the wall.

The shadow presses itself against her. Breathes hard. Ragged.

She shakes with fear, stares at the ceiling. Waits for the black void. It doesn't come.

The shadow consumes her with darkness.

INT. SWAY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sway jolts up in bed. Takes a huge intake of breath. Looks around. Touches her neck. Squints.

INT. ROCKY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Sway counts money with a frown. Stoic. Eyes red.

Rocky and Darla stumble in. Rocky tickles Darla, she giggles.

Rocky pats Sway on the top of the head as they pass.

ROCKY

Feeling better, killer?

Sway doesn't respond in any way. Rocky and Darla laugh at her, disappear into the bedroom.

They're being loud. Sway puts in her earbuds. Cranks music all the way up.

She counts. A few moments pass. A ruckus comes from Rocky's bedroom.

Indistinct yells. Bangs on the wall. Darla cries out. A door opens. Footsteps stomp.

Rocky charges into the kitchen. Angry. Sway watches him, startled. He walks out the door, slams the door behind him.

Sway takes her earbuds out. Looks around. Darla whimpers.

INT. ROCKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Darla sits on the bed, hunched over. Holds her bloody lip. Tears fall.

Sway walks in, looks at her. Humiliated, Darla sucks it up, wipes at her lip.

DARLA

What do you want?

Sway sits down beside her, reaches in her pocket. Pulls out a tissue. Offers it to her.

Hesitant, Darla gives her a side-glare. Sway nods, holds it to her.

Darla finally takes it. Holds it to her bloody lip.

DARLA

I shoulda just did what he said.

They look at each other, a shared sadness.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Sway sits under a tree. Listens to music. Stares into the distance.

Dylan approaches. She looks up at him. Removes her earbuds.

DYLAN

Can I join you?

Sway motions for him to sit. He settles beside her.

DYLAN

You look like you had a hard night.

SWAY

Yeah.

DYLAN

Anything I can do?

Sway lets out a heavy sigh. Shakes her head. Wraps her arms around herself.

SWAY

I'm just tired of feeling trapped all the time.

DYLAN

Trapped by who?

Sway glares at the ground, jaw clenched.

SWAY

Rocky.

DYLAN

Let me guess. The big, scary guy in the Cadillac?

Sway nods.

DYLAN

Seems like you're kept on a pretty tight leash.

SWAY

Yeah.

Dylan tries to lighten the mood.

DYLAN

At least you'll get away from them
for a while when you go to New
York.

Sway shakes her head.

SWAY

He tore up my permission slip.

DYLAN

Are you serious? What a dick.

Dylan scoffs, shakes his head.

DYLAN

You should just get another slip
and forge it. Mr. Dennis wouldn't
even know.

SWAY

It doesn't matter. Rocky won't let
me go.

Dylan's irritated.

DYLAN

No. You know-- Screw that. It
shouldn't have to be that way.
Just go anyway. You shouldn't have
to put up with that. Go for good
even. I know I wish I could.

Irritated, Dylan picks up a rock. Launches it to the
side. Sway puts a hand on his shoulder. Dylan sighs,
calms down.

DYLAN

You wanna get some real lunch? Not
this cafeteria garbage? My treat.

SWAY

What about classes?

DYLAN

Let's blow em' off. Come on. Do
something for yourself for once.

Sway thinks. Cracks a smiles.

SWAY

Okay.

DYLAN

Yeah?

SWAY

Yeah. Let's do it.

Dylan springs up. Extends a hand. She takes it. He pulls her up.

INT. DINER - DAY

Classic American diner.

Sway and Dylan sit in a booth across from each other. They feast on burgers, fries, and milkshakes.

The WAITRESS walks up, gives them the hairy eyeball.

WAITRESS

Ya'll kids about done? Being it is a school day and all.

They shake their heads. She scoffs, disperses.

Sway stirs her milkshake. Dylan drums his fingers on the table. Studies her.

DYLAN

So, I have to ask...

She looks at him, eyebrows raised.

DYLAN

What happened with that guy that was messing with me yesterday? That was... Strange, to say the least.

Sway looks down. Opens her mouth to say something, but closes it again.

SWAY

You won't believe me.

DYLAN

Like I said. Try me.

Sway looks back at him. She wants to say it but she's hesitant. She lowers her voice.

SWAY

I can make people do things. With my mind.

Dylan scrunches up his eyebrows. Can't help but smile.

DYLAN

What do you mean?

SWAY

Exactly what I said.

Dylan tries to wrap his mind around it.

DYLAN

So, you're saying you can, like,
control people's minds?

Sway shushes him. The Waitress gives them the stink-eye from behind the counter. Turns to make a pot of coffee.

Dylan just looks at Sway, bewildered. He cracks a laugh.

DYLAN

You made that guy pick up all my
books and put them back in my
backpack? With your mind?

Sway nods. Dylan leans back in his seat, rubs his eyes. Disbelief.

SWAY

I told you you wouldn't believe
me.

DYLAN

I'm sorry, but... It's just...

SWAY

I can prove it.

DYLAN

Okay. Do it.

SWAY

What do you want me to do?

Dylan looks around. Motions to the waitress. Cracks a laugh.

DYLAN

I don't know... Make that waitress
throw a glass across the room.

Sway looks over at the waitress, who scrubs the counter. Catches her eyes.

The waitress stops. Blinks hard. Picks up a milkshake glass. Slugs it across the room. It shatters on the floor.

She turns without a word and walks into the back.

Dylan looks back at Sway, in shock. Mouth open. She smiles.

EXT. WOODED PATH - DAY

Sway and Dylan walk the path.

DYLAN

Holy shit. So... Have you always been able to... You know?

SWAY

No. It just appeared the other day.

DYLAN

You didn't get bit by a spider or find some radioactive alien type thing?

Sway gives him a comical look. Shakes her head. Dylan tosses it around in his mind.

DYLAN

So, if you have this... Power... Why can't you use it on Rocky to let you go to New York?

SWAY

It doesn't work on everyone.

DYLAN

Why not?

Sway shrugs.

SWAY

I don't know. It didn't come with an instruction manual.

She stops in her tracks. Thinks. Opens her backpack, rifles through it.

DYLAN

What is it?

Sway pulls out the drawing of the black void. Dylan squints at it.

SWAY

The night before it started. I saw this. It just... Opened up on my ceiling.

DYLAN

Whoa. Do you think that's what gave you your power?

SWAY

I think so. Yeah.

Dylan tries to wrap his mind around it.

SWAY

And there was this shadow. Like... It was like a man. It had these huge hands with long fingers. It was crushing me until...

DYLAN

Until what?

Sway points to the black void.

SWAY

That's when this showed up. It scared it away.

Dylan raises his eyebrows, lets out a breath.

DYLAN

That's some freaky shit.

SWAY

Last night, the shadow came back...

Sway shudders at the thought.

SWAY

But the black void didn't show up to scare it away.

Dylan stares at the black void, wheels turning.

DYLAN

What if it was trying to show you how?

SWAY

How to what?

DYLAN

It scared it away the first time,
right? So... What if--

Dylan points to the black void.

DYLAN

If your power comes from this then
maybe it was showing you how to
get rid of that... Shadow thing.

SWAY

With my power? How?

Dylan shrugs. Clueless. They walk on in silence.
Lightbulb, he raises a finger.

DYLAN

What if you need to strengthen it?
Besides the shadow and Rocky, who
else won't it work on?

SWAY

So far only Mr. Harlan and Mikey.

Dylan scratches his neck, thinks.

DYLAN

What do they all have in common?

Sway rolls it around in her mind for a moment.

SWAY

They're all really stubborn. Mean.
Hard-asses.

Dylan jumps as he walks, excited. Points at her.

DYLAN

Right! Maybe the more strong-
minded, the harder it is to
control them!

Sway laughs at his giddiness.

SWAY

Calm down.

DYLAN

Sorry, I'm just... This is so
awesome.

They smile at each other, continue down the path.

DYLAN

Maybe it's like a muscle. You need to flex it.

She gives him a quizzical look.

DYLAN

Hear me out. What if I helped you practice?

SWAY

What do you mean, like, on you?

DYLAN

Yeah. Well, On other people too. Just think. If you got it strong enough... You could beat the shadow thing. And Rocky. Everyone. Hell, it could be your ticket out of here.

Sway mulls it over.

SWAY

I don't know.

DYLAN

This weekend?

SWAY

I have band practice.

DYLAN

Afterward then.

SWAY

Maybe if it's not too late.

Speaking of that. Sway notices it's getting dark. She freaks.

SWAY

Oh, no. I'm really late.

Sway rushes ahead. Dylan runs after her.

SWAY

Just let me go. I'll be fine.

DYLAN

No way. I wanna make sure you get home safe.

SWAY

I'm fine, Dylan.

DYLAN

No way. I'm coming.

Sway sighs, gives in. Shakes her head. They run down the path.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Sway and Dylan head toward her trailer.

It's pretty quiet out. Nobody around. Rap music emanates from Rocky's trailer.

INT. ROCKY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rocky leans back on his bed. Darla's on her knees in front of him. Gives him a blow-job. Rap music pounds.

Rocky watches her, bored. His eyes drift to the window.

He sees Sway and Dylan. They talk. Dylan puts a hand on her shoulder, moves it to her arm, squeezes.

Rocky shoves Darla away. Charges out of the room.

DARLA

What the hell!

Darla follows him.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Sway and Dylan stand in front of her trailer.

DYLAN

So, I'll see you this weekend?

SWAY

We'll see.

They smile at each other. Dylan starts to walk away.

Rocky barrels out of his trailer. Pants half undone. Flips his knife open. Glares at Dylan.

ROCKY

Fuck off outta here!

Rocky gets all in Dylan's face. Dylan holds his hands up.

SWAY

Rocky, stop! He's leaving!

ROCKY

That's fuckin' right.

Rocky shoves him. Dylan falls to the ground. Glares daggers at him.

ROCKY

Oh, you a tough guy? Hmm? Come at me.

Rocky false charges him with the knife. Dylan holds his arms up to shield himself. Afraid.

SWAY

Dylan, just run!

Dylan takes her cue, runs out of the trailer park. Rocky yells at him in a girly voice.

ROCKY

Run, Dylan! Just run!

Rocky laughs at him. Spits. Turns to Sway. She glowers at him. Shakes her head.

ROCKY

I haven't even started with you.

Sway tries to open her door, but he grabs her arm, pins her to the trailer.

ROCKY

You really been pissin' me off lately.

She glares into his eyes, tries to lock into them. It doesn't work.

ROCKY

You're not gonna see that little shit-stain again. Got it?

She glares at him harder, defiant.

SWAY

Or else what?

Rocky leans in close. Presses his knife next to the scar on her arm. Whispers in her ear.

ROCKY

You know what, Sway.

He grips her chin, turns her head. Smells her neck. She recoils, disgusted.

SWAY

Let me go. My mom will hear.

Rocky squeezes her arm tighter.

ROCKY

What do you say?

SWAY

Please.

Rocky releases her. She hurries into her trailer.

Darla watches him from his porch. Frown on her face.

INT. SWAY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

June lounges on the couch, drink in hand. Plastered. She stares at the TV.

Lila's door's open. She's visible in her bed, sleeps soundly.

Sway snuffles. Hunched over at her piano. She picks up the broken pieces. Looks back at her mom.

SWAY

Mom, can we get some new keys for the piano?

June stirs her drink with her finger.

JUNE

Oh, I don't know, honey. Remember what Rocky said.

Sway glares at her.

JUNE

Don't gimme that look, Sway. His daddy was the same way. You best mind him. He keeps food on the table--

SWAY

--And vodka in your glass.

June snaps, irritated.

JUNE

That's right. He does. You think you got it bad now? I'll have you know he's had it worse than all of us. You can't blame him for the way he is. You don't know how your uncle Eddie really was. Rocky always got the short end of the stick.

SWAY

That doesn't give him the right--

JUNE

--Enough, Sway.

Sway looks at the ground. Seethes.

INT. SWAY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sway sits on the bed. Hands around her knees. Tears fall. She shakes with rage.

She grabs a pillow. Puts it over her face. Screams into it.

INT. SWAY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sway sleeps in bed.

The shadow man slowly rises at the foot of her bed. Breathes hard. It puts a knee on her bed. Crawls toward her.

Sway's eyes burst open. She gasps, crawls away from it. It grabs her foot, pulls her close.

Jumps on her. Covers her in darkness. She stares at the ceiling. Waits for the black void. It doesn't come.

She glares at the shadow's shrouded face. Tries to use her power. It doesn't work.

Shadow man grips her forearm, holds it up. Squeezes. Blood flows from her scar. Soaks the sheets.

The shadow grips her face. Cups it. Runs it's monstrous thumb across her lips.

She trembles, paralyzed with fear.

INT. SWAY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sway springs up from sleep. Gasps. Shivers. Wraps her arms around herself.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Sway sits in a hot bath. Knees to her chest. Hands wrapped around them. Her shivers calm.

Shaky breaths, she stares at the scar on her forearm.

The doorknob twists wildly. Bangs on the door.

LILA

I wanna bath!

Sway stands, wraps herself in a towel. She opens the door. Helps Lila get undressed. Notices she's in a diaper. Sighs.

SWAY

Mom's still putting you in
diapers, huh?

Lila nods. Sway sighs, takes the diaper off. Places her in the bath.

Lila splashes around. Lila sits on the ledge of the tub, smiles at her.

INT. ROCKY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Sway counts money. Earbuds in. Skeet sleeps on the couch in the living room. Snores like a chainsaw. Tank lies in front of him.

Even her music can't drown out his snores. She locks into Tank's eyes. Tank rises, barks in Skeet's face.

Skeet jumps up, rubs his head. Shoos Tank away.

SKEET

Ugh. Fuck off, dude.

Skeet lights a blunt. Walks past Sway, out the door. She continues to count.

Footsteps approach. Rocky walks in, shirtless, wife-beater in hand. Sway ignores him.

Rocky hops onto the kitchen counter, spread eagle, pulls his shirt on. Lights a cigarette. Sway glances at him.

He watches her in silence. His eyes bore into her. Oppressive.

Sway finishes, stuffs the money in the box. Locks it. She stands, swings her backpack over her shoulder.

ROCKY

Where you goin'? It's Saturday.

SWAY

I have weekend detention.

Rocky cracks a laugh. Ashes his cigarette in the sink.

ROCKY

That's a first. What'd you do?

SWAY

Nothing that would impress you.

Rocky frowns.

ROCKY

Check the attitude.

Sway heads to the door.

ROCKY

Don't be late again.

Sway gives a weak nod. Exits.

INT. BAND CLASS - DAY

At practice, the students play instruments together. They sound great. Mr. Dennis moves around the room.

Sway enters. Mr. Dennis frowns. Motions her to get to the piano. She quickly sits down and joins in.

LATER

After practice, Mr. Dennis sits behind his desk. Everyone stands in line to drop their permission slips off before they leave. Last one to the desk is Sway.

SWAY

Can I have another slip? Mine got lost.

Mr. Dennis gives her a look.

MR. DENNIS

Are you doing alright, Sway?

SWAY

Yeah. Why?

MR. DENNIS

First you're late for practice and now you don't even have your permission slip. I'm starting to think you're not taking this trip very seriously. This could mean a lot for you, you know what I mean?

SWAY

No. I am taking this very seriously. This is the best thing that's ever happened to me.

She can't help but smile a little. Mr. Dennis watches her, considers.

MR. DENNIS

I'm not going to lie. I consider you one of the most talented pianists I've ever had the pleasure of teaching. If not the best. And that's why I worry you aren't putting this at the top of your priorities.

Sway shakes her head, pleads.

SWAY

It is at the top. Very top. Trust me. I'll do better. I promise you.

Mr. Dennis, sighs. Pulls out a new permission slip, hands it to her. She takes it.

MR. DENNIS

Don't let me down.

SWAY

I won't.

They share a smile.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Sway walks away from the school. Dylan catches up to her.

DYLAN

How was last night? Any shadow man?

SWAY

Yeah. I don't really wanna talk about it though.

Dylan nods, backs off from the question.

DYLAN

That's cool. So, when should we start practicing?

SWAY

Food first.

DYLAN

Do you have money? Cause' I don't.

Sway brightens. A small mischievous grin forms on her face.

DYLAN

What?

SWAY

You'll see.

They continue on.

INT. DINER - DAY

Sway and Dylan sit at the counter in the diner. They share chili cheese fries and a milkshake.

The waitress walks up. Presses the check onto the counter. Gives them a scowl.

WAITRESS

You kids about done?

Dylan glances at Sway.

DYLAN

Uh, no, we're--

SWAY

--Yes. We are.

Sway looks into the waitress's eyes. Locks in. The waitress blinks hard. Smiles. Picks up the check.

WAITRESS

I'll take care of this for you.
You two have a nice day.

She disappears into the back. Sway and Dylan beam at each other.

DYLAN

Let the muscle flexing begin.

They smile at each other.

EXT. PARK - DAY

BEGIN MONTAGE

-Sway and Dylan sit on a bench by a fountain. They people watch. A rude GUY walks his dog. Practically drags the dog while he blabbers on his phone.

Sway catches the dog's eyes. Locks in. The dog winds around the guy, wraps him up with the leash. He yells, falls over into the fountain.

Sway and Dylan contain laughter.

-A buff GYM INSTRUCTOR teaches a class of about eight people. They all do pushups. He goes around, motivates them with insults.

Sway and Dylan sit in the grass. Sway catches eyes with him. Tries to lock in. It doesn't work. He goes back to work.

Sway looks at Dylan, shakes her head.

-At the park, a creepy WEIRDO hits on a COLLEGE GIRL while she tries to read and drink coffee on a bench. He leans in. She backs away from him. He won't relent.

Sway stands across the way, irritated. Dylan behind her. Weirdo touches College Girl's leg. Sway locks into her eyes.

She blinks hard. Slaps Weirdo across the face with her book. Throws the coffee in his lap. He yells. She rushes away. Weirdo stomps away, angry.

END MONTAGE

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

Sway and Dylan stand at the box office. Sway locks eyes with the CASHIER. He hands them a pair of tickets.

CASHIER

Enjoy your movie.

Sway and Dylan run inside.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY.

In the theater, a white glow casts off Sway and Dylan's faces as they watch the movie.

Dylan glances at Sway. Scratches his neck. Nervous. He gingerly rests his hand on top of hers.

She looks at him. Intertwines her fingers in his. They look ahead, both flushed with smiles.

INT. MUSIC STORE - DAY

Sway and Dylan look around. Sway sees a piano. A sign tells her "Please don't play me". Dylan looks the piano up and down.

DYLAN

Not too shabby.

She grins, removes the sign. Sits down at the piano.

Dylan sits beside her. A mousy MANAGER comes over.

MANAGER

Hey, please don't touch the piano--

Sway locks into his eyes. He stops. Blinks hard. Turns and walks into the back.

Sway and Dylan smile at each other. She plays the piano. Closes her eyes. He watches her, captivated.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Sway and Dylan sit in the grass. Relax. Sway looks tired. Weak. She yawns.

DYLAN

Are you all tired out from today?

SWAY

I guess so. I'm completely drained.

She wobbles a bit. Dylan scoots closer, lets her rest her head on his shoulder. She closes her eyes.

DYLAN

Guess you gotta a good workout then, huh?

Sway half-smiles, nods.

DYLAN

So, you still gonna try to go to Carnegie Hall?

SWAY

Yeah.

DYLAN

How?

SWAY

I'll figure it out.

She moves closer to Dylan, nuzzles his shoulder. He smiles.

INT. SWAY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Piano music plays into Sway's ears as she sleeps. Deep. Peaceful. There's almost a smile on her face. No shadow man in sight.

INT. ROCKY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rap blares. Rocky fucks Darla from behind. He stares out his window, at Sway's trailer.

He spanks Darla's ass hard. She cries out. He rails her harder as he stares at Sway's trailer.

He can't finish. He rolls over. Darla breathes hard.

DARLA

What's the matter?

ROCKY

Nothin'. Maybe my dick don't want you no more.

She scoffs. Gets dressed. Barges out of the room.

He stares out the window at Sway's trailer.

INT. SWAY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sway's in high spirits. She stands in front of a mirror. Admires herself in a pretty yellow polka dotted dress.

She smiles. Raises her head. New found air of confidence.

She gets her backpack ready, slings it over her shoulder.

Lila runs in, jumps on the bed. Beams at Sway.

LILA

Pretty dress!

Sway smiles, takes Lila's hands. They dance. Lila throws herself back onto the bed. Sway tickles her. They laugh.

INT. ROCKY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Sway counts money. Darla bags pills across from her. Chomps gum.

Rocky leans in the door frame. Cigarette in hand. Snaps at Darla.

ROCKY

Go to the store and get Tank some dog food.

Darla's not happy with him. She stands without a word, walks out the door.

Sway continues to count. Rocky eyeballs her. Walks up behind her. Looms over her. Sway ignores him.

ROCKY

I like your dress.

Sway stops counting, hesitates.

SWAY

Thanks.

Cigarette in hand, he rests his palm on her shoulder. Grips it. She freezes, looks to the side.

ROCKY

I take care of y'all good, don't
I?

She swallows hard.

SWAY

Sure.

He moves closer. Sighs. Runs his other hand down her hair. To her neck. Lower.

Sway panics. Tries to stand. Rocky firmly plants her back into the chair with a thud.

He gropes her chest, brings his mouth to her bare shoulder. Growls under his breath. Sway shakes, eyes dart around.

SWAY

Rocky--

The door bursts open. Darla looks at him with a scowl. Rocky backs away from Sway.

DARLA

I need money.

Rocky huffs, walks outside with Darla. Sway exhales a deep, shaky breath.

EXT. WOODED PATH DAY

Sway walks forward. Earbuds in. Eyes hard. Mind racing.

She now wears a baggy jacket that conceals her dress. She tightly pulls it together over her chest.

INT. MATH CLASS - DAY

Mr. Harlan writes equations on the whiteboard.

Sway absently scribbles music notes onto sheet paper, distracted.

MR. HARLAN

I expect everyone's ready for the
test today.

Random moans and groans from the students. Sway winces. Really not in the mood for this.

MR. HARLAN

Suck it up, Buttercups.

Mr. Harlan grabs a stack of test papers. Straightens them. He glances at Sway, notices her sheet music. He snaps at her.

MR. HARLAN

Sway. Attention.

Sway looks up in surprise. Dylan watches from the back.

MR. HARLAN

You know, if you'd pay as much attention to math as you do music, you'd practically be Einstein by now.

Sway looks into his eyes. Locks into them. He blinks hard. He looks around, confused.

MR. HARLAN

On second thought... The test is cancelled for today. I... Have some matters to attend to...

Mr. Harlan sets the tests on his desk. Without a word, he walks out of the room.

The students are all flabbergasted. They mutter under their breath to each other.

Charles claps his hands together, stands. Gathers his things to go.

CHARLES

Sweet. No class.

Dylan looks at Sway, smiles knowingly. She glances back at him. Forces a smile, but looks a bit down.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Sway and Dylan sit across from each other at a table.

DYLAN

So, you're saying you want to practice again? Aren't you still tired?

SWAY

I feel stronger.

DYLAN

You can say that again. You finally cracked Mr. Harlan.

Sway looks at him, determined.

SWAY

I need to go bigger. If I wanna get Rocky...

Sway clenches her jaw, lets out a loaded sigh. Dylan puts his hand over hers, supportive.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The bell rings. Students flood out the door.

Sway and Dylan meet up, run together down the street.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Sway and Dylan sit on the ledge of the fountain. Look for someone to practice on.

An obnoxious PUNK dances by, thrashes his head to loud metal on his phone. Dylan motions to him.

DYLAN

What about him?

SWAY

Too easy.

They look around some more. An OLD WOMAN rests on a bench, feeds birds. Her purse falls over. Her wallet tumbles out.

A shady looking GUY notices her wallet. Eyeballs it. Sneaks up behind her.

Grabs the wallet. Old woman doesn't notice. The guy looks around, paranoid.

Sway catches his eyes. He glares back, resists. Grips the wallet.

She concentrates. Finally locks in. He blinks hard. Puts the wallet back in her purse and walks away.

LATER

Sway watches a hard gang-banger with a BANDANA argue with a MEAN MUG dude. They get in each other's faces.

People in the park get nervous, scatter away. Sway watches, takes a breath.

The fight escalates. Dylan watches her, curious. She tries to lock into Bandanas eyes. It's hard. She concentrates.

Bandana catches her eyes. Angry. She locks in. Concentrates. It works. He blinks hard. Curles up into a ball on the ground.

Mean Mug gapes at him, confused. He gives up, waves him off, stomps away.

Satisfied, Sway and Dylan watch as the crowd disperses.

INT. DINER - DAY

Kind of busy. Probably eight other people in booths. The Waitress makes her rounds.

Sway and Dylan sit at a booth. Sip glasses of soda.

At the counter, a big BRUISER shovels a burger into his mouth. He throws his foot onto the stool next to him.

At a candy machine, a little chestnut haired GIRL, looks a lot like Lila. She turns the knob, tries to get some candy.

Bruiser notices. Springs up, stomps over to the girl. Grabs her arm. Yanks her toward him. Whispers harshly.

Sway watches, angry. Bruiser grips the girl's arm. Vigorously shakes it. The girl looks at Sway with dead eyes.

Bruiser notices, looks at Sway. She tries to lock into his eyes. She concentrates.

Bruiser stares at her. Not sure what's going on. On the cusp, she concentrates, squints.

It doesn't work. Sway's eyes fill with tears. Bruiser snaps out of it, annoyed. He drags the girl out of the diner.

Sway lets out a breath, wipes her tears. Dylan squeezes her shoulder.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Sway and Dylan sit on the grass. Sway rubs her eyes. Exhausted.

DYLAN

You must be tired.

SWAY

Yeah.

DYLAN

This should make you even stronger now.

Sway casts her eyes to the ground.

SWAY

I wasn't strong enough to help that little girl.

DYLAN

Hey, you can't blame yourself for that. Come on.

Sway shrugs. Dylan scoots closer.

DYLAN

You can do anything, you know that? You're stronger than you think. You have no idea... You're the most amazing person I've ever met.

Sway looks at him, can't help but smile. He leans in, pushes a strand of hair behind her ear.

They look into each other's eyes. Dylan swallows hard. Nervous.

SWAY

Are you gonna kiss me or do I have to make you?

Dylan smiles, leans in. Plants a soft kiss on her lips. She pulls him close.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Sway trudges toward her trailer. Tired. Mikey whistles at her from Rocky's porch.

MIKEY

Rocky wants to see you.

SWAY

Tell him I'm going to bed.

MIKEY

Go see him, Sway. Now. He's on one.

Sway doesn't even have the energy to argue. She sighs, walks into Rocky's trailer.

INT. ROCKY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rocky loafs on the couch. Drinks a beer. Glassy eyed. He's wasted. Sway walks in, arms crossed.

He rises, staggers over. Hovers. Circles her like a vulture.

SWAY

You wanted to see me?

ROCKY

Why you so late?

SWAY

I had detention.

Rocky snorts in derision.

ROCKY

Bullshit. You were with that pretty boy.

SWAY

No. I was in detention.

Rocky pushes her against the wall. Punches a hole beside her head.

ROCKY

Stop lying!

Sway glares at him. Tries to lock into his eyes. It doesn't work. She's too weak.

ROCKY

I think I deserve a little respect. Don't you? You're the only fuckin' one that don't respect me around here!

Sway shakes her head slowly. She glowers. Hot tears. Her voice breaks.

SWAY

I hate you.

Rocky looks at her, hurt. Glazed eyes.

ROCKY

Don't say that.

She glares at him. Tears stream. Rocky softens. Cups her face.

ROCKY

I know you don't mean that, Sway.
I know you didn't mean it...

Rocky look into her eyes, lets out a heavy sigh.

ROCKY

I know I'm hard on you. But you
don't know how it is to keep this
place goin'. You don't know.

Sway doesn't know what to say. She stares at him.

Rocky runs his thumb across her lips. He kisses her. She cringes, jerks away.

He pulls her face back, forces his lips to hers. She tries to pull away but he grips her face.

He mauls her neck, shoves his hand up her dress. She panics.

SWAY

I'm pregnant.

Rocky freezes. Takes a step back. Gapes at her.

ROCKY

You're what?

Sway's lip trembles. She nods. Rocky lets out an incredulous laugh.

ROCKY

No, no, no, no. We can't have no
kid.

Rocky freaks out. Paces. Runs his hands through his hair. Mumbles. Sway watches him, scared.

He stops, stares at her. His face darkens. He shakes his head.

He walks toward her, fist clenched. She cowers.

He socks her in the stomach. She cries out. He socks her again. Again. Again.

Lights out.

INT. SWAY'S BEDROOM - NIGHTMARE/FLASHBACK

SERIES OF SHOTS

-Darkness. The shadow man backs Sway into the bedroom. She's scared.

-It growls, pushes her onto the bed. She crawls backward away from it.

-The shadow man stands at the foot of the bed. Breathes hard. Steps forward into some light. It's Rocky.

-Rocky grabs Sway's foot, drags her closer. Undoes his pants.

-Rocky on top of her. She fights. Slaps him across the face.

-Butterfly knife flips open.

-The knife slashes her forearm.

-Blood all over the sheets.

-A black void slowly opens up on the ceiling. Cyclones.

-Sway gazes at the black hole, teary eyed. Rocky thrusts on top of her. Consumes her.

-The black void widens, rages. Pulls her eyes in. She stares at it.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. SWAY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sway's eyes burst open. She takes a huge breath. Groans, holds her stomach.

June sits by her on the bed, strokes her hair.

JUNE

Oh, honey. Maybe next time carry a weapon. That way you can scare em' off.

Sway looks at her mom, confused.

SWAY

What?

ROCKY

Those guys that mugged you.

Sway rubs her eyes, sees Rocky. He leans against the wall, arms crossed. She cringes, holds her stomach.

ROCKY

Maybe next time take a different route home. Yeah?

Rocky levels his eyes at her. Sway gives in. No fight left.

SWAY

Yeah.

ROCKY

June, go get her some water.

JUNE

But I--

Rocky stomps his foot on the floor. Shakes the whole room.

ROCKY

Now.

June flinches. She hurries out of the room. Rocky closes the door behind her, turns to Sway.

ROCKY

You know I had to do it, right?

Sway just stares off to the side.

ROCKY

Right, Sway?

Sway just nods, weak. She sighs.

SWAY

Yeah.

Rocky opens the door. June comes in with water.

ROCKY

Best stay home for a few days.
I'll get some oxy for the pain.

Rocky exits. June sits by Sway with the water. She takes a sip. Rolls over on her side, bleary eyed. Broken.

INT. ROCKY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Sway counts money. Pale. Lifeless. Rap music blares. Darla sits across from her. Bags pills. Smacks on gum.

Skeet and Mikey sit on the counter, shoot the shit and laugh. Obnoxious.

Rocky argues with someone on the phone. Everything's indiscernible with the music.

Tank barks and growls outside the door. Scratches.

Sway just counts money amidst the chaos. Doesn't try to use her power.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

Sway passes Tank, who barks and growls at her. She walks ahead. No emotion. A zombie.

BEGIN MONTAGE

-Sway makes her mom a drink. Brings it to her bedroom. June takes it. Smiles.

-Sway counts money for Rocky. Stoic. Darla sits on the counter. Rocky between her legs. They laugh, flirt.

-In the kitchen, Sway makes spaghetti for everyone. A robot. Rocky, Skeet, Mikey, Darla, Lila and June sit at the table.

-Sway tucks Lila into bed. Her one glimmer of light, she forces a smile. Lila plays with her hair, a sadness in her eyes.

-Sway counts money. Rocky hands the strung-out Lady a baggie of pills. She hands him money. Closes the door.

He tosses the money at Sway. Sits across from her. Feet on the table. He watches her.

END MONTAGE

INT. SWAY'S TRAILER - DAY

Sway sits on the couch. Gazes at her beat-up piano. Longs for it.

All is quiet. Someone knocks on the door. She snaps out of her daze. Gets up.

She opens the door. It's Dylan. Her eyes go wide. She pulls him in, quick as lightening.

SWAY

What are you doing here?

Sway looks out the door, sees if anyone's out there. Closes it. Locks it.

SWAY

Did anyone see you?

DYLAN

I snuck in. You've been out of school for a few days. I needed to know if you were okay.

Sway looks down. Her lip trembles. He observes her.

DYLAN

What happened?

She goes to say something. Can't quite get it out. Instead. She hugs him. Tight. He holds her close.

They stand there. Hug in silence. He rubs her back.

A door slams from outside. Sway backs away from him, panics.

SWAY

You have to go.

DYLAN

No.

SWAY

I'll be at school tomorrow. We can talk then.

Skeet and Mikey argue from outside. Sway pushes Dylan to

JUNE'S BEDROOM

She rushes to the window. Opens it.

SWAY

You can go out the back. Be
careful. Please.

Dylan looks from her to the window, conflicted.

DYLAN

Sway, I--

She looks at him with pleading eyes.

SWAY

Just go. Before someone sees.
Please.

Dylan gives in. Goes out the window. Sway watches as he
sneaks away. She exhales.

INT. SWAY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sway sits on the ledge of her bed, stares at the paper
with the black void. Hypnotized.

The door handle twists wildly. Bangs on the door.

Sway snaps out of it. Looks up. The door opens. Lila runs
in, crawls onto Sway's bed.

LILA

I wanna sleep with you.

Sway puts the paper to the side, smiles at Lila. They get
under the covers. Wrap their arms around each other.

INT. SWAY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sway wakes. Lila's gone. She sits up, looks around.

INT. JUNE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sway bursts in, searches the room. June startles awake.

SWAY

Where's Lila?

June squints at Sway, hungover. Confused.

JUNE

Huh?

Sway scoffs, stomps out. June falls back asleep.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

Sway runs through the trailer park in her pajamas. Looks around, frantic.

SWAY

Lila!

Sway stops. Listens. A childlike chatter comes from Rocky's trailer.

INT. ROCKY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Sway bursts in. Breathes hard. Rocky sits at the table, cigarette in hand. Lila in his lap, he bounces her on his knee.

Sway tenses, stares at Rocky. He takes a drag of his cigarette.

ROCKY

What? I was tryin' to teach her
how to high five.

Sway tries to grab Lila. Rocky holds her back.

ROCKY

Not so fast.

Rocky holds his hand up to Lila.

ROCKY

Come on. Do it.

Lila puts a finger to her mouth, unsure. She looks at Sway. Rocky's annoyed.

ROCKY

I just showed you how to do it.

Rocky keeps his hand up, waits. Lila's too shy.

ROCKY

Ah, fuck it.

Rocky grabs her hand, forces her to give him a high five.

Sway quickly pulls Lila off of Rocky, holds her close. Lila clings to her. Rocky chuckles.

ROCKY

Chill, Sway. Shit. Come runnin' up
in here in your jammies. Think I'm
gonna hurt her or somethin'?

Sway looks at him, uneasy. Rocky grins at her. Sway
turns, leaves with Lila.

INT. SWAY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Sway puts a bowl of cereal in front of Lila. She shoves a
spoon into it.

Sway leans in close, smooths her hair. Kisses her cheek.

SWAY

Don't go to Rocky's house, okay?

Lila nods. Eats her cereal. Satisfied, Sway slings her
backpack over her shoulder, walks out.

INT. ROCKY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Sway counts money. Darla ices a big cake. Writes "Happy
Bday, Rocky!" in red icing.

Rocky walks in, glides his finger through the icing.

DARLA

Hey, you're not supposed to see
this til' the party!

Rocky laughs.

ROCKY

Last thing I wanna be eatin'
tonight is cake.

He pulls her close, pretends to munch on her neck. She
giggles. He spansks her ass. She walks out.

He sits across from Sway. Feet on the table. He watches
her.

ROCKY

You been doin' good lately.

Sway looks at him. He gives her a smile.

SWAY

Thanks.

She goes back to counting.

ROCKY

Why don't you stay home one more day, huh?

SWAY

It's already suspicious that I've been gone this long. Why make it worse?

She's got a point there. Rocky dismisses the idea.

ROCKY

Fine. Don't be late for my party tonight.

SWAY

I won't.

Satisfied, he leaves her alone. Sway finishes her count. Locks the box. Stands. Turns to the door.

Rocky stomps his foot on the floor. The whole room shakes.

She turns back, looks at him.

ROCKY

Ain't you gonna wish me happy birthday?

SWAY

Happy birthday, Rocky.

He nods. Satisfied. Lets her go.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Sway sits under the tree with Dylan. He looks sick. Disturbed. It's obvious she told him everything.

DYLAN

I can't believe... I'm so sorry, Sway.

He takes her hands in his. Squeezes.

DYLAN

You have to get away from there. For good.

Sway's hopeless.

SWAY

I can't.

DYLAN

You can. You can do anything.

Sway looks at him. Tears form.

SWAY

What's the point anymore?

DYLAN

What do you mean, what's the point? Hello? Carnegie Hall. New York. You could start a whole new life for yourself. I could come with you.

SWAY

Yeah?

Dylan nods.

DYLAN

Hell yes, I would. Just say the word.

SWAY

What about your foster parents?

Dylan scoffs.

DYLAN

I'm nothing but a paycheck to them.

Sway looks down. Mulls everything over.

SWAY

I can't leave my sister.

DYLAN

So bring her.

Sway tosses it around in her mind.

DYLAN

How long has it been since you used your power?

SWAY

A while. A few days.

Dylan looks around, makes sure nobody hears. Leans in.

DYLAN

Do you realize how strong your power might be right now? Think about it. You haven't used it in days.

Silence. Sway's eyes dart around. She contemplates.

SWAY

Three thousand dollars.

DYLAN

What?

SWAY

I counted three thousand dollars for Rocky this morning. What if I could get it?

DYLAN

Where does he keep it?

SWAY

After I count it I lock it in a box. He keeps it in his bedroom closet.

DYLAN

Do you know the combination?

SWAY

Yeah.

DYLAN

How will you get it without being seen though?

SWAY

Rocky's birthday party's tonight. He'll get so drunk he'll pass out. I could sneak in while he's asleep.

Sway and Dylan stare at each other. Their eyes full of energy.

SWAY

We need a car.

Dylan grins.

DYLAN

My fosters have a truck. I'll swipe the keys.

SWAY
Won't they get mad?

Dylan shrugs.

DYLAN
Screw them. Wherever you go, I'm
going with you.

Sway shakes with anticipation. Dylan holds her hands,
settles her.

INT. BAND CLASS - DAY

Everyone plays their instruments. Sway plays the piano.
Closes her eyes. Takes a deep breath. Euphoric.

LATER

Sway hands Mr. Dennis a forged permission slip.

MR. DENNIS
I'm glad to have you back. Is
everything okay at home?

She forces a smile.

SWAY
I was just sick. I'm feeling
better now.

MR. DENNIS
Wonderful. Carnegie Hall, here we
come.

Sway smiles. Mr. Dennis pats her on the shoulder. Walks
away.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

Everyone sets up for Rocky's party.

Darla tapes streamers and balloons to his porch. Hangs a
Pot Leaf shaped pinata from a tree.

Mikey sets up lawn chairs. Skeet starts the fire-pit.
Uses some lighter fluid. Flames burst.

Mikey lights a stick on fire. Touches the flame to the
back of Skeet's leg. He yelps.

SKEET

Man, fuck off!

Mikey laughs in return. Skeet chases him around the park.

Darla fills coolers with ample amounts of liquor and beer.

INT. JUNE'S BEDROOM - DAY

June gets all floozied up for the party. Hair done up, Fried Green Tomatoes style. She sprays it.

Sway walks in, hands her a drink. She takes a gulp. Lets out a refreshing sigh. Smacks her lips.

JUNE

Honey, will you do my eyeliner for me? My hands are shaky.

Sway hides her annoyance. Picks up the liner. Lines her mom's eyes. June talks as she does so.

JUNE

You're the spittin' image of me when I was your age. So pretty.

Sway forces a smile. Finishes her liner. Her mom turns to the mirror. Cakes on powder.

JUNE

Maybe you'll be lucky enough to look as good as me when you're my age. Hell, all the guys in the trailer park'll be knockin' down the door for you.

Sway can't help but roll her eyes. She leaves.

INT. LILA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sway tucks Lila into bed. Lila lets out a big yawn.

SWAY

I love you to the moon and back.

Lila smiles.

LILA

And the stars too?

SWAY
And the stars too.

Satisfied, Lila turns, closes her eyes. Sway kisses her cheek.

INT. SWAY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sway tightly stuffs a backpack with essentials. Clothes. Sheet music. Toothbrush. Lila's stuff.

She zips it up. Sits on the bed. Holds it in her lap. Drums her fingers on it. Jittery.

She looks out the window. It's getting dark. People from the neighborhood slowly wander around.

The party's about to get started.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Everyone stands around Rocky. A cake full of candles. Sway stands with them. They sing Happy Birthday.

He blows out the candles. Everyone hoots and hollers. Raises their beers.

Darla hangs all over Rocky, sloshes her drink around. Rocky eyeballs Sway.

He grabs a couple beers. Pops them open. Walks over to Sway, hands her one. She takes it without argument.

He raises it to her. She forces a smile, clinks bottles with him. Takes a sip. He grins. Joins the crowd.

Mikey throws Rocky a bat. They all walk over to the pinata.

Rocky swings at it. It explodes with candy. Everyone cheers.

LATER

The party dies down. Neighbors disperse.

The park is wrecked with trash. So many damn beer bottles.

Sway sits in a chair. Arms crossed. Knees bouncing.

Rocky and Darla are shit-faced. They stumble into his trailer.

Sway watches his trailer. Waits.

INT./EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Dylan drives an old truck. Rolls up the wooded path.
He stops short of the trailer park. Parked to the side.
He raps his fingers on the wheel. Waits.

INT. SWAY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sway looks at the time. 2 AM. All is quiet. She puts on her backpack.

INT. LILA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sway carefully cradles Lila, tries not to wake her. She walks out.

INT. JUNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sway pokes her head in, Lila in her arms. Looks at her mom. She's dead asleep. She shuts the door.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Sway sneaks around Rocky's trailer with Lila. She walks to his bedroom window. Peers in.

Rocky and Darla are passed out in bed. Rocky snores like a bear.

She skulks to the living room window. Skeet and Mikey sleep on the couch.

INT./EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Dylan quietly pulls into the trailer park. Idles besides Sway's trailer.

Sway runs up, Lila in her arms. Opens the door. Gently lies Lila beside Dylan. She doesn't wake.

Sway walks around to Dylan's window, whispers.

SWAY

They're all asleep. I'll get the money. Wait here, okay?

Sway puts her hand on the window sill. He grabs her hand. Squeezes it.

DYLAN

Be careful.

Sway nods. They share a long gaze before they break apart.

Sway heads to Rocky's trailer, cautious.

INT. ROCKY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

The door opens. Slow. Quiet. Sway tip-toes into the

LIVING ROOM

She sneaks by Skeet and Mikey. Toward Rocky's bedroom.

It's cracked open. She touches the door.

Ever so slowly, she pushes it open.

INT. ROCKY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sway steps in. Watches Rocky and Darla. They're out.

She walks to his closet, pulls open the accordion door.

It clinks. A hanger is stuck in it. Sway's eyes widen.

Darla stirs. Groans. Sway quickly jumps in the closet, closes it behind her. Careful.

Darla sits up. Yawns. She stands, walks out. Water starts in the bathroom.

INT. ROCKY'S CLOSET - NIGHT

Sway mouths "shit". She kneels down, finds the money box. Picks it up. Looks through the grates.

Darla passes by the bedroom. Lights a cigarette. Walks toward the kitchen.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Dylan waits in the truck with Lila. He darts his eyes around, worried.

At Rocky's trailer. Darla steps onto the porch. Lights a cigarette. She sees Dylan in the truck. She squints.

DARLA

Hey, what're you doin'?

Dylan doesn't know what to do. He steps out of the truck. Tries to diffuse the situation.

DYLAN

Hey, I'm not trying to--

Darla screams into the trailer.

DARLA

Rocky!

Dylan panics.

INT. ROCKY'S CLOSET - NIGHT

Sway holds her hand over her mouth. Bulgy eyes.

Darla yells into the trailer again.

DARLA

Rocky, you need to see this!

Sway stares at Rocky through the grates. He doesn't budge.

DARLA

Rocky, wake up!

He doesn't.

INT. ROCKY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mikey wakes to the sound of Darla's yells. Groans. Burps.

DARLA

Someone's here!

Mikey glares. Stands up. Grabs a bat.

INT. ROCKY'S CLOSET - NIGHT

Sway sees Mikey get up from the grates. He charges outside.

She grits her teeth. Grabs the money box.

She watches Rocky as she opens the closet door. Removes the hanger. Quiet. Careful. He continues to snore.

She sneaks out of his room.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Mikey charges at Dylan with the bat. Swings.

Dylan ducks. It misses him. Hits the truck.

Lila wakes from the commotion, looks out the window. Cowers in fear.

Darla continues to scream for Rocky.

DARLA

Rocky!

INT. ROCKY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Skeet pops up, alarmed from the commotion. Hears the ruckus.

Sway stands in front of him. Locks into his eyes. He blinks hard. Stands up, grabs a long piece of rebar.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Mikey has Dylan against the truck, bat to his throat. Dylan chokes.

Skeet runs out. Barrels over to Mikey with the rebar. Hits him over the head. He collapses.

Darla freaks. She tries to go into the trailer, but comes face to face with Sway.

Sway locks into her eyes. Darla blinks hard. Nods.

DARLA

I'll never come back.

Darla turns. Runs all the way out of the trailer park.

Skeet stands there with the rebar. Looks at Mikey on the ground. Confused.

Sway and Dylan look at each other, eyes ablaze. Sway smiles.

SWAY

Let's get outta here.

Dylan looks above her, frowns. She turns to see Rocky.

He stands there, shirtless. Groggy. Rubs his eyes. He looks around at everyone, boggled. Barely awake.

ROCKY

What the fuck--

He sees the money box in Sway's hand. He glares. He goes for it but Sway throws it to Dylan. He catches.

Rocky shoves her out of the way, pulls his knife. Goes after Dylan.

Sway locks into Skeet's eyes. He blinks hard. Lifts the rebar, charges at Rocky.

Rocky pummels Dylan to the ground. Grabs the box. Dylan manages to punch him in the face.

Rocky's pissed. He stabs him in the side with the knife.

Sway watches, shattered. She screams.

SWAY

No!

Skeet slugs Rocky on the head with the rebar.

Rocky falters, but rises. Feels his head. Blood soaks his fingers.

ROCKY

What the fuck is wrong with you!

Skeet swings the rebar at him again. Rocky grabs it, snatches it away.

Busts him across the side of the face. Blood and teeth fly. Skeet crumbles.

Rocky breathes hard. Dumbfounded. Money box in hand.

Sway stands on the porch, hands over her mouth. In shock. She looks at Dylan on the ground. He doesn't move.

Rocky sees Lila in the truck. Opens the door. Yanks Lila out. Holds her on his hip. She cries.

He marches up to Sway. Shakes the money box at her. Screams in her face.

ROCKY

This what you want? You was gonna
rob me? Huh?!

Sway cannot respond. She's paralyzed with fear.

Rocky shoves her against the trailer. She falls. He picks her up, throws her inside. Lila wails.

INT. ROCKY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rocky swings opens the bathroom door, throws Lila in. Slams it. She screams from inside.

Rocky throws Sway on the couch. Glowers at her. Furious.

ROCKY

What the fuck is going on?!

Rocky kicks the coffee table over. Sway flinches. Cowers. Lila continues to wail.

ROCKY

You thinkin' you were just gonna
take my money and go away with
that little fuck-boy?

Sway doesn't respond. He lunges in her face.

ROCKY

SAY SOMETHING!

She looks up, glares at him. Tears fall. She tries to lock into his eyes. Hard. It doesn't work.

Rocky growls in anger. Picks her up by the hair, throws her in the bedroom. She cries out.

INT. ROCKY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rocky throws her on the bed. She crawls backward, away from him. Rocky laughs, derisive.

ROCKY

You thought you could get away
from here. Real stupid. Real
goddamn stupid.

A dark shadow surrounds him. He steps forward, absorbs
the shadow.

He puts a knee on the bed, grabs her foot. Pulls her
close.

He crawls toward her with the knife. Grins. Whispers.

ROCKY

Remember this, Sway?

Sway strangles him with her eyes. Shakes with fury.

He hovers over her, holds the knife to the scar on her
forearm.

He rips at her clothes. Mauls her neck. Growls. Gropes
her body.

Sway tremors. Her eyes afire, she glares at the ceiling.

The black void opens up on the ceiling. Like a twirling
tornado.

Sway's eyes are hypnotized by it... She grits her teeth,
clenches her jaw.

The black void widens. Rages, twists. Magnetizes her. Her
eyes go black as space.

The black void releases her. Twists into itself until it
disappears.

Rocky breathes hard. Undoes his pants.

SWAY

Rocky.

Rocky looks at her. Horrified by her black eyes.

ROCKY

Holy f--

Enraged, Sway glares into his eyes. Locks in. He blinks
hard. Backs off the bed.

She rises, follows him. He looks down into her eyes,
bewildered. Drops his knife.

She backs him into the wall. Gets in his face. And screams. A piercing, inhuman howl.

Her black eyes twist like vortexes. Rocky cowers. Slides down the wall. Drops to his knees.

She looms over him, continues to scream. He covers his face. Frightened.

The scream ceases. She looks down at Rocky. He uncovers his face, gawks up at her.

Her eyes go back to normal. Rocky trembles.

ROCKY

Please.

Sway looks down at Rocky like he's an insect. His hands shake with fear.

SWAY

Say it.

Rocky stammers. Looks up at her. A tear rolls down his cheek.

ROCKY

I'll never hurt anyone again.

Sway takes a deep breath. Satisfied.

Rocky sinks to the floor, face in his hands.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Sway walks out, Lila on her hip. Money box in her hand. She stands on the porch.

Dylan writhes on the ground. Sway runs over, crouches next to him. Lila snuffles. Grips her neck.

SWAY

I thought you were dead.

Dylan groans, clutches his wound. She helps him sit up.

She hugs him tight, tears stream. He pulls her close.

INT./EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Sway drives down a highway. Lila sleeps, her head in Sway's lap.

Dylan rests in the passenger seat. They drive ahead.

Sway pops in her earbuds. Moonlight Sonata by Beethoven plays.

EXT. ROCKY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Moonlight Sonata continues.

Rocky sits on his front porch. Stares ahead. Dead eyes. Slumped shoulders.

Skeet lies dead on the ground. A bloody mess. Mikey sits up, rubs his head, confused.

Police sirens blare. Three police cruisers screech up to the trailer. Three COPS jump out. Guns drawn.

One of them grabs Mikey. Who puts up a huge fight. They wrangle him into the cruiser.

Two police officer's approach Rocky, arrest him. He doesn't put up a fight as they shove him into a cruiser.

Rocky stares at Mikey in the other cruiser, who goes crazy. Kicks the windows, spits.

Rocky just sulks. Drained of everything he used to be.

EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

The truck glides down an open highway. Trees for miles.

Above, the sky. Full of stars. Black as space.

INT./EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Sway drives ahead. Strokes Lila's hair. Her lips curl into a small smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CARNEGIE HALL - NIGHT

Gorgeous theater. Red velvet carpets house audience seats that wrap around the stage. Soft lights. The place is packed.

On stage, Sway, in a beautiful gold dress, plays piano with the other students. They're amazing.

Sway closes her eyes as she plays. In heaven.

Dylan watches from the audience. He's in a suit and tie.
He smiles as he watches.

Beside him, Lila. Dressed in a matching gold dress. She
hums along with the music.

Sway opens her eyes, catches their gaze. Smiles.

FADE OUT.