

THE OA

"HOMECOMING"
YEAR ONE

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Black.

Car horns. Tires against asphalt.

iPhone camera: through the window of a car on the move--

A naked young woman darts across four lanes of traffic
oncoming at 40 mph--

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)
Mom, that lady!

A car breaks inches from her pale, bruised legs--

The homeless girl falls anyway, is up suddenly, stumbles onto
the sidewalk.

MOTHER (O.S.)
She's fine. See, she's okay.

The girl grips the railing of the causeway with the weight of
her whole body. She looks up at the sky.

The car window drops blinding the lens for a moment. Auto
exposure kicks in.

The girl swings one leg over the railing of the bridge.

The drop is fierce. The river below edged with ice.

CHILD (O.S.)
She's going over to the other side!

The girl swings the other leg over, holds the railing behind
her. Leans out over the water...

MOTHER (O.S.)
Oh God! Logan don't look! Don't you
look! Put the phone down.

An SUV has stopped, emergencies flashing. A man runs toward
the girl waving his hands, cries lost in the traffic.

The girl turns, incandescent white hair whips into her face
then away--

For a moment we catch her gaze. It seems she looks directly
at us -- eyes wild, wide.

She jumps.

White sky and whiter snow fall.

CHILD (O.S)
 (a whisper)
 She let go...

INT. ICU - ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A pair of feet purple with bruises protrude from a pile of wool blankets.

NURSE (O.S.)
 Blink twice if you can hear me...

The girl from the bridge stares vacantly in the direction of the voice. She looks younger scrubbed of dirt, 27 maybe. Capillaries bloom across her cheeks from the impact of the fall.

GIRL
 (a whisper)
 How long have I been out?

NURSE
 Six hours.

GIRL
 Did I flatline?

NURSE
 No sweetheart. You gonna be alright.

The girl sobs without tears.

GIRL
 Not even for a few seconds? Did you read the ambulance record?

NURSE
 No I did not, but it would be in your chart. You have severe hypothermia and are in shock. If you hadn't hit feet first you would have smashed up your insides same as hitting concrete. You got lucky.

The girl turns away from the nurse. Then--

GIRL
 I've been lucky before. Twice. This was unlucky.
 (beat)
 I need to call someone.

NURSE
You can do that after the doctor
gives approval.

She sits up violently -- pain shoves her back down--

GIRL
I need to make one call, please.
It's urgent.

Nurse, patience waning...

NURSE
One. What's the number?--

She pulls out her personal cellphone.

GIRL
407.620.9208

NURSE
Where's that?

GIRL
Florida. But it's not where he is.

Nurse dials... the girl suddenly grabs her wrist like a viper
striking prey--

GIRL (CONT'D)
You mis-dialed.

NURSE
What?

GIRL
I heard it. You dialed the wrong
number.

NURSE
(cautious)
My mistake... tell me again.

GIRL
407.620.9208

The Nurse, edgy now, maybe dealing with someone more *unwell*
than she imagined, dials again on speaker.

The girl watches her closely. Ring... Ring...

MAN (V.O.)
Hello?

The girl's face falls. She says nothing.

MAN (V.O.)
Hello?...

The nurse looks at the girl expectantly...

MAN (V.O.)
Stop calling here, dammit. Just,
loose this number, okay? You don't
know what you are doing to my wife.
It's cruel.

The young woman curls into a ball like she's been kicked.

GIRL
(a whisper)
Hang up.

The nurse snaps her phone shut. High alert now.

NURSE
Do you have family in the area?
That wasn't your family, was it? We
need to contact them--

GIRL
I don't have any.

The nurse moves the plastic ID bracelet around the girl's wrist -- there are two. Beneath them a thick ribbon of scars like handcuffs made of skin.

NURSE
(soft)
Were you hospitalized before this?
The ID's rubbed off. What's your
name?

The girl takes in her blank bracelet, smiles bitterly.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Come on, fair trade, huh? I gave
you the call.

The girl looks the Nurse in the eye, an acute gaze.

GIRL
(genuine)
Do I know you? Who are you?

NURSE
I'm Alice honey. What's your name?

The young woman leans back into the bed resigned, closes her eyes.

GIRL

You can call me *The OA*.

The nurse sighs, pulls out a digital camera. The flash blows--

The OA springs from the bed--

tackles the nurse to the ground.

INT. CORRIDOR - PSYCH WARD - ST. LOUIS HOSPITAL - DAY

Fingers tap out a numeric code into a security system. Heavy doors creak open electronically--

As fast as old age allows, NANCY and ABEL, Midwestern couple in their 70s, move through doctors, patients, gurneys, following--

HEAD NURSE

She's in a very fractured mental state, and she refuses to respond to the name you gave--

NANCY

We've seen the picture--

ABEL

We know what our daughter looks like.

HEAD NURSE

Of course, it's just-- she suffers from persistent hallucinations, thought disorder. She has very unusual scarring on her back. It's-- I've been doing this job thirty years and-- it's horrifying to look at honestly. Our professional recommendation is that you commit her to in-patient care so we can help her recover mentally, physically--

ABEL

Can we just see our daughter, please?

They move into

A PRIVATE ROOM

The OA, hospital pajamas, hair askew in a few wild braids, left hand plasti-cuffed to the bed rail. She looks up at her visitors:

At the sight of the OA's direct gaze Nancy lets out a yelp. Abel grabs the door frame.

A long stare down between the three of them. Then--

OA
(to the nurse)
Who are these people?

No one says anything.

Nancy steps forward. OA eyes her, wary, but doesn't move. Nancy sits beside her on the bed. She takes OA's hand. OA flinches, doesn't pull away. Nancy puts the girl's right palm over her wrinkled face--

The OA shuts her eyes. Expertly feels the contours of Nancy's face with her fingertips.

For a moment everything stills...

Finally, The OA pulls her hand away. Opens her eyes.

OA (CONT'D)
Nancy.

Nancy floods, full of feeling. Wraps her daughter up.

NURSE
(to Abel, a whisper)
What... I don't understand?

ABEL
That's our daughter, Prairie. She's never seen us before...

Abel can't take his eyes from OA, can't move toward her either.

ABEL (CONT'D)
When she disappeared seven years ago... She was blind.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MICHIGAN BUTTERFLY P.O.V. - DUSK

Farms and suburbs in various shades of white. A ribbon of black highway. A lone, white FORD driving against the heavysset trucks.

INT/EXT. JOHNSON CAR - TWILIGHT

The middle seat is powerful -- you can see the road but also the profiles of both passengers in the front: Nancy and Abel.

A sign that was elegant in the late eighties announces CRESTWOOD ESTATES -- a subdivision of a box-store hamlet.

OA

This is it?

NANCY

It is. You're home.

OA lowers the window, closes her eyes. Smells deeply the early winter scent. When she opens her eyes again -- the weathered pristine of a thirty year old suburban street.

OA

It looks how it felt.

More cars than houses. Cars parked tightly on the side of the road, in the driveways, but the street is quiet -- no walkers, no runners, no kids on bikes.

NANCY

Someone's having a party I guess.

They round the corner into a cul-de-sac--

TWO HUNDRED PEOPLE gathered on the lawn of a modest clapboard house. Local news trucks peak out from behind the crowd.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Oh dear God. How did they...

At the sweep of the car's headlights the mob turns. Writhes in excitement. Lights on the cameras of local reporters flood the scene.

Well-wishers push people out of the driveway. The crowd spills into the street engulfing the car.

Nancy, genuine panic--

NANCY (CONT'D)

What do we-- I should reverse--

ABEL
Just-- Just drive, Nancy--

NANCY
Where?! They're everywhere--

Abel, anger rising at his helplessness--

ABEL
(looking out the back)
You can't reverse now!

OA
(sober)
Do you have the garage door opener?

NANCY
See, I told you to fix-- No. No
it's broken.

They're parked half-way in the driveway. People everywhere. They sit for a moment. The crowd stands there. No one knows what to do.

OA rummages in the back of the car -- a sun visor, spin shoes. She grabs the pale blue hospital blanket, throws it over her head and opens the car door--

Abel quick on her heels--

EXT. JOHNSON HOME - CRESTWOOD ESTATES - CONTINUOUS

A roar of noise. *PRAIRIE! PRAIRIE!*

OA, blanket concealing her entire body save the surgical booties on her feet, makes her way through the din.

Abel and a trusted neighbor do their best to push back against the reporters, onlookers, bloggers, gawkers--

REPORTER
Nancy! What's it like having your
daughter back?!

Nancy, overwhelmed but moved by the attention--

NANCY
(paces behind Abel)
We... We never stopped looking.
It's... it's a miracle.

REPORTER
How did she get her sight back?

We go under the blanket with the OA: She's steady. Eyes on putting one foot in front of the other up the salted drive.

MAKE SPACE FOR HER. PRAIRIE! PRAIRIE JOHNSON! MR. JOHNSON!

Under the blanket with--

OA
(softly to herself)
That is not your name. They are not
your parents.

Someone gives her blanket a fierce tug-- OA grips the fabric, moves faster--

NEIGHBOR
Stop that! She's been through
enough!

Under the blanket:

OA
(quiet)
A house is not a home. Home is
wherever Homer is.

OA's POV: a kid at her feet, scampering alongside, trying to get a peek. He laughs once he sees her and runs away.

Nancy under fire in the clutches of reporters. Neighbors enjoying the spillover of limelight.

REPORTER
Have police reopened the case? Who
took you, Prairie?

NANCY
(voice rising)
Abel! Abel!

ABEL
Nancy-- come... Get over here!

NANCY
I can't!

Under the blanket: Flash bulbs exploding against the fabric. OA's breath rising rapidly.

ABEL (O.S.)
I'm gonna get you inside and go
back for Mom.

Abel unlocks the front door and pushes her into

FRONT HALL - JOHNSON HOME

The door slams behind her. She's alone. A shrouded figure in the near dark.

Under the blanket with the OA: She stares at the carpet. Slips out of her surgical booties.

The OA rubs her feet against the shag carpeting... her soles remember this feeling, these particular fibers.

Tears, soundless and practical as sweat drip down her face.

Fists pound at the door.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHNSON HOME - CRESTWOOD ESTATES - MICHIGAN - DAY

A drill extracts screws from their sockets. Abel pulls a door off its hinges: a girl's bedroom time capsuled in 2008.

MASTER BEDROOM

Nancy child proofs the internet settings on a desktop computer. Locks a laptop and a cellphone in a bedside table.

KITCHEN

Nancy collects knives, drops them into a Tupperware of objects: ice pick, meat thermometer, belts, shoelaces.

INT. BIG ROOM - JOHNSON HOME - CRESTWOOD ESTATES - NIGHT

A plastic knife struggles through the remains of overcooked pork chop on a ceramic plate -- Abel refuses to admit defeat. OA watches him from across the dining table.

Week old bouquets and gift baskets line the surrounding counter tops. Nancy handwrites thank you cards.

Her sister REGINA and brother-in-law RON who drove up from Tampa to be "of use" close out the group. They are a tan, childless couple. Regina reads a magazine intently. Finally--

REGINA

If I was in People magazine I would want to know. Look, you're an inspiration, Prairie.

OA glances at the magazine. Drinks water.

OA
That's not my name.

REGINA
Sorry, OA.
(to the group)
But what I don't get is how come
it's just half a page and in the
back?...

Abel clears plates. Moves into the kitchen.

SOUND: microwave heating up

Regina hands *People* to Ron -- under the headline MICHIGAN
MIRACLE a yearbook photo of blind Prairie and an image from
the other night with the hospital blanket over her head.

RON
...Because she's not cooperating.
That's what happens when they don't
have a good picture.

Everyone throws daggers at Ron.

OA absently rubs her chest as if to relieve pressure. She
closes her eyes.

NANCY
Honey. What do you want to do? We
can do anything you want.

OA
I want to use the internet.

NANCY
The doctor specifically said no
internet.

REGINA
Why?

NANCY
(mouthing)
It makes her mind race.

The doorbell rings. No one moves to get it.

REGINA
(under her breath)
Bet it's another gift basket.

NANCY

Is there something specific you'd
like to see. Maybe I can go online
with you.

OA, eyes still closed, but her face is changing. She sniffs
the air...

Her cheeks go scarlet. Eyes fly open -- wild.

She looks around the room as if someone else is there--
breath shallow, fast. Heart thumping so fast she puts her
hand over it to keep it from coming out of her chest.

NANCY (CONT'D)

(anxious)

Honey... Prairie, what...

Abel walks in, oblivious. Sets down a tray of coffees and
Costco cinnamon buns -- heat rising off their gooey icing...

OA instinctively shoves the tray away from her--

It *flies* off the table -- HOT coffee SCALDS Ron -- He jumps
up in surprise, YELPS.

OA looking at Abel, but through him, beyond him--

OA

(guttural, primal)

Don't eat them. Don't eat his
poison.

Everyone in shock.

OA (CONT'D)

SPIT IT OUT!

Abel backs away, blank faced.

Regina moves to clean up -- Ron? The floor? The smell?

Nancy puts her hands on OA tentatively, who bats them away--

Then *sees* her. Registers Nancy. OA covers her face with her
hands.

Pink with shame she moves away from all of them and into the
corner. Shrinks into herself pulling at her hair.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - CRESTWOOD ESTATES - NIGHT

After midnight quiet in the deepest recesses of the subdivision.

OA wears Abel's raincoat with a sweatshirt over it and sunglasses despite the dark. She walks beside a bundled up Nancy who speaks softly...

NANCY

I know you didn't want to talk about it with the police. They were brutes, I understand that. These things take time. But I need to know...

OA -- unreadable behind the dark lenses.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Did you ever try and call me?... Because I lived by that phone. I was terrified you'd call the one time I went to the store. I never left the house. When I had to get a job Abel figured out how to forward the house line to my cell. And I kept it on me, and loud, all the time. In case.

Nancy takes OA's hand.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I just... I need to know. Did you ever try?

OA shakes her head *no*.

Nancy breathes deep, relieved. She leans her head into OA's shoulder, embraces her.

An AIRPORT SHUTTLE VAN rounds the corner. A petite but square jawed flight attendant in her 40s hops out.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Oh, that's Jo. Let me handle this.

Nancy moves off to intercept the neighbor. We can just hear--

JO

Jesse told me. It's-- It must be really tough for her. Hardest part of my tour in the Middle East was coming home...

OA wanders away, eyes fixed on... Skeleton frames of unfinished homes peaking above the dark trees. Movement in the eaves... Or the treetops themselves?...

She crosses the grass between two finished, well lived-in homes for a closer look.

Under the halogen glow of street lamps an annex of houses abandoned mid construction -- boom time bust. Wilderness encroaching on their exposed interiors.

A BLACK ROTTWEILER MUTT chained to the street lamp rises at the smell of the OA. Growls at her. Bares his white fangs.

OA takes a step back. Movement in the eaves. She looks up--

A male figure melts out of the darkness on the second floor -- he RUNS the length of the roof beam and lands a back flip high up under the moonlight.

OA, moved by the sheer audacity and grace of the stunt.

Another figure appears on the second story holding out an iPhone filming.

OA moves closer for a better look, removes her sunglasses -- two TEENAGE BOYS materialize. **STEVE**, 16, newly cut man's body but a child's face, savage eyes. **JESSE**, 15, half-Iraqi, points his iPhone camera down at--

OA who stares at them unapologetically.

NANCY (O.S.)
PRAIRIE!

Nancy, a little breathless--

NANCY (CONT'D)
I didn't know where you'd gone.

Jesse zooms in on OA -- her upward gaze, the cryptic smile on her face. Closer. Closer still --

The image FREEZES: OA's eyes wide, the mind behind them whirring.

SOUND: guttural moaning.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. STEVE'S ROOM, WINCHELL HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

The image of the OA frozen on a laptop screen, grainy and surreal in this teenage boy's Spartan bedroom.

STEVE and **MING-JAYE**, 17, have sex on his laundry hamper.

Steve buries his face in her hair. Jaye sits on his lap, backwards. He's rubbing her clit. She's fondling her breasts. The sex is shockingly adult.

Jaye cums loudly. She drops to her knees to suck Steve off. After a moment, he pulls her head away gently--

STEVE

I don't think I can cum again.

Jaye nods, kisses his inner thighs, up his chest...

STEVE (CONT'D)

So you like the video Jesse made?

JAYE

Yeah the stunts are cool. You got skills.

Steve holds back a smile.

JAYE (CONT'D)

And that blind girl. Woah.

STEVE

She's not blind anymore.

JAYE

Why's she wearing sunglasses?

STEVE

Weirdo. Wants attention.

Jaye starts to dress.

STEVE (CONT'D)

You gotta watch out for people like that.

(beat)

Hey, don't go yet. It's early. Let's watch some stuff in bed.

JAYE

(clasping her bra)

I like you. You have a really nice body and you smell good.

(MORE)

JAYE (CONT'D)

I told you though, I'm not looking for anything.

STEVE

(covering)

I'm not either. This is fun, but there is someone else I like. It's the same for you, isn't it? Who do you like?

JAYE

This guy in chorus, you wouldn't know him.

STEVE

Aren't they all gay? Who?

JAYE

I'm not telling you. That's what no strings attached means. Means I don't tell you things. And you don't need to tell me things.

Steve stung by this. Jaye, dressed, shoulders her backpack--

JAYE (CONT'D)

How did the blind girl get her sight back?

STEVE

Nobody knows.

Jaye nods, walks out his bedroom door.

Steve stands naked, statue still. Moves to the window, outside: Jaye climbs into her pick-up truck.

Steve punches the wall with such force it craters around his fist. A beat. The door BURSTS opens--

MR. WINCHELL

Why is there a hole in my wall?

MR. WINHCELL, late 40s, red hair, bit of a belly but the belt straps that in, takes in his naked son. Steve is silent.

MR. WINCHELL (CONT'D)

Was there a girl just here? Son--

Steve doesn't turn around.

STEVE

Yeah.

MR. WINCHELL

That teacher called again. Doesn't sound like you're keeping your promises to me.

(beat)

Put on some clothes. There's putty in the garage. Fix it.

INT. OA'S BEDROOM - JOHNSON HOME - MORNING

OA under the quilt with a small video camera. She takes a breath, wills herself to speak into the lens:

OA

This is my first message in a bottle to you. I need the internet to throw it to the open sea.

SOUND: padded footsteps...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Nancy pokes her head into OA's bedroom: OA out cold. Nancy admires OA from the doorless doorway. From that distance the sleeping beauty could be her teenage girl again.

Nancy disappears with a slight smile.

OA opens her eyes at the sound of engines turning over. She watches Nancy's Ford Fiesta back out of the driveway.

SOUND: generic pop music - Ke\$ha or similar

INT. STAIRCASE - 2ND FLOOR - JOHNSON HOME - MOMENTS LATER

SKYLAR (O.S.)

As a five time gold medalist, I need my workouts to be fierce...

OA peers between the stair railings: Regina and Ron, work out clothes, in just-off-synchronicity do hop-squats in the living room below.

Regina's iPad propped up against the bookshelf projecting: Sylar, a 6', 130 lb WNBA guest star of Nike's Personal Trainer AP.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

Engage your core, Regina. 10 seconds.

REGINA

She's talking to you too, Ron.

Regina and Ron jump back and forth across two stacks of couch pillows doing "Lateral Box Hops" with Skylar.

OA tiptoes back up the stairs.

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

An old BRAILLE keyboard. Fingers fly across it. Each PASSWORD ATTEMPT followed by a maddening BEEP. OA remains determined.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

OA holds a ROUTER, types the serial number into the WIFI AUTHENTICATION on a laptop. No luck. She throws the router.

INT. OA BEDROOM - LATER

OA balances the videocamera on a stack of braille books on the window sill. Red light on.

OA direct address into the lens, quiet, sincere:

OA

I don't even know how this will reach you... I didn't leave you behind, Homer. I would never. Not even for freedom. I know he said I did...

EXT. JOHNSON HOME - LATE AFTERNOON

A pair of legs slip through the high bathroom window -- OA bends out like a contortionist, drops to the grass softly.

OA (V.O.)

...I know you won't believe him. But maybe on some nights, the really hard ones that sneak up on you in the middle of a good week, maybe you will forget me for a moment and think he's telling you the truth...

EXT. CRESTWOOD ESTATES - LATER

OA, raincoat with a big sweater over it, old round sunglasses, roams the neighborhood filming herself as she talks into the lens.

OA

I'm coming for you, Homer. For all of you. He's sent me back to the beginning. I have to start from nothing. It will take time.

POV of OA's CAMERA: ants, hundreds of them, following their chemical trail toward...

OA traces their black ribbon with great interest, eventually looks up at

UNFINISHED HOUSES - EDGE OF DEVELOPMENT

A Korean-American teenage boy walks rapidly toward the most complete of the derelict homes. No windows, some walls. The dark insides of the house swallow the boy.

OA follows...

INT. HALF-FINISHED HOME - CONTINUOUS

Sawdust and dry leaves underfoot. Lifeless wires dangle from the ceiling amongst living vines. House as quiet as the encroaching dusk.

OA passes what would have become a kitchen--

FRENCH (16), flop of dark hair, Lacrosse player's body, bent over a desk made of a door and two saw horses. He's in the glow of a laptop, headphones on, SAT books cracked.

OA lights up, moves over with intent--

OA

Hey--

French startles, pulls his headphones down--

FRENCH

Woah, Jesus. Fuck.

He takes in OA -- odd attire, intense demeanor.

OA

Do you have wifi?

FRENCH

There's no electricity here... so,
no.

OA

You live in the neighborhood, could
I-- could I get your password? Our
internet is down... it's *important*.

Putting his headphones back on, returning to work--

FRENCH

Ask upstairs.

INT. 2ND FLOOR - UNFINISHED HOME - MOMENTS LATER

OA climbs the stairs. She passes a teenager, wallet in hand,
coming down. He does a brief double-take.

BUCK (O.S.)

I can't skip meds week to week.

STEVE (O.S.)

Not my problem. I don't control
supply. I got what I got when I got
it.

OA moves up the stairs and into the

MASTER BEDROOM

Three boys stand in the wall-less suite facing the dark
forest: Steve, Jesse, **BUCK** (14) -- the Korean-American boy,
and **JAKE** Steve's black rottweiler mutt.

BUCK

(shaking his head)
Give me the Demerol anyway.

Steve and Buck exchange -- zip drive for a Ziploc of pills.

OA walks through the doorless doorway--

STEVE

What the fuck?

All three take her in -- the unapologetic stance, the wild
white hair, the VIDEO CAMERA. Jake growls -- low, deep.

Steve, moves fast for the camera. Jake at his heels, teeth
bared--

STEVE (CONT'D)

Who the fuck said you could come
into this house?

OA pulls the camera out of his reach--

Jake BARKS loud, aggressive. OA flinches, steps back.

OA

It's not on. I'm not recording.

Steve grabs the camera. They tug-of-war for a hot second. He RIPS it out of her tight grasp.

STEVE

Like fuck it's not.

He inspects the camera. It's off. He does not return it.

OA

...You're the gymnast.

STEVE

You see any balance beams here?

OA

Don't be angry with me. We're just
meeting.

STEVE

See, what you call a meeting, I
call an intrusion.

OA

I don't care about what's happening
here. I need internet. I'm a
prisoner in my house and people are
depending on me. Just-- give me the
password for your wifi, or for the
Brekovs' next door. Please.

STEVE

What does this look like to you? A
fucking Starbucks? Not my problem,
Crazy. Get the fuck out.

Jake, sponging Steve's anger, barks loudly--

OA

(shouting over Jake)
Give me a password and I will go.

She's no match for Steve in strength, but her odd instincts put him on the back foot. He can't anticipate her. He doesn't like it. Especially in front of his clients.

STEVE

I don't owe you shit, bitch. Leave
or you're dog food.

Jesse and Buck trade a look. He's *pissed*.

OA deliberately looks at the ground, not unafraid, but resolute anyway.

OA

Give me my camera back.

STEVE

This is my camera now. Tax for your
fucking interruption.

OA stands very still. She looks up at Steve, takes him in... Suddenly she FLIES at him grabbing for the camera--

STEVE (CONT'D)

ATTACK!

A BLACK BLUR-- JAKE POUNCES OA-- KNOCKS her to the ground.

OA winded for a moment, stunned, but just a moment-- She reflexively kicks at the dog. He GROWLS, sinks his teeth into her leg--

OA SCREAMS at the shock of pain.

French appears, breathless, takes in the situation and fast-tries to yank Jake by the collar from the OA-- Jake REELS back, BITES French's hand HARD--

FRENCH

FUCK! CHRIST!

French drops back in pain, stunned. OA scrambles to stand in the reprieve-- Jake TEARS her down to the ground again.

Buck makes to run for help--

STEVE

Don't you fucking dare...

It stops Buck in his tracks.

The OA surrenders, goes limp. Jake settles his thrashing, jaw still firmly clenched into her leg. Then--

OA PUNCHES the dog in the eye -- a CLEAN HIT with surprising force.

STEVE (CONT'D)
 (panicked)
 Don't you fuck with my dog!

Jake MAD. But OA no longer tries to escape. OA WRESTLES THE DOG.

JESSE
 (laughing in fear)
 Oh Fuck! Holy shit man!

Jesse pulls out his iPhone -- films.

It's hard to tell what from what -- OA and the dog locked in battle, a violent tumble of white hair and canine fangs, limbs and claws -- all four boys slack jawed at the brutality.

STEVE
 Stop! Get off my dog! JAKE, HEEL!

Jake, unresponsive, lost in the fight. Steve tries to grab his collar, misses--

JAKE bites deeply into OA's shoulder -- SHE GROANS. Then--

BITES into the top of the dog's neck like a mother reprimanding an errant pup. Jake yelps. She cranes Jake's head to the right, *whispers* something into the velvet cup of his ear. His body softens...

The OA stands -- torn raincoat, bra exposed, blood smeared across her face, nasty gouge in her shoulder.

Jake plaintively licks the blood dribbling down her leg.

Steve, all of them, in a kind of awe and terror...

STEVE (CONT'D)
 You crazy fuck.

But he doesn't make a move. And the boys clock this.

OA limps forward, Jake limping at her heels.

One step.

Two.

Three.

She's face to face with Steve, who holds his ground.

Without breaking Steve's gaze, OA closes her fingers around the video camera in his hand... pulls... Steve lets go.

She limps away from him... The boys watch her...

Crazy or not, victim or runaway, that woman has been through *something* wildly unknown to them.

Jake trots after the OA, following her out... Steve lunges for his dog, holds him back.

The OA shrinks into the twilight.

EXT. JOHNSON HOME - CRESTWOOD ESTATES - LATER

OA stands along the side of the house looking up at the high, small bathroom window. It's very high and very small. *Fuck.*

She turns to see MRS. BREKOV (50s) standing at her living room window taking in the strange sight of her. Mrs. Brekov quickly closes her shades.

INT. LIVING ROOM - JOHNSON HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Nancy paces, Abel cradles his head in his hands, Regina and Ron still in workout clothes and TWO COPS taking notes.

They turn to -- OA, a sweaty, blood stained mess. Shoulder wound fresh and leaking. Regina gives an involuntary cry.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

OA naked on the edge of the bathtub, a bloody washcloth in her lap. Nancy with a bottle of peroxide gently dabs OA's wounds with cotton balls.

NANCY

Dammit, Prairie. What are we supposed to do then?

OA

Nothing. Don't do anything.

NANCY

You won't talk about this dog attack. You won't talk about where you've been. You won't take your medicine. Your life has been entrusted to us.

(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)

You were not to leave the house alone. You promised.

OA

I wasn't alone... in spirit.

NANCY

Don't play games with me, Prairie--

OA

That's not my name.

NANCY

I'm-- I'm done. We can't trust you.

OA

You can't keep me a prisoner of this house. I'm a grown woman. And if I'm going to stay here to recover I need access to the internet--

NANCY

You know the doctor's orders. And the delusions are *real*... *Who is Homer?*

OA stands, seething, moves away from Nancy--

OA

You watched my video.
(rage building)
That was not addressed to you. That does not belong to you.

Abel knocks at the bathroom door, starts to open it--

ABEL (O.S.)

Hey-- no shouting--

NANCY

(shouting)
She doesn't have any clothes on, Abel. Just, just give us a second.

OA sits again. Breathes deep. Nancy sits too. Both spent.

NANCY (CONT'D)

When you were a little girl and first learning to cane, you got too confident too fast. You decided to run while caning. You smacked into the edge of a wall and split your forehead open. You remember that?

OA smiles a bit, nods.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I know you are not my flesh and blood, but when that happened I knew you were my daughter. Because I felt it. I felt like I got hit by the wall too. That's how I feel now.

Nancy's head drops. Her shoulders start to shake.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I can't do this. You're a stranger in this house. You've got these...these...

She picks up OA's wrists -- heavy scars encircle them like bracelets. Whatever the origin, it's not self-harming.

NANCY (CONT'D)

And you won't let anyone in. I think... it's time to think about an in-patient program. Abel and I just aren't equipped--

OA

Mom...

The temperature of the room shifts. They are both listening.

NANCY

Yeah.

OA

It's not that I don't want to tell you. I want to tell you. It's just... you wouldn't know what to do.

Nancy takes this in.

OA (CONT'D)

Please don't send me away right now.

Nancy sits back on her heels. Then-- goes to the bathroom drawer, removes a PHARMACY BAG and dumps out two pill bottles. Shakes free a neon anti-psychotic ZYPREXA--

NANCY

Compromise.

OA looks at the pill, then Nancy, sees no way out. Finally she takes the pill and puts it in her mouth, swallows.

Nancy gives her a look. OA opens her mouth, lifts her tongue for inspection.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Good girl.

INT. HALLWAY - LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

This isn't high school as John Hughesian battlefield. This is high school as industrial kennel. Teenagers who look more like bloated, starved for nutrition children than glossy, sharp eyed adults.

Steve walks against the flow of traffic, pushing past a group of underclassmen that include fresh-faced Buck. They make eye contact but neither betrays a flicker of recognition.

The hall empties out. Steve alone before the windowed door of a rehearsal room. He looks in: a CHORUS of a 120 boys and girls singing for a teacher who conducts dispassionately.

Steve stealthily opens the door a crack. He stands there listening, unmoved.

MILES BREKOV (17), a reed of a boy with ink black hair, steps forward for his solo.

Steve watches with a grudge in his heart. But Miles' voice soars high and wide and hits Steve like an ocean wave swelling out of nowhere.

Steve lets tears slip from the gates of his eyes.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL - LATER

Steve holds his pants up as he runs across the parking lot--

STEVE

Hey! Yo, bro. Stop!

He catches up with Miles who loads his bookbag into his pieceofshit Honda.

STEVE (CONT'D)

(genuinely moved)

Dude, I heard you in there. Really blown away man. What's your name?

MILES

Miles. I gotta run.

STEVE

Man what are you going to do with that?

(breathless thinking of
the possibilities)

You could be... famous, dude.

MILES

I don't really want to talk to you.

STEVE

What?

MILES

You made fun of one of my friends for being gay. Now you hear me sing and it's all good? I'm not like-- your American Idol, okay? Not in a mean way. But-- I gotta go.

STEVE

Okay. Relax man. No big deal.

Miles smiles sheepishly. Steve, disappointed, turns to go.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Miles?

Miles turns-- Steve SOCKS him in the throat. HARD. Miles crumples like a flower wilting in high speed.

DREAMLIKE SPACE - NIGHT

Floating through thick fog we hear OA's hypnotic voice.

OA (V.O.)

What if the hunter comes back? What if this was just another test. Another way of showing us who's in charge.

A face lit dramatically from below appears through the clouds. It's STEVE.

OA lowers the camera, jumps back. She's in her--

BATHROOM

Shower on full blast producing tufts of steam. Steve is at the bathroom window. He raps on it with his forehead.

OA hesitates. He motions for her to hurry up, sweating through his grip on the windowsill.

OA unlocks the latch. The window hurls open, Steve folds into the room like an acrobat.

STEVE

What you up to, Crazy? Looks weird.

Steve pulls a box from his backpack, hands it to OA.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Mobile router. You can hook it up to your laptop. Bam. Connected. Paid for. Want me to set it up?

OA -- smiles, beside herself -- nods. Steve pushes into the bedroom, unwrapping the cellophane off the router.

STEVE (CONT'D)

How come you don't have a door?

OA shrugs. Steve kneels down at the desk. Feels the braille keyboard with his fingertips -- nods in understanding.

STEVE (CONT'D)

So I was thinking. Have you seen 'Strangers on a Train?'

OA shakes her head.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Basically it's like if people don't know you're connected then they can't figure out the crimes you do for each other. Thought I'd help you out and maybe you could help me out?

OA

I don't even have a door to my room.

STEVE

Yeah, yeah I know. But you're a grown-up. You might not act like it. But you are one.

Internet connected, Steve pulls up:

YOUTUBE VIDEO

We follow the blinding glow of a military grade flashlight as it burrows through a dark suburban house and finds the face of a sleeping teenager. The teen is yanked from his bed in his underwear -- he SCREAMS in terror. Two brutes in uniform plasticuff him... The teen's mother stands in the doorway in a bathrobe. She does not intervene.

STEVE (V.O.)

That's what they want to do to me.
Send me to Asheville. No one goes
there voluntarily.

EXT. WINCHELL HOUSE / CRESTWOOD ESTATES - DAY

OA and Steve ride BMX bikes out of the cul-de-sac and towards the mouth of Crestwood. OA weaves a bit, stops suddenly--

STEVE

You backing down already?

OA

No, I just -- take these pills.
They give me vertigo... they give
me a lot of things.

Steve looks at her -- nods.

EXT. FOUR LANE HIGHWAY - LATER

Steve zips through traffic like he's playing a video game. OA on the pegs of his bike delighted by his high wire act.

Steve pulls into a tundra of box superstores.

INT. MARSHALL'S - LATER

Gleaners of deals hunched over racks of clothing in the fluorescent light. Steve holds several garments over his forearm -- carefully, like he doesn't want to wrinkle them.

OA adds another blouse to his pile.

OA

Then what happened?

STEVE

Nothing. That's it. She said she
liked this guy in chorus and then
didn't come over the next day.

OA

That's okay. You don't want to go there until your invisible self is more developed.

STEVE

What the fuck is that shit?
Religion is for pussies.

OA

I'm talking about your longings, the desires you tell know one about, your *mission*. No one comes here without mission.

Steve rolls his eyes.

STEVE

I was just starting to think you were okay, but you fucking blew it.

She places her hand on his biceps, testing the muscle expertly like a coach examining an athlete.

OA

You spend a lot of time on the visible you. It's impressive. But she probably thinks the invisible you is missing.

STEVE

That's fucking stupid. I have desires. I work hard. I'm not gonna learn Chinese tomorrow and be, like, a CEO or some shit. But I want stuff.

OA

Like what?

STEVE

You know, to be somebody. I have ambitions. I'm gonna be a trainer to celebrities. Have my own show, my own line of equipment. Jessie and I have a YouTube channel already.

Not unkindly--

OA

The thing with the future is, no one ever gets there.

Blowing up--

STEVE

Who the fuck asked you, Crazy?
You're a grown up who lives with
your parents and tried to kill
yourself... Twice.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - MARSHALLS - LATER

OA tries things on, tossing clothes around. Steve waits patiently on the other side.

STEVE

Say Ming was worried about my
invisible side, which she's not cuz
she just likes to fuck, but say she
was... How do I show her that I got
it?

OA tosses a blouse over.

Steve carefully drapes another blouse over the top of the dressing room without looking through the gap in the door jam but kind of wanting to look through the gap in the door jam.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Yo, be gentle with that shit, OA.

OA pauses at the use of her name.

She looks through the crack in the door, finds Steve's profile -- his gaze averted deliberately, politely away.

A small smile from her.

OA

I dunno. Work on it some. Try
closing your eyes more. The moment
I got my vision back I couldn't see
anymore. You get caught up in other
people's expressions, faces,
colors. To really hear anything at
all, you have to open your door by
closing your eyes. Everyone's a
captive of sight. That's why no one
could escape the Hunter but me.

Steve looks around the changing area. Nobody there... He tries closing his eyes. He stands there, arms splayed out like a human coat rack, eyes pinched shut.

His face scrunches up in distaste. Steve mouths inaudibly:
BORING.

OA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Yeah, it's boring. At first.

He turns to look at her in surprise--

Catches a sliver of her NAKED BACK through the door jam--

ALL THE COLOR DROPS FROM HIS FACE.

A pattern of RAISED SCARS so intricate, so unearthly that
were they not obviously painful in their inception her back
would be a work of art.

He nearly drops all the clothes. She turns at his silence...

Their eyes connect.

He looks away.

She pulls her blouse on.

OA opens the door: Khaki capri pants, imitation silk blouse,
Aztec sandals and a matching belt.

She looks remarkably the part of suburban trophy wife.

They take each other in a beat. She waits to see what he will
say about the scars. He knows it. Letting it lie--

STEVE
(impressed with her look)
You gotta do a grown up hairdo.

She nods. *She's* impressed. Not asking about her back is like
swallowing a flaming question mark. It takes metal. She
doesn't let on.

OA hands Steve all the tags from the clothes and a bag of
floating votive candles.

OA
I'll tell you something, Steve.
Love hurts exactly as much as it's
worth.

STEVE
Don't talk crazy talk with
Broderick-Allen. Just, talk normal
talk. No, just, don't talk at all.
Just listen like you give a shit.
Yeah?

INT. HALLWAY - LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

Clack clack clack.

We follow low square heeled sandals down the highly waxed floor. French twist from behind. OA strides down the corridor, this is NOT HER NORMAL GAIT.

INT. HALLWAY - LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

OA taking deep breaths, hand over her chest as if to hold her heart back, opens the door into--

MRS. BRODERICK-ALLEN'S CLASSROOM

Polygons and Pythagorean theorems cover the paint chipped walls. **BETTY BRODERICK-ALLEN**, late 40s, soft bodied but eyes like a boar -- intelligent, missing nothing -- stands from behind the desk.

BRODERICK-ALLEN

I'm sorry, I have a meeting, can it wait?

OA

(timidly)

I think I'm your meeting...

BRODERICK-ALLEN

(taken aback)

I was expecting Mr. Winchell. We've been speaking.

OA

I'm Steve's step-mom.

Broderick-Allen takes in this young, lithe blonde.

BRODERICK-ALLEN

(sliver of bitterness)

Oh... Of course.

CUT TO:

Mrs. Broderick-Allen and OA seated in two student desks pulled to face one another.

BRODERICK-ALLEN (CONT'D)

I'm not calling this meeting to blame you or your husband. I don't know why kids sour or when.

(MORE)

BRODERICK-ALLEN (CONT'D)
 I'm calling this meeting to tell
 you your son, your husband's son,
 has become such a problem I'm
 asking for his immediate expulsion
 from this school.

A beat. OA thought all she had to do was listen.

OA
 ... Will you explain the problem?

BRODERICK-ALLEN
 I think it should be obvious from
 my probation letter, but if I must--
 I'm here to teach the kids who want
 to learn. The kids who desire to
 better themselves--

OA almost interrupts on Steve's behalf-- stops herself.

BRODERICK-ALLEN (CONT'D)
 If a disruptive, violent, and
 frankly terrible student causes me
 some trouble -- that's fine, I can
 handle rude remarks. But when he
 costs the hardworking students
 their right to an education, that
 is where I draw the line and say
 "No more." I think he has real
 psychological issues--

OA, impulsively--

OA
 It's not really a measure of mental
 health to be well-adjusted in a
 society that is profoundly sick.

Broderick-Allen's eyes narrow--

BRODERICK-ALLEN
 That's a clever bumper sticker, but
 I'm dealing with the brass tacks
 here.

OA
 (genuine)
 What was your first reason?

BRODERICK-ALLEN
 I'm sorry?

OA
 Why did you become a teacher?

Broderick-Allen, caught off guard, this is not what she was expecting from Mrs. Winchell.

BRODERICK-ALLEN
(defensive)
Because I'm good at it.

OA
You must be...
(looking at the Teacher of
the Year plaques)
...but you couldn't have known that
when you started...

BRODERICK-ALLEN
Well of course not. But you start
something because you have an idea
you may be good at it.

OA
That sounds like a second or third
reason... reasons that came later
like pride or security. What was
the first reason?

What the fuck is this?

Broderick-Allen decides to politely indulge her (Mr. Winchell must have fallen for his spin/yoga teacher)--

BRODERICK-ALLEN
I take students who know nothing
and when they leave me they know
something.

OA
What do they know about?

BRODERICK-ALLEN
(getting annoyed)
Algebra II.

OA
I don't believe you started
teaching because of quadratic
equations.

Broderick-Allen, truly thrown now, actually thinking about the question, then--

BRODERICK-ALLEN
This isn't about me.

OA

It is. It's about you and Steve and the play, cast of two, stage: classroom, over many dimensions through time.

BRODERICK-ALLEN

(suspicious now)

I don't follow.

OA

You know why Steve can't learn?

Broderick-Allen's annoyance becoming anger--

BRODERICK-ALLEN

Yes, I know exactly why -- he doesn't *want to* or he *can't*. Either way, that's why he has to be removed from those who want to and can--

OA

Steve can't learn because you lost track of your reason. You can't even remember it.

BRODERICK-ALLEN

Oh God, this is ridiculous.

Broderick-Allen tries to stand -- OA places her hand over Broderick-Allen's.

OA

I think I know what it is.

BRODERICK-ALLEN

I doubt that very much since we just met and I don't like you.

OA

You let go -- of something dear.

Broderick-Allen blanches, firm--

BRODERICK-ALLEN

Stop right there.

OA

Who did you lose?

BRODERICK-ALLEN

My patience if you don't stop.

OA, studying Broderick-Allen's tells -- her pupils, the corners of her mouth...

OA

Was it a parent? A child of your own? A lover--

Broderick-Allen laughs.

OA (CONT'D)

No... It was your other half.

Broderick-Allen turns, sharply. OA's hand grasps Broderick-Allen's forearm--

OA (CONT'D)

Someone you loved very much.

(beat)

A sibling, a twin--

Broderick-Allen looks at her with wet eyes, suddenly fierce--

BRODERICK-ALLEN

You want to talk turkey? Your sociopath of a son punched a kid in the throat two days ago in the parking lot after school. The victim didn't report it because he feared reprisal. That boy, Miles Brekov, is a soloist who was to compete at Nationals next week. Now he has a lacerated trachea and is unable to sing. I don't give a crap where that violence comes from or why -- I don't want it in my school.

The OA -- stunned, listening. Steve didn't tell her this. She sits still a moment.

Broderick-Allen purses her lips -- *exactly*.

OA

I think Steve is lost. But in order to teach him you have to teach yourself again. And you decided somewhere along the way you were done learning. It was too painful to stay open.

Broderick-Allen wants to interrupt, wants to stop this, can't bring herself to do it.

OA (CONT'D)

Steve's sensitive enough to know this dimension is crumbling. To violence, to pettiness, to greed. These kids don't have anyone to look up to, their parents are throwing in the towel on reality for fantasy. Steve lives in a state without hope. He feels all the old values are unfounded. There is no future that isn't pointless so why not fuck it all to hell?

BRODERICK-ALLEN

We all face the same hopelessness, Mrs. Winchell. It's what we do with it.

OA nods. Then--

OA

You're right. You are absolutely right. So I'm asking you -- what are you going to do?

(beat)

If you want to do your *job* expel the bully. Focus on the kid who sings like an angel even though he doesn't *need* you. If you want to be a *teacher*, teach Steve. He's the boy you can help become a man. He's the boy you lost. He's your first reason.

OA rises, walks to the door.

Off Mrs. Broderick-Allen's face.

EXT. FOUR LANE HIGHWAY - LATER

OA rides Steve's bike. She pedals fast, furiously. Then stands on the pedals leaning into the wind. Tilts her head back, lets the sunshine overwhelm her. She smiles.

INT. CLASSROOM - LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A scuffle of students filing in, Steve amongst them. The eerie quiet of pre-class texting.

Mrs. Broderick-Allen puts her own phone away. She turns and catches Steve's gaze... gives him a *wink*.

Steve nods back, stoic. But when he turns away from her his face betrays a quiet, innocent joy.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - UNFINISHED HOUSE - DAY

Missy, 16, her threads are a cut above -- Abercrombie not Marshalls. She pushes glossy dark bangs out of her eyes.

MISSY

You sold Adderall to Madison for
20.

Late sun floods the skeleton woods beyond the wall-less suite. A propane tank gases a small heater. Jessie and Steve warming beside it with--

STEVE

Yeah, economies of scale, Babes.
It's like senior citizen and
student discounts -- so everyone
gets in to see *Avatar*. You pay top
dollar cuz you got top dollar.
Themz be the economics of it. I
didn't come up with capitalism.

MISSY

Maybe I should just get Madison to
buy it.

STEVE

Madison just lost her student
discount, Babes.

Missy shakes her head, hands him 50.

SOUND: loud singing from the master bathroom

Buck walks in. He eyes Missy. Missy eyes the master bath in the room beyond:

OA, ear buds in, just visible, singing along to the music. She's standing in the jacuzzi taping things onto the wall.

MISSY

(low voiced)
Who is that in there? Is that...

STEVE

Uh... My cousin from Phoenix.
(handing her Adderall)
Move along Babes, I got work to do.

Steve and Jessie admire Missy's ass as she walks away.

Buck tries to get a glimpse of the OA in the other room.

STEVE (CONT'D)

(to Buck)

Hey, leave Crazy alone. She's doing her thing in there.

BUCK

What's she doing?

STEVE

I don't know. She said she's "trying to organize her mind."

Jessie shakes his head.

JESSE

Good luck with that. She's schizo man.

STEVE

(definitive)

No she's not.

JESSE

You're just saying that cuz if she is, and she is, you totally took advantage of her.

STEVE

(sharp)

You don't know shit about her, man. So shuthefuckup.

BUCK

I looked it up. Schizophrenics have bad hygiene.

All three look through the unfinished wall into the master bath: can just see OA's wild white blonde hair, not recently washed. Her attire has gotten more elaborate...

BUCK (CONT'D)

She's not dirty but she's not clean either.

JESSE

She jumped off a bridge naked in the middle of winter. That's page one crazy.

STEVE

Cobain killed himself.

BUCK
And Robin Williams.

STEVE
And Jeremy's little brother.
(beat)
He was 12.

They all absorb the implications of child suicide. No one asks *why?* Steve gives Buck a package--

STEVE (CONT'D)
It's 4-androstenediol. He didn't have 19. You know, I googled it. You should probably be doing injections. It's safer.

BUCK
What, I'm gonna ask my dad to inject me?

Steve shrugs. Packs up.

STEVE
Alright, clear out guys.

Buck and Jesse make their way home. Steve walks through the doorless doorway into the

MASTER BATH

Woah.

OA stands in the empty jacuzzi tub. A sprawl of collaged images and symbols on the WALL ABOVE: A Braille map of the US, some states in the Midwest traced in red. A skeleton with a DOCTOR'S head lamp. Several different models of a pale blue pickup truck.

A laptop connected to Steve's ROUTER fires out glossy images from a PRINTER.

Steve tries to take it all in. He decides he can't, it's too troubling. He pulls OA's ear buds out--

STEVE
Yo. You should head home, it's late. You'll get busted.

OA
I need help with something Saturday night.

Steve, helping her out of the tub--

OA (CONT'D)

Do you have four friends who are as strong and flexible as you are?

STEVE

Well, no one as strong as me, but yeah, I got people. Why? You need help moving out?

OA

Yeah, eventually. But it would take a lot of practice. It's important it's five though. I need at least five.

STEVE

Yeah, yeah, I hear you, Crazy.

OA

And it has to be this Saturday because it will take a while and we have to get started. Also everyone has to leave the front doors to their houses open--

STEVE

Well, no one's doing that, Crazy. That's how you get your shit stolen.

OA

You don't have anything in those houses worth taking or that you couldn't afford to lose.

OA, uncompromising, intense--

OA (CONT'D)

The doors *have* to be open, Steve.

Off Steve -- is he in deep with someone unwell or someone dangerous?

INT. COSTCO - CONTINUOUS

The real economies of scale. Hundreds of everything reaching two stories high: Cereals. Best-sellers. Sirloins.

Mrs. Broderick-Allen in the frozen goods section grabbing 5 Lean Cuisines. She rolls down the aisle passing... Desserts.

She stops in longing. Summons determination from a new feeling inside herself. Rolls past to the checkout, spots: Mr. Winchell, looking worn after a long day, waiting in line.

MRS. BRODERICK-ALLEN
Mr. Winchell.

He stops, looks confused, summons the memory.

MR WINCHELL
Yes, yes, Mrs.--

MRS. BRODERICK-ALLEN
Broderick-Allen.

MR WINCHELL
Yes. Nice to see you...

MRS. BRODERICK-ALLEN
I wouldn't have stopped you, I don't like talking to parents unless it's in the classroom, but I wanted to tell you what a special woman she is. Odd. But, an original thinker. I think she's going to turn Steve's life around. And I want you to know -- I'm committed to help.

Mr. Winchell, startled, blank, then--

MR WINCHELL
The Asian girl, his uh, girlfriend--

MRS. BRODERICK-ALLEN.
No, no. Your new wife!

WOMAN (O.S.)
His what?!

Mrs. Broderick-Allen turns -- a woman with short brown hair, 50s, eyebrows drawn in, holding economy sized toilet paper.

Mrs. Broderick-Allen turns back to Mr. Winchell, beams at him--

MRS. BRODERICK-ALLEN.
The new Mrs. Winchell.

WOMAN
I'm Mrs. Winchell.

Mrs. Winchell gives Mr. Winchell a sharp look -- *WTF*.

MRS. BRODERICK-ALLN
 (struggling, refusing to
 see)

I...A young woman came in-- Steve's
 step mom. She-- she was very
 passionate. Almost white hair...

Mrs. Winchell flipping through PEOPLE, turns the magazine to
 Broderick-Allen--

MRS. WINCHELL
 Did she look something like this?

Broderick-Allen takes in the blanketed figure running up the
 drive -- *MICHIGAN MIRACLE* -- the high school photo of Prairie
 Johnson. Those eyes...

Off Mrs. Broderick-Allen's face. Something important inside
 her crumbles.

INT. OA BATHROOM - JOHNSON HOUSE - NIGHT

OA folds a white sheet of paper into a plane.

She leans out the open window, flings the paper plane across
 the lawn... It hits the wall by Miles' window, beneath it --
 the carnage of 2 dozen plane crashes. OA sighs. Tries
 again...

EXT. LAWN - CONTINUOUS

The white plane sails through the moonless night like a dart,
 just misses the crook of a tree's arm, and glides into

MILES' BEDROOM

landing at Miles' elbow. He doesn't notice.

INT. OA BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

OA's ecstasy at having made the landing fades when Miles
 doesn't look up.

SOUND: Doorbell ringing

OA moves from her room, through the open doorway, to the

TOP OF THE STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

She peaks to the foyer below as Mrs. Johnson cracks open the front door revealing Mr. Winchell, Mrs. Winchell, Buck and Buck's father.

MRS. WINCHELL

Nancy, I think we have a real problem on our hands.

INT. MILES' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Miles looks up from his Algebra II, notices -- a paper airplane on the window sill. He looks across the drainage ditch at the glowing rectangle of the OA's bedroom.

He turns the plane around, mystified. Unfolds it. A note in scribbled, uneven handwriting. Miles reads it aloud to understand it:

MILES

"I can heal your voice. Saturday at the unfinished house at the edge of the development. Don't discuss. Leave your front door open."

INT. KITCHEN - JOHNSON HOME - MOMENTS LATER

MRS. WINCHELL (O.S.)

I don't care how we stop it. The children should not be exposed to someone capable of identity theft...

OA's ear pressed up against the kitchen door leading into the

LIVING ROOM

Nancy, Abel, Buck and Buck's father sit. Mr. and Mrs. Winchell stand, fired up. The bouquets have wilted.

NANCY

You're acting like she's-- she's some sort of pariah. She's a sick young woman--

MR. WINCHELL

Not my problem.

NANCY

And your son is a troubled young man!

MR. WINCHELL

Yes but my son is 16!

Tempers flared, heavy breathing.

BUCK'S DAD

Nancy... Nancy we all think what you and Abel have done for Prairie is very brave. Adopting a handicap child. Her kidnapping. But, you know, there are certain realities. I saw her on the back of Steve's bike the other day and-- it seemed...sexual.

MRS. WINCHELL

(looking to her husband)
Oh my God?

Abel, really uncomfortable now. Nancy losing it--

NANCY

This is ridiculous.

BUCK

She's just lonely. It's not such a big deal. She wanted to make friends--

BUCK'S DAD

It is a big deal, Michelle.

Buck rolls his eyes at the use of his birth name -- if you hadn't noticed you might now that Buck is biologically female.

BUCK'S DAD (CONT'D)

(to Abel)

You did say Abel that the doctors in St. Louis recommended she be committed--

MR. WINCHELL

This is exactly what I'm talking about. Why was that information withheld?

ABEL

It wasn't withheld. It also isn't your business.

MRS. WINCHELL

How did she get her sight back? Did she pay for that by prostituting herself on the streets? What is she teaching our children? We have a *right* to know -- what the hell happened to her?

Nancy shakes her head defeated.

NANCY

(quietly)
We don't know.

MR. WINCHELL

Well that doesn't cut it.

ABEL

You can't possibly imagine what it's like to lose a child on your watch. There were times I wished they would find a body so it would just be over. If you think we're going to give up because you say so, let me assure you that we have reserves of strength. We will keep our daughter indoors. We will keep her away from the neighborhood youth. But you watch yourselves. You pray and hope that you never have even one night of what we went through for years. Go home and hold your children. Thank them for being healthy and alive. And if you want to know what happened to our child, close your eyes Mrs. Winchell and imagine.

A pause.

MRS. WINCHELL

I have imagined. That's what scares me. Look, I'm doing the hard thing -
- I'm sending my son away to get the help I can't give him. Maybe you need to think about doing the hard thing too.

KITCHEN

Off OA, taking it all in...

INT. BEDROOM - BRODERICK-ALLEN CONDO - NIGHT

Betty Broderick-Allen lays out her clothes for tomorrow while cribbing a cordless phone between her shoulder and cheek.

BRODERICK-ALLEN.

Exactly. What am I supposed to do,
ID parents?

TV NEWS on mute: fires in the desert, hard to tell if it's
America or the Middle East.

BRODERICK-ALLEN

That's why real crazy is so scary.
It's hard to read. It's between the
lines... Oh--Okay. Thanks for call--
(but the phone is already
dead)

Mrs. Broderick-Allen looks around. *What drama!* She smiles...
but there's nobody there. She shakes her head.

She climbs into bed with her oversized laptop, is about to
load a movie when she changes course-- pulls up GOOGLE
instead, types: **OA**

Overeaters Anonymous comes up. She frowns--

Tries again with: "**THE OA**" Boom: a YouTube video, 27 hits.
OA's frozen face, that wild white-blond hair. Broderick-
Allen can't help herself, clicks PLAY:

OA

I've lost someone. Maybe you have
lost someone too.

*Abstract clouds of shower steam... The clouds part -- Steve's
unmistakable eyes through the window.*

Broderick-Allen flinches -- slams her laptop shut.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Steve follows the glow of his phone's GPS through black pine.
At a low stone wall he pockets the phone and looks up at the
STATELY MANSION -- dark save bright security floods.

Behind Steve four BIG GUYS from the wrestling team appear.
They're equipped with duffel bags and backpacks.

Steve leaps over the wall, guys follow. Steve walks casually
across the lawn, assessing the house's possibilities...

He leaps onto the west wall of the house itself, scaling it without hesitation. Bare fingers jammed into stacked stone. Sneakers finding footholds in nothing.

By the second story, the guys below start backing away, nervous, but Steve keeps ascending. He climbs without fear or arrogance...

He stops suddenly, *stuck*. Holding the whole weight of his body in his right fingers and left toes. He sweats. The balcony ledge two feet *too far*...

The guys below, breathless...*can he even get down from there?*

Fuck it. Steve leaps-- *just* catches the railing. *Hulls* himself over.

The guys shake their heads. He'll kill himself someday, just not tonight.

Steve looks out from the balcony into the dark wood. Small blue lights twinkle throughout the trees like electric fire flies mid winter. Steve smiles. Disappears inside.

The guys *breathe*. Steve appears at the side door of the house, thrusting it open--

STEVE

Welcome to my swan song, meatheads.
House rape.

The trees now pulsating with light as 200 HIGH SCHOOL KIDS guided by the GPS LIGHT OF SMARTPHONES pour out from the woods and cross the lawn from all over...

STEVE (CONT'D)

Welcome. Welcome--

The high school students climb the hill.

WRESTLER

How do you know no one's coming home tonight?

Steve whips out his phone: a FACEBOOK feed of MISSY DESANTOS and her parents on vacation.

STEVE

The Desantos are in Barbados. They wanted us to house sit.

WRESTLER

What about when they get home?

STEVE

Hard to blame hundreds of people
from all over Michigan. What are
you gonna do, arrest people for
retweets? Beauty of a house rape is
it's a gang bang.

But by now the hundreds of kids pouring out from the woods
are too much to be stopped by one conversation in the only
doorway and BAM -- THE HOUSE IS SWARMED.

INT. MISSY'S PARENTS' MANSION - NIGHT

Steve wanders the rooms with a baseball bat striking out at
will -- glass shards fly from silver frames leaving glossy
family photos exposed.

French watches Steve in disgust. But the honor students and
varsity athletes swallow French back into their choice
circle. Buck and Jessie watch French as mortal outsiders.

JESSIE

Come on. Let's try and pretend like
this shit is fun.

Buck follows Jessie as they zigzag through the crowd. This
isn't a house party from a 90s movie, it's social networks
manifested -- strangers from all over the county, no easy way
to actually connect. No invitation to lose yourself.

MASTER BEDROOM

Strangely empty. Steve has been here -- his glass wake
glistens on the carpet.

BUCK

How come you're friends with him?

JESSE

He wasn't always like this.

BUCK

What happened?

JESSE

Same thing that's happening to all
of us. Steve just isn't holding it
in.

Carpet *SOAKING* wet, light leaking out from the

MASTER BATHROOM

Two girls writhe on the marble floor beside a flooding bath. Soaked clothes cling to their newly blossomed bodies. They finger one another in rapture. Another girl films, she points the phone towards the boys -- Buck hypnotized by the girls.

Jesse focused on the jacuzzi tub overflowing with water... It looks eerily like the one in the abandoned New Crestwood Estate house. In fact, it might be the exact make and model--

JESSIE

You think we should go?

One of the two girls stares at Jesse *why is he talking?*

GIRL

Yeah you should go, fatty.

The boys are pushed out. The door slams shut behind them. Locks. They stand in the empty bedroom.

JESSIE

You coming?

BUCK

Where?

Jesse gives Buck a look--

BUCK (CONT'D)

Our parents would literally lock us up and throw away the keys. At least my Dad would.

Jesse pulls out his phone. Cues up the OAs YOUTUBE VIDEO. It plays. Hangs there between them...

OA'S YOUTUBE VIDEO:

OA (V.O.)

The thing with the unknown is you cannot know it.

through a window Miles being scolded by Mrs. Brekov / Buck skateboarding down a hill, crouched impossibly low to the earth, sailing fast / week old snow airborne again from new wind in the tallest trees / French running through a vacant trash strewn lot -- proud, young, noble...

French watches. It stirs something in all of them to have been filmed secretly, to see their ordinary lives become an integral part of poetry...

FRENCH

I can't. We could get into actual trouble.

JESSE

Yeah. Just thought you would want to know... Could make a great college essay...

The video still playing--

OA

I can't change your fate. But I can help you rise to meet it.

(beat)

The house at the edge of the wood. Midnight. Don't bother coming without leaving your front door open. You have to invite me in.

FRENCH

Weird. Weird as fuck.

Beat.

BUCK

We could go through the woods. No one would know.

I/E. JAYE'S PICK-UP TRUCK -- LATER

Steve and Jaye listen to XM radio as they drive.

JAYE

I guess this will be our last time.

Steve turns to look at her.

STEVE

Why didn't you want to be my girlfriend?

JAYE

I don't want to be anyone's girlfriend.

STEVE

Come on, I'm leaving anyway. Just tell me the truth. You said you like how I smell.

JAYE

I just want to get good at sex is all. It's just been practice. One day I will fall in love and when that happens I want to be ready.

STEVE

That's fucked up.

JAYE

No it's not. You're an asshole.

Steve, suddenly flattens himself against the passenger window, stares out: The front door of Jesse's house is wide open. So is the front door of Buck's...

JAYE (CONT'D)

I can spend the night tonight? If you don't want to be alone.

Steve looks out the rear window at another house -- Door open. *Fuck. Did they go?*

Jaye pulls up to Steve's house. Unbuckles her seat belt.

STEVE

You're right. I am an asshole.

He's already out of the car. Jogging down the street. Jaye watches him go, confused, yells out the window--

JAYE

What are you doing?

Steve changes his mind, heads back towards her, but doesn't stop. Over his shoulder sprinting up his lawn--

STEVE

BYE!

--to his house, to his front door. He puts the key into the lock. Kicks the door open. *What the fuck is he doing? Fuck it. It's the last night he's spending here.*

INT. UNFINISHED HOME - CRESTWOOD ESTATES - NIGHT

Jesse, Buck, French, Steve and The OA sit around the bathtub. Floating votive candles flicker on the water.

STEVE

Okay we're here. What did you need help with so bad and in the middle of the night?

OA
I wanted you to listen to my story.

FRENCH
Like, what *happened* to you?

OA nods.

OA
But I need five. I told you that.

STEVE
We are five.

OA
Not including me. I invited the boy
you punched, but--

STEVE
Good thing he didn't show. Just
include yourself and start already.

OA
It won't work ultimately. I need
five from the beginning. For what
we have to do. Because it will be
dangerous, even with five--

French stands to leave. *Why did he agree to this?*

Steve boils. His sadness bubbling up now like sewer water--

STEVE
I'm tired of all this shit, OA. I'm--
- I'm tired. I just left my own
fucking party for this shit--

SOUND: A LOUD CREAK FROM DOWNSTAIRS

Everyone freezes.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

French ducks behind the sink -- the only refuge in this room.

The rest stare motionless towards the top of the stairs... An
industrial flashlight beam breaks into the darkness.

THUD, THUD, THUD of someone climbing the stair... labored
breath... They are all stock still... Then, in the doorless
doorway.

MRS. BRODERICK-ALLEN shinning her flashlight RIGHT AT THEM.

The kids instinctively back up -- stunned -- bracing themselves for impact.

No one says a word.

Finally--

MRS. BRODERICK-ALLEN
I left my door open.

CUT TO:

The candle glow creates a strange shifting halo around OA.

Mrs. Broderick-Allen's arms are folded over her chest. Everyone sits on the floor cross legged. French leans back on his elbows, feet crossed at the ankles.

OA
I was born in Russia in 1987.

STEVE
(laughing)
What?! Come on.

OA
My father was a very wealthy man. He ran a mining company. He took precious metals out of the ground.

Jessie and French trade a look. Jessie shrugs *whatever*.

OA (CONT'D)
We were always being watched. Because he had so much money by then. And in Russia if you have money you pay some of it to the Voi-

STEVE
Like the mob?

BUCK
Don't interrupt. She's gonna say--

OA
No questions. Just listening. Which is different from hearing. Just listen.
(beat)
We lived in a secret city outside Moscow with many of the other recent rich...

CUT TO:

EXT. SECRET CITY - 20 MILES OUTSIDE MOSCOW - DAY

Vast woods yield to green fences, 20 feet high and topped with closed circuit cameras. Beyond them an extremist Beverly Hills -- Georgian, Bavarian, Victorian mansions -- all clustered together in hidden sanctuary.

OA (V.O.)

The man who does aluminum. The man who does gold. The man who does cable. There were many big houses behind big gates.

We fly through the gates of one compound and up to an Art Deco estate home.

INT. BEDROOM, ART DECO ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

A pale blonde girl, maybe 6, paints at an ornate wooden desk in her bedroom.

She pauses, looks out the window, eyes deep navy and familiar.

Outside: pine boughs droop under the silent snow.

OA (V.O.)

I suffered from things then. It began when I was five. Images would come on as strong as a dream but while I was awake--

INT. MASTER BATH - EDGE OF DEVELOPMENT

STEVE

I fucking hate people telling me their dreams--

MRS. BRODERICK-ALLEN

Just listen for christsake.

OA

(non-plussed)

Images so real they had smells in them and sounds sharper than life.

INT. BEDROOM - ART DECO ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

The little girls eyes loose focus, as if in a trace.

Bright blood runs from her nose. Spatters on her blue watercolor.

OA (V.O.)
 In one of the images I am trapped
 inside an aquarium...

INT. AQUARIUM - VISION - DAY

CLOSE UP: The little girl struggling in dark water.

COLORED CRAYONS float by her.

A MOON FACED DOLL with PURPLE EYES.

OA (V.O.)
 There is glass everywhere and the
 light is fading. I keep banging
 against the glass but I can't get
 out. Can't breath...

The girl tries to swim -- slams against clear glass.

INT. FOYER, ART DECO ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

Little white stocking feet run across a black and white marble floor. Blood dribbles in her wake. The girl BURSTS into

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

A young man scoops her up on entrance--

VOICE
 (Russian accent)
 It's alright, Roman. What is it,
 Olenka?

The little girl scampers past her teenage brother and crawls into her father's arms. He has a wide compact chest like he was poured from cement -- this is MR. AZAROV, 40s.

Olenka bleeds all over his white oxford shirt, cries into his neck in terror--

OLENKA
 It came again. The same again. I'm
 underwater and I see the floating
 crayons and then I can't breathe.

The bear of a man rocks his daughter in his arms. Leans her head back, pinches her nose to hold in the blood--

MR. AZAROV

It's just a dream my little cabbage.

OLENKA

My eyes were open the whole time.

MR. AZAROV

It's a day dream.

OLENKA

But I feel it just like I feel you pinching my nose.

Mr. Azarov stands, holding his daughter close. He walks for the door--

MR. AZAROV

(to his assistant)

Cancel this afternoon. Move everything to this evening.

ASSISTANT

But they are driving in from Moscow.

MR. AZAROV

Then I'm sure they will be hungry for whatever Cook has prepared for them.

OLENKA

Papa, I'm okay now.

MR. AZAROV

No. We are going to rid the day time of this nightmare.

EXT. GROUNDS OF AZAROV ESTATE - AFTERNOON

A black SUBURBAN crawls slowly through 7 foot high snow drifts.

INT. BLACK ARMORED SUV - DAY

Olenka sits beside her father in the backseat of the heavily tinted car.

MR. AZAROV

Stop here.

The driver pulls over in the snowy whiteout. Mr. Azarov gets out wearing only his bloody shirt and pants--

MR. AZAROV (CONT'D)

Keep the car warm.

(beat)

Come on, Cabbage.

Olenka, bare stocking feet and dress, follows him out.

Mr. Azarov raps firmly on the back of the car. The trunk pops. He opens it. Pulls out--

A TIRE-IRON

Olenka shivers in a gale of icy wind. She meets her father's eyes, not without fear.

SOUND: WHACK. WHACK. WHACK.

EXT. SNOWY FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

THE TIRE-IRON SLAMS AGAINST ICE. CHIPS FLY. WATER SPRAYS.

Mr. Azarov, in an undershirt, clears the shallows of the lake from chunks of encroaching ice.

MR. AZAROV

Olenka.

Olenka, in her undergarments, bravely steps into the freezing water.

Tears from the shock of cold spring to her eyes involuntarily.

She pushes into the water -- thigh high -- shaking. Barely able to speak--

OLENKA

Papa, it's too cold. I can't.

MR. AZAROV

What's the only way to fight cold?

OLENKA

Become colder than it is.

Mr. Azarov nods.

Olenka nods.

Doesn't move.

Sheer terror seizes her. And then--

She dives into the water.

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BATH - EDGE OF DEVELOPMENT - NIGHT

Steve's jaw is slack, Buck wide-eyed, Mrs. Broderick-Allen holds her breath.

OA speaks plainly--

OA

My father taught me to swim that day. That night the cold snap was so great that two of our horses froze to death. But the image of the aquarium never came back again.

INT. KITCHEN - AZAROV ESTATE - EARLY MORNING

A pale blue egg CRACKS against a crystal glass. Two eggs into one glass. Two eggs into another glass. Milk follows.

OA (V.O.)

A whole year passed. My nose didn't bleed once.

Olenka hands a glass to her father. They both drink.

Behind them two cooks prepare breakfast. A servant bustles through the door carrying a silver tray into the dining room beyond --

Olenka's two teenage brothers sit on either side of their mother -- blond, delicate, imperious. The boys wolf down pancakes.

OA (V.O.)

I had started school now. All the kids in the neighborhood were picked up in a special bus. I was always last.

EXT. AZAROV ESTATE - MORNING

Bookbag in hand, Olenka runs down the snowy tree lined drive to meet a long gray bus with heavy dark windows fringed with ice.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - CONTINUOUS

Olenka sits beside a girl her age, Valari, who talks loudly over the other children.

Olenka gazes out the window at clouds deepening in the sky like a ripe bruise.

OA (V.O.)

I felt something in the pit of my stomach. Like my eggs were sitting there stuck, unbroken. I felt like I wanted to get off the bus...

Olenka sinks deeper into her seat, looks at the water below as the bus traverses a long bridge.

VALARI

Yeah, but I didn't like it. It made you think too much about death.

BOY

Like when the boy shoots himself.

VALARI

Yeah, like one day you are here. And then suddenly you aren't here. You aren't anywhere. Did you see it, O?

OLENKA

I think you are always somewhere just maybe not as you--

SOUND: DEAFENING ROAR. THE SPLITTING OPEN OF EARTH OR SKY OR BOTH

CHILDREN PITCH FORWARD OVER SEATS

FRAGILE HEADS CRACK AGAINST THE CEILING

THE BUS SOMERSAULTS INTO WATER

BLACK.

SOUND: from underwater -- shrill screams of children who survived the fall.

Olenka breaks the surface. GASPS for air.

Almost completely dark.

The black rubber floor of the bus is the new sky.

Children floating face down.

Children treading water, shrieking, clamoring for the legs of seats to hold on to, water SURGING up from underneath.

A panicked boy grabs Olenka's head as a life preserver, pushes her under.

Olenka THRASHES underwater -- sees --

Dim light glowing from windows below.

She breaks the surface again, gulps for air, dives--

COLORED CRAYONS FLOAT BY

A MOON FACED DOLL -- NO -- VALARI -- VIOLET EYES WIDE,
UNSEEING

Olenka swims for the light -- BANGS against glass.

Swims again forward -- HITS glass.

The aquarium.

No way out.

Olenka breaks the surface again.

There are fewer children struggling now.

Their mouths kiss the floor. Suck the last bubbles of oxygen trapped above the dark water.

Olenka huddles with them.

They are all suddenly quiet together. Thinking of what is about to befall them.

OLENKA (CONT'D)

There is light beneath us. Maybe
one of the windows is broken. If we
swim deep... maybe we could make it
out.

The cluster of children near her consider this. Look at one another in terror.

Olenka takes a massive breath.

Dives.

Swims deep.

Deeper.

One or two children plunge after her.

It's so dark.

So cold.

Behind her, the kids turn back.

Olenka keeps swimming for--

The WINDSHIELD

CRACKED WIDE OPEN

The bus sinks now almost as fast as she's swimming, but she clears the glass--

Swims out into the dark of the open water--

Breath gone, Olenka makes for the light at the surface--

Lungs on fire now -- a fire that races through her thin limbs, burns up everything inside her --

POP POP POP

Fireworks BURST in her brain

Everything goes black.

OA (V.O.)

We were a message see. To our parents. From the Voi. And the message said - you are powerful businessmen to be sure, but not all powerful. The youngest sons and daughters of every Russian scion was on that bus. They all died. Every single one of them. Including me.

EXPLOSION OF LIGHT

EXT. THE BANK, RIVER'S EDGE - DAY

Mr. Azarov, soaking wet, pounds his daughter's chest. Hard. Mercilessly hard. He wails. Breathes into her empty mouth.

Behind him the broken arc of the bridge -- edges charred and smoking. Police lights flashing.

MR. AZAROV

Don't you leave me here, Olenka
Azarov. Don't you leave me alone
here.

He breathes into her mouth again. Pounds her chest with his sledgehammer fists--

AIR HEAVES INTO OLENKA

She vomits water and motor oil everywhere.

Mr. Azarov sobs. Gathers Olenka into his arms.

Her eyes flutter open over his shoulder -- the whites of them are BLOOD RED. Olenka gropes at her face, then at his...

OLENKA

Papa. I can't see...

INT. MASTER BATH - EDGE OF DEVELOPMENT - NIGHT

OA

...I can't see anything at all.

EXT. CRESTWOOD ESTATES - NIGHT

The homes of Crestwood in the phosphorescent glow of street light. Front doors yawn open to the black night.