

Female Rage

Written By

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INT. UNKNOWN

The camera hovers just above the floor, capturing a WOMAN'S BODY curled up, a trembling silhouette against the cold wall. Shadows stretch and flicker, wrapping her in a cocoon.

Her chest rises and falls erratically, each breath a jagged gasp. The sound is raw-sharp inhaled that cut through the silence, and then a shallow, desperate exhales.

Fingernails dig into her thighs, pressing into flesh, leaving crescent-shaped marks.

A sensation stirs deep inside her "a rolling, shifting movement. She turns on her back, wincing and pressing her hands against her belly as if something is inside.

Sweat trickles down her back, staining her white shirt. The sensation of movement grows stronger. Her throat tightens, as if she's being suffocated. She tries to gasp for air.

The camera shifts to her trembling hands, clutching at her chest, fingers splayed wide. Her hands begin painfully stretching, veins underneath her skin stand out.

The room seems to pulse, the walls closing in, she faces the ceiling, freezing in silence. Eyes turn dark. She's still and staring. Her mouth widens as she screams but unable to make a sound.

**Female Rage.**

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. UNIVERSITY - CAMPUS - DAY

CIARA, 18, Latina, dark haired woman stands in front of the building as crowds of students head inside their dorms. She clutches onto her luggage, nervous and unsteady. She takes a breath before entering the building.

INT. CAMPUS - HALLWAY

Ciara walks into a crowded hallway filled with students as they look for their assigned rooms. She is bumped into student as she inches her way into a corner. A group of female students laugh at her.

She finds her dorm room number on a door in the midst of the chaos. She makes break and rushes forward to the door. She quickly unlocks the door, entering into the room.

INT. CAMPUS - ROOM

She takes a deep breath before dropping her luggage unaware that her new roommate is watching her from the doorway. KATIE, 18, cool, sophisticated, and collected stares at her. Ciara is nervous, unable to say anything.

KATIE  
You must be new.

Ciara doesn't know what to say.

KATIE  
I'm Katie, you're roommate.

Ciara takes a step forward, calming herself down.

CIARA  
Ciara.

KATIE  
Major?

CIARA  
(confused)  
Excuse me?

KATIE  
What's your major?

CIARA  
Oh. Uh, art.

KATIE  
So, you like to create things.

CIARA  
Yeah. You?

KATIE  
Lawyer. We need more female lawyers to get the job done.

CIARA  
Agreed.

Katie looks at her. Ciara zips open a small bag, filled with pads and her medicine. She zips it up, putting it on her desk.

KATIE

You look lost. You look like you have no idea what your doing here?

Ciara looks away.

KATIE

Don't worry. That's what college is for. Finding who you are. You'll be fine. There's a party tonight. You should go.

CIARA

I don't know.

KATIE

If you don't get out; you may never know who you are. Just try it. Plus, I gotta work so go for me.

Katie gets up and leaves. Ciara sits on her bed, debating whether stay or go.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNIVERSITY - HOUSE - NIGHT

Ciara walks up to house filled with students, coming in and out. Students talking to each other, others making out as she walks by.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

She walk inside to the hum of music and voices fills the air. It's loud, chaotic. People are everywhere, crowd in the tight filled living room. People are either talking, dancing, kissing each other.

She swallows hard, anxiety tightening around her chest. Her body language is small, hunched. She takes a few tentative steps into the room, but her feet feel like they're stuck in place. A voice breaks through the noise.

She watches every single student be who they are, without any hesitation, no care in the world.

She sees an empty corner away from the crowd and heads towards it. BRETT, 19, charming, kinda drunk walks up, alarming her. He's got a cocky grin, trying to be charming. She tries to distance herself from him.

BRETT

Hey, I've never seen you before. You look like you came to party.

Ciara tenses up, forcing a weak smile. Her eyes flicker nervously around the room, trying to find an exit.

BRETT

Don't be scared. I don't bite. There's no need to be shy. We're all new to this world. Just have fun.

(leans in closer, overly playful)

See, I'm a professional at this. Just relax. Come on, hang out with me and I'll get you something to loosen up.

He gently touches her arm, but his grip lingers just long enough to make it uncomfortable.

At that moment, a few nearby friends watch, overhear and snicker at her. Brett grabs a drink for her but ultimately bumps into her, spilling the drink on her dress.

BRETT

(laughs)

Oh shit. My bad.

Ciara desperately tries to clean herself.

BRETT

(laughs)

Sorry.

A ripple of laughter spreads through the crowd. Ciara face falters. Her breath quickens and her chest tightens. Her vision blurs at the edges. The room seems to spin. The lights flicker in and out.

Her heart races. She clenches her fists at her sides. A deep, unsettling pressure begins to build within her chest.

The laughter gets louder. But Ciara doesn't hear it anymore. Her pulse is deafening. Her breath shallow, erratic, and the pressure in her body intensifies.

A low, rumbling sound starts in her stomach, almost like a growl, but deep. She stumbles back, her hands instinctively clutching her stomach. Her face contorts in pain, and her eyes widen.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY

She stumbles into the hallway, holding onto each side of the wall. The laughter around her fades into a distant hum. Her breath comes in jagged, panic-stricken gasps.

Her muscles tense up and her body jerks repeatedly. Her legs wobble beneath her, but she forces herself to move.

She leans against the wall, still reeling from the force inside her. She heads toward the door, grabbing the knob, struggling to turn it. She rushes inside.

INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM

The door slams shut behind her in a cramped bathroom. The music still blasting from outside. Ciara hunches over the sink, she sees her distorted reflection in the mirror.

She notices a long hangnail on her finger. She struggles to pull it, ripping off a large piece of her skin on her finger.

She gasps in pain, running her finger under the water. She sees blood, coming down her leg. She lifts up her dress, seeing blood in her underwear.

She goes through the cabinets and underneath the sink for a pad. She grabs some toilet paper to clean the blood off her leg and wrapping her finger.

Her breathing gets shallow with a tightening in her chest. The pressure inside her is unbearable now until a sudden sharp twinge of pain in her stomach.

She grips the edge of the sink harder. Something shifting beneath her skin, like a slow ripple, a twisting sensation.

Her stomach contracts, and she watches as her skin tightens unnaturally over her abdomen. Her ribs bulges slightly. She stumbles back from the sink, against the wall.

Her reflection now distorted-her features contorted in pain and fear. Her skin ripples, her veins becoming visible underneath, pulsing and shifting.

Suddenly, her skin rips-a jagged tear forms down her arm, splitting open to reveal dark, shifting tendrils of something beneath her flesh, pulsating with a sickly glow.

She screams-a jagged, guttural sound, not entirely human. The sound of the music blurring throughout the house shields her

screams.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY

She exits leaves the bathroom, her body shaking violently as she forces herself into the hallway. She staggers, barely able to keep herself upright.

Her hand presses against the wall for balance. The laughter from the party echoes from a distance, like a muffled memory.

She passes through a small crowd. Her skin begins to stretch, clutching to herself.

EXT. HOUSE - BACKYARD

The backdoor swings open into the dark and empty backyard. She looks for her surroundings, as she stumbles onto the backyard, gasping for air, her face contorted with pain. Something inside her moves, rigorously.

Her legs working in jagged, erratic motions make it hard to run. Her eyes are wide with fear, her skin rippling unnaturally beneath her clothes. She heads into the darkness of the woods.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A trail of blood follows Ciara as she struggles to breathe. Her hands shake, fingers trembling uncontrollably as she pushes herself into the darkness. She stops against the tree, in agony as blood runs down her legs.

She continues on but her legs starts buckling beneath her and collapses. Her fingers dig into the dirt as her body spasms, an unnatural, grinding pressure building in her limbs.

Her arms twitch, jerking outwards, trying to stretch, elongating. She rolls onto her back, clutching the ground and gasping for air. Her hair and clothes riddled with dirt as she toss and turns. Her feet digging into the ground.

She sees something moves underneath her thigh before running up her spine and then her hands. Suddenly, the movement stops, finally catching her breathe.

She takes a minute before getting back on her feet. She takes a few steps.

Then BAM!!!

A burning, twisting ache rattles her bones. Her knees buckling as she collapses again. She gasps, arching her back with something pushing against her clothes.

Her hands-curl into something jagged, but unable to see. Her arms stretch fully, spasming in painful jerks as the skin over her bones shifts, pulling tight like an elastic band about to snap.

Her legs bend unnaturally and her body jerks again, this time uncontrollable and unnatural, like she's being twisted out of shape.

Before the transformation is complete, we see dark silhouette of what is her form. The transformation reaches its peak-a glimpse of something monstrous and unnatural.

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

Ciara wakes up on the ground, eyes peering her surroundings. Dirt in her hair and on her face as she finds parts of her clothes torn apart, partially covering her body. She gets up, grabbing what's left to cover her.

INT. CAMPUS - BATHROOM - MORNING

Water slams against Ciara's face as the drain fills up with water, dirt, and blood.

She examines her body, noticing multiple bruises on her side and abdomen. The skin on her figure has healed. She pulls opens a maxi pad, groaning in pain.

INT. CAMPUS - DORMS

Ciara takes some medication, downing it with a bottle of water. She lies on her bed, pulling the covers over her head.

Katie walks in.

KATIE

Hey. How was the party?

Silence.

KATIE

Okay, that bad.

Katie sits on her bed.

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY - CLASSROOM - MORNING

Ciara sits at a desk, twiddling with her fingers trying to calm herself down. She looks around, watching her classmates. One of her male classmates stare at her, laughing and makes noises at her. She ignores them, taking deep breathes.

INT. UNIVERSITY - HALLWAY

Students veer off into the hallway with Ciara blending in the crowd. She stops at a bulletin board, looking at flyer for a mental health support group for women called MHSW.

INT. SUPPORT GROUP - NOON

Ciara sits a circle with women, some young, middle aged, and elderly.

HAYDEN

Welcome, my name is Hayden. I know this is a first for some people but I want to remind you; this is a safe space. And you can share anything with us.

GIA

Are you sure?

Ciara turns to see a dark haired woman, GIA ADAMS, 27, standoffish, with a grim look on her face.

GIA

Is it safe to talk about our issues because the last time I did that. It didn't end well. We have to put a lot of trust in people, not to make us feel like shit.

JANE

Right, it's like we can't express sadness or anger without being labeled "crazy" or "too emotional".

The women nod, agreeing.

HAYDEN

I understand and I'm sorry that you had to go through that. That's why we have this group. There's no judgement

here. You are allowed to express how you feel. If you don't feel comfortable sharing; you don't have to. And that goes for everyone. You share on your own time. Now, would anyone like to start?

BETH, late 20s, blonde haired woman, clutching her purse slowly raises her. Hayden nods at her. The woman sets her bag down.

BETH  
My name is Beth and-

Ciara drowns out the voices, looking at the women. LILA, 33, Caucasian, blunt, wearing black gloves and MIA, 28, African American woman dauntingly and kind-hearted, catches her eye. She looks away from them, pulling down her sleeve.

INT. SUPPORT GROUP - HALLWAY

Ciara exits the room, heading towards the hallway. She clutches her purse to her chest like a shield.

MIA  
Hey!

Mia approaches her with Lila slowly behind. Ciara stops, her body stiffens as she anxiously faces them.

MIA  
You good?

Ciara forces a smile and nods.

MIA  
It's okay. This is my fifth session.

LILA  
This is my fourth.

MIA  
I'm being forced because I let racist, misogynistic ass people get to me.

LILA  
And I'm apparently, I'm weak.

They all slightly smile.

MIA

It's overwhelming at times but you tend to get use to it. And... then you don't. They won't understand.

CIARA

What are you talking about?

Lila and Mia exchange glances.

MIA

Come hang out with us, tonight?

CIARA

I don't go to bars.

LILA

We're not going to a bar.

Mia pulls out a piece of paper and a pen, writing something down.

MIA

Come meet us here at 8 tonight.

LILA

Don't worry. We're not gonna kidnap you.

CIARA

Why would I come?

MIA

That mark...

They notice a disguised mark on her pale, skin. She pulls down her sleeve. Mia pulls down her jacket, revealing a similar mark on her shoulder while Lila reveals her mark on her stomach.

MIA

It's happening to you too. We all have one.

Ciara stares, doesn't know how to respond. Lila pulls down her shirt. Mia pulls her jacket back on her shoulder.

CIARA

I don't know what you're talking about.

LILA

Every snake sheds their skin or  
leopards change their stripes. That's  
our code for transformation.

Ciara's hand trembles as she look back down at the mark. She  
backs against the wall.

MIA

Hey, it's okay. Just take a deep  
breath.

Ciara listens to her, calming herself down.

LILA

You must got anxiety or something.

MIA

When was your last period?

CIARA

Now.

Mia and Ciara look at each other.

MIA

Okay, so must've had your  
transformation.

CIARA

The other night.

MIA

Was that your first?

Ciara shakes her head. Mia touches her hand.

MIA

Come sees us and we can talk more. We  
could help each other.

Mia and Lila exit. Ciara looks at the note saying, "344 Tally  
Place".

BZZZ!

Her phone vibrates.

She sees a text from her mom, "Hey. How was your first day. I  
made you an appointment for your doctor. Call me back. Love  
you."

EXT. UNIVERSITY - ART CLASS - DAY

Ciara sits at a work station in the back of the room. She stares at her notebook. The class is in full swing-people chatting, the hum of pencils on paper, the soft scrape of paintbrushes.

The teacher MR. HAYES, mid 40s, kind but distracted, stands in front of the room.

MR. HAYES

Alright, class. I know you're excited. I'm am too and I'm looking forward to getting to know every single of you and what you have to show. First, tell us your name and maybe one thing you'd like to work on this semester.

The students begin to speak up, one by one. Ciara watches them, her heart pounding in her chest.

MR. HAYES

Uh, miss...

Mr. Hayes points at her with everyone glancing back at her. She freezes for a moment before lifting her head.

CIARA

Uh, I'm Ciara. I'm not really sure what to work on, but I guess I just want to get better at drawing people? Faces and uh... figures.

She tries to make eye contact but looks back down at her sketchbook. Brett faces her, laughing three other classmates.

BRETT

She's like...gonna "draw" people but not even look at them?

Faith, late teens, white and snobby, laughs at her.

FAITH

Good luck with that.

Ciara's face falters as the whispers continue, low but distinct. She takes a deep breathe.

MR. HAYES

Okay, thank you Ciara.

The teasing continues in the background. She feels everyone laughing at her, and the anxiety tightens around her chest. She closes her eyes and breathes.

MR. HAYES

Alright, class. Let's stay focused. No more side conversations.

Ciara opens her eyes, looking up at her canvas. Her hands tremble as she picks up a pencil, taking a few careful strokes.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNIVERSITY - FRONT LAWN - DAY

The sun shines down on Ciara as she walks on the front lawn of the University. She watches a group of girls standing behind the sign "Sigma Alpha Zeta", posing for a photo.

KATIE

Hey!!

She stops to see Katie, sitting on the grass.

KATIE

Come here.

She reluctantly walks over to her.

KATIE

How was your first day?

She doesn't say anything. She watches Faith, Brett, and Kevin goofing off from afar. Katie notices this.

KATIE

Hey, don't let assholes get to you.

CIARA

How?

KATIE

There are a lot of privileged idiots here who think they're better than others. When in reality, they'll live a sad and pathetic life. Sit.

Ciara sits on the blanket beside her.

KATIE

Those people are sad excuse for human beings that don't like others who are different. They know they're boring and bland, and when they see people like us; someone who looks unique, exotic and everything they're not. They think we're smarter than them and most of the time that's true. Even though I don't know a lot of things; they believe that. And I let them because if it pisses them off, then I'm satisfied.

Ciara smiles, admiring her.

CIARA

You're brave.

KATIE

So are you. Powerful women fucking scare people even our own. It's cause we're not use to that type of power. Our own control of life and what's best. It's scary and overwhelming, but that's the beauty of it. We embrace the good and the bad to get to know we are. That's the fun part about it, you never know. You might realize that you are strong, powerful, and a bad bitch.

Ciara laughs, feeling better.

KATIE

Just know, you can always talk to me if the world becomes too big for you. You might not be the only one feeling this way.

Ciara smiles in reassurance.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

Ciara walks towards an abandoned building, its broken neon sign flickering faintly with the exterior worn and decaying.

The sound of her footsteps echoes on the cracked pavement as she approaches the door. She hesitates for a moment, then pushes open the door. It creaks loudly, giving away her

presence.

INT. ABANDON CLUB - NIGHT

She walks into a large former club, with chairs still around, tables still standing. She walks cautiously, her boots crunching on the broken glass. She stops at a shadowy figure.

Mia leaning against a metal staircase by the bar.

MIA

Close the door and lock it.

Ciara closes the doors, locking it.

MIA

Come on, we're going to the roof.

Ciara stands still, unsure of her. Mia looks back.

MIA

Relax, just come up and have a drink.

Mia goes up a staircase towards the roof, with Ciara following close by.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The door to rooftop opens with a screech. The cold air hits Ciara as she steps outside. They walk to a nicely light balcony with a modern style table and chairs with drinks ready to serve. A few lights hover over the table.

Lila stands near the edge of the roof, her figure silhouetted against the sky. She glances over her shoulder, a smile crossing her face. Ciara notices Lila still wearing gloves, but doesn't say anything.

LILA

Wow, I didn't think she'd show.

MIA

Have a seat?

Ciara sits down at the table, studying them.

MIA

You're over 18, right? I have a soda in case you don't like the taste.

Mia hands her a soda, and pours her and Lila a glass of wine.

MIA

Hey, it's okay. We're all in the same boat.

Lila takes a sip before putting the glass down.

LILA

Do you bleed?

CIARA

What?

MIA

(laughs)

She means when you're on your period. You transform, right? That's when it happens.

CIARA

Yeah.

MIA

You know your emotions can do it, too. Especially at the same time.

LILA

You seem like you have anxiety or depression.

MIA

Your mood swings only make it worse. You feel like you wanna rip someone's head off.

LILA

And truth be told, the transformations hurt like a bitch. Worse than cramps.

MIA

How long has it been going on? The transformation and what triggered it.

Ciara looks down. Lila notices she's uncomfortable.

LILA

Anything could trigger it. So much as a fucking tear.

MIA

It's been six years for me. Eight for her. When I got my period; it happen

the first time when I was 14. It was a mess. I didn't know what to do.

CIARA

Did you tell you're parents?

MIA

Not until later. It happened twice. Once at home and once at school. I remember I got into an argument when this racist girl for making racist comments. And I wasn't even on my period, but she pissed me off so bad; I ended up breaking her jaw. My fist, my fingers had these long claws. I thought I was Wolverine. I took off so fast, no one even noticed. I got suspended but I didn't give a fuck.

Ciara is shocked, almost scared.

MIA

I ain't never ran so fast in my entire life. I ended up in old shed in my neighbors backyard and...just let go. Thank god, know one was there. God, it was fucking brutal. I'm pretty sure the neighbors thought it was wild animal attack or something. My mom ended up finding me there.

CIARA

How did she take it?

MIA

She was scared for me because she went through the same thing.

CIARA

Wait? She had it.

MIA

Yep.

CIARA

How long?

MIA

Same age as me. I guess it's hereditary.

CIARA

Did you go to the doctor?

MIA

No, I don't think they could find an explanation. We wouldn't know how to even explain it. So, I just dealt with it on my own. Even after she died.

CIARA

I'm so sorry.

Mia nods.

MIA

I got bullied too and I nearly turned in class. I ran off kinda like you did.

Mia looks sympathetic to her with Lila, understanding.

LILA

What does it look like?

CIARA

What do you mean?

MIA

Your form. Mine is like really tall and long. I think it's like a siren.

LILA

Mine is a literal behemoth.

CIARA

I don't know what mine looks like.

MIA

It's terrifying to think there's something wrong with your body and you don't know what it is. Something inside of you. And you can't tell anyone because they won't understand. They'll think you're crazy.

LILA

Or worse, put you in the nuthouse.

CIARA

My mom doesn't know. No one expect you guys. I just hid it and dealt with it

to.

MIA

My mom homeschooled me. She said that I need try to live a normal life. So I did. Graduated, went to school, and became an actor.

CIARA

You're actress?

MIA

Yep, probably not a good idea with all this going but I didn't let stop me. I wanted to show little black girls out there; that it's possible to dream big.

Lila sips her glass.

MIA

The only thing I can't stand is them. The ones who try to discourage me or judge me. It's the idea that everyone sees you in the light as some kind of role model and you have to put on this facade. I have to look confident so no one knows I'm breaking.

CIARA

Everyone's gotta something to say.

MIA

Good and bad. And that's what triggers me and this ugly thing that just... rips inside of you, destroying everything. They always say "We let our emotions get the better of us". But it's because it hurts. Deep down; we know its true and we snap! At the drop of a hat and that rage takes a hold of you. Once its over, you have to blame yourself.

CIARA

So, you blame yourself?

LILA

Well, who else is the blame?

CIARA

I don't know. We don't know what it is or why it's happening. It has to be a deeper connection.

MIA

My mom never knew either.

LILA

All we know it's pint up rage that been boiling for months, maybe years. And now, it's all coming to head. What can the doctors do? Give us medicine, a biopsy; hell, I highly doubt they want to see what's underneath. But you know, sometimes that rage feels good. If you fight it; it only hurts more.

Lila looks at her gloved hand.

LILA

It'll get worse until I change. I'm trying to wait until my period. I got another week. I gotta make sure the kids are gonna that week?

CIARA

You have a family.

LILA

Yeah. My kids aren't around when it happens. I go someplace quiet. My biggest worry is that my daughter might have the same condition. I don't want her to go through this. I wouldn't wish this on anyone.

CIARA

You said that we might not be the only ones, right?

LILA

Probably but I guess they're scared. I don't blame them.

MIA

Listen, until we figure this out. We should stay in touch. My mom always said never faced the world alone. Do it together.

Ciara hesitantly looks at Lila, giving her a nod.

INT. LILA'S HOME - NIGHT

Lila walks inside a dimly lit living room of her home. She quietly shuts the door, locking it.

She slowly slides off her glove, revealing her veiny disfigured hand. She examines her hand and walks towards the stairs until...

TREVOR

Where were you?

She stops facing Trevor, early 30s, intimidating and demanding, Caucasian male sitting in a recliner. The shadows cover his appearance. He walks towards her, staring her down.

LILA

I was out with some girlfriends. We met this new girl who just needed a friend.

TREVOR

It took till midnight to get home.

LILA

It's 11.

TREVOR

I don't give a fuck if it was 9pm. You should've been home early.

LILA

But I wasn't and the kids were perfectly fine with the nanny.

TREVOR

I don't want a stranger watching our children.

LILA

Well, that's too bad because my parents won't help. And when was the last time you talked to yours.

She tries to leave but he grabs her by the wrists and shoves her against the wall. HARD!

TREVOR

YOU WATCH HOW FUCKING TALK TO ME!!! I

PAY THE FUCKING BILLS IN THIS HOUSE!!  
MY HOUSE! AND THINK YOU CAN TALK TO ME  
ANY KIND OF WAY!

Lila gasps, her blood boils. Her fingers twitch, veins in her hands pushing against the skin like something underneath is trying to break free. Her breath grows ragged. A low, guttural sound rumbles in her throat-half a growl, half a sob.

Trevor notices the shift in her face. His grip loosens, on her hand seeing her now growing deformed hand.

Her pupils shrink to slits. The irises burn a deep, predatory amber.

Trevor releases her, backing away. He grabs his keys and jacket, exiting the house.

Lila remains against the wall, shaking. Her breath comes in ragged gulps, her pulse pounding in her ears. Her fist hits against the wall.

A tear falls down her face.

Then-a deep, tearing sensation ripples through her. She clutches her stomach in pain, noticing her fingers are stretching. She rushes to the backdoor.

INT. LILA'S HOME - SHED

The door slams shut behind LILA, the sound echoing in the small, sterile space. Her body is trembling with fury, and her breath is shallow, quick. She clutches her stomach with her head against the door.

Her hands grip at her shirt, the fabric pulling against her skin as the pain begins to twist her insides.

CRACK! SNAP!

Her arms begin to grow, muscles bulging and twitching beneath the skin. There's a sickening sound as her joints stretch and expand. She rips off her shirt, her back muscle begin bulging.

She covers herself, screaming in pain while knocking over supplies on a table.

RIP!

The skin on her forearms splits wide open, revealing blood and raw muscle beneath.

MORE CRACKING. The light in the shed flickers.

Her bones snap and reassemble as her arms lengthen and widen, thickening like tree trunks. Her fingers twist and elongate into claws, digging into the wood of the shed. The nails extend, tearing through the skin.

Her legs shift beneath her, bones twisting as they snap and grow, joints inverting in ways that should be impossible. She falls onto the ground. Her spine snaps loudly, elongating with a sickening pop.

Her body grows, stretching upward-taller and broader. Her back arches, and she rises-taller, towering above the shed.

Her face distorts, the jaw elongating, teeth growing jagged like daggers. Her mouth widens, her features turning monstrous as the transformation takes full hold of her. Her eyes flicker with rage, an inferno of fury.

Her silhouette looms in the shadows, taller and unhuman. The claws on her hands scrape against the wood. Her knees bend in unnatural angles, and her new, tall form lurches forward.

The light flickers again. The faint outline of her monstrous form cuts through the brief flashes of light, a terrifying silhouette.

POP! The lightbulb goes out.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. UNIVERSITY - HALLWAY

Ciara stands in the hallway of her university. It's eerily silent-too silent. The fluorescent lights above flicker, buzzing faintly.

Her classmates stand in a perfectly still row along the walls, their heads lowered, their faces hidden in shadow.

Ciara clutches her books, stepping forward cautiously. As she moves, the whispers begin.

KEVIN

What the fuck is wrong with her?

FAITH  
What the fuck is that?

Ciara looks down.

Her fingernails are peeling back, curling like burnt paper. She see something moving inside her stomach. She gasps, dropping her books-but they never hit the ground.

Her classmates lift their heads in unison. Now their faces are featureless. Just smooth, pale skin. No eyes. No mouths. But their whispers continue, coming from everywhere.

She backs away, but the hallway stretches longer and longer, warping so she can't escape.

She struggles to breathe, grasping at her throat. She collapses onto the ground.

The whispers rise into deafening screams. The faceless students rush toward her.

Ciara turns to get up, but her legs crumble beneath her, bones snapping like twigs. She lands on her hands. She looks up, at her faceless peers.

She looks at her chest, seeing a hand slowly reaching out of her chest-

INT. CAMPUS - DORMS - NIGHT

Ciara jerks awake, sweating, trying to catch her breath. Katie, awakens from her slumber. Ciara's hands still tremble.

KATIE  
Hey! You okay?

Ciara slowly turns to her.

CIARA  
Yeah, sorry. Just had a nightmare.

Katie briefly looks at her before going back to sleep. Ciara looks at her arm, seeing her mark is still visible.

INT. UNIVERSITY - CLASSROOM - DAY

Ciara sits in a chair, staring at a blank portrait. She overhears her chattering classmates from behind as she bites her nails. She notices to her classmates, watching her. She focuses her portrait.

Faith watches her, eyeing her down.

FAITH

You know, that portrait isn't going to draw itself.

She ignores her. Anxiety fills the inside of her chest. She takes a breathe. Mr. Hayes walks up to her; startling her.

MR. HAYES

Are you okay?

The students quietly laugh behind her back.

CIARA

I'm fine.

KEVIN, late teens, white privileged and cocky, laughs at her with two other guys and two girls behind.

KEVIN

Jesus Christ, she's overreacting.

CIARA

SHUT UP AND MIND YOUR OWN GODDAMN BUSINESS!!!!

MR. WILSON

CIARA!!! Control yourself!!!

FAITH

Yeah, you're the one snapping at him. It's not his fault; you got issues.

CIARA

And no asked for fucking opinion either. CUNT!!!

Faith looks offended.

MR. HAYES

That's it! Take a walk.

Ciara quickly exits the classroom with her stuff.

INT. UNIVERSITY - CAMPUS - BATHROOM

She bursts into bathroom, going into a stall. She covers her mouth, letting out a scream. The veins in the back of her neck, arise.

CUT TO:

INT. LILA'S HOME - SHED

Lila wakes up on cold floor of the shed, naked. She quickly cover herself with a blanket, noticing her once disfigured hand has gone back to normal. She is relieved, crying almost.

EXT. LILA'S HOME - DAY

She exits the shed with the sun shines in the sight of her face. She shields herself from it, staggering toward the house. She opens the door, making a slight creaking sound.

INT. LILA'S HOME - HALLWAY

She goes upstairs, stopping at a door. She slowly opens it, peeking into the room to notice her children: ZOE and DREW still asleep before closing it back.

CUT TO:

INT. RADIO STATION - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Mia faces away from the mirror in her dressing room as her stylist finish her hair and make up. She looks at her phone, revealing "Congratulations" texts.

HAIRSTYLIST

Would like to see?

MIA

No. I trust you.

She hesitantly smiles before getting up from the chair.

INT. RADIO STATION - DAY

Mia sits at a table, confident in herself. Posture is perfect, but the subtle tension in her shoulders says otherwise. A female host ROBIN, early 30s, guides the conversation.

ROBIN

Mia, I wanted to congratulate you on your role for the upcoming play Medea as Medea. The play is set to premiere next month. How are you? Can you believe it?

MIA

Honestly, no. I auditioned multiple times and I was just as shocked as everyone else was. I knew I was up against talented actresses, and I said to myself; no matter what, I gave it my all.

ROBIN

I heard you were also interested in directing. Are you going to do both acting and directing?

MIA

Maybe, we'll see.

ROBIN

Okay. Now, you're the first black woman to play this role. It's a monumental achievement. How does it feel to make history?

Mia takes a deep breath.

MIA

I've been doing this for six years. Auditioning and losing roles so it's surreal. It's about more than just the role. It's about representation. The opportunity to change the narrative. To show that we're more than the stories we've been told.

ROBIN

That's inspiring, Mia. But I'm sure you're aware-this role has stirred up some controversy. There have been only white actresses who have played the role in Broadway. And there have been some strong opinions on social media.

MIA

Oh, I'm aware.

ROBIN

With what's going on in the world these days, they're calling it "woke".

MIA

They call everything "woke" when they mean "black" or people of color. They

don't want to see people of color doing the same things, they do. They feel like we're taking something from them. Mind you, they do the same thing, but we never complain about it. We let them have it. They're worried, we're doing it better than them. We just want to feel like we're a part of something, something bigger and beautiful.

ROBIN

Yes, we love to see it. Now, we have some callers who have been showing their support.

CALLER 1

YASSS GIRL!!! Keep on represents our girls. I'm proud of you.

She smiles in hope.

CALLER 2

I've always loved this play and to see someone that looks like us; that means the world.

She looks at the Robin, smiling with confidence.

CALLER 3

Go on and get that Tony, girl!!!

She laughs with joy and reassurance.

ROBIN

Caller 4, you're up.

CALLER 4

This whole thing is just woke bs. You weren't cast because you're the best person for the job. You're cast because of your skin color. This whole "diversity" agenda is ruining everything. This isn't about talent. This is about pandering.

Mia's smiles falls for a second. She steadies herself, knowing those words sting. Her fingers tighten, nails pressing into her palm, but she doesn't break.

MIA

I understand this maybe different for some, but I earned that role. It's not about race, it's about the work, dedication, and the story we're telling. This is about representation, making room for voices that have been silence for so long.

CALLER 4

Yeah. Yeah. Woke stories, woke castings. You've got the job but you're nothing but a token. I know there were better actresses out there that are perfect and you stole that from them.

Mia's fingers twitch, but she forces herself to stay cool-calm and collected. The veins in her neck become visible as she fights to stay in control.

ROBIN

I'm sorry but she didn't steal anything, that was never theirs to begin with. Stop acting like we owe y'all everything.

She takes another deep breath.

MIA

I don't need to belong to anyone else's idea of what I should be. I belong to myself. To my work. To my voice. And I'll be damned if let anyone diminish what I've worked my whole life for.

CALLER 4

Oh, go fuck yourself, you-

Robin ends the call, leaving the tension in the air. She looks at her. Mia closes her eyes and exhales, fighting to hold it together.

ROBIN

Hey, you alright.

MIA

I'm fine. Thank you for asking.

ROBIN

You better than me, I would've ripped into these assholes in a heartbeat.

MIA

I'm better than that; I'm not giving them the satisfaction.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER - DAY

The rehearsal space is bustling with activity. The stage is set with lights shining down on the actors. At the center, Mia stands tense and poised, eyes focused on the script in her hands.

Her every movement is watched by LUCAS WARREN, mid 40s, director with sharp eyes and volatile temper.

LUCAS WARREN

MIA! This is your moment. You have to take charge of this scene. Medea is brutal and strong. People try to dismiss her after everything she's given up for. Show me that.

Mia nods as she reads the lines, pouring more emotion into her delivery. Lucas doesn't look interested and stops her mid delivery.

LUCAS WARREN

Stop! You're holding back. I need to see everything. You're playing a goddess of vengeance. I want you to be raw and powerful. Not...whatever this is.

MIA

Okay.

LUCAS WARREN

Not okay. I don't think you understand the stakes here. Everyone is watching you. You're Medea. You show us who she is. Give me... the rage!

She stands there for a moment, a wave of panic rising inside her. She feels everyone watching, waiting for her to fail. Her hands shake while clutching the script.

She begins her lines but underneath her words; she's shaking. Almost like she knows she's not giving enough. She's pushing and pushing.

LUCAS WARREN  
Come on, show me the fury!

Once again, Lucas doesn't see or feel it. He stops her.

LUCAS WARREN  
(angered)  
MIA!!!! Get it together. PUSH!

She repeats her lines again but stutters over them. He groans in frustration as everyone stares at her. She worried she's failing everyone around her.

The rooms spins, and the wall feel as if they're closing in. She backs away from everyone before exiting the stage.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER - HALLWAY

The dimly lit hallway stretches out before MIA, mid-20s, her breathing coming in rapid, shallow gasps. Her hands tremble at her sides. Her eyes dart around, wild, like she's being chased.

**MIA'S POV**

The walls bend, the edges of the hallway distorting. The sounds of her quickening breath fill her ears, louder and louder. Her vision narrows a sense of claustrophobia tightening in.

She stumbles forward, her legs unsteady. Her shoes echo in the silence, too loud. She bolts toward a door of her dressing room.

INT. THEATER - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Mia bursts into the room, slamming the door behind her. The space is dimly lit, mirrors reflecting her disoriented, body. She flips the vanity mirror up.

She stumbles to the vanity, shaking. She grabs a bottle of anxiety medication from the counter, her hands slick with sweat.

MIA  
(voice cracking)  
Calm down. Just calm down.

Her hands shake as she opens the bottle and pours out the small pill. She swallows it dry, eyes clenched shut. Her vision begins to blur, the room warping around her. She grips the edge of the counter, her knuckles white.

She closes her eyes tightly, breath roughly. She presses her palms to her face, her fingers digging into her skin.

She takes another deep breath. Her heart rate begins to slow, and she opens her eyes. Behind the mirror, something is poking inside of her back, but slowly goes back in.

She steadies herself, still shaking, but in control.

She hears her phone buzz and receives a text saying, "Don't forget. DMT Event tonight. Remember to keep it up." She has a worried look on her face.

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Lila strolls down the aisle, pushing the cart filled with grocery. Zoe and Drew sit in the cart, playing on their tablets.

The aisles are lined up with canned goods categorized. She grabs four cans of corn and a box of mashed potatoes.

DREW  
Momma, can we get some candy?

LILA  
No.

DREW  
Why not?

LILA  
Cause you don't need anymore sugar.

ZOE  
I want chips!

LILA  
Chips, we can do.

Drew goes back to his tablet. Lila leaves the canned goods aisle, heading towards the chips aisle. She looks at the different bags chips before grabbing one.

CORAL

Lila.

She stops, recognizing that voice. She freezes as she turns to face Coral, mid 30s, white, cheery, uppity standing there, almost watching her every move.

CORAL

Oh my gosh! Look at you! I haven't seen you in a while. The mommy's and I miss you.

LILA

(forcing a smile)

I'm fine. Everything's fine. Just raising a family.

Coral noticing the kids, not paying attention to her; focused on their tablets.

CORAL

Looks like your kids are more focused on screen time.

LILA

Well, if it keeps them occupied while I get things done; its fine with me.

CORAL

Yeah, I get that. But that's what our group is for. Mommies help each other and our families. You're family is my family.

Lila is weirded out.

LILA

I know but I didn't really asked for that. I just needed some space. Have some time for myself and just relax.

CORAL

Oh, I understand. We do need time but what about your kids. They need more than one parent. And Trevor... he's worried about you.

LILA  
What do you mean?

Coral leans in, lowering her voice.

CORAL  
He said you've been having a hard time and that you might be struggling. And it had us concerned about your mental health. It's okay to admit when you need help.

LILA  
I don't need help. I just needed a break.

CORAL  
He said you don't tell him where you're going. Doing things without him. He's worried that you might hurt yourself or-

Lila's blood runs cold as she tries to maintain her composure.

LILA  
My kids. There's a lot going on that you don't understand. What he tells you isn't remotely the truth?

CORAL  
Well, what is it?

LILA  
He's the problem.

CORAL  
Oh don't do that? Don't push him away like that.

LILA  
Oh my god! The only people I'm pushing away, are the ones that make me feel like shit. Sitting there, watching and judging me. Kinda like you.

CORAL  
That's not what I was trying to do. I was trying to help you.

LILA

See, again. I didn't ask for your help. I just wanted time to myself. But Trevor won't let me have that.

Lila gets frustrated, knowing Trevor has manipulated her into believe he's the good guy.

LILA

He wants to control me. He wants to feel like he was saving me and be the hero. If that didn't work, he wanted me to look like a villain.

CORAL

You guys are a family. You're supposed to be working together as a team. He feels like you don't respect him.

LILA

I respected him more than he respects me. Hell, I supported him enough to be a stay-at-home mom and let him work.

Coral looks displeased, almost concerned.

LILA

What? You don't think I wanted a career. I had plans. I wanted to be nurse and help others but I chose him, to support him. It's never enough for him.

Coral tilts her head slightly and steps towards her.

CORAL

You're ungrateful. You have it made. You are a wife and a mother living in a big house. You don't have to pay any bills besides getting groceries. All you have to do is be a wife and a mother and apparently; it's a burden to you.

LILA

I never said it was burden. Between you people and him. You make me feel like a terrible parent. And you don't know what I go through with him. See, he gives a sob story about how I don't appreciate him. When all he does is

treat me like shit. I do all the cooking, cleaning, caring for our kids with no appreciation. NOTHING! And he expects to be rewarded all the fucking time.

(grabbing her cart)  
And by the way, I'm not ungrateful; I'm just tired of being told what to do and who to be.

Heated and overwhelmed, Lila quickly pushes her cart, leaving Carol by herself.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - NOON

Lila storms out, pushing the cart. She quickly walks to her car but spots Ciara sitting on a bench. Ciara wrapped up in a hoodie, with a bag of supplies next to her and her purse in her lap.

LILA  
Ciara?

She looks up to see Lila as she hides her emotions.

CIARA  
Hi.

LILA  
Are you okay?

CIARA  
Yeah, I just had to get some things.

Lila notices the pads and pain relievers in the plastic bag. She understands the pain, mood, and stress.

LILA  
It's a bitch.

CIARA  
(softly)  
Yeah, it is. How are you?

LILA  
(sarcastic)  
Just peachy.

CIARA  
Rough day, huh?

LILA

Yep.

CIARA

Yeah, it never stops. These your kids.

LILA

Yep. Drew and Zoe.

Ciara smiles, but looks tired. Lila's gaze shifts to the cart and then back to her.

LILA

You wanna come to my house. I got some better pain killers that'll help. Also, I could use the company.

Ciara smiles and nods as she gets up, grabbing her stuff. Lila's face softens, she feels a sense of relief. She follows her as she pushes the cart to the car. Coral walks out, spotting them.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

The limo cruises through the city. Mia, dressed in a red gown, sits in the backseat, staring out the window, her expression distant and sad. Her assistant ANA GILLARD, 33, sharp and content, looks at her.

ANA

Okay, so the event won't end till 10pm and then the after party is at 11pm so that will give us some time too-.

Mia doesn't respond, her focus still drifting away.

ANA

Hey!!

Mia finally snaps back into reality.

ANA

(concerned)  
Did you hear me?

MIA

Yeah, that event ends at 10pm. Do I have to go to the afterparty?

Mia's lack of enthusiasm begins to show.

ANA

I mean, it would give you some good publicity and more opportunities. Especially for the play. These people are really excited for you.

MIA

And the others?

Mia still faces the window, as the car passes downtown.

ANA

Don't worry about the others. They're gonna talk because they have nothing better to do. But you have something; that they don't. Talent!

A sharp cramp suddenly hits her. Her face tightens in pain as she straightens herself up.

MIA

Ugh...

She places her hand on her stomach, trying to breathe. The pain sharpens, like something twisting inside her. Ana notices her reaction.

ANA

What's wrong?

MIA

Nothing.

As Ana talks, Mia looks down her leg, noticing blood trailing and staining her dress.

Mia grabs a napkin from the compartment between the seats, quickly dapping at the blood on her leg. She cleans herself up, crumbling the napkin and hiding it.

She leans back in her seat, hands tightly gripping the edges of the seat. She stares out the window as her mind wonders into fear and frustration.

CUT TO:

INT. DMT EVENT - NIGHT

Mia stands in front of blue backdrop behind her, as

photographers flash their cameras at her. She poses in front of them, forcing a smile.

PAPARAZZI

MIA!!! Over here! Give us a smile.

She struggles to smile as she watches another actress beside her giving the photographers what they want.

She sees everyone, noticing their expressions. Disappointed. She tries to smile until another sharp pain that grows. She faces away from them.

PAPARAZZI

Come on, girl. Just one more. Jesus!

The crowd grows louder. Suddenly, a sharp pain shoots through her stomach, causing her to flinch. She tries to push through the pain.

Another sharp pain hits her again, this time in her back. She gasps in pain. The cameras continue flashing, louder now, the voices mocking her.

PAPARAZZI

Hey, what's wrong? Sick or something.

She steps away from them, her legs shaky, her breath jagged. She pushes through the crowd, barely able to stand, leaving everything behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Mia exits the building, grabbing the rail for support. She grabs her chest, gasping. She pulls herself up, running and throwing herself against the wall.

She turns her back against the concrete, her muscles twisting unnaturally. She drops her purse. The fabric of her dress begins to tear, splitting along the seams.

She faces the concrete wall, covering her face. The back of her dress, splits revealing something protruding through her.

Her smooth skin begins to crack with dark veins underneath, spreading down her body. Her eyes widen in terror as her nails lengthen, anchoring into the concrete.

Her skin and height stretches with her limbs trembling

violently. She stumbles into the darkness with her screams echoing into the night.

CUT TO:

INT. LILA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lila stands at the sink, washes dishes. She looks back to see Ciara watching Zoe and Drew in the living room. She focuses on the dishes as Ciara gets up and walks into the kitchen.

CIARA

Hey. Thanks for the pain meds.

LILA

Thanks for helping me. It's the first help I've gotten in a while.

BZZZ!

She picks up her phone, receiving another text from her Mom saying, "Please, call me. I'm worried. Make sure you go to your appointment."

Lila notices the text.

LILA

That your mom.

CIARA

Yeah.

LILA

What's the appointment?

CIARA

Pap smear.

Lila groans.

LILA

First one.

CIARA

Yep. Is it that bad?

LILA

It's uncomfortable.

CIARA

I've been holding it off because

of...you know.

Lila understands.

LILA

I don't blame you. I had to find someone that I trusted. I didn't want any mishaps during.

(looks at Ciara)

If you need some support, me and Mia will go with you.

CIARA

I'm not going. I don't wanna risk it.

LILA

That's what we're here for. It's going to be uncomfortable and painful, and your gonna need all the help you can get. I know someone. She does mine and she's very gentle and supportive even for first-timers. I can make an appointment for you, if you want.

Ciara nods.

LILA

And don't judge her. Your mom. For being overbearing. She's just worried like any other mother would.

CIARA

It's not that. I just...I can't talk to her.

LILA

Why?

CIARA

She won't understand me. It's not like she hasn't gone through things but not the way that I'm feeling. You know.

LILA

You're probably right. I wish my mom was overbearing. She didn't really care enough to notice. Too busy worrying about her personal life, caring about what others thought. I guess that's why I am the way I am.

CIARA

That lady, you were talking to. I saw you guys. She's-

LILA

A nobody.

CIARA

I was gonna say a bitch but yeah.

Lila laughs.

CIARA

She reminds me of the girls in my class.

LILA

"Pick me's". The ones who want validation from guys. Criticizing other women for "being women". They downplay men's behavior just so they'll notice them. Believing they can change them. Yeah, I've seen it all my life. What's sad is that I used to be those girls? It's crazy cause I didn't see myself like that until now. I just... I was jealous of how confident other women were with themselves. Showing off their looks, feeling good about themselves. I wanted to be like them but I hated myself. I felt disgusting, ugly, powerless, and broken. Now I'm hiding this beast inside of me. Maybe that's where it comes from. All that pain and anger. I guess I'm getting what I deserve.

CIARA

I don't believe that.

LILA

(crying)

I do. Because I let the monster in and I became it. I tried to destroy others for being themselves. And now here am I, anger, miserable, and weak.

CIARA

You're not weak.

Ciara hugs Lila as she finally breakdown without transforming. Suddenly-

WHAM!!

The front door slams open. Trevor storms in, loud and furious. Lila pulls away from Ciara, composing herself.

TREVOR

Hey!! What the fuck is wrong with you?  
Huh. What did you-

He sees Ciara, curious. Ciara watches him, shocked but not intimidated. His hulking figure, aggressive and controlling as he approaches Lila.

TREVOR

Who's this? I told you about having  
strangers in our home.

Lila doesn't answer, her face tight with frustration. She looks over to Ciara, a quiet plea for help in her eyes.

CIARA

I'm not a stranger. I'm her friend.

TREVOR

I don't give a shit.

Trevor steps forward to Lila, but Ciara steps in front of him. Her hands trembling but stand tall and strong to him.

CIARA

Take another step, I dare you.

TREVOR

This is MY FUCKING HOUSE!!!

Suddenly, a noise is heard in the living room. He turns to see the kids huddle closer to one another, their eyes wide with confusion and fear. They glance at Ciara and Lila.

CIARA

I think you better leave before "we  
all" make you. Or I can call the cops  
and let them deal with your crazy ass.

He storms out, slamming the door behind him with force. The room is left in silence. Lila quickly heads for the backdoor.

The door closes behind her. Ciara watches her leave, her

heart pounding. Ciara follows her outside.

EXT. LILA'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Lila stands in front of the shed, her back to the house. Her posture is stiff, arms crossed tightly over her chest. Ciara steps carefully toward her.

CIARA  
(softly, concerned)  
Lila...

LILA  
(voiced strained, low)  
Stay back. Give me a minute.

Her body trembles slightly with her nails digging into her arms. Her skin begins to ripple, veins darkening. Something inside Lila's back moves underneath her shirt, poking out. Her pupils dilating and the edges of her teeth sharpen.

CIARA  
(urgent, gentle)  
Just take a deep breath. You're not  
alone anymore.

LILA  
Please go.

Her bones pop out of place, causing her to fall. Ciara slowly walks to her. Tears fall down Lila's face. Her hand reaches the door.

CIARA  
I'm not going anywhere. I'm here for  
you. Just breathe with me.

Ciara gently touches Lila's shoulder, with her not even flinching. She takes a deep breath with her. Her features normalizes with her veins under her skin, her teeth going back in and her bones going back into place.

She inhales deeply.

CIARA  
(softly, steady)  
You're okay.

LILA  
(quietly)  
I wish you hadn't see that. I don't

know how much longer I can take this.

Ciara gently holds onto her, letting her cry as she relaxes her breathing.

RING! RING! RING!

Lila flinches, pulling out her phone to see an unknown number. She answers the call.

LILA

Hello.

Her eyes widen in horror.

CUT TO:

INT. LILA'S CAR - NIGHT

The car's dim interior is illuminated by streetlights passing in rhythmic flashes. Lila grips the steering wheel tight, trying not to speed.

Ciara sits in the passenger. She looks back to see a black duffel bag in the backseat. She glances at her, her eyes heavy with empathy.

CIARA

How long has it been going?

The car's dim glow catches Lila's tired and broken face. Her eyes never leave the road.

LILA

Too fucking long.

(exhales)

Go ahead and say it. Why didn't I leave?

CIARA

I understand why. You're scared. I can't blame you.

The car passes a streetlight, the shadow of Lila's reflection in the window distorts.

LILA

(crying)

He knows... and even when he hit me, I held it in for as long as could and then I couldn't. He's seen part of it

and he threatened to expose me. I'll lose my babies. I can't live without them.

CIARA  
No one will believe him.

LILA  
No, they will.

CIARA  
No, it's self-defense. He could've killed you.

LILA  
I could've killed him. I almost killed him. He attacked me and throw me down the stairs once. That was all it took. He was terrified, maybe more terrified of me than I was of him.

CIARA  
So, he gets to control you. That's not fair.

LILA  
What do you want me to do? I don't know what to do.

CIARA  
We'll figure it out. Together, you, me, and Mia.

Ciara touches her hand. Lila looks at her, unsure.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

The car comes to a slow stop in front of a narrow alley. The dim streetlights barely touches the edge of the alley.

CIARA  
Is this it?

LILA  
I think so. Why the hell is she here?

The sound of the car's engine turns off.

LILA  
Look.

They spot a woman, 60s, dirty and disheveled, standing in the end of the alley. She watches them. Lila and Ciara share an uneasy glance.

CIARA

I don't know about this.

LILA

Come on, she should be more afraid of us than we are of her.

They step out of the car and follow the woman, the alley swallowing them up in the darkness. The air is thick with stench of decay and mildew, but the woman continues ahead.

As they walk further into the alley, the woman stops at a grimy sofa, cushions stained and torn.

Sitting on the sofa is Mia, back in her human form. She's hunched over with her hair matted with sweat, wrapped in an old blanket. Her eyes are closed, her breathing's ragged. Her dress ripped completely off.

CIARA AND LILA

MIA!!!

LILA

Oh my god! Are you okay?

They rush over to her, in relief. Mia's face is almost unrecognizable with dirt and sweat. Streaks of blood all over her.

She struggles to sit up with her body still trembling as they hold onto her. They examine her, as she gives a smile.

MIA

(raspy)

Yeah. I think I broke a record.

The trio all laugh together. The homeless woman watches them, smiling. Lila grabs Mia's purse.

CIARA

Let's get you out of here.

As they walk out of the dark misty alley, Mia stops and approaches the woman. She takes off her necklace and places it into the woman's hand.

LILA  
 (softly)  
 Thank you.

Ciara and Lila nod at the woman as they walk Mia out of the alley. The sound of their footsteps echoes in the darkness. The woman watches them leave while examining the necklace.

CUT TO:

INT. MIA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dimly lit, with the flickering glow of the television casting shadows across the space. Ciara sits on a soft modern sofa, her hands gripping the edge of the seat. The shower is heard running in the background.

The coffee table is filled with a bowl of popcorn, chips, sodas, and chocolate. The sound of the shower running stops. Lila brings mimosas and sits beside her.

LILA  
 Hey, relax and take off your shoes.  
 Here.

Lila hands her a mimosa.

CIARA  
 What's that?

LILA  
 A mimosa. Wanna try?

CIARA  
 What's in it?

LILA  
 Orange Juice and Champagne.

Lila flops down beside her before taking a sip. Ciara sniffs the glass before slowly taking a sip, enjoying it.

CIARA  
 What are we gonna do?

LILA  
 Right now, nothing. We're gonna eat,  
 drink, and watch Real Housewives. That  
 is the definition of a girl's night. I  
 rarely get to have these nights  
 especially with people I actually

like.

Ciara's body looses up, sitting in crisscross position before taking another sip.

Mia steps into the living in her pajamas, comfortable but still shaken.

MIA

What are we watching?

LILA

Real Housewives and you need to eat.  
You took your meds?

Mia looks at them, sipping their glasses.

MIA

Yep. You didn't make me one.

LILA

You just took your medication; I don't  
think it'll mix well-

Mia sits in the middle of them, taking Lila's glass and downing her glass as the girls watch her.

LILA

Uh, that was mine.

MIA

Should've made me one.

Mia sinks into the sofa, wrapping a blanket around her as Lila laughs at her.

CIARA

You wanna talk about it.

MIA

Why? It's the same shit. Every month.  
Oh wait, are you talking about our  
periods or the other thing.

CIARA

Both.

LILA

I mean, we've already talked about it.  
What's left to say?

CIARA

A lot. Look at us. We're all suffering. Every change is making us miserable. And the dealing with asshole people doesn't make any better.

LILA

Well, that I can agree with. I'm this close to snapping. She had to intervene between me and Trevor.

MIA

Oh, you finally that psycho. I told her if she ever kills him; she could get away with it and make it look like an accident.

LILA

Ain't worth it.

CIARA

You're right because you deserve better. We all deserve better. We need to let go of this rage. It's eating us alive.

MIA

Or maybe we should let it out.

CIARA

What?

MIA

All of it. The depression, the anxiety, the rage in us. I don't know. Use it as empowerment.

LILA

So, you want us to express our rage by transforming.

MIA

Maybe we can do it, without transforming. I think the reason it keeps happening is because we hold it in. We still feel it whether it's your anxiety, my depression, and Lila's anger issues. It's all swallowed up from our emotions. The more we hold it in, the more painful it will be. Us

being on a periods should be only time our transformations should occur. But because of rage, our transformations occur more often. Now, if we were to embrace it without losing ourselves; maybe we can control it. Take back our power from the ones that are trying to take it.

Ciara and Lila exchange looks before looking back at her.

CIARA

Okay, how do we do that?

MIA

Well, for one: standing up for ourselves and not letting people get to us.

LILA

Well, that's gonna be the hardest one.

MIA

We need to have each other's back.

CIARA

Okay, another one would be: finding something that takes your mind off the pain. Like my art could help me, your play, and Lila, could take sometime for yourself.

LILA

Maybe we could spend more time with each other. Have more girl's night; going out to dinner, the club, stuff like this.

The girls smile, agreeing.

MIA

I like that. This is what we need to do. Letting it go and focus on us. We shouldn't even have to hide who we are.

CIARA

Maybe others will come out. We should have a women's march of our own. Even for the ones that don't have it, they deserve to be included.

Lila pours champagne in the their glasses.

MIA  
Let's do it.

The three of them stand up, raising their glasses together.

LILA  
Cheers to the new us. Support our  
rights and our wrongs.

The girls clink their glasses together.

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY - CLASSROOM - DAY

Ciara sculpts an unknown figure. Her classmates Faith and Calvin watches her. Faith approaches her.

FAITH  
And what the fuck is that going to be?

Ciara turns around from her chair, facing her.

CIARA  
Go fuck yourself, groupie.

Classmates snicker behind her back. Disgusted, Faith walks away as Ciara smiles turning back to her sculpture.

### **Montage Sequences Begins**

(Britney Spears - Piece of me plays)

INT. THEATER - STAGE - DAY

Mia rehearses on stage, bathed in bright, warm lights. She moves gracefully and confident. The director watches from the front row, a small smile playing on his lips.

LUCAS WARREN  
Yes, Mia. Finally. This is what I'm  
looking for.

ACTRESS  
How do you feel?

MIA  
I feel fucking amazing.

Mia smiles, as she takes a deep breath. Her hands move elegantly as she delivers her lines.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Lila sits at a picnic table with Drew and Zoey, eating McDonald's and smiling away as the sun shines on them.

Lila sits on a swing, gently pushing herself back and forth. Drew and Zoe run around, laughing and playing. She watches them, with love and affection before chasing after them.

INT. CAMPUS - DORMS - DAY

Ciara sits at her laptop, working on a flyer with Katie standing beside her. Katie puts her arms around Ciara's neck, looking at the screen. She watches her for a moment, then glancing back at the flyer.

INT. RESTURANT - NIGHT

Ciara, Mia, and Lila sit around the table, laughter together. Plates of food are scattered across the table as they chat on.

Lila takes a sip of her wine, her eyes bright with excitement. Mia and Ciara bent over laughing, holding onto each other.

INT. MIA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

The three of them are sprawled across Mia's couch, snacks on the coffee table. The light from the TV flickers across their faces as they watch "Jennifer's Body".

Ciara has the pillow tucked under her chin, legs curled beneath her. Mia leans back arms resting on Lila's shoulders, completely absorbed in the film.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The music pounds in the nightclub, the flashing lights syncing with the beat. The trio dance together in the crowd, their bodies moving fluidly with the rhythm of the music.

Lila spins around, hair flying with confidence. Ciara jumping to the beat and Mia moving her hips left and right. The energy is electric, the club is alive.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

The trio walks into a brightly lit clothing store. Lila holds up a dress, modeling it in front of the mirror, while Mia admires herself in a full length mirror nearby.

Ciara comes out wearing a nice sequins dress with high heels, trying to walk in them with the help of Lila and Mia. She nearly falls as the two hold onto her, laughing and smiling.

The trio come out all dressed a nice outfits, facing the mirror and striking poses.

INT. UNIVERSITY - ART CLASS - DAY

Ciara's hands mold the material with a gentle touch. The clay shapes into something fluid and organic. The studio is empty. She steps back, smiling and admiring her work.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Lila sits in front of a female lawyer, talking with her. The lawyer gentle touches her hands, reassuring as she smiles in relief before giving her a hug.

INT. MIA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Mia stands in the living room with a script in her hand, rehearsing. With scripts in their hands, Ciara and Lila sit on the couch, cheering her on.

Ciara and Lila get up and embrace her, smiling with an infectious energy between them. They laugh together, the room filled with a carefree sense of fun.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The lights flash-quick, sharp, blinding-and in each flicker, something other emerges. Not quite real, but not quite a dream. A distortion, a flicker of power just beneath the surface.

**FLASH OF LIGHT.**

For a split second, Ciara's body elongates. Her limbs stretch outward, like spider legs reaching out around her. Her skin ripples with dark veins, pulsing on its own. Her eyes flash wide, gleaming with hunger, but then the light shifts, and she is human again-dancing, smiling, lost in the beat.

**FLASH OF LIGHT.**

Mia's tall, slender body elongates with every movement. Her eyes glow a faint, haunting blue, and her smile widens, revealing sharp teeth-predatory and alluring. The strobe lights flash again, and she's back to her human self, grinning, almost as if the transformation never happened.

**FLASH OF LIGHT.**

Lila's silhouette stretches taller, her muscles ripple beneath her skin. Her body moves with a feral grace-strong and untamed. Her face contorts for a second, revealing sharp, predatory features, but it disappears, leaving only her fierce, confident smile.

The dance continues-quick, fast-paced, almost hypnotic. The flashes of monstrous forms are gone before the eye can fully grasp them. Their bodies flicker between the human and the monstrous, embodying a sense of power and freedom that surges through them with every beat.

**FLASH OF LIGHT.**

Ciara's hands stretch outward, the tips of her fingers elongating into sharp, spindly claws for a minute. Her spine arches, and for just a moment, but the flash is gone, and she is human again, twirling through the air.

**FLASH OF LIGHT.**

Mia's body glimmers, her skin almost translucent. But the strobe light flickers, and Mia's back to her bewitching, confident self, her eyes still glowing with that hint of dangerous allure.

**FLASH OF LIGHT.**

Lila's form bends unnaturally-her body twisting like something more animal than human. Her jaw cracks open, and teeth sharper than normal flash in the strobe. But it's gone. She is once again the fierce woman, letting the music carry her forward.

The flashes speed up, syncing with the thumping bass. Each beat brings a new transformation-Ciara's spider legs, Mia's siren form, Lila's monstrous grace-emerging, vanishing, flickering in and out of reality like a dream.

The crowd around them moves, unaware of them. The music, the flashes, the transformation-they all blur together. Their monstrous selves are always just beneath the surface, a wild, untamed force that is as much a part of them.

**FLASH OF LIGHT.**

Ciara's form is all sharp angles, her body a web, stretching, reaching. Mia's eyes glow with a hypnotic, deadly light. Lila's silhouette is impossibly tall, beastly, predatory. But in the next heartbeat, they are human again. Powerful. Free.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. SUPPORT GROUP - NOON

The room is warm and inviting, filled with chatter from everyone. A large table sits at the front, covered with snacks and stacks of flyers.

HAYDEN

Alright, everyone. Ciara, Mia, and Lila have an announcement to make.

Ciara, Mia, and Lila stand at the front, each holding stacks of pink colored flyers. The women quiet down giving their attention to them.

MIA

Hi, everyone. This is the first time I'm speaking but my friends and I are planning a women's mental health awareness event. Coming here and hearing everyone talk about how they are dealing with mental health; it made me feel comfortable to know we're not alone. We should be together and support each other.

Ciara and Lila hand out the flyers, offering each woman one with a gentle nod.

LILA

We will be hosting the event called Sisterhood 4Life on March 8th which is International Women's Day and we'd love for you, your sisters, mothers, friends, and girlfriends to join us.

The girls stand beside Mia. The women smile in excitement and interest.

INT. UNIVERSITY - CAMPUS - DAY

The sun is high in the sky, students rushing by, some walking in groups, others absorbed in their phones.

Ciara, Mia, and Lila stand in the center of the quad, passing out stacks of flyers to students.

MIA

Hey, don't miss out. Sisterhood 4Life, an event you'll definitely want to be apart of.

LILA

Bring your friends, your sisters, your mothers, your girlfriends. Be there to support each other.

Students glance at over at the flyer, some stop to take one, intrigued. Katie approaches, Ciara smiling.

KATIE

Hey, I passed some out in my class.

CIARA

Thank you so much. I really appreciate you helping out and thank you.

KATIE

For what?

CIARA

Being supportive and there for me.

KATIE

Sure. Do you need me to do anything before I go back to class?

CIARA

No, go on. We got this.

KATIE

Okay.

Mia and Lila look at Ciara, nodding for her to make a move. Ciara hesitatingly watches her leave, but catches up to her.

CIARA

Hey, um. Are you doing anything Friday night?

KATIE

No, why?

CIARA

You wanna...hang out? I don't know a

lot of places but I do know this really fun restaurant. It's kind of like Dave and Busters...

KATIE  
Bentley's Place.

CIARA  
Yeah.

KATIE  
I like that. Let's do it.

Ciara smiles as she watches her leave. She looks back the girls, turning red but smiles in excitement. She walks towards them.

INT. THEATER - STAGE

LUCAS WARREN  
Alright, everyone we have great news.

The cast and crew gather in a circle on stage, chatting casually. Lucas stands in the front with a clipboard in his hand. He looks around the group, ready to make an announcement. Mia is curious and excited.

LUCAS WARREN  
We have secured a date for our play's premiere. It's official. Opening night will be on March 8th.

The cast and crew clap, exchanging glances as Mia's smile falters.

MIA  
It's gonna be on the 8th.

LUCAS WARREN  
Yes, is that going to be a problem?

MIA  
No. I'm super excited.

LUCAS WARREN  
Good. Alright, let's keep rehearsing. My crew we need to make sure everything is perfectly set up. We don't need any mishaps.

An actress, Tami approaches her.

TAMI

Oh my god, it's happening!!!!

MIA

Yeah.

Mia nods softly, now worried more than ever. She turns away from the group, walking towards the exit. She pulls out her phone, seeing a text from Ciara and Lila.

A text from Lila, "Meet us at Docs" - L.

Mia looks up, trying to calm herself.

INT. WOMEN'S CLINIC - ROOM - DAY

Ciara sits on a table in a room, wearing a hospital gown. Mia and Lila sit in the chairs beside her. Ciara's feet tap continuously. Lila touches her knee, stopping her.

LILA

Hey, it's okay.

Ciara finally calms down and takes a breathe. Mia looks at her phone. She scrolls through Instagram seeing a poster for the play with the date on. She looks up, sighing nervously.

LILA

(concerned)

Are you okay?

MIA

Yeah, just got a lot on my mind.

LILA

Wanna talk about it?

MIA

No, we need to be here for her.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

DR. LAWRENCE, a Caucasian woman walks into the room.

DR. LAWRENCE

Hello, Lila. How are you?

LILA

I'm good. Um, my friend, she needed an appointment.

DR. LAWRENCE  
Okay. What's your name?

CIARA  
Ciara.

DR. LAWRENCE  
It's nice to meet you. Um, since you're not family; I'm gonna need you wait outside.

CIARA  
Can they stay? I feel better when they're here.

The girls smile. Dr. Lawrence looks at them.

DR. LAWRENCE  
Okay.

Ciara lies down on the table with her legs in stirrups. She is shaking and scared, facing the ceiling; frightened more than ever. Mia and Lila hold her hands. Dr. Lawrence touches her stomach.

DR. LAWRENCE  
You're okay. Do I have permission?

CIARA  
Yes.

DR. LAWRENCE  
If you feel any type of pressure or pain, I will stop? When you feel that you are ready, you let me know? We'll take as long as you want.

A tear runs down Ciara's face. Lila wipes her face.

LILA  
It's okay.

MIA  
We got you. Just dream of something beautiful, a safe space where you're in control.

Ciara takes a breath and closes her eyes.

**(Dream sequence begins)**

INT. VOID

Ciara wakes up on the ground in nothing but darkness surrounding her. She notices a light. She gets up, realizing she's still in her nightmare. The walls close in on her.

She begins to panic, causing her skin to stretch. Her claws begin to grow as she latches onto the wall. She cries in fear. The walls soon stop.

She looks up, seeing her claws punctured into the wall. She gets up, using her strength to push the walls back, giving her more space.

She looks up to see the light getting bigger. She goes to the other side and pushes the wall. The light rains down on her as she smiles in strength.

**(Dream Sequence ends)**

INT. WOMEN'S CLINIC - ROOM

Ciara opens her eyes, to see Dr. Lawrence facing her.

DR. LAWRENCE  
Hey, you did great.

Ciara smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER - STAGE

Empty seats loom in the dark. A white light slices through the stage, isolating Mia. She's in costume, like princess but fragile, yet something is off with her.

LUCAS WARREN  
Again. From Top. Remember where you  
are and who you are.

Mia stands still. Silent. She begins her monologue, slowly takes a few steps to the edge.

MIA  
Let no one think me a weak woman. Let  
them know me for what I am...

The words start soft, tender but too control. As if she's nervous or worried.

MIA

...Dangerous to my enemies, loyal to my friends. A woman wronged has no limits.

She stumbles forward, almost falling off the stage but catches herself.

LUCAS WARREN

Whoa!!! Watch yourself! You're going off the rails.

(groans)

Start from the top, again. Bring me the fury. Show me who Medea is!

She walks back to the center of the stage. She begins, as the camera pans around her but she's not her anymore. In her mind, she's in her form.

MIA

Let no one think me a weak woman. Let them know me for what I am: dangerous to my enemies, loyal to my friends. A woman wronged has no limits.

As she deepens her monologue, blood drips from her nose and her pupils darken. Lucas doesn't notice.

MIA

You thought I'd disappear. You thought you could silence me with exile, with shame, with lies... But I am still here.

She continues as she raises her hand, with her claws fully visible and sharp.

MIA

I am the wound you left bleeding. I am the fire you thought would die out. I am the scream you buried in your chest... but it still wakes you at night.

Her rage deepens, she pushes herself that skin starts moving. She's lost but doesn't care. A tear falls down her face.

She collapses, gasping. Her face down onto the floor with her hair covering her face.

A beat.

She pulls herself up, looking at her hands that are completely normal. A slow clap is heard as she looks up at Lucas.

LUCAS WARREN

Brilliant. Now... do it again!

Uneasy, she doesn't move. She slightly smiles as the camera pulls away the back revealing something crawling from underneath the back of her neck to her spine.

CUT TO:

EXT. LILA'S HOME - SHED - EVENING

Lila kneels beside two suitcases, dragging them behind a stack of overturned crates. She shifts a heavy duffle bag onto a high shelf.

She glances around. Tools hang from rusted nails. Spiderwebs shimmer in the corners.

She pulls a canvas tarp down from a hook and tosses it loosely over the crates.

Her phone vibrates. She pulls it from her pocket with a shaky breath.

**SCREEN:** Airbnb booking confirmed - "2-Bedroom Cozy Home -Available soon"

She slides it back into her coat, and exhales. She exits the shed.

INT. BENTLEY'S PLACE - NIGHT

The place is buzzing-neon lights, clanging machines, the thump of bass-heavy pop music. Filled with customers eating and playing arcade games all around.

Ciara picks at the corner of a napkin. A half-eaten basket of fries sits between her and Katie. She steals a glance at her across the table.

KATIE

Those guys are really taking foosball seriously.

CIARA

I thought that was normal.

KATIE  
No, it is. It's more for football.

Ciara slightly smiles.

KATIE  
Wanna play?

Ciara freezes for a second.

CIARA  
(stutters)  
I don't know how.

Katie leans in and smiles.

KATIE  
I'll teach you.

She steals the last fry before grabbing Ciara's hand, pulling her out of her seat.

INT. ARCADE AREA - NIGHT

The arcade buzzes around them as Ciara stands stiffly at the foosball table. Her breath is shallow, her chest tight-anxiety creeping in, uninvited, as usual.

Katie steps up beside her, casual and calm. She's holding two cups of soda, and sets one down next to Ciara.

KATIE  
First, take a breath. Don't be nervous.

Ciara hesitates, then nods. Katie steps behind her, close but not crowding. She gently takes Ciara's hands, guiding them to the right positions on the foosball rods.

KATIE  
Strikers here. Defenders there. Keep your grip loose.  
(softly)  
Keep your eye on the puck.

Ciara lets out a shaky breath. Katie rests her chin briefly near Ciara's shoulder.

KATIE  
You're doing great.

Ciara's lips twitch, her hands still shaking.

CIARA

Sorry, I don't know why I keep shaking.

KATIE

It's okay. Just relax.

Katie lets go, stepping beside her again, still close. The ball drops into play with a clack. Ciara's movements are kind of awkward and uncertain.

Katie bumps her hip gently into Ciara's. She goes onto the other side, looking at her.

KATIE

You're not gonna break it. Go for it.

The two play a game. Ciara hits the ball into the goal.

KATIE

See. You'll get the hang of it.

CIARA

Well, I can buy you dessert...for teaching me.

Katie smiles.

KATIE

Deal. Ready? 3 games.

They start to play-clumsy at first, with Ciara giggling as she misses every shot. But slowly, she finds a rhythm. She looks up at Katie. She's not nervous anymore.

Ciara crushes Katie at basketball-machine beeping, score racking up. Katie half-laughs, tossing a ball that bounces off the rim with a loud thunk.

KATIE

You're getting better at this than me.

CIARA

Yeah, maybe I can teach you.

Katie impressed as Ciara throws another ball, hitting a goal. Ciara jumps for joy, smiling. The two embrace, looking into each others eyes and kiss. Ciara stops briefly and smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Mia exits a coffee shop, holding a to-go cup in one hand and the other scrolling through her phone. Distracted, as she walks towards her car.

VIC, white, 40s disheveled and aggressive stands against a mud-splashed truck, sipping a beer with his friend. He mutters under his breath, then steps forward smirking as he watches her approach.

VIC  
Nappy headed bitch!

MIA  
Excuse me.

Mia freezes, facing him in disgust and confusion. The man steps closer, sneering, trying to intimidate her.

MIA  
What the fuck did you just say to me?

VIC  
(taunting)  
You heard me. You bitches think you're better than us.

MIA  
Well, I never said that but I'm glad you see it.

Mia turns away from him.

VIC  
You people ruin everything you touch.

MIA  
Yeah, and you racists assholes burn everything you touch and wonder why we keep whooping your asses. Now, take a hike. I ain't got time for your bullshit.

The man grabs his friend's coffee cup, and without warning, throws the scalding liquid at Mia. The hot coffee splashes across her, staining her clothes and burning the side of her neck.

She screams in pain. She turns away, groaning in pain.

His friend steps in between them, separating him from her. The crowd around them reacts, gasping in surprise. Some pulling out their phones to record.

Mia's hands shake badly, her breathe quickening. Her pupils go dark.

The man is pushed away by multiple people, yelling and ranting unaware that Mia is approaching them.

She pushes throw them, grabbing the man by his jacket, her claws like steel, pulling him toward her. She throws him with terrifying force over the hood of a nearby car. He slams onto the windshield, rolling onto the ground.

He groans in pain. Her eyes return to their normal state. She turns to see the crowd watching, their phones still recording.

MAN 2

Holy shit.

WOMEN 2

Did you see that shit?

Mia takes a step back, shocked and frightened, noticing her elongated claws. She hides her hands inside her jacket, pushing through everyone.

INT. MIA'S APARTMENT - NOON

Mia enters her apartment, slamming the door behind her. Her breath shallow, gasping for air, and heart pounding. Still trembling, she quickly rips off her jacket.

Her vision blurs, stumbling past her dimly light living room and into to her bedroom. She goes into the bathroom.

INT. MIA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM

She turns the light on. She rushes to her sink, going into her medicine cabinet with her deformed, veiny bulging claws, fumbling through different medications.

She feels a surge of pain, coming from her stomach as she grips the sink. She crouches, facing the ground. She finds her anxiety medicine on the floor. She takes the pill.

On her knees, a surge of pain hits her spine. She curls up in

fetal position, motionless and numb. Hiding her face into the floor.

The pain finally subsides. She lays flat, staring at the ceiling as it slowly stops spinning. She takes a deep breath.

She lifts her up hand, glancing at her claws slowly going back inside of her skin. Blood drains from her fingers.

She leans up with her back against the wall with tears rushing down her face. She stares at her other hand in shock and confusion.

Her eyes wide, locked on the bloody, bruised hand is now misshapen with something scarier, and more dangerous.

INT. UNIVERSITY - DORMS - NIGHT

Ciara sits on her bed, typing on her laptop.

RING! RING!

She glances at her phone to see her mother calling.

RING! RING!

Hesitant at first, but she answers the phone.

CIARA

Hey, ma.

CIARA'S MOM

Finally, you pick up. I was worried about you.

CIARA

I'm good.

CIARA'S MOM

Well, tell me. How's your first few weeks?

CIARA

It's good.

CIARA'S MOM

Just good. Okay. Hey, I called the doctor. You didn't go to your appointment. What happened?

CIARA  
I found a different doctor.

CIARA'S MOM  
Why? You've had that doctor for years  
and you've never had a problem.

CIARA  
I just wanted someone else.

CIARA'S MOM  
What do you mean? Did something  
happen?

CIARA  
No, nothing happened.

CIARA'S MOM  
Well, something happened-

CIARA  
Mom!! I didn't feel comfortable.

CIARA'S MOM  
Honey, I understand that it was scary  
for you. It's scary and painful for  
all women, even me. I wanted you to  
get yourself checked out.

CIARA  
No, I understand that.

CIARA'S MOM  
Well, who did you go see?

CIARA  
A friend of mine, she recommended her  
doctor.

CIARA'S MOM  
You're friend. Who's this friend? Is  
she one of the girls in your class?

CIARA  
Yeah, she recommended her to me and I  
went. They went with me.

CIARA'S MOM  
How was it?

CIARA

It was good. I was scared and it was a little painful but I wasn't alone.

CIARA'S MOM

Well, I'm glad you felt comfortable. I wish you'd call more often. You're father and I worry about you.

CIARA

Well, if it makes you feel better. I'm pretty great. I'm starting to see myself now. I feel like I can do anything, be anything.

CIARA'S MOM

Well, I'm happy for you. But you gotta remember it's a scary world out there. Not everyone's gonna nice. They're vicious.

CIARA

I mean, I can't be scared forever. We all have go out on my own.

CIARA'S MOM

I get that but the world is dangerous. You don't know what or who is out there. Murders, rapists; there's no telling.

A beat.

CIARA

Yeah, but we still gotta live our lives. I mean, you live a town where three people were literally chopped to pieces. Yeah, it was tragic and scary but the world didn't stop. Despite all the horrors of this world, we have face our fears otherwise we'll never be able to live.

CIARA'S MOM

Wow! Where did my little girl go?

CIARA

She had be strong. She had to believe, trust, and love herself.

CIARA'S MOM  
I'm really proud of you.

CIARA  
Thanks mom.

CIARA'S MOM  
Call me more. Please, I know I can be  
a lot but you're my only child and I  
miss you.

CIARA  
I miss you, too.

INT. MIA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Soft morning light seeps through dusty blind. The room is still, cluttered.

Mia lies on her stomach, tangled beneath the sheets in her bed. She shifts onto her back, blinking up at the ceilings, eyes unfocused.

She winces in pain. Her face pale with a sweat still on her face. She tries to sit up, but freezes. Her right hand resting on the mattress doesn't look right.

Her finger more swollen, bruised, joints too thick, nails cracked and jagged. The skin has a faint purplish color, stretched unnaturally tight. She tries to flex it, barely moving.

She tries to get up, but feels a damp warmth between her legs. She glances down noticing blood stains on the sheets. She peels the blanket back...

Her period is on. Shorts covered in blood.

Her expression is not surprised but annoyed and sad. She reaches for her phone on the nightstand.

**The Screen:**

Dozens of notifications. Messages. Missed calls. Voicemails.

She unlocks her phone. Scrolls slowly. Eyes darting over names and words.

She sees a video of her attacking the racist man. She looks at the comments underneath. Some attacking her and some praising her.

She scrolls through her texts.

**Text Message: from Ana**

Are you okay? What Happen? CALL ME BACK ASAP!!!

**Text Message: from Lila**

HEY!!! WHAT HAPPENED! PLEASE LET ME KNOW YOU'RE OKAY!

**Text Message: from Lucas**

Need to see now!

She quickly gets up, running to the bathroom and slamming the door behind her.

EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

Mia moves quickly down the street, head low, pace urgent. She's wrapped in an oversized coat, one arm clutching her gloved deformed hand. She hides her eyes underneath her sunglasses.

Her phone buzzes in her purse again. She ignores it.

She flinches every time someone walks by. No one seems to notice her-but she notices them. She tightens her grip as she continues walking down the street.

INT. THEATER - DAY

Mia steps through the doors of the theater, her presence instantly noticeable. She takes off her sunglasses, facing them. The conversations stop and their heads turn to her. The cast crew freeze, their expressions are mix of concern, confusion, and quiet judgement.

Lucas and the crew Mel and Finn face her with concern. They approaches her, taking her into the lobby.

INT. THEATER - LOBBY

They face her with concern. Mia is worried and anxious, tightly gripping her gloved deformed hand as she tries to explain.

MIA

Listen, I'm sorry but that man  
harassed me. He threw fucking hot  
coffee at me.

MEL

We know. We saw. I can't say I blame you. People push you to the point where you finally snap.

Mia's voice is shaky and nervous.

MIA

I was defending myself-

LUCAS WARREN

Look...we know it's not your fault. Hell, I've pushed you for weeks to show why you deserve to be up there. But with that video going online, we can't afford controversies right now.

He pauses.

MEL

We think it's best if your understudy takes over. Just until all this controversy blows over and it will.

Mia's faces freezes in hurt and pain.

LUCAS WARREN

I suggest you keep on rehearsing... just not here. Because when the time comes, we will need you. I'm disappointed but I know you. You're better than this.

Mel touches Mia's hand. Her face filled with hope.

MEL

Don't worry. We will stand by you, but right now. We have to make sure this production goes forward. Listen, they'll forget all about it once someone else goes viral. It's going to be okay. We'll keep in touch.

They go back inside, leaving her. A tear drops from her face with the sound of her heart pounding. A sharp pain in her stomach hits her, but she doesn't feel it. She heads towards the doors.

EXT. THEATER - DAY

She exits the theater then-

FLASH. FLASH. FLASH.

A blind light. Then another. The clicks of cameras firing in rapid bursts.

A paparazzi steps out from behind the door, camera aimed like a weapon. She puts on her sunglasses, shielding herself.

PAPARAZZI

MIA! MIA! Can you tell us what  
happened yesterday? How did you do  
that? COME ON!!!

More photographers appear, surrounding her like wolves, shouting over each other.

Her hands start trembling as she looks for a cab. A cramp spikes hard and deep.

PAPARAZZI

Do you have superpowers? Tell us your  
side of the story?

Her jaw clenches and muscles twitch. One of her eyes turns black underneath her sunglasses.

She feels something inside her back, moving underneath. Fighting back the pain, she holds it in. She grits her teeth, breathing heavily.

Her spine shifts slightly and her deformed limb begins to stretch and shift.

She gasps in pain, sweat drips down the side of her face as she nearly trips walking towards the edge of the pavement.

She steps into the middle in the street, stopping a cab in its tracks. She limps toward the car, pushing past the cameras. She yanks the door open, nearly collapses into the back seat.

The car drives off in a rush as the photographers continue on snapping photos.

INT. LILA'S HOME - KID'S ROOM

Lila folds laundry in her kids room.

BZZZ. BZZZ.

Lila answers her phone.

LILA

Hello.

CIARA

Hey, have you seen the video?

LILA

Yep, I saw. I tried to call but she won't answer.

CIARA

I'm worried.

LILA

Me too. This could trigger everything.

CIARA

You don't think she's transformed?

LILA

I hope not. I'm gonna go by in a little bit. You?

CIARA

I can't. I got class.

LILA

Well, don't worry. I'll go. See what I can do.

CIARA

Okay, if you need anything. Let me know?

LILA

I will.

Lila hangs up before putting the last pair of clothes in the dresser and closing it.

INT. LILA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM

Lila comes down the stairs quickly, her purse on her shoulders. She walks towards the door to notice her keys are missing on the rack, confused.

Trevor walks into the living room, menacingly.

TREVOR

Looking for these.

He holds up her keys. She faces him, her pulse racing but she stands her ground.

LILA

Yeah, I need to go see Mia.

TREVOR

Really? You sure you're not packing for an escape.

LILA

Trevor, I don't have time for your bullshit.

Trevor pushes two suitcases in the living room, throwing a duffle bag onto the floor. She stands there in shock but stands firm of herself.

TREVOR

You plan on taking my kids.

He takes a step closer, a false kindness on his face. His voice lowers, speaking in a calm manner but something dark is underneath.

TREVOR

You think I'm gonna let a monster take my children away.

LILA

I'm not a monster. I'm a mother and I will be leaving you. May not be today but it will be soon.

TREVOR

You really think I'm gonna let that happen? I know the cops won't.

LILA

Fuck you, you psychopath.

TREVOR

Psychopath? This is coming from an actual monster. If I can't have my kids; then you won't either.

LILA

The fuck does that mean?

He slowly walks up to her, facing her with his manipulative demeanor. His height towers over her, making her feel small.

TREVOR

The sad truth, our kids get taken away from both of us. I'm a psycho and you're an actual living creature. They'll be taken in by complete strangers. Possible worse than us. And that's... going to be on you.

LILA

You are such a manipulative tool. You really think you're the fucking victim.

TREVOR

I mean, I have the bruises.

LILA

(loudly)

SO, DO YOU I!!!

She steps to him, angry as the fear slowly flood inside her.

TREVOR

Yeah, but those bruises are from something much dangerous inside. The beast. And I'm worried you will hurt our children.

LILA

Fuck you? I would never hurt them.

TREVOR

But you hurt me.

LILA

YOU HURT ME!!!! Not just emotionally but physically. Every chance you got. But I took it because I had no choice. You pushed me too many times and you woke it up.

Her breath catches. She fights the urge to scream and release it. She turns away from him, her eyes start to turn. She blinks twice before they return to normal.

TREVOR

See. It's starting. It won't be long before you hurt them.

She faces him in a fury.

LILA  
(frustrated, teary)  
GO TO HELL!

Her muscles tightening up as her rages surges. The cramp in her stomach hits like a knife. She's fighting the urge.

TREVOR  
That's the problem. You don't know when you'll snap. When I'm not around. You could lose it on the kids for any reason. That's all it takes. You are always overwhelmed. You will lose yourself and you will hurt them.

She calms down and faces him, strengthening herself.

LILA  
I'm not gonna let that happen. I have friends to get me through it.

TREVOR  
And what happens when those friends snap too? Hell, they might join the feast.

Lila is shocked. A small tremor runs through her, her hands begin twitching. He notices this.

TREVOR  
You didn't think I'd figure that out too. Especially Mia, she looks like she's on the verge of losing it. And that other one, all you had to do was give her "the okay". She probably would've killed me.

LILA  
The cops aren't going to believe a damn thing you say. All I got to do is show them the bruises.

TREVOR  
And all I have to do is show them this.

Trevor pulls out the phone, showing a video footage of her transforming inside the shed.

Lila's heart sinks. She freezes, watching the footage of herself transforming.

She tries to grab his phone, but he quickly backs away from her. She angrily looks at him, ready to attack. He sees the rage.

TREVOR

I always wondered what you were doing in there. Now, I know the cops might not believe this, but I can always bring them to you. You crack under pressure. Everyone will see and people will talk.

LILA

I don't give a shit-

TREVOR

You should... for our kids. Imagine what they will go through. Imagine the hate, the ridicule from others because of you. Our daughter, is what I worry about...becoming just like you.

He leans in towards her, backing her against the wall. A tear falls down her face.

LILA

Well, I damn sure don't want our son becoming you. Abusing, controlling and manipulating women.

TREVOR

And what do you do? Play the victim. Scream and get angry because you can't handle what people have to say. Cause you know it's the truth.

For a moment, neither of them moves. He looks at her, reading her with satisfaction. He has her in his tracks.

TREVOR

If you care about our kids...you're gonna stay the fuck right here. So I can keep an eye on you. I don't trust you around them. You go when I say so. Because you are a mother and a homemaker. You are not a doctor or a fucking superhero. You need to know who you are first. Because if you don't, I'll make sure the whole world knows who you and your friends really are.

He dangles the keys in her face before going upstairs. His footsteps echoing in the silence between them.

Lila stands there for a moment, breathing through the rage. Her body trembles as she tries to hold it together. She's in shock, dazed as she walks towards the backdoor.

EXT. LILA'S HOME - SHED

Lila goes into the shed, locking the door behind her. She screams as she knocks all of the tools on the desk. She flips over the table, knocking everything on the ground. She grabs a plant and throws it against the door.

She sees blood on her shirt, unaware her hand's bleeding. She lifts her shirt up, revealing a bloody C-section scar below her abdomen. Her hands tremble as she digs her claws into the seam. Her expression changes from sadness to rage as she forces her fingers inside, ripping open the scar.

Thick black liquid pours out of her as tears herself open, letting out a blood-curling scream. One of her eyes loses its color.

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY - ART CLASS - DAY

Ciara stands hunched over a nearly finished sculpture, a striking abstract female form. It's bold, raw, and unapologetically powerful.

She steps back, wiping clay from her fingers onto her apron. Mr. Hayes, approaches her, glancing at her piece.

MR. HAYES

Ciara, can I speak with you for a moment?

They step to the side, out of earshot. Ciara looks confused but obliges.

MR. HAYES

I've reviewed your piece for the upcoming show. While your technique is excellent... I'm afraid it may not be appropriate for public display.

CIARA

What? Why? It's a tribute to women-our strength, to ownership of our

bodies.

MR. HAYES

I understand your intent. I think what you're doing is phenomenal. Normally, I don't usually mind but...

(sighs)

Another student expressed concern.

CIARA

You mean complain?

MR. HAYES

This student...

Ciara notices Faith and her friends watching from afar.

MR. HAYES

Felt it's based on vulgarity.

CIARA

What's vulgar? There's no nudity. It's three women transforming. But even if there was; aren't we all adults here. I mean, we are literally living on our own. So, if nudity scares anyone, then maybe they should go back home. Let their parents coddle them.

Ciara's eyes narrow, realization dawning.

MR. HAYES

Ciara, I understand your frustration.

Some of the students focus their attention on her.

CIARA

I don't think you do because I worked on this for six weeks. And now you want me to just stop and do something else. I put my blood, sweat, and tears into this. To express myself and stand up to oppression from all other sides. And a teen *Karen* has a problem.

A classmate snickers in the background. Faith's face is filled with offense.

CIARA

It's funny. It says more about them than it does my work. And I'm not

gonna let some jealous hags and a bunch of misogynists stop me. With all due respect, I'm gonna finished this and if that means I get an F; I'll take an F. This is more than just about us.

MR. HAYES

Okay. I'm sorry, Ciara.

CIARA

Don't worry. It ain't you.

Ciara's eyes focus on Faith and her followers as she walks back to her workstation. Eyes from the others follow her as she stares at her sculpture and grabs her tool.

EXT. UNIVERSITY - CAMPUS

Ciara exits the building in a huff, annoyed and frustrated. She pulls out her phone dialing Lila. The phone rings but no answer.

CIARA

(frustrated)

Fuck!

She dials Mia's number. The phone rings but no answer. She groans in annoyance.

EXT. LILA'S HOME - DAY

Ciara stands at the front Lila's house, pressing the doorbell. She anxiously waits, clutching onto her bag.

A beat.

Suddenly, the door creaks open- It's Trevor. He leans against the doorframe like he owns the world.

CIARA

Trevor. Where's Lila?

TREVOR

She doesn't wanna see you.

CIARA

Why?

TREVOR

Because she's done with you and that

crazy bitch. She'd rather spend time with her family.

CIARA

Yeah, her kids, I believe. Highly doubt she meant you.

Trevor smirks at her.

TREVOR

You know, you two poison her mind. Filling her head with that feminine bullshit.

CIARA

No. We taught each other to be strong. To stand up for ourselves and to assholes like you. Lila's strong.

TREVOR

Oh, I know. I've witnessed it. But that type of strength is destructive. You know?

Ciara's eyes widen, realizing he knows about them.

TREVOR

Now listen, I don't want you ever coming back to my house ever again. You're gonna leave my wife alone. Both of you. I know everything about you three. Freaks and fucking monsters trying to be women. All you do is cause chaos and I will not allow it.

Ciara stiffens, jaw tightening.

CIARA

You don't know me.

TREVOR

No. But you know, Lila. She'll snap at the drop of a hat. You all will. Now, if you wanna keep this little fucked girl group a secret; stay the hell away from my family. She's mine. Now get the fuck off my property.

A charged silence. Ciara looks up at him.

CIARA

You know, you're not as scary as think you are. You're just a pussy with a small fist and low grade threats.

Ciara walks off the doorstep, clenching her fists as he slams the door shut. She looks back to see Lila watching from the window with fear in her eyes. The two lock eyes.

She dials Katie as she continues down the street.

KATIE

Hey you?

CIARA

Can I vent? I'm about to explode.

KATIE

Yeah, what's up?

CIARA

I feel like I can't breathe. I feel like I'm about to suffocate and I can't escape this... fear of everyone and being alone. I was so use to it because it's all I've ever known. But inside I can't express how I feel. A part of me wants to let it out but I'm so fucking terrified and angry. I'm scared of seeing the real me. I thought I could accept it because I wasn't alone. And now, I feel like I am. I can't do this. It's too fucking much. I feel like I can't say anything about it.

KATIE

It's okay to feel this way and you shouldn't be afraid to speak up.

CIARA

I can't even show my art.

KATIE

Why?

CIARA

Because one of those fucking girls in class made a complaint about it being vulgar. When there's nothing vulgar about a woman expressing herself. So

now, I have to take a F. These  
fucking-

KATIE

Snowflakes, misogynists, and bible  
thumpers. I could go on.

Ciara laughs.

CIARA

I've been working so hard on this  
sculpture and... It's about self-  
discovery, our bodies, our sexuality,  
our mental health. I wanted to  
translate it into something beautiful  
and powerful for all women relate to  
but some might not see it that way.  
I'm not trying to offend anyone but I  
just wanna be free.

KATIE

Then do it. Don't worry about what  
others think. This ain't about them;  
it's the ones who feel like they're  
not heard. Whatever that sculpture  
looks like, that's what it represents.

Ciara smiles, giving her the confidence that she needs.

CUT TO:

INT. MIA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

The room is small, cluttered, barely lit by a single lamp on  
the floor. Old rehearsal notes and scripts are scattered  
across the bed like fallen leaves.

Mia in the center, wrapped in a loose robe with black slip  
underneath. Her robe hangs off her shoulder revealing sharpen  
blade-like collarbones.

Her skin stretched in places, bunched up and bruised all  
over. One arm is bloated, the fingers rigid and purple, while  
the other is completely normal.

She stares at herself in a cracked mirror propped against the  
wall. Her lips move slowly, rehearsing lines, but no sound  
comes out at first.

MIA

(softly)

Do I have the heart? No. Do I have the heart? Can I do this? Yes, my hand will do it...through my heart... uh. Fuck!

She tries to stand tall, composing herself. She touches the scab on her burnt neck, peeling it off. She flicks it off.

She grabs the script with her good hand, crumples it in frustration, then un-crumple it quickly.

MIA

Yes, my hand will do it, through my heart may weep. I am not the woman to suffer mockery. Let no one think me weak or gentle. I will make...Jason pay the price, even if it means I suffer twice as much.

In the mirror, she catches a glimpse of herself. Her expression falters. She takes a step toward the center of the room, where a small taped square on the floor marks her "stage." She bows her head, takes a deep breath then groans.

Her stomach distends, writhing beneath her skin. She sinks to the floor, but doesn't cry out. She crawls to the mirror, drags herself up against it. Looks into her own eyes.

She touches the glass, forehead against her reflection, then slides slowly down to the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPPORT GROUP - DAY

Ciara walks into the stark and quiet room. A circle of empty chairs sits under the dim light. The walls are bare, giving the room a cold feeling.

She scans the empty space before taking off her bag, setting it on the floor. She sits down in one of the chairs underneath the light, facing the door.

She looks at her phone: the number of times she's called Mia and Lila. No new messages either. She puts her phone in her pocket.

She exhales while looking around the empty room. Her feet tapping nervously against the floor. The weight of being

alone here is too much to ignore. She stands up.

CIARA

Hi, I'm Ciara and I guess I'm the last to talk. I didn't know what to say until now.

(sighs)

For the past few years, I didn't know who I was. I didn't know how to talk to people or how to fit in without feeling invisible. Sometimes it feels like I'm being suffocated and overwhelm by everyone. I feel that they can see right through me. Like, they know something is wrong with me but don't know what it is. That's why I thought being alone was the safer option. But I get tired of it, sometimes. I want to be able to talk to someone, express how I feel, and be a part of something. It's hard to just... try to exist in world that makes you feel so small and powerless. That beats up and makes you feel like you don't have a place or you're not allowed feel anything. And all I want is peace and acceptance... but it's hard in a world like this. But I found some amazing friends that taught me how to stand and how to love all the ugly parts of myself. I don't have all the answers of what's going on inside of me. This monster inside. But at least, I know I'm not alone... I hope I'm still not alone.

HAYDEN

You're not.

Suddenly, a blurred figure walks into the doorway, flicking the lights on revealing to be Hayden leaning against the doorway.

HAYDEN

I know that beast inside but it's not who we are. We're not broken...we've evolved.

Hayden reveals her elongated fingers, bone visible beneath her pale skin. Ciara is shocked, as she faces her.

One by one, women (Beth, Jane, Gia, Selina, and more) enter the room. All different ages and backgrounds, each showing signs-subtle or grotesque of transformation: glowing eyes, skeletal limbs, twitching skin, inhuman silhouettes under their clothes.

They all sit beside her, smiling and laughing.

BETH

And they say motherhood is bitch, just add this to it. It's a nightmare.

GIA

This is ten times worse. The mood swings and fucking cramps.

WOMEN 1

Oh my god, don't get me started.

SELINA

I mean the first time is so unexpected because you don't know what to expect until it happens. Your skin is stretching.

HAYDEN

Bones popping out of place.

GIA

Don't forget the skin shedding and then the blood.

WOMEN 1

Oh my god, that's the worst to cleaning up.

BETH

It's like you're a fucking werewolf. My husband told me to watch a bunch werewolf movies to see if it would help. It didn't.

The women all laugh together, alongside Ciara.

CIARA

You're husband knows.

BETH

Yeah, and he's really supportive. He's been there for me. Especially, when I had our kids. The idea that my girls

could have the same condition is terrifying. He reminds me everyday that we're gonna get through it.

GIA

I'm just glad that we found another one. It's been a while.

CIARA

Not just me. Mia and Lila.

GIA

I knew it! We figured they probably had it too but we wanted them to tell us when they're ready.

HAYDEN

They never really talked about it, personally... just wants going on with them.

CIARA

Is that why you started this group?

HAYDEN

Yeah, I found these guys on a online group. I contacted them and asked them to meet and soon more and more came. It's a lot more out there that have it but don't know what to do.

BETH

It's just nice to find a group of women who know exactly what you're going through.

CIARA

Do you guys know what it is?

HAYDEN

I did some research but all it led me to believe we're like shapeshifters. Beings with the ability to change our physical form. But it's connected to our cycles and emotions. Every month you have a period and you change.

CIARA

You guys have seen your form?

The woman nod and agree with each other.

CIARA

Okay, um... do you guys turn cause of your mood swings?

HAYDEN

Oh yeah. See, our emotions trigger it because we suppress it. Rather than letting it out; we hold it in.

BETH

And it's painful. Withholding your transformation, it messes with your appearance and your mentality.

GIA

That's why you have to let it out sometimes.

CIARA

What if I hurt someone?

HAYDEN

That's why you have to be in control. You have to be the one calling the shots. Because that monster is you and you are it. Now, sometimes you don't have to transform in order to let that anger out. That's why we have this group. To vent and express our feelings.

CIARA

It's hard being a fucking woman. We're always being silenced, dismissed, controlled, objectified, and expected to take shit from others.

The women all nod, some smiling.

GIA

That event you guys created is the perfect way to speak out. We need to be as loud as possible for them to hear us.

CIARA

Mia and Lila are the reason I'm able to have voice. And now they're struggling and I can't help them.

BETH  
Where are they?

CIARA  
Mia's hiding and Lila is in danger. We  
have to help them.

HAYDEN  
What can we do?

Ciara smiles in reassures.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY

Children's laughter rings from the playground, but Lila sits on the benched, wrapped in her coat. Sunglasses hide the discoloration beneath her eyes, face pale like a vampire.

She watches her kids play, scanning for danger. Coral walks up to her, smiling from ear to ear.

CORAL  
Well, look who's back? It seems like  
you're finally back to your old self.

Lila remains silent and still, ignoring her.

CORAL  
Oh come on, honey. Don't be like that.  
I-

Coral tries to sit beside her but she stops her.

LILA  
Do not sit beside me.

Her body and face remain still, not even facing her. The anger hides behind her sunglasses as her facial expression remain neutral. Coral smirks, feeling offended.

CORAL  
So, it's going to be like that. Please  
don't make a scene in front of all  
everyone. That's the last thing they  
need to see.

LILA  
I'm gonna say this as respectful as I  
can. I'm telling you to get the fuck

away from me and leave me alone. I'm not asking. I'm telling. I don't care about your stupid, pick me mommy group. I don't want any part of it. All I ask is to be alone. I don't want to hear your voice or your kids for that matter. The only ones I want to hear is my own kids. Now get the fuck away from me.

CORAL

Or what?

CIARA

Or you're gonna find a foot in your ass. And it's a big one.

Ciara appears behind Coral, who's taken off guard.

CORAL

And who you are?

CIARA

None of your damn business. Get lost.

CORAL

How dare you-

Lila quickly gets up, taking off her glasses reveals one of eyes now white.

LILA

Get the fuck out!!

Coral frightened by her appearance, quickly rushes off, leaving them. Ciara sees Lila's appearance, worried for her.

LILA

Ciara, what are you doing here?

CIARA

I'm here for you. Tonight is the night.

LILA

I can't go.

Lila sits down. Ciara sits beside her.

CIARA

Oh, you're going.

LILA

Ciara, he knows. He knows about all of us. He threatened to take my kids. He threaten to expose all of us.

CIARA

Then let him.

LILA

Are you fucking crazy? Do you know what's at stake? He's gotta a fucking video of me turning. He has people watching me. I can't risk it.

CIARA

So, you're gonna let him control you for the rest of your life. I thought you wanted to be free. I thought that's what we were all fighting for. Standing up to our oppressors, letting our rage out, all that bullshit. Or were we just a bunch of moody bitches on our periods venting about how fucked up society is.

LILA

I guess we were.

CIARA

No! I don't care what anyone says and you shouldn't either. They're not victims. They're part of the problem. All we've ever done is help make the world a better place and yet they try to tear us down. If you stay; you know what's going to happen and that's exactly what he wants.

LILA

(voice breaks)

I'm afraid. I don't wanna lose my babies.

CIARA

You won't but you gotta fight for them and for yourself. Get out before it's too late.

Lila looks and sees some of the women from the group, standing afar.

CIARA  
It's time we stand together.

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY - CLASSROOM - EVENING

The classroom is dimly lit with scattered art supplies and unfinished works around. Ciara stands alone at her work station.

Her hands covered in clay, smoothing the edges of her half-finished piece. She backs away from her piece. Faith approaches her from behind.

FAITH  
Why are you still sculpting that thing? Professor said it's not appropriate.

CIARA  
I'm not doing this for class. I'm doing it for me and all the other women out there.

FAITH  
Oh right, to prove a point. Get some attention-

CIARA  
You know what... you need to shut the fuck up. Anytime you speak, you sound stupid and pathetic. Tearing other women down doesn't make them like you. It gives them more power to tear you down when they don't get what they want.

FAITH  
You're just mad because no is listening to you. You're desperate for people to see... whatever this is.

CIARA  
Desperate? This coming from a pick-me-bitch who wants misogynistic men to notice you. Those are the ones talk shit about you all the time.

Faith is shocked, but doesn't believe her.

CIARA

You didn't know that, didn't you. It's funny, I overheard Kevin say he couldn't stand to hear the sound of your annoying voice. I can't say I blame him.

FAITH

Fuck you.

Ciara approaches her, closely.

CIARA

You want them to notice you; so you'll do anything for their attention. They tell you what you want you wanna hear so you dehumanize others to feel accepted. I mean, they could tell you to jump off a cliff and you'll say how high? They see you as someone who will do anything; they say. All you are to them is a puppet. Now, that's desperate.

FAITH

And you're an dramatic little bitch crying because you can't handle the world. That anxiety bullshit is nothing but a cry for help. You need to deal with it just like everyone else does.

CIARA

Do you know why anxiety exists? Because of people like you. Do you know how exhausting it is to have to live a world where people judge you, pressure you, make you feel uncomfortable. You all sit their berating me, to make me feel like I'm nothing. But then I found support from people...other women who knew exactly what I'm going through. I realize, the whole fucking world expects to us to be strong, to be smart, to be mothers, wives... and yet when we try; it's never enough. We always have to stand on the sidelines. Fuck that.

FAITH

Oh great, you found a gang of women

who feel oppressed. You know, you can join them, but no one will ever want to be with someone who believes they deserve more than them.

CIARA

And none of those boys will ever like you no matter how hard you kiss their asses. I can promise you; you're in for a rude awakening. And soon you will be just another sad white girl crying for attention.

Faith leaves as Ciara turns back to her sculpture.

CUT TO:

INT. LILA'S HOUSE - EVENING

Trevor walks inside to see three suitcases at the front of the door. He's furious, noticing brief lighting from the dining room.

INT. LILA'S HOUSE - DINING AREA

He quickly walks in, he stops to find Lila, hunched forward, sitting at the dining table in the dimly lit area. He approaches her noticing her wedding band on the table.

TREVOR

What the fuck is this?

She remains still, Her skin still pale, but brightened by the light.

LILA

We're leaving.

TREVOR

Not with my kids.

LILA

Oh, yes I am with *MY KIDS!*

TREVOR

I don't think you realize-

She slams her hand against the table, signaling him to stop talking.

LILA  
Shut the fuck up!

She slowly stands, her hands grip the edge of the table.

CRACK!!

A sharp sound. Her shoulder jerks unnaturally.

LILA  
Do whatever the fuck you want, but I  
will damned if I let you control me  
again.

Her spine pops, elongating subtly. Her skin splits at the seams, glowing faintly beneath-something new beneath the human.

TREVOR  
So, you think you're strong. Because  
your friends gave you a big pep talk  
about how to stand up for yourself.  
Remember what I said.

She faces him, revealing her cold white eyes. He looks at her in disgust. A tear falls down her face.

TREVOR  
Look at you; you look like shit. You  
are dying. You cannot take care of our  
kids; let alone yourself. You need me.  
You can't handle the world on your  
own. Not like me. I'm sure Carol would  
be a better parent than you ever were.

He exits the dining area. Lila's claws slowly grow.

INT. LILA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM

Trevor walks back into the living room, grabbing the suitcases.

TREVOR  
You're not taking my fucking kids.

The lights above flicker, causing the room to pulse in and out of darkness. He stops, seeing Lila stepping into the living room. The lights flicker, casting the room into near complete darkness.

Trevor can barely see her. The lights finally return, he

catches only a dark silhouette of her figure. He approaches her, grabbing her arm.

TREVOR

Did you hear-

He sees her clawed hands and notices her eyes now turning gold. She shoves him against the sofa. He stumbles away from her, collapsing onto the ground.

LILA

(deep voice, vibrating with power)

I let you control me for far too long.  
You wanted me to be small and weak.  
You made me doubt myself as a woman,  
as a wife and as a mother. I let you  
threaten me, scare me, and hit me too  
many times. That stops now.

He watches her body convulses, muscles rippling, bone plates pushing through skin like armored scales. Her height increases rapidly, towering over him.

TREVOR

(stuttering)

Lila...please...

LILA

I'm gonna show you who I am. I am  
something that you will never be. I'm  
stronger and more powerful, and that  
scares you.

Her spine straightens as bones erupt from her back. Her skin toughens, matte and stone-like. He backs into the wall, facing her.

Her jaw elongates, and her arms armored in a steel like skin. She is colossal, hulking, and divinely terrifying: Predator and Protector.

Trevor clutches his chest, gasping. His eyes wide with horror. His chest tightening, his breathing becomes strained. His hand presses against his chest in a panic as his face turns pale.

She lowers herself to match his stance, facing her abuser. The lights flicker one last time, leaving the room in darkness for a moment.

LILA  
 (softly)  
 You wanna know who I am?

A beat.

The lights return, revealing the final look of her form. Her form terrifying, powerful, but with a calmness to her, a quiet finality in her gaze.

LILA  
 This is who I am and you will never  
 see us ever again.

His breathing finally stops with his hand falls from his chest. His body goes stiff and lifeless with his face frozen in fear. Lila stands tall, watching him.

Her monstrous form begins to shift-her hard, armored exoskeleton melts away. She stands naked and smiling as the pool of blood and skin is beneath her. She walks away.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

The backstage is hectic as crew and casts members walk in and out of rooms. Lucas is nervous, excited, and overwhelmed as Sue, his assistant follows him around.

LUCAS WARREN  
 Okay, make sure the stage scenic is  
 good to go. And where the fuck is my  
 understudy?

SUE  
 I don't know.

LUCAS WARREN  
 Well, go find her!!!

Lucas leaves her.

CUT TO:

INT. MIA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark, the flicker of a streetlamp bleeding through the blinds.

On the couch, Mia lies motionless, cocooned in a threaded

blanket. Her skin is dry, stretched while her hair clings to her forehead in tangled clumps.

Her deformed hand twitches, trying to move just a little bit. Her knuckles are bruised and swollen. Her face still visibly normal, built with sadness and uncertainty. Her eyes are dim, reflecting off the tv.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

The sound jolts her awake, she leans up facing the door. She hesitates.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

She slowly get up, bones cracking, stiff and tired. She walks towards the door, looking through the peephole.

CIARA

We're not leaving till you open the door.

LILA

So, please open it. It's really cold.

Mia opens the door. She stares at Ciara and a wet haired Lila, wrapped in coats as they faces lit up with hope and concern.

She steps back to let them in, her movements stiff, limbs not bending right. Her knee cracks loudly.

MIA

What are you guys doing here?

They walk in, gently brushing past her, then looking Mia up and down. She doesn't flinch, doesn't recoil.

CIARA

You know why? It's showtime.

MIA

No.

LILA

Uh, yeah.

MIA

I don't look like me anymore.

CIARA

You're still you. The amazing talent bad ass we know. Do not let them take your spotlight.

MIA

No, this was all on me.

LILA

So. No one said we were perfect.

MIA

Are you kidding me? Look at me. My skin is drier than white people's cooking. My hand is literally fucked up.

Mia shows them, her hand peeling off a piece of her skin. Lila is shocked.

MIA

I've never seen it this bad.

LILA

You didn't transform. You need to do it.

MIA

I can't. I tried. It's like it won't come out. I thought it was just me but maybe its... it feels the same way.

Ciara looks at Lila, concerned.

MIA

I can't go out there like this. People already talk enough about my looks; imagine what they will say when they see this... shell of a woman. I'm not giving them another reason to hate me.

CIARA

You can't please everyone. People are going to talk and that's not going to change a damn thing. But what you can do is show them. You said that we shouldn't hide who we are. And you were right. We need to face it, together. All of us.

MIA

Wait. What do you mean, all of us?

Ciara and Lila smile.

CIARA

Get dressed.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER - LOBBY - NIGHT

A crowd filters in through the tall double doors, the low hum of conversation echoing off the high ceilings. Programs are handed out. The poster for "Medea" stands in a lit display case-its lead actress's face now a little outdated.

INT. AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

The audience finds their seats, murmuring in anticipation. A couple argues softly over who the lead is now.

INT. BACKSTAGE

Tech crew scurries between tangled cords and prop tables. The costume designer pins up a last-minute hem. A makeup artist curses as fake blood leaks down her sleeve.

Lucas speeds past everyone, overwhelmed and aggravated.

LUCAS WARREN

Where is my lead? Where the fuck is she?

Sue quickly approaches him; clutching a clipboard. The two walk down the hallway towards the backstage.

SUE

Uh...she's sick.

LUCAS WARREN

So... we need her in make up and costume.

SUE

She's not coming.

Lucas stops, facing her in a fury anger.

LUCAS WARREN

What? Are you fucking kidding me? Now,

she chooses to wanna get sick. You know many actors I've had get sick and still able to perform. This is unacceptable. What's wrong with her?

SUE

I don't think that's any of your business.

LUCAS WARREN

Excuse me. I don't give a shit unless she's dying; she needs to be here. There are reporters, journalists out there; ready to watch this production fail.

SUE

I don't believe that.

LUCAS WARREN

This is a fucking disaster. We are screwed!!

Lucas paces back and forth, worrying Sue. Suddenly-

The sound of heels are heard. He turns to see Mia, wrapped in a coat, approaching him.

LUCAS WARREN

You're not suppose to be here. And what happened to you?

MIA

Where's your understudy?

SUE

She's sick.

MIA

Then I'm supposed to be here.

LUCAS WARREN

Listen, we need don't need any drama.

MIA

No, but you definitely need a lead and that's me.

LUCAS WARREN

You don't look well yourself. Can you even-

MIA

I can. Now, we don't have time to waste. I need to get into makeup and costume. We're gonna give them a performance of lifetime.

Sue smiles, agreeing with her. Lucas looks at her before facing Mia.

LUCAS WARREN

Fuck it, go for it. What could go wrong anymore than it already has?

She walks past him with Ciara and Lila by her side. Lucas calms himself, pulling out his flask, taking a sip.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER - DRESSING ROOM

Harsh vanity lights buzz above the mirror, casting a pale glow over a cluttered countertop.

Mia sits in the makeup chair, facing away from the mirror. In full costume: elegant, dark, sculpted to her form. It doesn't hide her transformation, but frames it.

MAKEUP ARTIST

Hey, you're going to do amazing.

Mia smiles, praying she does.

MIA

Wait.

Her makeup artist pauses.

Mia's fingers tighten around the armrests. She closes her eyes as she slowly turns the chair to face the mirror. She opens her eyes. The reflection stares back.

Her skin is an uneasy mix of human and aged and luminous, veins like ink strokes branching down her collarbone. But she doesn't look away. She embraces her looks, smiling.

MIA

Okay, continue.

The makeup artist smiles with her, dabbing the brush against her cheek.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER - STAGE - NIGHT

A spotlight blooms like a sun flare.

Mia, as MEDEA, steps into it-center stage. Her body is poised, regal, shadowed with something mythic. The stage around her is minimal-abstract, stylized-but she fills it entirely.

**Montage:**

Mia moves with brutal grace, every gesture charged. Her eyes pierce through the air like knives. She owns the silence.

Her hands tremble as she cradles a child's toy, her jaw clenched, eyes brimming with fury and grief.

She falls to her knees, arms outstretched, then rises like a storm swelling from the earth. The fabric of her costume whips as she turns. A glimpse of darkened veins along her arms.

The audience is spellbound. Rows of faces frozen in awe, mouths slightly open. A woman in the second row dabs her eyes. A man forgets to blink.

Ciara and Lila sit near the front, hands clenched in their laps, barely breathing. They're amazed by her talent.

Other women from the support group watch from scattered seats: some with silent tears, some with fierce, unwavering gazes. The audience applauds her and the cast, cheering her on.

INT. THEATER - BACKSTAGE

Lucas is relieved, happy about the performance. He grabs Mia, hugging her.

LUCAS WARREN

Holy shit!! Mia, this is what I was talking about! This is your moment. Remember, your final performance. Give them what they want.

MIA

I will. But, the final scene. I wanna make a change.

LUCAS WARREN

We don't have time.

MIA

Don't worry. You don't have to do anything. Just trust me. It'll be perfect.

Mia smiles, determined as she looks at her deformed hand and touches her neck.

INT. THEATER - STAGE - NIGHT

The stage is bathed in golden light. A grand set: a lavish parlor frames MIA, draped in an elegant dress. The audience watches in silence.

Mia stands center stage, trembling. Her co-stars watch, expecting her to deliver her lines. She takes a breath and begins her ending monologue.

MIA

You call to the gods? They heard you once-but not today. You broke your oath, betrayed your wife, and thought you'd go unpunished.

Her breath is ragged. The audience watches her expression. Her voice resonates, layered, almost harmonic-like a siren's call.

MIA

These children-yes, I killed them. Do you think I did it lightly? My pain was as deep as yours, but my vengeance was deeper.

Then, a sickening crack echoes through the theater. The music continues as the lights burst. The audience jumps at the sound.

MIA

You taught me betrayal. I taught you horror. I go now, carried by the sun. Beyond your reach, beyond your curses.

Her dress tears at the seams exposing her spine, arching and elongating with an elegant, unnatural grace, giving her a poised, ethereal stature. Her limbs lengthen, slender, her fingers stretching into delicate yet razor-sharp talons.

The audience are left in shock. Lucas' looks terrified but amazed.

MIA

Weep, Jason. Weep for what you've lost. I gave you sons and I took them away. That is justice. That is the price...of breaking a woman's heart.

Her skin shimmers, taking on an iridescent quality, shifting between deep blues and purples. Her hollow eyes become luminous pools of black and silver, captivating and endless.

Her mouth parts slightly, her teeth sharpen into pearl-like fangs. Her thick wavy hair, moves like a current. From her back, delicate fin-like structures unfurl, translucent and glowing faintly.

The audience only leans in closer, entranced. The audience stands up, amazed and applauded her performance. The curtain closes and the audiences echoed cheers, die down.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE BUILDING - NIGHT

A large crowd gathers into the building. The atmosphere is charged, the energy palpable. Tables center towards the front of the stage. At the base of the stage is an empty podium.

CREAK!!!

A large cart creaks softly as the women move, a large sheet draped over it something underneath. The cart stands behind the podium, ready to be unveiled. The crowd faces them, sensing something is coming.

Ciara, Lila, and a newly clean up Mia approach the podium together. They watch the crowd, facing them with support and love. The trio look at each, nodding to start.

MIA

Welcome everyone and thank you for coming out and supporting your daughters, sisters, mothers, grandmothers, and girlfriends. We couldn't have done it without you. You know why your here. We're here to stand up for ourselves, our freedom, our bodies, and our livelihood. Some of you are teachers, doctors, artists,

actresses, and so much more. But they don't see that, do they? They see us as emotional, loud, sexually ambiguous, crazy, and the list is long. They think they know us better than we know ourselves.

CIARA

Every women here has probably been told they're too much, too loud, too emotional, too weird, too big, too feminine, and all of the above. Society rips us apart because we have to look a certain way and live up to tradition standards. That's the stress of it. They thrive off of it, to the point we end up turning against each other. I watch other women tear each other down. It's sad because we're struggling with the same thing.

LILA

We're told to smile through the pain, to carry the weight of the world without complaining. But fuck that and fuck those that wanna pull us back in the old days where women couldn't be anything but mothers and wives. No offense, I love my kids but I'm so much more than a mother. I'm a survivor and superhero because I can do things I never know I could do. And so can you. We as women are not broken or weak. It's okay to be angry. It's okay to be sad.

MIA

But we have to stuck together. We can't turn on each other because it's easier for you. It might not be for others. It's going to be rough at times. You might wanna knock somebody out. I know I have. Just be there for each other. Stand tall so we don't fall apart.

CIARA

We have stand together because our voices are louder than silence. We as women and women of color are put on a pedestal to be judged but I'm done

hiding who I am. Everyone part of us  
is worthy of healing and acceptance.

Ciara unveils her statue of three towering women: the women as goddesses with their features visibly noticed. Ciara's elongated limbs, Mia's long claws, and Lila's armored-like muscles.

The crowd claps and cheers for them in a loud applause. Suddenly, a loud chant is heard from afar, causing everyone to look away.

EXT. WAREHOUSE BUILDING - NIGHT

A group men show up at the front of the building. Beth's husband Grant, stops them at the door. The men push Vic against the wall. A woman goes to Grant, checking on him.

INT. WAREHOUSE BUILDING

SLAM!!

A group of angry men and some women enter inside, chanting and yelling. Dressed in black, chanting and slurring insults at them.

LILA

Oh hell now.

Lila and Mia quickly rush off the stage, fiercely approaching them. Ciara rushes to Katie.

CIARA

Get everyone outta here. We'll handle  
this.

Katie touches her face.

KATIE

Okay, please be safe. Everyone follow  
me. Exit to the left, please.

Katie ushers the crowd toward the back of the exit. Mia, Lila, Ciara, and the women from the support group stand in front of the angry mob.

Mia notices the racist man leading the charge. His facial bruises are visible noticed. Ciara notices Kevin, Faith, and Calvin are with the men, shaking her head.

MIA

You didn't get enough from that last  
ass-whooping.

VIC

Fuck you-

LILA

Alright, assholes. Time to go. You  
really... don't want this.

MAN 1

Want what? We're here to support you  
guys for whatever the fuck you want? I  
mean, you want to be noticed, right.  
Feel appreciated.

Some of the men laugh, while the others looks with fiery and  
disgust in their eyes. Vic sees the statue of Ciara's  
figures.

VIC

What the fuck is that?

CIARA

That's us. All of us.

MAN 1

Looks like a fucking disaster.

MIA

You'd know. Look at you. A bunch of  
bitches barging down here like you run  
shit. I don't give a fuck if you're  
the president. Take your bitch ass and  
get the fuck out.

VIC

We ain't going fucking anywhere.

MIA

Okay, I'm gonna say this loud and  
clear. So, you all can hear it. If you  
all don't leave this building in the  
next 10 seconds; we'll make sure you  
remember us.

All of the women give them a terrifying look, circling them.  
Some of them back away, leaving the building while others  
stay.

MAN 1  
Hey, what the fuck!

GIA  
Pussies!

Ciara walks up to Calvin, Faith, and Kevin with a stern look. They stand tall, but her stance is stronger facing them.

CIARA  
You better get the fuck outta here if  
you wanna live to see tomorrow.

Ciara's eye turn dark, freaking them out. Calvin and Faith grab Kevin before leaving with the rest of the group. Now it's the women and the rest of the angry mob.

LILA  
So, if you're gonna stay then you have  
to play by our rules.

MAN 1  
Let's fuck this bitches up!

The remaining men chant, signaling a fight until-

SLAM!!!

The men turn around to see the door, closing behind them locking them in.

MAN 1  
What the fuck?

The lights flicker frequently.

LILA  
You should've left. But you fail to  
listen, like always. Now, we're gonna  
give you a taste. Hope you like it.

CRUNCH!

One of the women collapses onto the ground, flipping her hair back revealing her golden eyes as she gives a terrifying smile.

Hayden takes off her jacket and rips off the skin on her arm. She throws the bloody skin at Vic, freaking them out.

VIC  
WHAT THE FUCK!

One of the men notice, Ciara's eyes dark and hands elongating, flipping them off.

Lila's jaw begins to grow, revealing her sharp teeth. Her muscles grow revealing her armored skin.

Mia's heighten quickly grows with her eyes turning golden as she gives them an evil smile.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. LILA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lila's house is empty, nothing but bad memories. Zoe and Drew run around the living room as women come down the stairs and the dining area with boxes in their hands.

Lila looks around the house, revealing a faded bruise on her arm. She's relieved with a tear dropping down her face. She wipes it away.

The kids run towards her, embracing her. She holds onto them tightly, assured everything's gonna be okay. She grabs their hands, exits the house.

**Flashback**

INT. WAREHOUSE BUILDING - NIGHT

The lights flicker the colors of pink and red. Blood is splattered against the wall. A lifeless hand on the floor. The sound of growling is heard.

**Flashback**

INT. WAREHOUSE BUILDING

Some men run, some bang against the door before being grabbed by one of the women. Another is thrown against a table, crashing into it.

Lila's armored-like-hand, rips a women's throat out. She charges at another, grabbing his leg and dragging him away.

INT. MOVIE SET - DAY

Mia sits in the director's seat, with headphones on, watching two female actors on a small monitor. She smiles in awe.

**Flashback**

INT. WAREHOUSE BUILDING

Mia's rips a man's heart out, dropping him to the ground. Now in her siren form, she calmly stalks another, fearing her beauty.

INT. UNIVERSITY - CAMPUS - DAY

Ciara lays in Katie's arms, giving her kiss. A few female classmates approach them.

They get up, walking towards a sorority house "Sigma Alpha Zeta" and greeted by three girls as they walk inside.

**Flashback**

INT. WAREHOUSE BUILDING

Ciara in her spider-like-form, uses her elongated limbs to impale a man's head. Blood drips from one of the tables. Limbs are sprawled all over the place.

Lila uses her sharp, armored arms to punch one of the men. Blood spews out of his mouth. Hayden charges at the men as they scream in terror.

Beth claws the side of a man's face. Mia claws puncture into a man as she crawls on top of him before intensely growling at him.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE BUILDING - PRESENT DAY

The once worn out building is now, decorated in a modern-like style. Furniture neatly decorated and spread out with some of the women (new and old) talking, drinking, and enjoying each other's company.

In the back, Ciara, Mia, and Lila sit on the sofa together, laughing, and smiling with the bruises visible.

FADE TO BLACK.