

MEDUSA JONES

by  
Barbara A. Davis

© 2019 Barbara A. Davis  
WGA Registry: 1918626

39517 N. Hillerman Way,  
Phoenix, AZ 85086  
602-309-2478

EXT. SPEEDWAY AT VENICE BEACH - AFTERNOON

Tesla Roadster zips along Venice Beach Speedway. Stereo blares a tune like Katy Perry's CALIFORNIA GURLS.

SHANA, (20's, Indian-American, indolent, charming), not watching road, removes flip-flops, blows a stop sign. CAR weaves through traffic. PEDESTRIANS jump out of harm's way. Shana fumbles for, and grabs T-shirt from back seat, pulls it on without stopping.

KAITLYN (20's, flashy, shallow), bedecked in bikini/flip-flops, takes duck-lip selfies in passenger seat.

Homeless WOMAN (50's, dirty sun-bleached dreads) pushes a cart in road ahead. Shana doesn't see her.

The woman is MEDUSA JONES.

Shana slams on brakes, stops inches from Medusa. Stunned pause. We survey the looks on their faces: Medusa surly; Shana shocked, shifts to annoyed.

Kaitlyn irritated, grumbles, collects phones, purses from floor.

SHANA  
What the heck lady?!

MEDUSA  
Watch where you're going! Crazy driver!

They are deadlocked. Medusa refuses to move.

MEDUSA  
I know you. Running over people's dogs. Killer! Need to be stopped. Police! Killer!

Cars honk, drive around; DRIVERS yell. Shana reverses, tries to go around; Medusa follows, blocks her, continues incoherent yelling. Shana goes around. Success. Resume driving.

EXT. SHANA'S HOME, BEVERLY HILLS - LATE AFTERNOON

POOL SIDE

Infinity pool surrounded by flawless LA landscape. A killer view. Look/feel of upscale resort.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Shana lounges texting, surfing on her cell. Her phone rings Facetime call, she answers.

SHANA

That homeless woman totally ruined my week. I mean, who does that? I've been nursing a chai latte for the last hour to calm my nerves.

INTERCUT:

KAITLYN

What was up with that killer stuff?

SHANA

She's obviously crazy. They all are. My grandmother called them Untouchable.

INT. SHANA'S HOME, BEVERLY HILLS - AFTERNOON

SHANA'S BEDROOM

Large modern Beverly Hills bedroom upscale decor full of exotic colors/designs in the accents; a desk and laptop, a large television; walls adorned with photos: Shana & an elderly woman in saris; Shana & her parents in a Hindu temple; photos of her parents in India; a framed tech magazine cover featuring a smiling Ravi Jay & title "JAY-STAR TECH'S RISING CEO STAR".

Shana, Kaitlyn lounge watching reality TV.

SHANA

I can't believe she hasn't been kicked off yet!

KAITLYN

I know right?

Shana's cell phone rings, she answers it.

SHANA

Oh. You're calling from the  
(makes air quotes)  
internet?

Kaitlyn perks up, looks at Shana confused. Shana mutes TV.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANA

Are you sure it's *my* computer?

Pauses to listen. Shana rolls her eyes, turns on speakerphone.

SHANA

(melodramatic)

So, how do I fix it? Do I just, bring it to you?

SCAMMER

(VO: Indian accent)

No, Miss, I can fix it from where I am.

SHANA

You can *do* that?

Scammer, muffled, speaks to his colleagues in Tamil. Laughing in background.

SCAMMER

(VO: in Tamil)

She's so stupid. Let's see how much she'll pay to have her computer *fixed*.

Surprised, Shana looks at phone, her mouth open. Scowls, plays dumb.

KAITLYN

(mouths)

What's he saying?

SCAMMER

(VO: Indian accent)

Please ensure your computer is on, and the internet browser is open.

SHANA

So I turn it on? That's the little button with the lollipop right?

Kaitlyn looks at Shana confused. Muffled laughter.

SCAMMER

(VO: in Tamil)

She's so stupid, she doesn't even know the power button!

Scammer laughs with colleagues. Shana glares. Continues to play along.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCAMMER

(VO: in Tamil)

I'm telling you, she'll pay \$800  
to *fix* her computer.

Shana's had enough.

SHANA

(in Tamil)

800 dollars? No way. Also, no one  
calls from the "internet".  
Clearly, you're the idiot, cuz you  
have no idea who you just called.

Scammer disconnects. Kaitlyn looks bewildered. Shana  
looks at her, raises an eyebrow, nods, smirks.

INT. SHANA'S HOME, BEVERLY HILLS - EVENING

DINING ROOM

Large dining room a mix of elegance and simplicity,  
American and Indian décor: a wooden dining table enclosed  
by six chairs upholstered in red, paintings of Indian  
palaces adorn white walls, all crowned by an opulent  
chandelier.

Shana eats traditional Indian dinner of rice/curry; with  
parents JANU and RAVI (both late 50's, Indian). All eat  
with fingers.

JANU

(in Tamil)

In India, girls your age are  
studying MBA, not going out late  
to clubs and parties.

Shana rolls her eyes. She's heard this lecture countless  
times and isn't anxious to hear it again.

SHANA

(American accent)

And this isn't India.

RAVI

(in Tamil)

Geo, don't speak to your mother in  
this tone.

Shana presses a fingertip between her eyes as if trying  
to not to say something she'll regret. Shana is  
apologetic, sullen, picks at her food.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANA

I'm American. I was born here.

JANU

You're Indian first because your parents are Indian.

SHANA

All I'm saying, is that I'm not really Indian. I've only been there once and I didn't fit in. Now you hold up this impossible ideal of me being the perfect Indian daughter, but I'm not.

JANU

(in Tamil)

Why can't you stay home and spend time with your parents? Your role to is care for your parents until you marry.

RAVI

You have no respect for the hard work that goes into paying for the things you use and throw away like it was nothing. These things don't grow on trees.

Shana, confused, glances at wooden table-top.

SHANA

It's not like we can't afford it.

Ravi scowls at her; Shana, instantly regretting the remark, lowers her gaze.

RAVI

Abhijeet tells me you did not attend the meeting I set for you.

SHANA

I don't want to work in tech.

RAVI

Not everything in tech is coding. I can get you into IT of a lawyer's office. Judge Thornson owes me a favor.

JANU

You graduated one years back. Til now, you don't take a job.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JANU (CONT'D)

When you will make something with  
your life?

Shana picks at food. Long silence.

JANU

(in Tamil)

You won't study. You won't marry.  
People will start to talk and say  
that you are barren.

SHANA

(horrified)

Mom! No one is going to say I'm  
barren!

RAVI

I never had this kind of chance  
when I was young. I had to study  
from age five years, just to take  
JEE exam for IIT. My mother would  
sell water bottles, pouches and  
glasses, and my father was a  
labourer in rice farms.

INT. GLAMOROUS NIGHTCLUB, BEVERLY HILLS - NIGHT

Loud music playing, PEOPLE dancing, mingling.

Shana, Kaitlyn, sit behind velvet rope text, take duck-  
lip selfies together. Several bottles of Champagne,  
empty/half full glasses strewn on table.

Drunk WOMAN (50's), staggers in front of them, dances  
alone like at a rock concert. Kaitlyn leans to Shana.

KAITLYN

Oh my God! Do you see what she's  
wearing?

SHANA

I can't believe anyone would wear  
that dress in here. It's so  
atrocious! It's like, off the rack  
and everything!

KAITLYN

(as if Target was  
French)

It's so Target!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The woman clears her throat, spits out a large gob of phlegm. Shana, grossed out, gags, averts eyes, shrieks.

SHANA

Ewww! Gross! Let's get outta here  
and dance, while they clean that  
up.

Shana, Kaitlyn fight sea of people to dance floor; dance to several songs. Shana yanks Kaitlyn towards their seats. Mid-way, Kaitlyn lets go and is lost.

Shana leans to unhook velvet rope. Tall fake BLONDE (30's) stops her.

BLONDE

You can't go there.

Shana tries to go around, but she blocks Shana's path.

BLONDE

You can't go in there, it's  
reserved.

SHANA

Yeah, for me.

BLONDE

Show me your ticket.

SHANA

I don't need to show you anything.

Shana again tries to by-pass. Woman continues to block. Another PATRON, steps in to support Blonde, challenges Shana. OTHERS watch.

PATRON

She said you can't be in there.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Shana orders at counter. Medusa enters, starts towards bathroom, dragging tattered black suitcase. CLERK looks at her in disdain.

CLERK

Bathrooms are for paying customers  
only. You can't be in here.

Medusa lowers her eyes, turns, exits. Shana watches, bites her lip, but says nothing.

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - LATER

Medusa sits on curb; her suitcase, cart next to her. Shana exits restaurant, arms full of food. Their eyes meet. Awkward silence.

Shana gets into Tesla, starts it, begins to reverse.

SUDDENLY, another CAR zips past. Shana slams on brakes. She looks out, sees Car reverse alongside Medusa.

We survey hand reaching into a console, grabbing handful of loose change.

Shana sees shine of coins being thrown at Medusa. Coins rain down on Medusa.

Shana watches Car drive off in rearview mirror, Medusa humiliated, collects coins.

Shana begins backing up again, pauses, parks car, gets out, strolls over to Medusa, holds out money.

ANGLE ON: \$100 BILL. Medusa hesitates, stares first at money, then Shana, before slowly reaching to take money.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD - LATE NIGHT

Top is up on Tesla Roadster, speeding, weaves up Santa Monica Boulevard, moving between lanes, swerving. Car nearly misses other cars.

INT. SHANA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

One hand on a steering wheel, the other texting on cell phone. Blue phone-glow illuminates car interior.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD - MOMENTS LATER

Car races past parked COP CAR, nearly misses side mirror.

COP hits lights/siren, gives chase. Tesla continues, neither slows/speeds up.

INT. SHANA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Red/blue lights in the rearview mirror. Shana drops phone, pulls over. Dons lipstick, fixes hair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cop Car stops behind Tesla. Shana lowers window, pulls out wallet, adjusts cleavage, looks up to greet cop while batting her eyelashes.

Cop (40's, athletic, female) approaches, leans down, shines light/peers in. Shana's face falls.

COP

License and registration, please.

Shana recovers, tries to look innocent, smiles.

SHANA

Is there a problem officer?

Cop is unphased.

COP

Do you have any idea how fast you were going?

SHANA

Um - The speed limit, I guess.

Shana oblivious, flirts.

COP

You were going about 20 over the speed limit.

Shana looks around, at Cop, hands over licence.

COP

Sit tight.

SHANA

Honestly, Officer, this is all a misunderstanding. Why don't we discuss it over a chai tea?

Cop scoffs, goes to car, runs DL/plate, returns to TESLA.

COP

Step out of the car.

SHANA

What's the problem, Officer?

COP

I'm giving you a field sobriety test.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHANA  
You think I'm drunk?

Cop rolls eyes.

COP  
(sarcastic)  
Well, you were weaving all over  
the road.

SHANA  
Give me the breathalyzer-thingy.

COP  
It's broken.

Shana walks like runway model. The Cop is unimpressed.

COP  
Nice try.

Shana, in stilettos, struggles to walk heel-to-toe. Sways  
side-to-side, ankles buckle.

SHANA  
I can't get arrested. I don't look  
good in orange. The only thing  
worse than orange is beige. It's  
very unflattering.

INT. LA COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT

Shana, dishevelled, dressed in BEIGE JUMPSUIT;  
fingerprinted. Shana poses like a model for mugshots;  
escorted to dimly lit, beige cell. Door closes.

SHANA  
Beige. Noooo!

EXT. LA COUNTY JAIL - EARLY MORNING

Shana exits barefooted, clutching belongings/stilettos.  
She descends steps. Mewing sound. She looks around,  
follows sound to parked car.

Shana drops stuff, gets on hands/knees, searches under  
car. Dirty kitten mews under car. Shana crawls half-  
under, grabs kitten, pulls it out, examines it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANA

Aw! Where's your mummy? Why are you all alone? You come with me.

Shana puts kitten in her shirt, collects shoes/stuff, leaves.

INT. SHANA'S HOME, BEVERLY HILLS - LATER

FRONT FOYER

Grand entrance. Shana's purse, summons on a table next to mail.

ANGLE ON: VOGUE INDIA BEARING COVER STORY "10 WAYS TO LIGHTEN YOUR SKIN", TIMES OF INDIA BEARING FRONT PAGE PHOTO OF RAVI, HEADLINE "RAVI JAY INVESTS MILLIONS IN BENGALURU"

Janu walks through, spies summons, investigates.

ANGLE ON: SUMMONS WITH CHECK-MARKS AT "NOTICE TO APPEAR", "DRIVING WHILE INTOXICATED", "USE OF A MOBILE DEVICE WHILE OPERATING A MOTOR VEHICLE - TEXTING", "EXCEEDING THE POSTED SPEED LIMIT - +20 MPH"

SHANA'S BEDROOM

Janu enters without knocking. Shana, sleeps sprawled across bed, clean kitten curled up near her face.

JANU

Geo?

(pauses)

Geo?

Shana rouses.

SHANA

Amma, I'm tired. I had a rough night.

JANU

I see that. Geo, what is this?

Janu holds up summons.

SHANA

It's nothing.

Shana buries face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANU  
This is not "nothing", Geo --

SHANA  
Amma, please can we talk later?

JANU  
What will your father's clients  
think?

Janu turns, walks to door, pauses.

JANU  
Where is the car?

Shana eye-rolls and mouths the words as Janu speaks.

JANU  
What will society think?

Shana gives her nothing.

JANU  
(in Tamil)  
I will discuss this with Appa.

EXT. SHANA'S HOME, BEVERLY HILLS - LATER

POOL SIDE

Shana relaxes under canopy, listens to music, cuddles  
kitten. Ravi approaches.

RAVI  
Geo.

Shana doesn't hear him. Ravi tugs out her earbuds. Shana  
opens eyes, looks up.

SHANA  
That's my favorite song!

RAVI  
You can listen to music later.  
Geo, Amma tells me you must go to  
court for a driving offence, is  
this true?

Shana, embarrassed, plays with kitten, avoids eye  
contact.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAVI

Are you listening to me, Geo?  
(pauses)  
Where did this kitten come from?

SHANA

I found her. It's no big deal,  
Appa.

RAVI

No big deal? You were using the  
car irresponsibly. This is not the  
right way to treat such things. As  
if everything is disposable.

SHANA

It wasn't my fault. Can't you just  
talk to that judge and fix it?

RAVI

Absolutely not! Where is the car?

Shana gives him nothing. He clues in.

RAVI

The police have taken it? Is that  
right?

(pauses)

How are you going to take care of  
this animal if you can't take care  
of yourself?

Shana looks down. Angry, Ravi leaves.

EXT. SANTA MONICA POLICE IMPOUND LOT - DAY

Shana in line at cash booth. CLERK takes payments through  
slot at the bottom of a window.

SHANA

Eleven-hundred dollars?

CLERK

Eleven-hundred and forty-four  
dollars.

SHANA

But it's *my* car.

Clerk gives her nothing. Shana, annoyed, pays with  
credit. Clerk shoves keys into slot

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANA  
It's theft. Outright theft!

INT. LA COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

An average modern court room.

JUDGE on bench, BAILIFF nearby. COP, several DEFENDANTS  
in gallery. COURT RECORDER takes notes.

Shana at witness podium, dressed prim/proper.

SHANA  
I wasn't drunk, your worship-ness.  
Judge rolls eyes.

JUDGE  
You sure?

SHANA  
I was in stilettos.

Judge, unamused, gives her nothing.

SHANA  
She didn't give me a chance to  
explain --

JUDGE  
-- Guess you weren't speeding OR  
using your phone while you were  
driving, either, huh?

SHANA  
Well, I was driving along...  
and... felt something crawling on  
my leg.

Hushed whisper/snickering. COP rolls eyes, groans.

DEFENDANT  
(audible whisper)  
Damn foreigners can't drive.

Shana offended, looks down briefly.

JUDGE  
Quiet!  
(addressing SHANA)  
Oh, this has gotta be good.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE (CONT'D)

You felt something crawling on  
your leg, did you?

Shana regains composure.

SHANA

Yes Ma'am. And I --

JUDGE

-- Let me guess - And, I'm just  
gonna take a stab at this. You  
used your phone as a light to try  
and find it?

SHANA

(excited)  
Exactly!

JUDGE groans, rolls eyes.

JUDGE

Fine. You may take your seat. I'll  
hear from the police officer next.  
Sargent, will you please take the  
stand?

Shana goes to gallery, Cop takes podium.

Cop retrieves notebook, flips through, stops, reads.

COP

The car was speeding and weaving  
all over the road. In fact, it  
nearly took off my driver side  
mirror as it passed.

JUDGE

I see. Do you have any video  
footage of this encounter from  
your dash-cam or body-cam?

Cop nods to court recorder who turns on TV. Everyone  
watches. Shana checks cell phone. VIDEO replays chase  
from POV of inside cop car, stop from POV of body cam.  
Shana is oblivious.

JUDGE

Well, that looks open and shut.  
Miss, would you step forward?

Shana is texting, not paying attention. JUDGE loudly  
clears throat, slams gavel. Shana startled, looks up,  
slips phone away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JUDGE

Would you mind joining us?

Shana looks around, returns to podium.

JUDGE

I find you guilty of the  
misdemeanor traffic violations.  
But I think, based on your  
performance here today, that I'm  
going to waive the fines on the  
condition that you serve community  
service.

Shana, relieved, smiles.

SHANA

Sweet! No fine!

Judge, incredulous, nods.

JUDGE

Yes... But it means you now work  
full-time for the State of  
California.

Shana's jaw drops.

SHANA

Wait, what? But I --

JUDGE

-- I can easily impose both. Or I  
could simply throw you in jail. If  
*this* won't teach you something,  
then that certainly will!

Shana closes mouth, purses her lips.

JUDGE

So ordered. 600 hours of community  
service at UCLA Medical Center.  
And God help them!

SHANA

600?! *Hours*?! But my father is  
friends with Judge Thorstein.

JUDGE

And?

Shana looks baffled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SHANA

(meekly)

And he owes him a favor.

JUDGE

Let me make this real simple. I  
could make it more.

(signs a paper)

And you'd better do a good job.

Shana leaves. DEFENDANT takes podium.

INT. SHANA'S HOME, BEVERLY HILLS - DAY

SHANA'S ROOM

Shana, Kaitlyn sprawl on bed, playing with kitten.

KAITLYN

Community service? Like a PSA or  
something? My cousin had to do a  
PSA. He landed a movie deal  
because of it.

SHANA

I hope I don't catch anything from  
that place. All those sick  
people...

Shana shudders.

KAITLYN

Ooh! Maybe you'll meet a nice  
Indian doctor and get married.

Shana hurt, winces, pulls kitten in closer, feigns a  
smile.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - DAY

EMERGENCY ROOM

Busy ER waiting room. Handful of PEOPLE waiting, NURSE at  
desk.

Shana enters dressed to kill, carrying Prada handbag,  
retrieves, dons mask; approaches, interrupts  
Nurse/patient.

The NURSE is RHONDA.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANA  
(muffled, barely  
intelligible)  
Excuse me.

Rhonda looks at her, tries to understand. Shana repeats.

RHONDA  
I can't understand you. You're  
going to have to take that thing  
off your face or get outta mine.

Shana mumbles, Rhonda returns to work. Shana pulls mask  
down.

SHANA  
I need help.

Rhonda annoyed, points to waiting area.

RHONDA  
You'll have to wait over there.

SHANA  
Oh no --

Patient doubles over in agony. Rhonda helps.

SHANA  
I'm not here to see a doctor, I'm  
here to --

SUDDENLY, Patient collapses at Shana's feet. Rhonda  
pushes her away.

RHONDA  
-- Not now!  
(yells down the  
hallway)  
I need a gurney stat!

Rhonda continues to work on Patient. ORDERLY with  
wheelchair rushes to help.

Shana steps backwards. EMT'S rush in with ACCIDENT  
VICTIM, push past her, almost knock her over.

Shocked, Shana wanders down the

HALLWAY

after EMT's. Curtains partition area into small exam  
spaces.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Rhonda, Orderly wheel patient down hallway. Wide-eyed, Shana backs into an exam area. Curtain closes, envelops her. Stunned silence.

She turns, sees small CHILD on exam table, MOTHER nearby.

CHILD

Are you gonna fix my arm?

Child cradles broken arm. Shana, mortified, retreats.

MAN

Oh God! You gotta help me!

Shana spins around, sees MAN with large infected wound.

MAN

Please! It hurts so bad! Just  
gimme somethin', anything!

Horrorified, Shana gags, turns, flees, bumps into Rhonda.

RHONDA

What are you doing here?

Shana struggles to speak.

RHONDA

I told you to wait --

SHANA

C-community s-service.

Rhonda rolls her eyes.

RHONDA

(snidely)

Oh. I see. Well, you came in the  
*wrong* entrance, Princess. Go down  
this hallway to the front desk.  
They'll have a volunteer take you  
to where you're supposed to be.

Rhonda watches as Shana leaves.

RHONDA

Just what we need... another  
tourist from the Red Carpet  
Vacation Club.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - LATER

VOLUNTEER COORDINATOR'S OFFICE

Cramped office with organized desk. Pressed/folded smock on desk. No pictures. Framed/triangular folded US flag.

TRACEY (50's retired military, runs tight ship) at desk, back straight, rigid. Tracey is mid-lecture at Shana.

TRACEY

I don't care what you did, you're here to serve. No one is here to cater to anyone except the patients.

Shana stares in stunned silence.

TRACEY

There is a strict no cell phone rule in place here at this hospital. Is that clear?

Shana, dejected, slumps, nods slowly.

TRACEY

Sit up straight. I can't stand bad posture.

Shana shifts in chair, straightens her back.

TRACEY

I'm not sure what you're used to. Quite frankly, you look like you've never worked a day in your life. But around here we do things a certain way - *my* way. Is that understood?

Shana intimidated, nods.

TRACEY

Good. Now here's your smock.

(slides smock forward)

You'll wear it every time you come in. No rips, no stains. Cleaned and pressed, every day.

Shana picks up/unfolds smock, holds it up. Bland, shapeless, 2 sizes too big. She is disappointed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACEY

What? Not good enough for you?

SHANA

I just thought... what about the colorful uniforms I saw people wearing downstairs?

TRACEY

Uniforms are for staff. People committed to making a difference in the lives of others. You're not staff are you?

Shana, confused, shakes her head.

ALI (late 30's, wearing smock) sticks her head in open door.

ALI

Oh sorry Tracey, I didn't realize you were with someone. I'll come back.

TRACEY

It's alright. Prada was just leaving.

Shana, dejected, takes cue, collects her stuff, gets up to leave. Stops in the doorway, eyes widen as if she's just made a happy realization. She turns back to Tracey.

SHANA

You know Prada?

TRACEY

This is LA. Everybody knows Prada. And Gucci and Jimmy Choo.

Shana smiles as if she's found a kindred spirit.

SHANA

Can I see yours?

TRACEY

(confused)  
My what?

SHANA

Your bag. I just love checking out other people's stuff, don't you? A good designer bag is the staple of every outfit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Tracey unimpressed, gives Shana a 'yeah right' look, rolls her eyes.

TRACEY

Get out.

Shana, confused and wounded, studies her.

TRACEY

And get rid of those ridiculous shoes!

Shana eyes shoes, exits.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - LATER

CAFETERIA

Modern hospital cafeteria. Hospital STAFF, PATIENTS VISITORS mill about, eat, chat.

Shana, alone mumbling, picking at food. She retrieves cell phone, uses it under table.

BRIAN (30's, awkward, easy-going) approaches carrying tray of food.

BRIAN

Don't let Tracey see you using that thing.

Shana, surprised, looks up, puts phone away.

BRIAN

May I?

Brian motions to empty seat. Shana agrees, he joins her. She continues picking at food.

BRIAN

It's not going to get any better.

SHANA

What?

BRIAN

The food. It doesn't actually taste any better if you move it around. Plus, it get's cold. That renders it almost inedible.

Shana smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

I'm Brian.

SHANA

Shana.

BRIAN

Let me guess? First day?

Shana nods. Brian leans toward her.

BRIAN

It gets easier. I promise.

SHANA

Any advice?

BRIAN

Do everything as quickly and completely as you can. Tracey's ex-military. You'll only make her mad if you don't. They say it's like throwing rocks at a bear.

SHANA

Did you work for her before?

BRIAN

No, I'm a resident doctor. But I have seen her make interns cry.

Ali approaches carrying food tray, interrupts, joins them.

ALI

Oh hi! I wanted to introduce myself to you. I know what it's like to be new and not know anyone.

SHANA

Hi. Ali, right?

Ali nods, exchanges awkward glances with Brian.

ALI

Brian.

BRIAN

Ali.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALI  
So, Shana, right? How's your  
orientation going?

SHANA  
So far, so good, I guess.

ALI  
Have you done the morgue yet?

SHANA  
(chokes on her food)  
What?

ALI  
The morgue. You know, where they  
keep all the dead bodies.

BRIAN  
Ali, be nice!

ALI  
I am being nice. Nobody told me  
where we were going until we  
showed up. It was awful!

SHANA  
But they keep them in - coolers,  
right?

BRIAN  
Yes. Yes, they do.

ALI  
Sure. Unless they're working on  
them. They were working on one  
when we went. It took me a week to  
eat again.

Ali looks at Shana's tray.

ALI  
Oh. Yeah. Eat the soft stuff. It  
comes back up easier.

Shana pushes tray away.

ALI  
On the bright side, I finally made  
my goal weight that week.

INT. SHANA'S HOME, BEVERLY HILLS - EVENING

SHANA'S ROOM

Shana sprawls across bed talking on Facetime with Kaitlyn, snuggling/playing with kitten.

ANGLE ON: PHONE.

                            KAITLYN  
Have you talked to the  
administrator yet?

INTERCUT:

                            SHANA  
No, not yet.

                            KAITLYN  
When are you gonna be done with  
this? I miss hanging out with you.

                            SHANA  
I miss you, too.

                            KAITLYN  
Jayne and I went to the beach.  
There's a new life guard, and he's  
super cute.

Shana looks wistful.

                            KAITLYN  
Gotta go! Jayne's calling.

Call disconnects.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - MORNING

MORGUE

Sterile morgue.

CORONER gives tour to VOLUNTEERS; Shana listens at back.

Tracey beside Coroner. Coroner opens/pulls out cooler  
drawer containing full body bag.

                            CORONER  
As you can see, this person is  
only recently deceased.  
                            (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORONER (CONT'D)

I haven't started the post-mortem  
on them yet because I'm waiting  
for --

SUDDENLY, loud exhale cuts quiet. Bag rises/falls above  
head. Volunteers shriek/faint. Shana flees.

CORONER

Well, that!

Tracey laughs, corrals Volunteers. Coroner closes cooler.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - LATER

GIFT STORE

Small gift store. Crying is heard from clothing racks in  
back.

LINDY (20's, grounded, edgy) parts clothes; Shana sits on  
floor, knees to chest, arms around knees.

LINDY

You can't hide in here.

Shana pulls clothes back.

LINDY

Seriously. There's a better place  
in the back.

Shana crawls out. Lindy points to the

STOCK ROOM

Cluttered stock room - a glorified closet.

Lindy, Shana sit on milk crates. Shana wipes away tears.

LINDY

So, what's your deal?

SHANA

My deal?

LINDY

Yeah. You know. Somebody you know  
in a coma? Paralyzed? Dying?

Shana sobs, her body heaving.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDY

Okay. Someone's dying.

Shana sobs uncontrollably, disagrees.

LINDY

Dead? Someone's dead? Wow, this is like playing medical charades.

Shana chokes back tears.

SHANA

I don't belong here!

LINDY

Join the club sister! No one ever wants to find themselves at the hospital losing a loved one.

SHANA

I didn't know him.

LINDY

Do we really ever know anybody?

SHANA

No. I mean, I didn't know him.

LINDY

I don't follow?

SHANA

I'm doing community service and was on my orientation when they took us to the morgue and opened one of the coolers.

LINDY

Oh! You're working with Tracey. She loves that gag.

SHANA

(horrified, shrill  
whisper)

But, the body made a sound!

LINDY

Oh that. That's just air escaping after death.

Shana wails again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LINDY  
She's outdone herself today!

SHANA  
It was the worst thing I've ever  
seen and heard!

LINDY  
And you'll probably have  
nightmares over it, too.

Mortified, Shana is wide-eyed.

LINDY  
Look, Tracey pulls this gag every  
time she gets a new group of  
volunteers. She likes to see who  
can handle it. If you can't, watch  
out!

SHANA  
(choking back tears)  
Are you a volunteer?

LINDY  
Who me? No. I just work here part  
time while I go to school.

Shana looks at her hand, cries again.

LINDY  
What's wrong now?

SHANA  
I broke a nail!

Lindy rummages for cheap nail file, tosses to Shana.

LINDY  
Here. Use this.

Shana struggles to use it.

LINDY  
You're doing it all wrong.

Shana cries.

SHANA  
I don't know how.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LINDY

Oh God, what are you, one of those  
spoiled rich kids? It's a nail  
file. Let me do it.

Lindy takes file, files Shana's broken nail. Shana's sobs  
ease, she dries her tears.

SHANA

What's Lindy short for?

LINDY

Lindbergh.

SHANA

What? What kind of a name is that?

LINDY

My dad was an aerospace engineer.

SHANA

And you still have to work your  
way through college?

LINDY

He was in an accident and had to  
retire early with no pension. The  
money they had set aside for my  
college, went to his medical  
bills. So why are you here?

SHANA

Court-ordered community service.

LINDY

What d'ya do?

SHANA

Nothing.

LINDY

Sure. So what'd they say ya did?

SHANA

It's a misunderstanding.

LINDY

Oh yeah? I hear prisons are full  
of those.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - MORNING

VOLUNTEER COORDINATOR'S OFFICE

Closed door. Duty roster posted. Ali, Shana, Volunteers cluster around. Shana's smock pinned to form-fitting.

ALI

Yes! I got reading to kids in the children's wing.

Shana struggles to understand assigned duties.

ALI

What'd you get?

We survey duty roster. It reads: "Shana - Patient Escort"

SHANA

Escort? That's, that's not what I think it is, is it?

ALI

(smirks)

What do you think it is?

SHANA

Well, you know... like... like...

Ali crinkles nose, scratches head, grimaces.

ALI

EWWW! No!

SHANA

Oh thank God! Uhhh, what is it then?

ALI

Well, let's just say, I hope you like sick people. And walking. Lots of walking.

Shana doesn't get it.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - LATER

NURSE'S STATION

Rhonda works on charts; Shana approaches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANA

Excuse me?

Rhonda looks up.

RHONDA

Oh not you again. Lord, what have  
I done to deserve this?

SHANA

(insulted)  
I'm here to help.

RHONDA

You? Are here to help?

SHANA

That's right. I got put on  
something called "Patient Escort".

RHONDA

(laughs)  
Oh, now that is funny!

Shana is baffled.

RHONDA

Come on. I'll show you what to do.

Rhonda drops chart, escorts Shana to closet in the

HALLWAY

She opens closet, shows Shana around, hands her shoe  
covers. Shana tucks covers into pocket.

RHONDA

Oh, and you're gonna need these.

Rhonda gives her rubber gloves, closes door, grabs nearby  
wheelchair.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

PATIENT ROOM

Ordinary shared hospital room.

MR. COLLINS lies sleeping. Other bed is empty. Rhonda  
approaches Collins, parks wheelchair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RHONDA  
Good morning Mr. Collins.

Collins rouses.

RHONDA  
This is Shana. She's going to take  
you downstairs for your CT scan.

Rhonda helps Collins into wheelchair. His robe falls open  
at back, exposing bare behind.

Shana shocked, averts her eyes. Rhonda rolls eyes, closes  
his robe. He sits.

RHONDA  
You need to take Mr. Collins here  
to the third floor, east wing, to  
the X-Ray and Imaging department.  
Wait for him to be done, bring him  
back here and make sure he gets  
into bed.

MR. COLLINS  
(mumbles)  
Someone else.

RHONDA  
What was that, Mr. Collins? I  
didn't hear you.

MR. COLLINS  
(looks down nose at  
Shana)  
Someone else. Not *her*. I want  
someone else to take me.

RHONDA  
(realization hits  
her)  
I'm sorry Mr. Collins, but there  
is no one else. You get who you  
get.

Shana flushes, uncomfortable, looks lost, tries to hide a  
tear.

RHONDA  
(motions down the  
hall)  
There's signs everywhere. Follow  
them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Shana pushes wheelchair. It won't budge.

MR. COLLINS  
Take the damn brakes off!

Rhonda unlocks brakes.

RHONDA  
(softens)  
The brakes are on. Kind of a  
thing.

Rhonda exits.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

HALLWAY

Shana pushes Collins past open door with sleeping Medusa Jones. Brian talks to DETECTIVE ROD LAKE. She pauses, tries to wave, he doesn't see.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

ELEVATOR

Car arrives/opens Shana enters, forgets Collins. DOORS close.

She panics, hits "Open Door" button. Collins unimpressed, waits as doors crawl open.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - LATER

PATIENT ROOM

PATIENTS in beds separated by curtain. Patient 1 sleeps, PATIENT 2 watches TV. Shana enters, overcome by smell, gags, covers nose/mouth.

PATIENT 2  
Nurse?

SHANA  
No, I'm a volunteer.

PATIENT 2  
Oh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANA

Do you need the nurse?

PATIENT 2

No. You can help me. I need to go to the bathroom.

Patient 2 starts getting out of bed. Shana helps.

SHANA

Okay.

Standing, Patient 2 pees on floor at Shana's feet, splatters her shoes, grunts quietly. Shana is horrified.

PATIENT 2

Never mind. Good now.

Patient 2 gets back into bed. Shana steps away, slips/falls in pee, cries.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - LATER

HALLWAY

Soaking Shana enters. ORDERLY pushing PATIENT past in wheelchair, covers nose. MAN with them, stares, whispers to Patient, points at Shana.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - LATER

GIFT SHOP

Lindy reads/studies at checkout. Shana enters. Lindy sniffs air, looks up, spies Shana.

LINDY

What's that smell?

Shana, dejected, embarrassed.

SHANA

Me.

LINDY

But it --

SHANA

Smells like pee? Yup! That's me!

Shana walks to clothing rack. Searches clothes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANA

Don't suppose you have any Chanel  
in here, huh?

Lindy smirks, shakes her head 'no'.

LINDY

T-shirts, sweatpants and  
sweatshirts mostly.

Lindy thinks, remembers something.

LINDY

There might still be a couple of  
pairs of tights back there.

Shana takes shirt/tights to checkout.

SHANA

Put it on this.

Shana retrieves credit card.

LINDY

(motions)  
You can change in the back.

Lindy rings up purchase.

LINDY

There's some wet naps back there,  
too. If you need to wash up or  
anything. And prob'ly some scented  
hand lotion.

Shana collects clothes, goes to back room.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - LATER

MEDUSA'S ROOM

Single patient room. No cards, flowers. Lonely.

Medusa connected to heart monitor/oxygen. Shaven head,  
bandaged face/neck. Exposed face is deeply tanned, etched  
by wrinkles and scarred.

Shana enters, checks garbage cans. Empty. She looks  
around, closes door. Sits, puts feet up on bed, pulls out  
phone, texts/takes selfies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON: CELL PHONE TEXT EXCHANGE WITH KAITLYN "FOUND QUIET PLACE TO CHILL. GET SOME ZZZ. LOL", "WHERE?", "PATIENT ROOM. SLEEPER. NO VISITORS.", "COOL. LOL"

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - LATER

MEDUSA'S ROOM

Shana relaxes, texting; door opens. Shana jumps to feet, pretends to work. Brian enters/approaches, eyes her suspiciously.

SHANA

Who is she?

BRIAN

They call her Medusa Jones. But no one really knows who she is or where she came from. They found her at the beach.

SHANA

That's sad. How can people not know?

BRIAN

Not know what?

SHANA

Who she is or where she came from.

BRIAN

She was brought in critically injured about a week ago and we haven't been able to ask her anything.

SHANA

What happened?

BRIAN

She was attacked. I can't tell you any more than that.

SHANA

Is that why she's asleep?

BRIAN

She's in a medically-induced coma. We're hoping it gives her body the strength to heal itself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANA

What happened to her hair?

BRIAN

She had crazy dreads when she first came in. We had to shave them off because they were full of lice and we needed to operate.

Shana puts her hand to her face, thinking; her eyes light up as if she'd just thought of something.

SHANA

I saw a woman with dreads at Charlie's a couple of weeks ago. Do you think it's her?

Brian shrugs, notices, eyes up Shana's outfit.

BRIAN

(whispers)  
What are you wearing?

SHANA

Don't ask!

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - DAY

VOLUNTEER COORDINATOR'S OFFICE

Tracey at desk, Shana knocks, pops head in.

TRACEY

What is it?

Shana enters, leans on door frame.

TRACEY

What are you wearing?

Shana looks at clothes.

SHANA

(models)  
Oh. There was an incident with one of the patients.

Tracey tosses a clean smock to Shana.

TRACEY

Put this on. Incidents happen all the time. Keep my smocks clean.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Shana smiles, nods. She sees an opportunity to get in Tracey's good graces.

SHANA

I was wondering if you maybe  
wanted to grab lunch sometime.

Tracey gives her nothing.

SHANA

I mean, if you have time.

TRACEY

(gets wise)  
If you're trying to shmooze me so  
you can get out of your hours,  
don't bother.

SHANA

(feigns naiveté)  
Oh. Well, that's okay. If you  
change your mind --

TRACEY

Do I smell... lilacs?

SHANA

It's hand lotion. I wanted to  
cover up the other smell.

TRACEY

No perfumes or scented hand  
lotions. All other smells are a  
natural part of working in a  
hospital.

Shana nods.

MONTAGE - INT. UCLA HOSPITAL

Various scenes of Shana at UCLA Hospital

- PATIENT ROOM. Shana emptying bed pan and getting  
splashed. Rhonda looks at her and laughs.

- GIFT STORE. Shana hiding in storage closet as Lindy  
tries to coax her out.

- MEDUSA'S ROOM. Shana texting, surfing social media,  
posting to Instagram, Facetiming Kaitlyn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- HALLWAY. Patient walks by with gown open at the back exposing her saggy, naked bottom. Shana horrified.
- PATIENT ROOM. Shana helping a drooling patient eat. Tracey looks at her in disappointment.
- CAFETERIA. Lindy, Shana pore over computer programming text book; Shana quizzing Lindy.
- MEDUSA'S ROOM. Shana sleeping in a chair, curtain closed around Medusa, window blinds closed.
- PATIENT ROOM. Shana helping a patient with a strong gag reflex eat. Shana also gags between spoonfuls. Rhonda looks on in disappointment.
- GIFT STORE. Distraught Shana hiding in storage closet holding door closed as Lindy tries to wrench open door.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - MORNING

MEDUSA'S ROOM

Shana enters, takes a seat, pulls out her phone and begins watching TikTok videos. She bursts out laughing, but quickly stifles it and looks up at Medusa.

SHANA

Sorry.

She resumes watching her videos.

SHANA

OhmyGod! I can't believe she just did that! Did you...

She looks up at Medusa as if she was about to show her the video, before realizing where she is. Awkward silence.

Rhonda enters and her voice cuts the silence.

RHONDA

What are you doing in here?

SHANA

I'm just --

RHONDA

-- Just what? She's not a side-show.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hesitant pause. Shana turns to leave, stops at door.

SHANA  
(not looking)  
How do you think she got those  
scars?

RHONDA  
I don't know. Near as we can tell,  
they might be self-inflicted.

Shana returns, stands with Rhonda.

SHANA  
Self-inflicted?

Rhonda nods, opens bandage. Shana puts a over her mouth.

RHONDA  
They're jagged and uneven. They  
have a particular pattern to them.  
It looks like she scratched up her  
own face with her fingernails.

Shana wipes away tears. Rhonda replaces bandages.

SHANA  
Why would anybody do that?

RHONDA  
I don't know. I can't tell you  
what goes on in people's minds.

SHANA  
Can she hear us?

Rhonda shakes her head, looks at Medusa dejected.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH - AFTERNOON

Bright, sunny day. Beach teems with SUN BATHERS,  
SWIMMERS, BEACH VOLLEYBALL PLAYERS, FOOD VENDORS.

Shana, Lindy on over-sized beach blanket, watch beach  
volleyball.

SHANA  
We should go out clubbing  
sometime.

LINDY  
Not my scene.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANA

Have you ever been to a club in  
LA?

LINDY

As a rule, I don't go.

SHANA

Who's rule?

LINDY

Mine.

SHANA

Why?

LINDY

You're just not gonna let this go,  
are ya?

Shana grins, shakes head.

LINDY

Look, It's just better for  
everyone if I don't. Number one, I  
don't have time. And number two,  
it's a waste of perfectly good  
money.

SHANA

Is that it?

LINDY

What d'ya mean is that it? That's  
enough isn't it.

SHANA

You had time to come to the beach.

LINDY

I made time to come, because you  
bugged the crap outta me and  
wouldn't let it go until I said  
yes.

SHANA

(smiles broadly)

And here we are, having a good  
time. So... when are we gonna go?

Lindy is exasperated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LINDY

(mutters)  
I can't dance.

SHANA

What was that?

LINDY

I can't dance. Okay? No body needs  
to see me flopping all over the  
dance floor like I've broken  
something.

SHANA

(shocked)  
Like not at all?

Lindy shakes her head. Shana jumps to feet reaches to  
grab Lindy's hand to pull her up. Lindy doesn't budge.

SHANA

Stand up. I'm gonna teach you to  
dance.

LINDY

There's no music.

Lindy looks around, refuses. Shana pulls her up.

SHANA

Stand like this with your feet  
shoulder width apart.

Lindy doesn't move, relents, mimics Shana.

SHANA

Slightly bend your legs at the  
knees. Okay. Good. Now, put your  
left arm across your middle and  
put your hand up like you don't  
want anyone from the right to  
bother you.

Lindy chuckles, follows suit.

SHANA

Now put your right arm in the air  
over your head like so.  
(looks at Lindy)  
Now just twist your wrists.

Shana shows more Tamil dance moves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SHANA

See? You dance just fine. You just  
needed to know how to move.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - DAY

MEDUSA'S ROOM

Rhonda, Brian, Rod at bedside. Medusa's neck bandage  
remains.

Shana enters, sees them, tries to exit. Brian sees her.

BRIAN

Shana. What are you doing here?

SHANA

I just came in to check her - uh --

Shana's eyes dart around.

SHANA

-- garbage.

RHONDA

I'll walk you out, Detective.

ROD

Sure.

Rhonda, Rod exit.

SHANA

I lied.

BRIAN

Excuse me?

SHANA

About why I'm here.

BRIAN

So, why are you here then?

SHANA

It's quiet in here and I'm hiding  
from Tracey.

BRIAN

Hmmm. I'd buy that.

Thoughtful silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANA  
Isn't it her own fault?

BRIAN  
(taken aback)  
S'cuse me?

SHANA  
She put herself in danger. Being out there.

BRIAN  
You really don't get it, do you?  
Y'know, she's someone's daughter,  
too. Mother. Sister. Aunt. Cousin.

Brian starts to exit, pauses.

BRIAN  
You shouldn't be in here.  
(pauses)  
There's more to being homeless  
than not working or being lazy,  
y'know. But I wouldn't expect  
someone like you to get that.

Awkward silence.

SHANA  
I do.

BRIAN  
What?

SHANA  
Get it. I'm judged all the time,  
for the color of my skin, my  
religion, my heritage. So yeah, I  
get it.

BRIAN  
If you get it, why would you keep  
it going by judging others?

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - NOON

CAFETERIA

Shana eats, Brian approaches with tray.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN  
(motioning to empty  
chair)  
Mind?

SHANA  
Not at all.

BRIAN  
So what'd you do to land yourself  
here?

SHANA  
That is a long story, my friend.

BRIAN  
Well, I've got at least forty-five  
before my next rounds.

Shana refuses.

SHANA  
How bout, let's not.

BRIAN  
What should we talk about then?

SHANA  
Why'd you become a doctor?

BRIAN  
That - was purely selfish.

She looks confused.

BRIAN  
I wanted the pool and the Jag.

SHANA  
Did you get'em?

BRIAN  
No. No I did not. Realized other  
things in life matter more.

SHANA  
You sound like my parents.

BRIAN  
They're right, you know.

SHANA  
So what led you to this epiphany?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRIAN  
My kid brother got sick.

SHANA  
(sheepishly)  
Oh, I'm sorry.

BRIAN  
Don't be. He's all right now. But  
there were a few years of  
treatments and medical bills  
piling up before things got  
better.

Pensive pause.

BRIAN  
So what landed you in the role of  
medical understudy?

Awkward pause.

SHANA  
It was a stupid decision.

Brian nodded as if he'd heard it all before.

SHANA  
(pauses)  
Can I ask your opinion about  
something?

BRIAN  
Shoot.

SHANA  
If say, someone wanted to hang out  
with Tracey, or get to know her  
better -

BRIAN  
Look if you're trying to sidle up  
to her to have your sentence  
commuted, you're wasting your  
time.

Shana protests.

SHANA  
What? No. I would never --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BRIAN

She's strictly by the book.  
(waves a fork at her)  
I've known too many "volunteers",  
who thought they could sweet-talk  
or buy their way out of community  
service.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - DAY

HALLWAY

Rhonda changes Medusa's position. Rod watches.

Shana passes carrying a blanket, spies Rhonda, Rod.  
Stops, eavesdrops.

RHONDA

She's obviously had kids.

ROD

What makes you say that?

RHONDA

C-section scars. It looks like at  
least two.

ROD

Anything else, you can tell me?

RHONDA

Nope. She's a mystery.

ROD

Well, I don't really care who she  
is. Just another indigent as far  
as I'm concerned. My job is to  
figure out who did this to her so  
they don't do it to anybody else.

Rod turns to exit, Shana retreats. Rod walks into

HALLWAY

Passing Shana, who follows a few steps.

SHANA

Excuse me.

She catches up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANA

Excuse me, Detective?

Rod stops, looks at Shana.

ROD

Yes?

SHANA

You're the one working on Medusa's case aren't you?

ROD

Yes. Are you a family member?

SHANA

Actually, I'm a volunteer. I just...

Suspicious, Rod gives her once-over.

SHANA

What happened to her?

ROD

I can't tell you anything.

Thoughtful pause. Rod turns to leave.

SHANA

I saw her once.

He stops, turns, faces her.

ROD

What? Where?

SHANA

At Charlie's by the beach. A few weeks ago.

ROD

Well, unless you saw who did this, we've got nothing to talk about.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - MORNING

MEDUSA'S ROOM

Shana enters, sets book, small paper cup, flower on tray.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANA

Good morning.

Cautious, she draws open window curtains.

SHANA

I brought you a flower. I thought  
you might like it.

She pauses, looks at Medusa.

SHANA

It's a beautiful day outside. But  
you know what they say, it's  
always sunny in Southern  
California.

Shana pauses. The silence echoes.

SHANA

They said you can't hear me, but  
I'm going to talk anyway.

Shana retrieves chair, drags it noisily to bed, sits.

SHANA

I hope you don't mind, I brought  
some magazines to read. They won't  
let me use my cell phone so I  
can't exactly surf the internet  
and catch you up on all the news.

Shana looks at sleeping Medusa.

SHANA

No offence, but you don't exactly  
look like you care what's going on  
in the world right now anyway.

She grabs magazine, opens/flips pages. Shana closes  
magazine, looks at Medusa.

SHANA

You know, sometimes my mom and I  
fight. About the dumbest things,  
too.

(pauses)

But, I still love her. I'd always  
want to know where she is and be  
close to her. No matter what.

Rhonda, in doorway, clears throat. Startled, Shana looks  
up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RHONDA

Don't you have somewhere you need  
to be?

Shana jumps to feet, collects magazines.

SHANA

I was on a break.

RHONDA

Yeah well, break's over.

Rhonda enters, notices flower, Shana walks to door,  
Rhonda calls after her. Shana pauses.

RHONDA

It was nice of you to think of  
her. I'm sure she'd appreciate it  
if she were awake.

EXT. SHANA'S HOME, BEVERLY HILLS - DAY

POOL SIDE

Shana, Kaitlyn lounge beside pool under canopy.

KAITLYN

Just like the good old days.

SHANA

Good old days? I saw you last  
weekend.

KAITLYN

Look, all I'm saying, is that  
you've been so busy, I never get  
to see you anymore.

SHANA

We still have some weekends.

KAITLYN

(wistful)  
I volunteered once.

SHANA

You answered the door for the  
pizza delivery on the maid's night  
off.

KAITLYN

Yeah, I *volunteered*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Shana makes note in phone calendar. ANGLE ON: CALENDAR.

SHANA  
Only 200 hours left.

KAITLYN  
(shudders)  
Ugh! That's like a summer job.

INT. LA COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

JUDGE'S CHAMBERS

The Judge is sitting at a large wooden desk sipping coffee, surrounded by book shelves and posh leather furniture. At first glance, she appears to be alone in the office.

Shana knocks and enters when invited. The Judge is unimpressed to Shana.

JUDGE  
Oh, now what do you want?

SHANA  
I was hoping we could talk about my community service hours.

JUDGE  
(nonplussed)  
Of course, you were.

SHANA  
It's just that, I have to look after my parents. I'm the only daughter, and you know what it's like in Indian culture.

JUDGE  
Mmm-hmm.

SHANA  
Well, my mom is sick and my dad travels a lot with work, so the burden falls on me.

Someone clears their throat behind Shana. She turns to see JUDGE THORSTEIN sitting on a leather couch behind the door. Shana blanches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE

Ms. Jay, I believe you already know Judge Thorstein. Since you did say he was a personal friend of your father's.

Judge Thorstein smiles at Shana toasts her with his coffee cup.

JUDGE

Nice try though.

EXT. SHANA'S HOME, BEVERLY HILLS - DAY

PORTICO

Table laden with food/drinks. Loud Tamil music plays.

Janu, Shana, Lindy, Ravi, FRIENDS decorate pathway with beautiful flowers. MAID approaches, carrying drink tray. Everyone dressed in new Tamilian clothing.

POOL SIDE

Shana, Lindy splash in pool with FRIENDS playing water tag. Loud Tamil music blasts. Informal cricket match on lawn.

LINDY

So this whole holiday is to celebrate the return of a king a few hundred years ago?

SHANA

Diwali.

LINDY

And you actually have a day to celebrate color?

SHANA

The festival of colors. We throw colored powders at each other. Like a big water fight.

LINDY

That actually sounds fun. Like a lot!

SHANA

It is. You should come next time.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - DAY

ER WAITING ROOM

Chairs full of PEOPLE waiting to be seen by triage nurses, PEOPLE talking to nurses.

YOUNG MAN rushes in.

YOUNG MAN  
Please, you have to help me.

NURSE  
What's going on, Sir?

YOUNG MAN  
My wife, she's in labor.

NURSE  
Where is she?

Nurse looks up, around, spies YOUNG WOMAN shuffling in, holding belly. She stops, bends over/groans. Young Man runs to help.

YOUNG MAN  
Sorry, Honey! I just had to talk to the nurse. You should have waited in the car.

YOUNG WOMAN  
This baby ain't waitin'!

Nurse grabs wheelchair, gets Young Woman to sit in it. Shana approaches nurse's station. Young Woman has another contraction.

NURSE  
Shana, Take this couple to L&D stat. They'll have to admit her up there.

SHANA  
Why me? What about Ali?

NURSE  
Ali didn't show up. Tracey's gonna blow a gasket. And this woman is goin' to pop any second now, so get her up there!

Calmly, Shana pushes Young Woman swiftly down the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HALLWAY

To ELEVATOR.

Frantic Young Man follows. Shana pushes elevator button. They wait. Young Man paces anxiously, Young Woman continues frequent contractions.

YOUNG MAN  
What's taking so long?

He presses button again, elevator opens.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

ELEVATOR CAR

Young Man enters followed by Shana, pushing wheelchair, hits button, doors glide closed. Elevator bounces, jumps to a start but quickly stops.

Young Man panics.

YOUNG MAN  
Oh God! What's that? Is that  
normal?

Shana, anxious, tries to keep cool, calm him down.

SHANA  
No, that's never happened before.

Shana pushes button. Nothing happens. Young Man is frantic.

YOUNG MAN  
This can't be happening!

SHANA  
Hang on, let me push the call  
button.

Shana pushes call button. Between contractions, Young Woman panics.

YOUNG WOMAN  
(mid-contraction)  
This baby can't wait!

Voice comes over intercom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE

Hello, are you stuck in the  
elevator?

YOUNG MAN

Yes!

SHANA

(to the Young Man)  
Please, let me handle this.  
(to the intercom)  
Yes. The elevator's not moving.

VOICE

Okay, there's no need to panic --

YOUNG MAN

-- No need to panic?! Is he  
kidding?

VOICE

Relax, sir. I just meant that the  
elevator car is stable and won't  
go anywhere.

SHANA

There's a lady in labor in here.

VOICE

Okay. Let me get a doctor while I  
find someone to fix the elevator.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

ELEVATOR

Young Man sits beside wheelchair holding wife's hand,  
talking her through contractions.

Voice cuts through elevator.

VOICE

(over intercom)  
Are you still with me?

SHANA

Where were we gonna go?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE

(over intercom)

I'm sorry I wasn't able to find a  
doctor available, but I have a  
Nurse Rhonda here.

RHONDA

(over intercom)

Hello, this is Rhonda. Who do we  
have in the car.

SHANA

It's me Rhonda. I'm trapped in  
here with this lady who's in  
labor.

RHONDA

(panic, over  
intercom)

Oh my God. Is that Shana?

SHANA

Yes, it's Shana.

RHONDA

(over intercom)

Okay, I don't want you to worry,  
I've delivered babies before so  
this is easy.

SHANA

Wait, what? I can't do that. I'll  
just pry open these doors...

Shana looks around. Tries to pry open elevator doors.

YOUNG MAN

Good idea.

He tries to help but gets in way. Frustrated, Shana looks  
around, spies small door in ceiling, tries to jump to it.  
Elevator car bounces. She freezes.

RHONDA

(over intercom)

I hear a lot of noise comin' from  
that car. Are you still with me?

Shana stands on wheelchair, young woman on floor.

SHANA

There's a small door in the  
ceiling. If I can open it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RHONDA  
(over intercom)  
Are you crazy? I need you to  
deliver this baby. Help ain't  
gonna make it in time.

Shana, wide-eyed looks down at annoyed young woman.

RHONDA  
(over intercom)  
Listen carefully. I need you to  
make the mom as comfortable as  
possible.

SHANA  
In a cold elevator with a linoleum  
floor?

RHONDA  
(over intercom)  
Do you have anything to wrap the  
baby in once it's delivered?

SHANA  
I'm not delivering no baby!

RHONDA  
(over intercom)  
You may not have a choice here.  
We're working on getting the  
elevator back as quickly as  
possible but it may still be a  
while before the tech can get down  
here.

Shana turns to couple.

SHANA  
Do you have anything to wrap the  
baby in?

Young Man is dressed in T-shirt/jeans, Young Woman a  
summer dress. He shakes his head.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Where's the bag?

Empty-handed Young Man looks around. Young Woman upset,  
still contracting and breathing heavily.

YOUNG WOMAN  
(as contraction hits)  
You forgot the bag?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Shana calms both down.

SHANA

It's okay. We'll figure something out.

Shana eyes the young man's clean shirt. He follows her gaze, makes a realization and rejects the idea.

SHANA

(stammers)

We can use -

(looks around)

My smock.

Shana removes smock, sets it on wheelchair as she helps Young Woman onto the ground and leans her against the young Man's chest.

RHONDA

(over intercom)

Okay, Now you need to lean the mother back so you've got plenty of room to work.

SHANA

Okay, she's leaning back. Now what?

RHONDA

(over intercom)

Now, I need you to put your fingers into her vagina and tell me if you feel the head of the baby.

SHANA

Oh *hell* no!

RHONDA

(over intercom)

Shana, you have to do it.

Shana squeamish, slowly, warily puts hand up Young Woman's skirt. Face twisted in disgust, she stifles a gag. Pulls out hand covered in slime/blood. Holds soiled hand far away, barely looks at it. Dry heaves.

Young Man sees hand coming at him, collapses.

SHANA

The dad just passed out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

RHONDA  
(over intercom)  
I don't have time to worry about  
that now. What did you feel?

SHANA  
Lots of goop.

RHONDA  
(over intercom)  
Anything else?

SHANA  
A slimy baseball?

RHONDA  
(over intercom)  
That's the head. Okay, you're  
going to have to get her to push.  
And be ready to catch that baby so  
it doesn't hit the floor.

Shana helps woman deliver baby. She catches, wraps it in  
smock. Gives baby to Young Woman. Young Man stirs,  
elevator doors open. Rhonda, ORDERLY rush in to finish  
delivery.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - DAY

VOLUNTEER COORDINATOR'S OFFICE

Shana leans on doorway chatting with Tracey. She is not  
wearing a smock.

TRACEY  
So, it seems Ali got herself  
arrested.

Shana looks incredulous. Tracey takes a swig of coffee.

SHANA  
Ali? Like our Ali?

TRACEY  
Turns out, she was secretly  
breaking into my office and  
forging the number of completed  
hours.

Tracey studies Shana suspiciously. Awkward silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACEY

That's a felony.

SHANA

Wait. Like prison?

TRACEY

Federal.

(leans in)

Don't get any bright ideas about pulling that kind of crap. Now what was it you wanted?

SHANA

A new smock.

TRACEY

Yeah. We're probably gonna have to send that other one out with the laundry. Really hard to get the smell out.

Tracey pulls a fresh smock from her cupboard, tosses it to Shana.

TRACEY

Great job with the baby, by the way!

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - LATER

MEDUSA'S ROOM

Shana at bedside. Flower in paper cup is wilted. Shana pulls over, sits in chair.

SHANA

I don't know why I said that about my mom and me fighting, last time. It's just, if she were in your shoes, I'd miss her... I'd want to know.

Wistful silence.

SHANA

I just don't know what I want for myself, and no one lets me figure it out.

Shana pauses, lightly touches Medusa's hand. Shana throws away wilted flower.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANA

I'll bring you a new flower next time. If I knew what your favorite was, I'd bring it.

Shana turns, exits.

INT. SHANA'S HOUSE, BEVERLY HILLS - EVENING

LIVING ROOM

Janu sits on a sofa watching a Bollywood movie.

Shana enters, walks over and snuggles up with her on the sofa. Janu wraps her arm around her daughter, kisses her head.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY

Shana, Kaitlyn soak up sun, watching waves.

KAITLYN

I missed this!

A million miles away, Shana doesn't respond.

Shana imagines Medusa begging on boardwalk. Dirty, unkempt. Passed over by most people going by.

KAITLYN

We should go out. It'll give you a chance to get back to your old self.

INT. GLAMOROUS NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Shana, Kaitlyn sit behind velvet rope getting bottle service. Music is loud, club is hopping.

KAITLYN

Let's dance!

SHANA

Not right now. I wanna finish my drink.

Drunk, Kaitlyn stands/dances in front of Shana.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Server wades across crowded dance floor, passes velvet rope, sets up new round/bottle of pink Champagne. Kaitlyn staggers, bumps into her, knocks tray to floor. Glass and booze spill everywhere.

KAITLYN

What the hell?! Why don't you  
watch where you're going?

SERVER

I'm sorry...

Server starts cleaning, Shana helps. Taken aback, Server smiles, nods her thanks.

KAITLYN

You ruined my dress! It costs more  
than you make all year! I'm gonna  
get you fired for this!

Kaitlyn, looking incredulous & betrayed, grabs Shana's hand.

KAITLYN

What are you doing?

SHANA

What does it look like?

KAITLYN

Let her do it! It's *her* job and  
it's *her* fault!

SHANA

Chill out Kaitlyn! It's your  
fault. You bumped into her.

KAITLYN

Wow. I can't even believe you  
right now. I don't even know who  
you are anymore.

Kaitlyn flops onto sofa, crosses arms defiantly. Shana smiles apologetically to server, continues helping.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - NOON

CAFETERIA

Lindy studies. Shana approaches. Shana half-sits across from Lindy. Shana attempts to shift in chair, but falls to floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDY

(mocking)  
Easy there! I'm gonna have to cut  
you off.

Shana, Lindy burst out laughing. Shana stands, picks up  
chair & plants it emphatically, sits.

SHANA

How's the studying going?

LINDY

Pretty good. I've got some mid-  
terms coming up. Haven't seen you  
around. How've you been?

SHANA

Meh. All right.

LINDY

Just all right? I thought you'd be  
hanging out with your friends at  
the beach or having a massage or  
getting botox or something. Isn't  
that what you rich folks like to  
do in your spare time?

SHANA

(sarcastically)  
Actually, I'm thinking of getting  
a butt lift.

LINDY

Are you kidding?

SHANA

Yeah, I'm just messin' with ya. I  
did go to the beach, though. It  
was boring. So, can I help you  
study?

LINDY

I'm not gonna say no.

Shana pulls close to Lindy. They pore over book.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - LATER

MEDUSA'S ROOM

Medusa lies still, silent. Shana enters carrying a small  
bud vase/purple iris, card, book. She sets up gifts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANA

Hi Medusa. Sorry it's been so long. I was hoping to come more often but, you know... life just, gets in the way.

Shana sits in empty chair.

SHANA

I told my mom and dad about you. I hope that's okay.

Awkward silence. Shana looks at floor, tugs at shirt.

SHANA

I brought a book. I wasn't really sure what your reading tastes were, so I brought a mystery.

Shana opens, begins reading book aloud.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - LATER

MEDUSA'S ROOM

Shana thoughtfully stares out window. Book closed.

SHANA

I wish you could see what a beautiful day it is outside.

(pauses)

Of course, I know what you're thinking. It's always beautiful in SoCal! I wonder if this window opens.

Shana looks for way to open window.

SHANA

You should have some fresh air.

Shana gives up.

SHANA

Never mind. It was a dumb idea anyway.

She sits down again, she is pensive.

SHANA

Can I tell you a secret?

(pauses)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANA (CONT'D)

I feel like no one understands me anymore. Not outside these walls, anyway.

Shana looks at Medusa.

SHANA

I know it's stupid to sit here and talk to myself. I'm sure you wouldn't understand either, even if you could hear me. I guess I just needed to say it out loud and at least pretend I was talking to someone.

Shana stands, collects book/purse, leaves.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - DAY

GIFT SHOP

Shana pops her head in, Lindy finishes with customer.

LINDY

Hey! You're still here?

SHANA

Yeah. I just went up to visit someone.

LINDY

You just can't get enough of this place can you?

SHANA

Guess not. What are you doing later? I was wondering if you wanted to catch a movie.

LINDY

Nah. I can't really afford that.

SHANA

You can't afford a movie? It's not exactly a luxury item.

LINDY

Maybe not for you. I have enough trouble trying to save money to get an apartment in this town, right now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANA

You make it sound like it's  
expensive to live out here.

LINDY

(baffled)  
Uh, it actually kinda is.

INT. SHANA'S HOME, BEVERLY HILLS - EVENING

DINING ROOM

Shana, Janu, Ravi eat dinner. ABHIJEET (Indian, awkward, late 20's) sits at the table eating, casting furtive glances at Shana. Shana picks at food, anxious to leave, looks at him periodically in disgust.

JANU

Is there something wrong with your  
food, Geo?

SHANA

I'm just not hungry.

Shana leans back, pushes plate away. Janu stops eating.

SHANA

Can I go?

JANU

(in Tamil)  
Geo. You are being rude.  
(smiles uncomfortably  
at Man)  
It's not even 7 in the night, club  
can wait.

Shana looks away. She wants to be anywhere but here and it shows.

INT. SHANA'S HOME, BEVERLY HILLS - LATER

SHANA'S ROOM

Shana snuggles cat in bed, watches TV. Janu knocks softly, enters, sits on bed.

JANU

(in Tamil)  
Geo, your father and I have been  
talking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Shana takes a deep breath and braces herself for the fall-out from what she's about to say.

SHANA

I want to move into the rental apartment. It's empty now.

Janu, shocked, turns off TV. Shana cuts her off as she starts to speak.

SHANA

Before you even say it, I just need some space, Amma.

JANU

It doesn't have a hot tub.

SHANA

It's got a pool.

JANU

A *shared* pool! What if you catch something?

SHANA

It can't be as bad as going to the beach.

JANU

You don't even swim there. You just lie around. It's not like you even need a tan. Kaitlyn, okay. She's pasty.

Shana agrees. Janu is anxious to convince Shana to stay.

JANU

Besides, what if someone breaks in? How will you protect yourself?

SHANA

(rolls her eyes)  
It's Santa Monica. Not Chicago.

JANU

What is this about Chicago?

SHANA

It was an example.

JANU

You want to abandon your parents and move to Chicago?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHANA

Amma! That is not what I said. It was just an example.

Strained silence.

SHANA

Lots of people my age move out on their own. It's how they learn to - you know - manage life.

JANU

If you insist on moving into the apartment, rent is \$5400 per month.

Shana is dumbfounded.

SHANA

I have to pay *rent*?!

JANU

You want to manage life, don't you?

Janu leaves, closes door. Shana mopes, feeling sorry for herself.

HALLWAY

Outside closed door, Janu pauses, visibly shaken, wipes tears, exits.

INT. SHANA'S APARTMENT - SUNSET

High-rise luxury apartment. Ocean view. Devoid of furniture; a pile of suitcases inside open door.

Shana, cat explore bedroom, empty cupboards, bathroom. Shana, wistful, Facetimes Kaitlyn. Kaitlyn answers.

INTERCUT:

SHANA

Hey, Katy-Cat. How's it going?

KAITLYN

How's it going? Shana, where have you been?

SHANA

I was busy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAITLYN  
You've changed. Must be all those  
new friends.

SHANA  
(defensive)  
It's not like that -

KAITLYN  
Whatever, Shan.

Kaitlyn ends the call.

INT. SHANA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

LIVING ROOM

Makeshift bed: blankets/pillows, lamp casts dim light.  
Cat sleeps. Patio door ajar.

BALCONY

Shana stares down at street/ocean. Fire on the beach.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - NIGHT

BOARDWALK

Groups of HOMELESS resting. Shana trudges to water's  
edge, flops into sand on her butt. Self-pitying. Plays  
with sand, finds beach glass. Picks it up, examines/feels  
it. Keeps it, ambles to boardwalk.

Shana watches Homeless. FIGURE starts following.  
Footsteps. Shana glances back, speeds up. Footsteps move  
faster. Shana jumps.

SHANA  
(nervously)  
I don't have anything.

LINDY  
Relax. It's just me.

SHANA  
Oh thank God! You scared me. I  
thought you were - were -

LINDY  
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANA

Never mind.

Awkward pause.

LINDY

I tried calling your name before  
but I guess you didn't hear me.

SHANA

Yeah... I was um... lost in  
thought.

LINDY

What are you doing here?

SHANA

I moved out.

LINDY

Oh? To where?

SHANA

I'm living in the rental suite we  
have. It's completely empty.  
There's like, not even any  
furniture or anything. They expect  
me to get it myself.

LINDY

(sarcastically)  
Wow. An apartment. How're you ever  
gonna survive?

SHANA

I know right? How am I gonna be  
able to do anything if I have to  
get a job and pay rent?

LINDY

(sarcastically)  
Oh no. A job... Not a job. What on  
earth are they thinking? I mean  
the horror of it.

SHANA

Maybe I should just give up and  
wear a one-piece bathing suit and  
start doing my own nails.

Shana examines chipped/dirty manicure, frowns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHANA

I'm gonna miss having perfect  
nails. Mayra always does such a  
good job.

LINDY

Is that it? Are you done feeling  
sorry for yourself?

Shana scowls.

SHANA

You don't get it. I have nothing!

LINDY

You're right. I don't. You really  
are spoiled, you know that? I mean  
look at what's going on around  
you.

Shana looks around.

LINDY

*These* people are homeless, Shana.  
Do you even understand what that  
means?

Lindy points at older WOMAN.

LINDY

You see her, Shana? That woman?

Shocked, Shana looks at Woman by fire.

LINDY

That's Alice. Alice is homeless  
and she's been living on this  
beach since the 80's. You know  
why?

Awkward silence.

LINDY

Because she has mental health  
issues.

SHANA

Can't she just --

LINDY

Just what? Get help?

Shana nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LINDY

No. She can't "just get help".

Lindy points at YOUNG MAN.

LINDY

That's Jimmy. You know why Jimmy's homeless? Because his mom kicked him out at 14 for being too much like his father. You know what Jimmy has?

Lindy storms over, picks up tattered garbage bag. JIMMY grabs it.

LINDY

Whatever is in this bag. That's all he has in this world. He doesn't have an empty apartment. He sleeps here. He eats here. He spends every moment of every day - here. They all do. Because this is the only home they can afford.

Ugly pause.

SHANA

How do you know so much about them?

LINDY

Because I listen to their stories around the fire and spend time with them. Because, they're my friends.

SHANA

Well, aren't I your friend?

Strained pause.

LINDY

(softens)

What do you see when you look at me?

SHANA

What d'you mean?

LINDY

What do you see when you look at me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SHANA

I see my friend Lindy. Someone  
who's smart and funny.

LINDY

You know what I see when I look in  
the mirror?

Shana .

LINDY

I see someone who hasn't eaten  
properly outside of work in over 6  
months.

Lindy pauses, eyes Shana.

LINDY

I see someone who can barely hold  
her head up during the day because  
she's so exhausted.

Lindy faces down Shana.

LINDY

Do you know why I'm so tired  
Shana?

SHANA

Because of school?

Lindy rolls eyes.

LINDY

Because it's really hard to get a  
good night's sleep in your car. So  
tell me again, how hard done by  
you are that you have an empty  
apartment. Right about now, I'd  
give almost anything to sleep on  
the floor of an empty apartment,  
knowing I can have a shower in the  
morning... instead of having to  
move my car every couple of hours  
so the beach patrol doesn't give  
me a ticket that I have no money  
to pay for.

Stunned silence.

SHANA

Why didn't you say anything?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

LINDY

(relaxes a bit)

No one knows. I don't tell anybody.

SHANA

Wait a minute. So you can stand there and give me heck for being a bad friend when you never trusted me enough to tell me the truth?

Lindy looks surprised.

SHANA

You're a hypocrite. You talk all big, but then you don't give anyone the chance to actually be a good friend to you.

Lindy tries to speak, Shana interjects, takes charge.

SHANA

Don't even bother. You're coming home with me and that's it. I won't take no for an answer. And tomorrow, we're gonna figure this out together.

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

MEDUSA'S ROOM

NURSE changes Medusa's saline bag. Shana pops head in.

NURSE

(spies Shana)

Who are you?

Shana enters, approaches, carrying a large canvas bag slung over her shoulder.

SHANA

Um, I'm a volunteer. I was just -

A soft meowing is heard. Nurse looks around.

NURSE

Was that...

Shana holds bag tight to her chest. Awkwardly smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANA

Nothing. I - I didn't hear anything.

NURSE

You shouldn't be in here. Family only.

INT. SHANA'S APARTMENT -EVENING

BEDROOM

Small pile of books, two make-shift beds, open suitcases. Paper Starbucks cups. Shana, cross-legged on one bed, Lindy on the other.

LINDY

I really don't know anything about her. If I did, I would have told you.

SHANA

But you knew so much about those other people on the beach.

LINDY

That's because they were willing to talk and share their stories. Medusa was never really like that. - She just, always kept to herself and rarely ever came to the fire.

Hesitant pause.

SHANA

What about you? What's your story?

LINDY

Oh you know - spunky college kid wanting to live life on the edge before settling down.

SHANA

Be serious. How'd you end up at the beach?

LINDY

Everybody wants to live at the beach. My Dad's accident took away almost everything we had.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANA

Don't your parents know how you're living?

LINDY

Are you kidding? They would've made me go right back home.

SHANA

Wouldn't that be easier?

LINDY

Yeah, but I want this school. It's better for me in the long run to just tough it out.

SHANA

So you're willing to do whatever it takes to succeed, even if that means living in your car?

LINDY

Aren't you?

INT. SHANA'S APARTMENT -EVENING

LIVING ROOM

Make-shift furniture: cardboard box side table, suitcase coffee table. Cat plays in boxes. Pile of empty milk crates, bungee cords, cushions.

SHANA

What's all that?

LINDY

It's a couch.

Shana scrunches nose.

LINDY

It doesn't look like much now, but it's gonna be great.

SHANA

We should wash them first.

Lindy agrees. They wash crates in kitchen sink. Shana accidentally splashes Lindy. Lindy, shocked, retaliates. Doorbell. Drenched, Shana answers. It's Brian, puzzled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

Should I come back at another  
time?

Shana looks at wet clothes, grins, invites him in.

SHANA

How'd you - What are you doing  
here?

BRIAN

Lindy gave me the address.

Lindy enters, drying herself. Shana shoots her a look.

LINDY

Hi Brian. I'd offer you some  
coffee, but we don't have cups...  
Or coffee.

BRIAN

What're you gonna do when your  
service is up?

SHANA

I think I'll see if I can stay on.  
I'll need something to do while I  
go through pre-med.

BRIAN

(stunned)  
Why would you want to? I mean, I'm  
not sure you were cut out for  
this.

SHANA

(playfully shoves  
him)  
Wow! Glad I made such a good  
impression.

BRIAN

You know what I mean. You could go  
off and live your life again.

SHANA

This is the first place where I  
actually felt like I was doing  
something important. Like I  
belong.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - EVENING

PATIENT ROOM

PATIENTS in beds separated by curtain. PATIENT 1 watches TV. Shana enters, greets patients cheerily.

PATIENT 1

Can you go to the bathroom.

Patient 1, shaky, starts getting up.

SHANA

Sir, let's just use the bedpan.

Patient 1 returns to bed.

PATIENT 1

Okay.

Shana retrieves bedpan, helps him pee, pours it in toilet, flushes/washes hands, returns.

SHANA

I'm gonna read to you. Is that okay?

Patient 1 agrees, mutes TV.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - MORNING

MEDUSA'S ROOM

Shana enters with large flower bouquet/vase, card, stuffed animal. She is in jovial spirits.

SHANA

Good morning Medusa! Oh no, don't get up. I'll just set these over here by the window.

Shana sets down gifts, arranges them.

SHANA

It's Mother's Day today. I brought you some things because I know somewhere out there you have a kid or two wishing they could be with you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Shana sits down, retrieves book, winces. Digs in pocket, extracts beach glass. Examines/feels, holds it up to light.

SHANA

You're like this piece of glass  
aren't you? Maybe we all are, in  
our own way. The glass was perfect  
when it was made. But it broke.  
Then, it was jagged and dangerous.

(pause)

Now look at it. Softened by time,  
sand and water. On the surface,  
it's scratched up, but it's  
actually better now. It's  
prettier, really.

Thoughtful pause. Shana puts away glass; opens book/flips  
to bookmark, reads aloud.

Conversation in hallway. Shana goes to close door,  
pauses, listens.

MALE VOICE

Turns out I'm fifteen percent  
Italian.

FEMALE VOICE

Oh that's cool.

MALE VOICE

Yeah, I still have relatives over  
there and everything. I've already  
spoken to a fourth cousin I met  
through the matching service.

Shana perks up.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - DAY

GIFT SHOP

Lindy helps Customer select gift. Shana waves/tries to  
interrupt. Lindy scowls.

LINDY

(mouthing)

Not now.

SHANA

This is important. He won't mind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Shana cuts between Lindy/Customer.

SHANA

I think I know how we can find out  
who she is.

CUSTOMER

(annoyed)  
Do you mind? I'm trying to pick  
out a gift for my wife.

Shana grabs ceramic angel holding a sign reading "Get  
Well", shoves it at Customer.

SHANA

Here. What about this?

Horrified, man glares.

CUSTOMER

(hisses)  
She's *dying*!

Awkward silence. Shana purses her lips, backs away.

LINDY

(to Customer)  
Would you please excuse me for one  
second?

Lindy grabs Shana, leads her away.

LINDY

I'll be right with you. Just -  
stay here.

Lindy rejoins crying Customer. Shana paces. Lindy  
finishes. Customer pays. Customer turns to leave, Shana  
rushes over/apologizes. He exits.

SHANA

What about one of those ancestry  
DNA things?

LINDY

'Scuse me?

SHANA

What if we did one of those DNA  
kit things for Medusa?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LINDY

How would we get her DNA, exactly?  
She can't just spit in a tube.

SHANA

Some of the newer ones just need a  
cheek swab.

LINDY

Okay, but that takes a few weeks.  
And only works if her family has  
also done it.

SHANA

Do you have a better idea?

Lindy declines.

LINDY

How would we -

SHANA

We order the kit and set up an  
account on one of the sites.

LINDY

You've really thought this  
through.

Shana agrees.

INT. SHANA'S HOME, BEVERLY HILLS - EVENING

DINING ROOM

Shana, Janu, Ravi, Lindy eat traditional Indian dinner.  
Large glass/pitcher of water, fork in front of Lindy.

JANU

Have you ever had curry before?

Lindy nodded.

LINDY

Not as good as this.

Lindy takes bite, swallows/coughs, tries to hide burn.

RAVI

It's not too hot for you is it?

Lindy inhales deeply, disagrees, coughs, sips water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANU

Geo tells us you work with her at the hospital. What do you do?

Lindy takes small bites, sips water.

LINDY

(swallows)

I work at the gift store.

RAVI

Do you go to school?

SHANA

You don't have to grill her.

Lindy holds last sip of water in her mouth, swallows.

LINDY

(swallows, inhales)

I'm studying computer science.

RAVI

(pleased)

Oh, that's very good! Your parents must be proud.

Lindy nods. Janu, Ravi gives approval.

INT. SHANA'S HOME, BEVERLY HILLS - LATER

DINING ROOM

Empty table. Shana, Lindy, Janu, Ravi chat. Shana pushes away.

SHANA

Amma, if you don't mind, we wanted to work on the computer upstairs.

JANU

What is it for?

SHANA

Uh -

LINDY

I have some homework, and the library closes, like, too early. And stuff.

Janu, Ravi smile and agree.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAVI

Why don't you girls just stay the night? I see you brought the cat, so it will be much easier.

Shana, Lindy exchange glances, agree.

INT. SHANA'S HOME, BEVERLY HILLS - LATER

SHANA'S ROOM

LINDY

I can't believe this is your room.

SHANA

Was. It was my room. It's not anymore.

LINDY

Still. I could never have dreamed of anything so big when I was growing up.

Shana looks around uncomfortable.

SHANA

It's not that great.

WALK-IN CLOSET

Shana hands Lindy old, stained t-shirt/shorts.

SHANA

Don't mind the stains. I wore them to Holi this past year.

Shana, Lindy change clothes as they talk.

LINDY

That's the color thing, right?

Shana chuckles, agrees.

LINDY

You've a lot of clothes.

SHANA

A lot of it is hand-me downs.

LINDY

Really? I wouldn't have figure you for a second-hand kinda gal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANA

I inherited a lot from my  
Grandmother and my Aunt.

LINDY

You *inherit* clothes?

SHANA

(nods)  
You should see my marriage  
suitcase.

LINDY

(confused)  
Your *marriage suitcase*?

SHANA

My mom says it's tradition. In  
case, when I get married, things  
don't work out.

Shana pulls heavy suitcase from closet, opens it.

SHANA

Saris.

Lindy looks in amazement.

LINDY

Wow! Those are beautiful.

Shana picks one up, hands it to Lindy.

LINDY

And heavy!

SHANA

It's the beading. You should try  
wearing one sometime. It's a work-  
out.

LINDY

Why do your parents call you Geo?

SHANA

It's short for Geothshana.

INT. SHANA'S HOME, BEVERLY HILLS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

SHANA'S BEDROOM

Shana, Lindy work at desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDY

Geez. There's a bunch of them  
these days. Which one do we pick?

ANGLE ON: SEARCH RESULTS SHOWING NUMEROUS DNA WEBSITES.

SHANA

I think I read that you can  
transfer the raw data from site to  
site. So, we just have to pick one  
and then set up accounts on a  
bunch once we get the results.

Set up account/ordering DNA kit online.

LINDY

Who's name should we put it under?

SHANA

Let's put it under M Jones, and  
have it sent to our apartment.

Lindy agrees. Shana clicks "Complete Order" button.

INT. SHANA'S HOME, BEVERLY HILLS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

SHANA'S ROOM

Shana/Lindy search Venice Beach stories online, scroll  
results.

LINDY

Wait! What's that?

Shana stops.

ANGLE ON: SEARCH RESULTS INCLUDING "LOCAL WOMAN SAVED  
FROM DROWNING AT VENICE BEACH"

LINDY

Open it and see if there are any  
pictures.

Shana opens link, scrolls article.

SHANA

No, just that one at the top.

Shana returns to results, continues scrolling. Pauses.

ANGLE ON: SEARCH RESULTS INCLUDING "VENICE BEACH HOSTS  
ANNUAL BODY BUILDERS COMPETITION"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Shana opens link, scrolls story, finds PHOTO with Medusa in background watching. Large yellow dog beside her.

LINDY

It's her! In the background there.

SHANA

Is that - a dog? Did she have a dog?

LINDY

I don't know. Never had one when I saw her.

SHANA

Well, the picture is a few years old.

LINDY

We should save it to a folder, just in case we need it later.

Shana blows up the photo, clips, prints the portion of Medusa & dog before saving the file.

Soft knock breaks silence, Shana opens door. It's Janu.

JANU

(in Tamil)

I'm very proud of you Geo.

SHANA

Thanks Amma!

JANU

(Indian accent)

I thought you should have this back.

Janu retrieves a credit card, hands it to Shana. Shana hugs her; Janu leaves. Shana closes door, rejoins Lindy.

SHANA

We're not really getting anywhere. What if we search hashtag Venice Beach?

LINDY

Good idea! Maybe someone's posted pictures of her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Shana searches #VeniceBeach, produces lists of tourist photos, scroll photos, periodically find one including Medusa in the background. Shana saves each photo.

LINDY

We could just - go to the beach.

SHANA

Tomorrow. Let's take a break.

Lindy agrees. They move to watch TV. Shana tosses remote to Lindy. Lindy, baffled, examines it. ANGLE ON: TV  
REMOTE ENCASED IN SARAN WRAP.

SHANA

Have you ever watched a Bollywood  
movie before?

INT. SHANA'S HOME, BEVERLY HILLS - LATER

SHANA'S ROOM

Exhausted, Shana searches online. Lindy sleeps.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY

MONTAGE - SHANA & LINDY

SANDY BEACH

- PEOPLE sunbathe, swim, build sand castles.
- Shana trudges across sand asking PEOPLE about Medusa, showing her picture.
- Shana questions FRUIT VENDOR, shows photo. Vendor tells her Medusa shows contempt to men.
- Various shots of Shana Lindy questioning beach-goers.
- HOMELESS ARTIST squats among other ARTISTS, draws on boardwalk, talks to Shana. Artist tells Shana about Medusa's stray dog; how it found her one day, stuck by her for years, then got hit by a car and died.
- Shana talks to HAT VENDOR who folds scarves. Hat relates how Medusa sold him a dirty flip phone and broken laptop.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - DAY

MEDUSA'S ROOM

Shana sets up framed photo on the shelf.

SHANA  
I thought you'd like this. I'm  
sorry I can't bring him back.

ANGLE ON: FRAMED PHOTO OF MEDUSA & DOG FROM NEWSPAPER

INT. SHANA'S HOME, BEVERLY HILLS - EVENING

SHANA'S BEDROOM

Shana searches online; Lindy studies.

SHANA  
This is so frustrating.

LINDY  
So do it tomorrow.

SHANA  
I'm not giving up.

LINDY  
It's late. You're tired.  
(mutters)  
Cranky.

Exasperated, Shana puts her head on desk.

SHANA  
Why can't I find you?

LINDY  
Try searching Medusa Jones and  
Venice Beach.

Shana pauses, resumes typing.

SHANA  
Ugh! I keep getting stuff on Greek  
Mythology.  
(pauses)  
The man hating part's right.

LINDY  
What d'you mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANA

You remember. Medusa. She had all those snakes her head. Would turn people to stone.

Shana stretches, falls asleep at desk.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - NIGHT

Shana dreams of boardwalk at night. Abandoned except Homeless. Sleeping in tents, under cardboard/tattered blankets. Shana walks among them. Shuffling noises. Shana squints into darkness.

SUDDENLY something big, black comes at her, FAST.

She tries to run, sand swallows her feet. Shape nears, comes into focus. Mythical Hydra monster. It lunges, dissolves. MEDUSA stands in its place, snakes writhing from her head, hissing, snapping at Shana.

INT. VENICE BEACH BOARDWALK - DAY

MONTAGE - SHANA & LINDY

- Shana with T-SHIRT VENDOR outside his stall as vendor stops a would-be thief. T-Shirt tells her he's glad she's gone; rambles on about nuisance homeless people ruining his business.

- Various shots of Lindy, Shana talking to homeless people on the beach.

- Shana talks to disheveled TEEN in cape. He carries large torn canvas bag. The Teen is PERCY. Percy is jumpy, paranoid. He prattles on about mythical Medusa.

His bag falls, spills contents onto sand. Large silver tray gleams in sunlight, blinds Shana, who shields her eyes. Percy drops into sand to collect his things.

- ROCKIN' RB GUY. He wears makeshift turban, plays an electric guitar, roller-blades into Shana, knocks her over. He helps her. She questions him about Medusa. He is unhelpful.

- Lindy, Shana, watch people work-out, share what they learned about Medusa.

INT. SHANA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Shana sits amid papers strewn on floor. Doorbell rings, she answers it. It's Rod. She invites him in.

SHANA

I think I know who attacked  
Medusa.

ROD

You said that on the phone. Do you  
have something concrete to show  
me?

Shana scoops up pile of papers, offers it to him. He sifts through, unimpressed.

ROD

Look lady, I don't have time for  
Scooby Doo and the Mystery  
Machine.

He turns to leave. Shana blocks him. Pensive silence.

SHANA

You haven't even --

ROD

-- You're wasting my time.

SHANA

You aren't even gonna listen to  
what I have to say?

ROD

Look, Lady. I get a few dozen  
calls a day with "tips" from well-  
meaning people hoping there's some  
kind of reward --

SHANA

-- You think this about a reward?  
I don't need a reward! I did all  
this research and talked to all  
these people --

ROD

-- What people? You need to just  
leave it alone and let me do my  
job.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANA

Then do it! It's been months and  
you still don't have anything.

ROD

(angry)  
Look little girl. Stay outta my  
way or I'll throw you in jail for  
obstructing justice.

Shana flips through papers, shows him.

SHANA

I'm just trying to help, and if  
you'd bother to look, you might  
find something useful.

Shana throws papers, storms off. Rod glances at scattered  
pages, spies page, retrieves it. We survey artistic  
drawing of Medusa from Greek Mythology.

ROD

What is, some kind of a school  
project for you?

Shana glares at him from across room. Ugly silence; she  
gives him nothing.

ROD

What is this? Some kind of a joke?  
(shows her the image)  
Nice depiction of our victim. Real  
sensitive.

SHANA

In mythology Medusa was attacked  
and beheaded by a teen named  
Perseus.

He again, unimpressed.

SHANA

What if... someone thought our  
Medusa was the one from the story?

He mulls it over, staring at her.

ROD

You're sayin' someone attacked  
this woman because they thought  
she was the one from the story?

Shana nods emphatically.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROD  
The Medusa from Greek Mythology?

SHANA  
(sarcastic)  
Isn't that why they call her  
Medusa?

Shana groans in frustration that he isn't getting it.

SHANA  
I met this kid the other day who  
kept muttering about her after I  
showed him her picture.

ROD  
You're going around flashing a  
picture of a crime victim?

Shana stops in her tracks, draws her lips tight.

ROD  
Do you have any idea of the damage  
you could be doing to this case?

SHANA  
Case? What case? You haven't got  
anything. Do you even have a  
hunch?

ROD  
Police work takes time.

SHANA  
You don't have time! Any day now,  
they're gonna wake her up and send  
her packing back onto the street.  
What happens then, huh?

Rod gives her nothing.

SHANA  
Look... this kid. He had a silver  
tray.

ROD  
So what? He stole his parents'  
silver before running away.

SHANA  
Don't you get it?  
(stares him in  
disbelief)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SHANA (CONT'D)

You can't look at Medusa or she  
turns you to stone!

Rod looks at her like she's crazy.

ROD

I'm leaving. You're starting to  
sound as nuts as those cooks on  
the beach, baking in the hot sun  
all day.

He drops page, exits. Page flutters to floor.

Shana leans into

HALLWAY,

Calls after him.

SHANA

In case, you're interested, check  
out a kid named Percy at Venice  
Beach.

Without turning, he waves an arm. Shana slams the door,  
grunts in frustration.

INT. SHANA'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Shana sits, relaxing, surfing online on her phone. The  
cat sleeps on her lap. Excited, Lindy bursts in holding a  
small package. The box reads: "FAMILY DNA TEST"

LINDY

It came!

SHANA

Wow! That was fast. I thought it  
would take more than a couple of  
weeks to get here.

LINDY

Great. Now we just have to get the  
sample.

SHANA

We're gonna need a distraction.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - DAY

NURSING STATION

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lindy arrives overloaded with large gift basket, flower bouquet. Rhonda works at desk.

RHONDA

Can I help you?

LINDY

Umm, yeah. These are for Mrs.

(makes up a name on  
the spot)

Lavington.

RHONDA

Lavington? We don't have anyone on  
this ward by that name.

LINDY

(getting into  
character)

Are ya sure? Cuz, the family  
seemed pretty certain.

RHONDA

(exasperated)

Let me look.

Lindy sets down load, blocks view of hallway. Shana slips past, carrying a large purse.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

MEDUSA'S ROOM

Shana enters, approaches Medusa's bedside.

SHANA

I brought you something.

Shana pulls a stuffed yellow dog from the purse, places it in the crook of Medusa's arm.

SHANA

I know he's not real, but I  
thought, maybe we could just  
pretend. Just for now.

Beat.

SHANA

That's not the reason I'm here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She retrieves small clear vial and swab, removes swab, opens Medusa's mouth.

SHANA

Sorry, this is a bit undignified.  
Then again, maybe not, after  
everything else you've been  
through. I hope you won't be mad  
at me.

She swabs inside Medusa's cheeks, puts swab into vial, seals it. Returns it to her pocket.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

NURSE'S STATION

Shana peeks into hallway. Lindy spots her, distracts Rhonda as Shana slips out.

LINDY

Okay, so third floor. Left past  
the elevators.

RHONDA

And around the corner on your  
right.

Shana slips away.

LINDY

Corner on my right. I think I've  
got it. Thanks for your help!

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - MORNING

EMERGENCY ROOM

Busy ER waiting room. PEOPLE wait to be seen, Rhonda is at station. Shana enters.

RHONDA

Oh good. I need you to take the  
little girl in nine to the cast  
room after they're done stitching  
her up.

Shana nods, walks down corridor, enters curtained area. A DOCTOR stitches GIRL's (7/8) hand. Her arm is broken, blood everywhere. MOM's/Girl's faces tear-stained.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Shana greets them.

SHANA  
You're being brave.

Girl shoots Shana a big toothless grin.

GIRL  
It doesn't hurt anymore.

DOCTOR  
We gave her medicine to make sure  
she doesn't feel anything.

Shana smiles, walks to mom, comforts her.

SHANA  
She'll be okay. We'll take good  
care of her.

EXT. SHANA'S HOME - DAY

POOL SIDE

Shana, Lindy relax in sunshine. Shana's phone dings a notification. Casually, Shana checks it, perks up excitedly.

SHANA  
We got a hit!

Lindy looks at her perplexed.

SHANA  
The DNA thing. We got a match.

Shana logs into account using phone.

LINDY  
Well? What is it?

SHANA  
Ninety-five percent certainty of a  
child.

LINDY  
What does that mean?

SHANA  
It means, I think we found her  
daughter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDY  
Great! Let's message her.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - DAY

NURSING STATION

Brian, Lindy, Shana at Nursing Station. Shana paces.

BRIAN  
Stop worrying! You're gonna wear a  
hole through the floor.

SHANA  
I just - can't help it.

Meredith (20), approaches. Shana, seeing her, stops cold.

MEREDITH  
I'm looking for --

SHANA  
-- Oh my God! You look just like  
her.

Meredith taken aback, tears up. Brian steps in,  
introduces everyone.

MEREDITH  
Can I - can I see her?

Brian agrees, ushers her to Medusa's room. Shana, Lindy  
follow, remain outside. Brian/Meredith enter.

Awkward pause. Meredith stares at Medusa, bursts into  
tears, touches her face, hugs her tightly.

Brian returns, closes door.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - LATER

CAFETERIA

Shana, Lindy drink chai tea, talk. Meredith approaches.

MEREDITH  
Shana?

Shana nods, stands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEREDITH  
I wanted to thank you.

SHANA  
I'm just glad I was able to help.

The women embrace.

MEREDITH  
I just can't tell you how much it  
means to have my Mother back -  
even like this.

SHANA  
Please, sit.

Meredith joins them, tells the story of the last time she  
saw her mother as a young child.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

CAFETERIA

Meredith picks at the rim of an empty paper cup.

SHANA  
So the last time you saw your  
mother was when you were ten?

MEREDITH  
(wipes tears)  
She walked through the doors of  
Newark Liberty Airport and out of  
our lives.

SHANA  
Do you have any idea how she ended  
up homeless?

Lindy interjects.

MEREDITH  
It's okay. It's something I've  
played over in my mind a thousand  
times. For years, I blamed myself.  
Like I wasn't a very good  
daughter.

Meredith fidgets.

SHANA  
It's not --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEREDITH

-- My fault? I know. After my Dad found out how I felt, he sat me and my sister down and told us the truth.

Shana reaches out, touches Meredith. Meredith stops, squeezes Shana's hand with both of hers.

MEREDITH

She'd called from Seattle or somewhere and told my dad she wasn't coming back.

SHANA

What an awful thing to overhear! I can't imagine...

MEREDITH

My dad tried his best to convince her, but she said she couldn't.

Shana touches Meredith's arm, and she responds by grabbing Shana's hand. Lindy wipes tears away and remains quiet in the back ground, listening, hanging on every word.

SHANA

Did she say why?

MEREDITH

I'm not sure. He never said.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - DAY

GIFT SHOP

Shana, Lindy restock shelves. Brian rushes in, panting.

BRIAN

I've been looking all over for you two.

SHANA

What's up?

BRIAN

We're waking her up.

Surprised, Shana, Lindy exchange smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANA / LINDY  
*Medusa? Cynthia. Whatever.*

Brian nods, catches his breath.

SHANA  
*Let's go!*

Shana stops, looks at Lindy.

SHANA  
*Can you leave for a few minutes?*

LINDY  
*Hell yeah I can!*

Lindy, Shana follow Brian. Lindy pauses, closes/locks up.  
Shana, Brian go on ahead, Lindy follows.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

MEDUSA'S ROOM

Medusa lies motionless, surrounded by Meredith, Joe (40's), AMY LEE (late teens). Large bouquets of red roses, balloons fill room.

Rhonda checks Medusa's vitals, Brian enters. Rhonda removes Medusa's breathing tube, I.V.

Shana, Lindy watch from doorway.

Long, anxious pause. Medusa stirs, awakens, family cries, embrace.

HALLWAY

Shana, Lindy hug, cry. We survey Meredith, Amy, Joe hugging Medusa.

Rod approaches.

SHANA  
*(to Lindy)*  
*Let's give 'em space.*

Shana, Lindy turn to leave. Rod stops them.

ROD  
*(begrudgingly)*  
*We found him. You were right.*

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - LATER

CAFETERIA

Shana, Lindy chatter like schoolgirls; Meredith approaches.

Meredith bursts into tears as she nears. Shana jumps to hug her, Lindy offers her a seat. Meredith accepts

SHANA / LINDY

What's the matter? Didn't she want  
to see you?

Meredith shook her head. Shana hugged her as Lindy retrieved a box of tissues from a small table.

MEREDITH

It's not that.

LINDY

(hopeful)  
Tears of joy?

MEREDITH

She was assaulted.

SHANA

(drops into nearby  
seat)  
Oh my God!

MEREDITH

She told me the client ordered her  
to get him coffee and she refused.

Shana is incredulous.

MEREDITH

Apparently, that just set him off.  
Like he had something to prove.

Shana, Lindy stunned, Meredith talks through tears, sobs.

MEREDITH

She was devastated and felt  
ashamed. Like she couldn't be with  
us anymore.

Shana wipes her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEREDITH

She collected her suitcase from  
the hotel, got into her rental car  
and just drove as far as she  
could. Somehow, she landed at  
Venice Beach and just - stayed.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - EVENING

MEDUSA'S ROOM

Medusa sleeps holding the stuffed dog. Cup of water/meal  
tray on table. Shana enters with large bouquet, Medusa  
awakens.

SHANA

(whispers)

Sorry. I didn't mean to wake you.

Medusa clears her throat, points to water. Shana grabs  
it, helps her sit up, take a sip.

MEDUSA

(scratchy whisper)

Are you - Shana?

Shana nods. Medusa squints at her, recognizes her.

MEDUSA

(scratchy whisper)

I know you.

(catches breath)

They said - you helped to find my  
family.

SHANA

(modestly)

I just... it was nothing.

MEDUSA

(strained, scratchy  
whisper)

Than --

Medusa loses her voice, takes another sip. Puts hand to  
throat.

MEDUSA

(scratchy whisper)

-- Thank... you.

Medusa hugs the stuffed dog tightly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEDUSA

It looks just like him.

Shana takes her hand. Medusa squeezes it, holds it tightly.

SHANA

It was nothing.

MEDUSA

(scratchy whisper)  
I heard what you said.

Shana is puzzled.

MEDUSA

(scratchy whisper)  
When I was asleep. I heard what  
you said to me.

Shana is pleasantly surprised.

SHANA

I hope the books I read weren't  
too boring.

Medusa shakes her head slightly, smiles weakly.

MEDUSA

(scratchy whisper)  
You treated me like I was a human  
being. No one's done that in  
years.

INT. LA COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Shana at witness podium. Judge at bench, Court Recorder,  
Bailiff nearby.

JUDGE

Miss Jay. How nice of you to grace  
my court room today. I understand  
that you have completed your court-  
ordered community service at UCLA  
Hospital, is that correct?

SHANA

Yes, Ma'am.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE

Well, according to your file and the note I received from your supervisor, you did an outstanding job.

Shana humbled, smiles shyly.

JUDGE

I understand you even helped to deliver a baby, is that correct?

SHANA

Yes, Ma'am.

JUDGE

And what was that like?

SHANA

Messy, and humbling. But mostly messy.

All laugh.

JUDGE

Well, Miss Jay, you've served your time, you are free to go. And I hope I don't see you in here again.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - MORNING

HALLWAY

Music playing is something like Katy Perry's WIDE AWAKE.

Shana strides down hallway in crisp new uniform, smiling, greeting patients, staff. Brian, Rhonda give her high-fives as she passes.

Lindy leans against gift shop door frame.

LINDY

Bout time you showed up here. Am I gonna have to set your alarm from now on?

BRIAN

Nice uniform!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANA

Don't get used it. It's only until  
I finish med school.

Tracey approaches. She's hiding something.

TRACEY

What is this, break-time?

Shana stiffens up. Tracey cracks a wide smile.

TRACEY

It's about time. Sweets are on me.

Tracey holds up a box. Everyone bursts into laughter as  
the box is opened and passed around as everyone enjoys  
Indian-style sweets.

Everyone breaks into Bollywood-style song and dance.

THE END.