

MAMA BEAR.

8252017MEC

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

ZOYA 20's, long dark hair, toned body, model good looks, bright intelligent eyes, gentle, casually dressed, lounges on a couch.

CLAIRE 20's, tall, short blond hair, tough, hides behind a curtain, looks out of the window.

ZOYA

Claire honey, y'know, I've been thinking. Maybe we should move. I mean to another neighborhood, city even.

She shifts position.

ZOYA (CONT'D)

I hate this shit!..So unfair. It actually scares me. Like I feel something bad's gonna happen.

She stifles her emotion, glances at Claire.

ZOYA (CONT'D)

They gone yet?

Claire looks back, nods 'yes'.

CLAIRE

The last truck's pulling out...right now.

She waves 'goodbye'.

EXT. STREET - DAY

As the truck pulls away, a beaten up Ford glides to a halt a few yards from Zora and Claire's house.

INT. CAR - DAY

JUSTIN 20's, skinny, unkempt drives. He kills the engine. BOY 20's, overweight, sweaty, slow, in the passenger seat hands Justin a newspaper.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Zoya crosses her legs, drops her head into her hands.

ZOYA

Who'da thought? Two girls adopting
a baby girl, would cause such a
commotion---

Claire spins away from the window, interrupts.

CLAIRE

Paparazzi...scum of the earth.
Media vultures. Pick your bones if
you let 'em. Just don't let 'em...
Don't let 'em win!

She walks over to Zoya, sits down next to her, pecks her on
the cheek, plays with here hair.

She leans forward, takes a newspaper from the coffee table
and shows Zoya a picture of them both with Nell.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Problem is, these girls are
lesbians and one, you, are Muslim
and I'm a Jew. Now Zora honey,
that's news. Even in today's fucked
up society. What a crock!

Zoya's head snaps around, eyes glare. Claire recoils.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Whoa honey. No blame, no shame. We
knew what was coming, right?

She puts her arm around Zoya's shoulders, pulls her close.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(Softer)

We did, right?

Zoya nods slowly. Resigned.

ZOYA

Suppose...

Claire recovers the situation, jumps up, throws the paper
back onto the table.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Still, now they've left and life
goes on. I'll go get some dinner.
Chinese okay?

(CONTINUED)

Zoya rises.

ZOYA
Sure. I'm famished.

She stretches.

ZOYA (CONT'D)
Baby's bathed and in bed, so I'll
snatch a soak. Might relax me. I am
so frickin' tense.

Claire walks behind Zoya, massages her neck.

CLAIRE
Would you like me to give you a
rub?

ZOYA
Mmmmm...Maybe later darling...'cos
right now my stomach thinks my
throat's been cut!

Claire takes the heavy hint, heads for the hallway as Zora
ambles toward the bathroom. She calls back.

ZOYA (CONT'D)
Oh, can you get some wipes? Baby's
nearly out.

Claire waves a hand.

CLAIRE
Gotchya.

Zoya looks to heaven.

ZOYA
I am so unhappy here. Maybe we can
go somewhere. Somewhere where there
is no hate...if that place exists.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Claire walks along the street, reaches her car, looks
around, opens the door, enters.

INT. CAR - DAY

Justin slides down in his seat. Looks over at Boy, harshly whispers.

JUSTIN
Boy! Get the fuck down! That's one
of 'em.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Claire fires up the car and fishtails away.

INT. CAR - DAY

They watch as Claire pulls away. Justin watches her all the way. Boy grabs the paper from Justin, stares at the picture of the girls

BOY
Was that the pretty one? The haji?
I didn't see.

JUSTIN
They're both too pretty for you son
but soon we're gonna fuck 'em both
up. Can't let these people do this
shit!

He checks his watch.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Got the blade?

Boy reaches behind his seat pulls up a machete and waves it around. Justin clamps his arm.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Are you fucking stupid?

He takes the weapon from Boy who grins, nervous.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
What did I say?

BOY
Low profile?

He slaps Boy around the head, rechecks his watch.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

We'll give the bitch ten minutes.
If she ain't back we'll do the
other one first and wait in the
house...Okay?

Boy nods "yes", picks up the paper and stares at the picture, rubs his head.

LATER:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Zoya sits on the couch, dressed in a pristine white dressing gown. She slices open letters with a long, thin knife-like opener.

The doorbell rings. Zoya lays the opener on the table, rises and walks over to an intercom. She looks at the camera monitor and sees Justin, waving a newspaper at the camera lens. Zora presses a button.

ZOYA

Hello, can I help you?

Justin points at the photograph.

JUSTIN

Is this you? Zoya?

He holds the paper up to the camera.

JUSTIN

In the picture, girl.

Zoya sees the picture of her, Claire and Nell.

ZOYA

Why?

JUSTIN

Your friend's been involved in an accident! Claire? She asked me to come get you.

ZOYA

Oh my God. Is she hurt?

JUSTIN

She didn't look too good.

Zora hyperventilates.

(CONTINUED)

ZOYA

Where...where is she?

JUSTIN

She's up by Walgreen's. Got T-boned at the stop light. Hit and run. I was the first one there. They're cutting her out---

Zoya cuts him off.

ZOYA (CONT'D)

Okay, okay...I'll let you in...what's your name?

JUSTIN

Justin, Justin Willis.

ZOYA

You have a car Justin?

JUSTIN

Sure.

ZOYA

Right. Just a minute.

She walks over, unlocks the door. It violently swings open as Justin and Boy, carrying the machete, storm in. Justin punches Zoya in the face. She screams and falls as blood spurts from her nose.

Justin holds out his hand. Boy gives him the blade.

JUSTIN

Search the house. Check out money, jewelry, small shit we can carry.

Boy pushes past Zoya as she starts to come round.

ZOYA

What the fuck dude?

Justin straddles her, sticks the machete under her chin.

JUSTIN

Gonna teach you a fucking lesson dyke girl. Me and Boy know who you are and we're all sick and tired of you gay shitheads, bleatin', moanin'and boastin' 'bout gettin' your own way!

He rises, stands over Zoya.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Now, get the fuck up.

Zoya, still disoriented is slow to react. Justin kicks her in the stomach, grabs her roughly and pulls her to her feet. He drags her into the

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Over to the couch, shoves her onto it then mounts her pinning her arms down.

He lays his machete on the floor and tries to kiss Zoya who head butts him.

ZOYA
Bastard! Get off me!

He slaps her hard.

Boy re-enters the room grinning.

BOY
Hey, Jus. Guess what I found up here....a fucking baby and it's a girl!

Justin roughly holds Zoya down and turns to boy, irritated.

JUSTIN
She's all yours dude!

Zoya pulls her arms free and struggles violently with Justin. She screams over at Boy.

ZOYA
Touch my baby and I'll kill you, you fat prick!

Boy ignores her.

BOY (CONT'D)
Never had one that young. Think she's gay too?

JUSTIN
Won't be soon, right?

Boy laughs, looks at Zoya.

BOY

I'll try not to rip her up too bad
...mom.

He laughs louder as he exits.

Justin grabs Zora's hair, swings her off the couch and slams her face down on the coffee table, knocking the wind out of her. He lays on top of her, whispers in her ear.

JUSTIN

Gonna teach you a lesson baby.
First man-fuck? Might even convert
ya, right? Heard you types like it
up the ass.

He grabs Zoya by the neck, holds her head on the table, yanks up her dressing gown and unzips his pants.

He lays back down on Zoya who thrashes around.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

This is gonna hurt honey...

Zoya's thrashing lands her hand on the envelope opener. As Justin situates himself for entry, Zoya thrusts the opener backwards into Justin's eye.

ZOYA

Sure is...honey!

Justin screams, reels away holds his eye, staggers.

JUSTIN

You bitch!..Fuck you bitch!

He lurches from the room, calls out, while Zora gathers herself.

JUSTIN (CONT'D O.S.)

Boy...Boy...help me...

Zora quickly looks around the room, sees the machete, snatches it up and races after Justin.

ZORA (O.S.)

Bastard...think you're bad ass?

We hear the sounds of Justin screaming and Zora chopping, until the screams stop.

(CONTINUED)

BOY (O.S.)
Jus? Sup man?

Two more chops, then silence again. We hear Nell cry.

EXT. CAR - DAY

Claire drives. She looks across at bags on the passenger seat. Hits 'Send' on here Android.

The messenger plays. Claire waits for the tone.

CLAIRE
On my way babe. Hope you're have a nice soak. You deserve it. Can't wait, just the three of us... nice...relaxing. See ya soon sexy.

LATER:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Zoya sits on the couch in a pristine white dressing gown. Her head is bowed. She appears to be sleeping. Her long hair falls forward, hides her face and front torso.

We hear a key in the front door.

CLAIRE (O.S.)
Zoy sweetheart. You hungry? I bought a shit load of food...

Her voice trails off as she enters, arms filled with bags. She sees Zoya 'asleep'.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Oops!

She whispers.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Sorry...didn't know...

She leaves the room. Within seconds, we hear a bang as Claire drops her shopping and screams.

CLAIRE (CONT'D O.S.)
Oh my God!..Oh my God! Zoy! Zoy!...

She rushes back into the room. Stands in front of Zoya.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Oh my God Zoy! What the fuck has happened?

Zoya moves slowly. Her head rises to reveal her cut and bruised face, blood all over her gown, eyes tight shut.

Zoya's eyes flicker open. She stares forward. Empty.

She slowly looks directly at Claire, focuses, raises the blood soaked machete in her hand. Then rhythmically chops the couch. She talks slowly, monotonous, robotic.

ZOYA

I hate this shit!..So unfair. It actually scares me. Like I feel something bad's gonna happen.

She sighs, pauses.

ZOYA (CONT'D)

Y'know, I've been thinking. Maybe we should move to another neighborhood, city even. I just hate this shit!..They gone yet?

Claire rushes over, gently takes the machete from Zoya, lays it down and hugs her, tears streaming down her face.

CLAIRE

Yes, yes my darling. They're gone. Scum of the earth! And you didn't...You didn't let them win.

She sobs as she rocks with Zoya.

FADE TO BLACK:

ZOYA (O.S.)

I am so unhappy here. Maybe we can go somewhere. Somewhere where there is no hate...if that place exists.

THE END