

LUMA

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FADE IN:

AN UNDEFINED SPACE

Totally dark except for a pair of YOUNG FEET in ballerina slippers. They dance a series of intricate steps, then leap out of sight. Forever.

APPLAUSE

Enthusiastic. Appreciative. But the clapping hands slowly lose their individuality and merge into a sound that more and more resembles a heavy downpour. And where is the best and worse place for a downpour?

EXT. NEW YORK CITY -- EAST RIVER -- SMALL WHARF -- NIGHT

No cars. No people. No nothing. Steamy gray rain that won't quit. And all alone...

AN OLD MAN'S BARE FEET

...step out of his bed slippers. Rolled-up pajama legs. Leathery pale skin. Rain drums on the now empty footwear.

A SMALL BOAT

..is tied to the concrete. Its motor idles impatiently. THE SILHOUETTE OF A MAN waits deep inside while...

ON THE WHARF

THE HANDS OF A LITTLE GIRL

...count an assortment of cash, then place it all into a leather pouch -- like a kid's old-time marble bag.

ONE FINGER

...points toward the boat.

THE OLD MAN

Now fully revealed. The sorrows of the World map his face. He makes a questioning gesture toward the boat.

THE GIRL'S HAND

...waves him on.

The old man starts off, but stops once again. He pulls coins from his pocket. Several drop and roll away.

THE GIRL'S HANDS

...jingle the money bag and indicate he's all paid up.

So the old man teeters himself into the boat. The man in the shadows points him to a seat. Now the girl's hands pass the pouch to the shadowy figure.

THE BOATMAN emerges, shrouded in a monk's coat. He opens a hatch and reveals an ancient way-too-small outboard motor. It coughs to a stop. He pulls and pulls. It won't start.

A million tries. Pounds. Kicks. Swears. The thing finally sputters to life. The rope is pulled off the cleat and the boat staggers its way into the darkness. Its navigation lights, previously bright, extinguish.

ON THE WHARF

THE GIRL'S FINGERS

...carefully retrieve the fallen coins.

She drops them into the pocket of her brightly colored rain slicker -- like she was feeding a soda machine.

EXT. ALLEY -- FIRST LIGHT

Cluttered with trash.

The shadows reveal ELEVEN YEAR OLD LUMA -- on the ground and wedged in among the trash cans. Her backpack a pillow, she wears the familiar rain slicker of the girl on the wharf -- the two are one and the same.

LUMA (V.O.)

It's not so bad, you know. Hell, I mean. It's not so bad. No. And it's not what you think either. Nope. Bet you think it's dark and steamy and fire things shoot out of the floor all the time. Right?

Luma tries to find a comfortable position.

LUMA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Well that's not it at all. Not at all. Nope. It's more like... Well, it's sort of like the place where you get a chance to finish all the things you started, but never... Okay, see it's not like heaven. Not that I'd know or anything. I've heard. See in heaven... In heaven...

(MORE)

LUMA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Okay, see, in heaven you just sit
 around all the time and everybody's
 nice to you. You sort of float around
 on clouds. Who'd ever want to do
 that all the time? Trust me, Hell
 is much more interesting. Much.

Luma starts to wake up.

LUMA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 And it's much more popular. I mean,
 ever hear somebody say go to heaven?
 Of course not. What the hell. To
 hell with it. Hell if I know. Hell
 of a day. Hell of a guy. And the
 biggie, of course -- go to Hell!

Luma drags a pair of beat up rollerblade skates out from
 behind one of the trash cans.

LUMA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 It's like the lottery. It is. I
 mean, if you don't buy a ticket,
 how're you ever gonna win? I know
 all about it, you see.

In a half-awake stupor, Luma struggles to buckle the latches
 on her rollerblades.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY -- LATER

Dark and empty. Luma coasts down an aisle on her blades
 until she comes to a pedestal. And on it...

A GIANT DICTIONARY

She pries it open. THUD! She madly flips through the pages.

LUMA (V.O.)
 Ah.

Luma rips out a single page without a thought. She tries to
 read it. Not enough light in here.

EXT. ALLEY

Luma sits on a trash can and prepares to read from the torn
 page. But she can't find what she wants. Other side? Nope.

LUMA
 Damn!

She tosses it.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY

Luma rips another page from the same dictionary, then skates away again.

EXT. ALLEY

Back on the trash can. She searches the page. Other side. More searching. Nope.

LUMA

(to us)

Okay, Hell does have one or two drawbacks.

EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY

Luma clumps up the steps in her skates.

LUMA

(to us)

You want to know about Hell, right?

She trips and falls out of sight.

LUMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Now you know. Ow!

EXT. ALLEY

On the trash can again.

HER KNEE

A big scrape.

Luma runs her fingers over yet another page. Nope. Other side? Success!

LUMA

Okay, here we go.

(she reads)

Purgatory. A condition or place in which the souls of those dying pen... pen... penitent are purified from ven... ven... some kind of sins, or undergo the temporal punishment which after the guilt of mortal sin has been remitted, still remains to be endured by the sinner.

She crumples the page and tosses it.

LUMA (CONT'D)

What the hell does that mean?

(to us)

See why everybody's pissed off all the time? I mean, wouldn't you be?

(to herself)

I mean if you had to try to figure out stuff like that all the time?

She skates off.

LATER

The sun just begins to light up the building tops everywhere.

EXT. A FIELD -- A LONG-ABANDONED CONSTRUCTION SITE

The city skyline sticks up way in the distance. Luma faces the rising Sun and holds her arms out as if she were nailed to a cross. She drinks it all in -- and loves it.

Now she reaches into her backpack and removes an old time aviator's leather flying helmet and a pair of goggles. She puts them on.

LUMA (V.O.)

I'd rather be an airplane than a pilot. Know why?

HER SKATES

Twin thoroughbred horses -- itching to run.

LUMA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

See, a plane can fly around without a pilot, right? Ever see a pilot flying around without a plane? Bet you never thought about that, huh.

She pulls a red PEZ dispenser out of her backpack. Its case is the classic caricature of the Devil. Slowly, almost sensually, she snaps a pink PEZ onto her outstretched tongue. She kisses the Devil, then kicks up dust as she skates away.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

Hazy gray trying to do better. Crazy with the morning rush.

A CORNER

Luma whips out from a side street -- flat into the traffic. She weaves in and out. But nobody cares. She paces all the cars as everyone jockeys for position.

AN INTERSECTION -- RED LIGHT

Luma leans on a car door. THE DRIVER panics and the electric window goes up -- it nearly takes Luma's hand off.

GREEN LIGHT

And they're off again. More lights. More cars. Impatient DRIVERS.

A BIG BRIDGE

And dead center on the road, Luma crests the entrance ramp -- right past...

A SIGN: "PEDESTRIANS MUST USE LOWER WALKWAY"

Luma leads the cars onto the bridge. She stretches her arms out to either side. Her silhouette is vibrant against the rising Sun -- a tiny human cross on skates.

But then all the cars crowd around her and she vanishes.

EXT. THE WHOLE CITY -- SUNRISE

One more day to get it right.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE

They need more than one day.

EXT. CITY PARK

Luma banks into a turn as she speeds past a large ornate fountain. The wind blows spray around her and she loves it.

But all the water on her goggles blinds her and she slams square into an overfilled trash can. The impact scatters trash everywhere. Luma sprawls on the pavement.

EXT. SIDE STREET

Luma skates past a small cafe -- "Morrie's Cafe Grill". All the stuff for the outdoor eating area is chained up tight.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET

Luma skates past "Whitey's City Skate Shop". A BLACK MAN, presumably WHITEY, fusses with all the equipment.

EXT. SIDE STREET

Luma zings past an OLD WOMAN who pushes a baby carriage filled with bags of cans, newspapers, and rags. An empty tin cup is duct-taped boldly to the side.

LUMA'S POV

EVERYONE who passes the old woman gives her a wide berth -- even wider when they see her tin cup and begging eyes.

Luma makes a wide turn, then passes the woman again.

Now Luma bothers PEDESTRIAN after PEDESTRIAN for cash. Her patter can't be heard above the city noise, but it's clearly animated and inventive.

Finally, an OLD MAN in work garb gives her some cash. Luma drops all of it in the old woman's tin cup. The old woman waves like this is a regular thing with them.

A SHABBY HOTEL ENTRANCE -- LATER

Luma ghosts past.

But in a flash, she's back. She checks her wrist -- no watch. She clomps up the steps. Pauses. Turns. The homeless woman passes by with her carriage. Luma pulls off her flight gear.

LUMA

(to us)

So answer me this, will you. If the
World is such a great place, how
come babies cry when they're born?

Has she been noticed? No. So in she goes.

A BLACK CAT jumps down from somewhere and curls up at the base of the doorway.

INT. UNDEFINED SPACE -- LATER

LUMA'S FACE

Angelic white. Almost invisible. Hazy without haze. Misty without mist. Only her closed eyes peek out from under a bed sheet. Luma has abandoned herself to sleep.

A MAN'S BARE LEGS

...walk past her face. Over and over again. And each time they pass they wear a few more clothes.

MAN (O.S.)

Put your clothes on. Don't you want
to put your clothes on? Put your
clothes on.

Luma comes to.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Did you hear what I said? Put your
 clothes on. I have to take off.

LUMA
 (dreamy)
 They are off.

MAN (O.S.)
 No, I have to take off. Put them
 on. Your clothes. Put them on.

LUMA
 I can't move.

MAN (O.S.)
 Sure you can. Here. Look.

HIS HAND

...pulls the sheet halfway off her face then drops a \$50
 bill right in front of her nose. Dried blood is caked around
 one nostril. Luma sniffs at the money. She doesn't like
 the smell.

She follows the MAN with her squinty eyes as he prepares to
 leave the...

INT. CRUMMY HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

The man fumbles with the door chain and locks. Without even
 turning around...

MAN
 You all right?

LUMA
 (dreamy)
 What time is it?

MAN
 I guess I'll see you sometime, huh?

He's gone.

Luma tries to focus on the door as the man's footsteps fade
 down the hall and hustle down the stairs.

LATER

Luma stares at the ceiling.

An otherwise attractive girl, her eyes are bloodshot from
 crying. Lipstick residue is smeared all around her mouth.
 A fresh bruise hugs the side of her jaw.

LUMA
 (dreamy)
 A shadow passing over me
 sings the light of day.

She falls asleep.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- BATHROOM -- LATER

Luma stares at herself in a mirror that's lost so much silver
 it looks like a shiny map of Africa.

LUMA
 Fifty.
 (now to her reflection)
 It's supposed to be a hundred. A
 hundred. Everybody knows that.
 (to us)
 Everybody.

She pounds a toothpaste tube that's as flat as a dollar bill.
 The paste sputters onto her finger and she brushes her teeth
 with it.

She rubs the toothpaste suds all around outside her mouth
 and nose as she tries to scrub off the lipstick and the blood
 at the same time.

Luma jumps every time she touches the bruise.

LUMA (CONT'D)
 I mean it's not like I could go
 complain to the cops or anything.
 Hey officer! We were... And then...
 And then this guy short changed me!
 (points to the window)
 Hey!

LUMA'S FANTASY:

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

Luma is dwarfed by a POLICE OFFICER.

LUMA
 (points)
 There! He went down there! See
 him?

POLICE OFFICER
 (as he writes)
 Name?

LUMA
 Him?

POLICE OFFICER
 You.

LUMA
 Who, me? Luma. L-U-M-A. Luma.

POLICE OFFICER
 Age?

LUMA
 Eleven.

POLICE OFFICER
 Address?

LUMA
 And a quarter.

POLICE OFFICER
 Come again?

LUMA
 My age. Eleven and a quarter.

POLICE OFFICER
 Address?

LUMA
 Almost a third, actually.

POLICE OFFICER
 Your place of residence, please.

LUMA
 Actually, I was born on... Oh.
 Well, you see...

POLICE OFFICER
 Homeless. Occupation?

LUMA
 I am not.
 (she spins around)
 See?

POLICE OFFICER
 Occupation?

LUMA
 Occu...? Me? Well... Umm...

The officer stares down at her as...

THE FANTASY ENDS:

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM

Luma continues to brush her teeth and face.

LUMA

(to us)

See?

(to the mirror)

It was supposed to be a hundred! I mean, if you were awake, if you were really awake, you'd have a hundred, not a crummy fifty. Fifty.

(to us)

What am I supposed to do with fifty? Nobody does anything with fifty.

That means... Oh shit. That means I have to do this ten more... Or is it nine? Nine. I can't do this nine more times.

(to the bathtub)

And no more passengers, that's for sure.

Luma rubs her foamy hands all over the mirror.

LUMA (CONT'D)

(to the suds)

Maybe two more times. You could do that. It better be a hundred. Or else.

(to the ceiling)

OR ELSE!

She writes in the soap with her finger a backwards "LUMA". But looking out through the mirror it reads properly.

INT. CRUMMY HOTEL ROOM

Luma sits on the edge of the bed and struggles to thread her belt back through the belt loops of her shorts.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- BATHROOM

Head between her legs, Luma sits fully clothed in the empty bathtub. She wears her leather flight helmet. Her goggles are perched on her forehead.

LUMA

Okay, okay. Just wait, okay?

(to the empty doorway)

I did what you asked. I did what I was supposed to. Can't it be over now? Please?

(she strains to see)

Hello?

Luma slides the goggles over her eyes.

HER POV

A TALL SHADOWY FIGURE in a cloak now fills the doorway -- a presence that would arrest the strongest of hearts. But Luma seems more impatient than afraid.

The shadowy figure extends his hand palm up.

LUMA (CONT'D)
 Just wait, okay? Okay, I don't have it all yet. Most of it. Some of it. I have some of it. Okay, not a lot. It's a start, right? A start. It's a start. What?

She pushes her goggles up.

LUMA (CONT'D)
 What?

But the shadowy figure is gone.

INT. CRUMMY HOTEL -- STAIRS

Clearly in pain, Luma limps down the stairs. She wears the shorts, a tee shirt, socks, and the brightly colored rain slicker. She carries her beat up pair of rollerblade skates under one arm.

LUMA
 Don't do that, do this. Do it this way. Don't do it that way. And don't ask. Don't tell. Not ever.

One skate slips and bounces all the way down the stairs.

LUMA (CONT'D)
 Three more. I could do it three more times, easy. I mean it's not like I didn't say a hundred. A hundred doesn't sound anything like fifty. Does it? No. Okay, four. Four more. But that's it. Finished. The end.

The black cat from out front races up the stairs and stops dead in her path.

LUMA (CONT'D)
 Great. Go walk in front of somebody else.

The cat rolls on its back.

LUMA (CONT'D)
Go find your own.

She stops to fix her hair in a stairway mirror.

LUMA (CONT'D)
(to her reflection)
Nine more. I can't do that. Not
nine. Four. Or five. Five. Then
I can go. Ticket out. First cabin.
Never to return forever and ever.
(to us)
Five would be okay. Five. Finished.
The end.

She pops another PEZ from her Devil dispenser then steps
over the cat.

INT. CRUMMY HOTEL -- LOBBY

Luma wears her leather flight helmet and goggles. She can
barely see through them. With one skate already on, she
winces as she tries to get her foot into the other one.

The cat listens attentively.

LUMA
And what about expenses? I have
expenses. So it's more than nine,
isn't it? A lot... Unless. Unless
maybe I could ask for one twenty
five. I'm worth at least that, right?
Maybe even one fifty, huh? I mean...

WOMAN (O.S.)
YOU!

The cat bolts.

LUMA
Shit.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Git out! Go on, git!

Luma drops the skate.

The WOMAN insinuates all half-ton of herself in Luma's face.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
You heard me. Git!

LUMA
Wait. I almost...

But the woman lofts Luma and launches her at the closed entrance doors.

BANG!

Luma rebounds off the doors and onto the floor. In half a breath, the woman has Luma up again, the doors open, and Luma out.

EXT. CRUMMY HOTEL -- ENTRANCE STEPS

Luma's loose skate bounces down the concrete, across the sidewalk, then slides to a stop in the middle of the street.

WOMAN

I catch you in here again an' I'm callin'. You git me?

She slams the door closed.

CRACK!

A car crushes Luma's skate. Another car zings what's left of it down the street.

Luma just watches it go.

TAP! TAP! TAP!

...at the window. The woman waves Luma down the street.

LUMA

All right already!

So Luma propels herself down the sidewalk on one skate using her sock clad foot as an oar. EVERYONE stares at her.

EXT. ANOTHER SET OF STEPS

Luma licks her fingers and tries to clean the bottom of her one filthy sock with them.

MOLLY (O.S.)

Goddamit!

LUMA

(to herself)

Shit. Molly.

(to us)

You think you want to know about Hell? Well take notes 'cause here it comes.

MOLLY (O.S.)
 Goddamit! Goddamit, Luma, we had us
 a deal.

LUMA
 (to herself)
 The deal. Oh shit.
 (to us)
 Deals are pretty important in Hell.
 That's why most investment bankers,
 politicians, and movie producers end
 up there. For the work, I mean.

Luma hides her face from MOLLY, a 40 YEAR OLD might-have-been in a "Sally's" uniform. Molly has a smoker's voice and a terrible cough that just won't go away.

She pushes 7 YEAR OLD MICHAEL in an oversize stroller that's still way too small for him. Michael has cerebral palsy and wears pop-bottle-bottom glasses.

As Molly bends down to adjust Michael's straps, pages and pages of sheet music scatter everywhere.

MOLLY
 Well?

LUMA
 Well...

MOLLY
 Well help me, for God sake!

She and Luma run in circles as they grab the music sheets. Luma stuffs what she gets into Molly's arms.

Michael loves the show.

LUMA
 What did they say?

MOLLY
 What'd they say? They ain't said
 nothin' 'cause I weren't there to
 hear 'em. That's what they said.

LUMA
 Oops.

MOLLY
 Molly's got him 'til ten. Luma's
 got him from ten 'til five. Then
 Molly picks him up after. Right?

She wipes Michael's cheek.

LUMA
What time is it?

MOLLY
What time is it? It's too late.
That's what time it is.

LUMA
No, I mean...

MICHAEL
MAWA.

MOLLY
Quiet.
(to Luma)
Four thirty!

She snaps her arm out and points to a huge lamppost clock.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Not like it's a secret or nothin'.

LUMA
Molly. See, the thing is...

MICHAEL
MAWA.

MOLLY
Quiet!
(to Luma)
Thing? What thing? I had to skip
the audition 'cause of you. What
kinda thing could there be?

MICHAEL
MAWA.

MOLLY
Michael, will you just stay still.
(to Luma)
You promised. We had us a deal,
right? I was s'posed to get
auditions, right? Well I did my
part, right? I got...

LUMA
You got auditions!

MOLLY
Yeah, but then I gotta show up, right?

LUMA
What did you tell them this time?

MOLLY
 Nevermind. Nothing.
 (she looks at Michael)
 Oh shit!

Michael flashes a gawky smile at them.

INT. PUBLIC LADIES' ROOM

Luma turns all the faucets on and off over and over again.
 This is not a nice place. Pipes leak. The floor is wet.
 The walls are drippy. There are no doors on the stalls.

And the stroller is empty.

ONE STALL

Molly struggles to hold Michael on the toilet while she tries
 to clean him up.

MOLLY
 You could help, you know.

LUMA
 There isn't room. Besides, he's
 yours now, right?

MOLLY
 Look, you gotta help me.

LUMA
 I told you, there isn't...

MOLLY
 No, I mean tonight. You gotta help.

LUMA
 Can't.

MOLLY
 What do you mean, can't?

LUMA
 Can't.

MOLLY
 Can't like won't? Or...?

LUMA
 Just plain can't.

She thinks it over.

LUMA (CONT'D)
 Where?

MOLLY

I don't care. You pick. Devlin's
or 59th? What happened to you?

Luma tries to hide all her bruises.

LUMA

Nothing.

MOLLY

When I finish here I'll fix 'em.

LUMA

Forget it, it's nothing.

MOLLY

Just the same, I'll...

A WOMAN enters. Luma and Molly clam up. The woman washes her hands. She takes one look at Molly and Michael in the stall and hurries out. Molly glares at Luma.

EXT. DEVLIN'S FUNERAL HOME -- NIGHT

As peaceful as their clientele.

AROUND BACK -- BASEMENT STAIRWAY

Michael lies flat on the concrete. Luma struggles to wrap him in a blanket. They're way at the far end of a long walkway up against the building and below street level.

LUMA

Damn her.

MICHAEL

Da ha!

Luma pokes her head up and looks all around, then puts a final tuck on Michael.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Mawa froda.

LUMA

Yes, but you have to stay completely quiet now. Understand?

Michael smiles a toothy drooly smile.

LUMA (CONT'D)

Good. Now I'm going to get us something to eat.

MICHAEL

Pee!

LUMA

What, now? Shit.

MICHAEL

Pee!

He smacks his lips.

LUMA

Well, I'll see what I can do. You know what happens when you eat pizza.

MICHAEL

Pee! Pee! Pee-ah!

LUMA

All right, all right. I said I'll see. All right?

She kisses his forehead. He likes that.

Wearing only socks, Luma hustles past the stroller and all the way to the far end and the stairs -- past a sign on a chain which reads, "Devlin Deliveries Only".

She pulls on her leather helmet and goggles then puts on her one skate and skateboards away.

EXT. MORRIE'S CAFE GRILL -- OUTDOOR EATING AREA -- NIGHT

Luma studies all the PATRONS. She studies the food on their plates. She studies the WAITERS. She settles on...

HER POV

A MAN in a suit -- alone at a small table.

Luma stuffs her flight gear into her backpack then retrieves a tiny mirror from one pocket and a lipstick-like tube from the other. She fights the pain as she rubs flesh tone stuff all over her scrapes and bruises. She pinches her cheeks to blush them.

Now Luma weaves her way through the forest of PEOPLE, tables, and umbrellas. She picks an empty chair and carefully positions it so she faces the man.

She sits and removes her one skate. She fluffs her hair. Smooths herself all over. Crosses her legs.

WAITER (O.S.)

Out!

Arms folded. Foot tapping. The WAITER motions her to the street.

LUMA
I'm not doing anything.

WAITER
Want me to go get Morrie?

LUMA
I have a perfect right to be here.

WAITER
Listen...

LUMA
This is a family restaurant isn't it?

WAITER
(points)
You can't be in here without shoes.

LUMA
I have a shoe.

She hoists her one rollerblade.

LUMA (CONT'D)
Besides, this is out here, not in here.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Waiter?

LUMA
Somebody wants you.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Waiter?

WAITER
Yes, ma'am.
(to Luma -- close)
Just watch it, Buster.

He tends to the WOMAN.

LUMA
(to us)
Buster?

Luma makes eye contact with the man. She smiles. He smiles. Luma reaches into her pocket just as a WELL DRESSED WOMAN comes up to the man. They go off together.

LUMA'S POV

The empty table.

WAITER (O.S.)

He says you gotta order or get.

Luma gives the waiter a sideways glance.

WAITER (CONT'D)

Morrie says. He says either you...

LUMA

You have pizza?

WAITER

You know we don't.

LUMA

Okay, you have a salad or something?

WAITER

French, Russian, Roquefort, Ital...

LUMA

Anything. You pick.

WAITER

(he writes)

French.

LUMA

That come with bread or anything?

WAITER

Wait a minute. Let's see some cash.

LUMA

I always pay. Okay, almost always.
Okay, okay, keep your pants on.

SEVERAL PATRONS catch that one.

Luma unwrinkles her \$50 bill and waves it around.

LUMA (CONT'D)

Enough for salad?

WAITER

It'll be a couple of minutes.

He goes to take SOMEONE ELSE'S order.

LUMA'S POV

A YOUNG MAN sits at the empty table. He wears a leather jacket and could easily be called handsome.

Luma recovers and repeats her preening. She reaches into her slicker pocket. Her hand moves all around in it. She pulls it out, then rubs her thumb across her lips. Instantly, they're crudely lipsticked.

She catches the man's eye. He smiles. She returns it, then crosses her legs suggestively. The man keeps looking. She shows him her red thumb. He laughs. She laughs.

LATER

Luma's seat is empty. The young man's seat is empty. The waiter clears two meals from Luma's table. He counts a bunch of loose bills and coins as he scoops them up.

INT. PHONE BOOTH

Luma stands on tiptoes on top of her one skate and talks into the phone tucked under her neck. A clear plastic take-home container rests on the tiny shelf. It's filled with salad and rolls.

A nearly empty bottle of tonic water sits on the salad container. Luma takes a sip, but doesn't swallow. Instead, she squeezes her toothpaste tube in the phone booth door. Amazingly, toothpaste makes it out onto her finger.

She brushes her teeth with her finger as she speaks. She looks like a rabid dog.

And in fact, a DOG does walk by. Pauses. Stares up at Luma. Suds drip from her chin. She growls at him. The dog stiffens like he just got hit with fifty thousand volts. He flees.

LUMA

No, I said I got us some food. Yes, him and me. He's fine. No one's going to see him. So where are you? Really? What? Salad. Salad and some rolls. What? Well then he can just eat the rolls. I said... I don't know, whole wheat I guess. What diff...? Look... What? I said yes, didn't I. Like I always do. One little piece at a time. Look, I'm sorry about before, okay?

The young man paces at a cautious distance.

LUMA (CONT'D)
 Look, I have to go, okay?

Luma is visibly nervous.

LUMA (CONT'D)
 What do you mean? Well it's none of
 your business is what. What?

She glances at the man. He's impatient. So she cleans
 herself up.

LUMA (CONT'D)
 No, he looks okay. I can always
 tell. Okay, almost always. Yes.
 All right already! What? Well it's
 my problem then, isn't it.

BANG!

She slams the handset down and hurries out of the booth.
 Her food stays behind. Her rollerblade stays behind.

INT. HOTEL

A drab no-star place, held together by grunge.

THE ROOM

Way at the end of the hallway.

IN THE ROOM

Luma sits fully clothed on the edge of the sagging bed. She
 pops another PEZ. The young man checks his hair in the
 bathroom mirror.

YOUNG MAN
 Maybe you wanna take a bath first,
 huh?

LUMA
 No, I'm fine.

YOUNG MAN
 Yeah, well...

LUMA
 What's wrong?

He looks at her filthy socks.

LUMA (CONT'D)
 So? Look, I don't have time for a
 bath, okay?

YOUNG MAN
Hey, who's paying for this?

LUMA
Let's just do it, okay? What time
is it anyway?

YOUNG MAN
Jesus! Don't you want any, you know,
love? Romance? Something?

Luma stands and holds out her hand. The young man figures
it out and fumbles for the money. He finally assembles two
\$20's and a \$10 and extends it toward Luma.

But she won't take it.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)
What?

LUMA
Fifty? Only fifty?

YOUNG MAN
Yeah. I mean that's what they said
at the...

LUMA
What? Who said? Where?

YOUNG MAN
They said fifty was the going rate.

LUMA
Yeah, well for fifty what you rate
is that I get going.

She moves toward the door.

YOUNG MAN
Wait. How much then?

LUMA
Well...

YOUNG MAN
I don't have much on me.

LUMA
Well, I suppose you did buy me dinner
and... Oh shit! Dinner!

She bolts for the door, but the young man gets there first.

LUMA (CONT'D)
No, I have to get it.

He pushes her all the way to the bed and onto it.

LUMA (CONT'D)
Okay, okay. Keep your pants on.

But the young man undoes his belt buckle.

LUMA (CONT'D)
Okay, but quick, huh? Shit.

Luma kneels on the bed and tugs at her own belt buckle.

LUMA (CONT'D)
Turn.

YOUNG MAN
What?

LUMA
I said, turn.

YOUNG MAN
You're crazy. I want to watch.

LUMA
Look, for fifty you get me,
understand? Just me. You want a
show, take the other fifty and go to
the Met.

YOUNG MAN
Other fifty? What other fifty?

LUMA
You heard me.

YOUNG MAN
Why you little...

He slaps her.

LUMA
OW! Quit it!

He shoves her down. She squeals as he climbs on top of her.
He wrestles her arms over her head.

YOUNG MAN
You think you're worth more than
fifty bucks, huh?

LUMA
 No, five hundred. I need five hundred
 dollars. I need it by...

YOUNG MAN
 What the fuck? You think you're
 worth half a grand just 'cause you're
 a kid? Nobody's worth half a grand,
 baby. Nobody.

He tugs at her belt.

LUMA
 OW! Did I say I was? I just said
 that's how much I need.

She fights him. He slaps her.

LUMA (CONT'D)
 OW! Okay, okay. Forget the hundred.

He raises his hand to slap her again.

LUMA (CONT'D)
 Seventy five?

She braces for the impact.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH -- LATER

A few bits of salad are scattered around. The container is
 nowhere to be seen. A RAT gnaws at the middle of a roll.

Luma just stands in her socks and watches the rodent. She
 now sports a fresh bruise at the side of her mouth. Her
 neck is red and scraped. A half-bloody kleenex is stuffed
 up one nostril.

She tries to drop PEZ after PEZ onto her tongue, but her
 shaking hand won't hold still long enough. They drop one by
 one onto the pavement. ANOTHER RAT sniffs at them.

So Luma limps toward the mess. All the rats bolt. Luma
 pokes at the roll with her toe. She sits and gingerly lifts
 it. She examines it.

LUMA
 Did you have to lick the whole thing?

She tosses it.

But pangs of hunger wash over her face. She pulls a \$20 out
 of her rain slicker and stares at it. Then at the roll.

LUMA (CONT'D)

Shit.

She shoves the money back in her pocket then grabs the roll. She puts half in her pocket, then devours the rest.

INT. PUBLIC LADIES' ROOM

It's dark in here -- most of the bulbs are burned out or missing. And anything could jump out of the walls at any moment.

Luma washes her socks in a sink. Her shorts drip dry over one of the stall dividers.

She hangs her socks over the divider, then climbs up onto a sink. She struggles with a window, but finally pries it open. And as it snaps to a stop against its chain, beautiful classical music drifts in. Somewhere close by, a performance is underway.

Luma begins to dance around on the concrete with as much skill as any ballerina. She uses the whole place as her stage. She plays to her audience -- the empty stalls.

But suddenly she panics and flattens herself against the wall.

LUMA

(dreamy)

A shadow passing over me
sings the light of day.

But everything seems okay so she dances again.

BANG!

A FRANTIC 14 YEAR OLD BOY bounces in like he was a can dropped from a soda machine. His face looks like he's being chased by a pack of werewolves. His mouth is bleeding. He looks like a suicidal game show host in his torn prep school jacket.

Luma freezes in mid-pirouette.

TEEN

Help me!

Luma can't move.

TEEN (CONT'D)

Please!

Luma backs herself into one of the stalls. She listens but all she can hear is the music.

THE TEEN

In a state of terminal panic. He claws his way up onto a sink and peeks out the window. Now he scrambles to the door and listens. He aims a helpless look toward the stalls.

ONE OF THE STALLS -- LATER

The boy sits on a toilet seat. He starts to get up.

LUMA

Sit!

Which he does -- slowly.

Luma holds one of her socks under running water, then dabs at the boy's lip.

LUMA (CONT'D)

Cops?

TEEN

OW! What?

LUMA

Cops. Cops after you?

TEEN

Lost. I got lost.

LUMA

I guess.

TEEN

Then these two...

He pulls away and grabs the sock.

TEEN (CONT'D)

Blood poisoning! Blood poisoning!
I'm going to get blood poisoning!

Luma grabs him by his hair.

TEEN (CONT'D)

OW!

LUMA

Shut up. I just washed them. Now they're dirty again. Thanks to you.

TEEN

That's not dirt, it's my blood.

LUMA

Well maybe it was your blood, but
it's my dirt now. What happened to
you anyway?

TEEN

It's my neck. It really hurts.

Luma examines his neck. There are bruises around it.

LUMA

Looks okay to me.

She works on his cut lip.

TEEN

Newark.

LUMA

Huh?

TEEN

Newark. I'm supposed to be in Newark.
OW! Not so hard.

LUMA

You want me to fix it or not?

TEEN

What's your name?

LUMA

My...?

TEEN

Mine's...

LUMA

Newark.

TEEN

Huh?

LUMA

I'll call you Newark. That way you'll
know where you're supposed to be.

NEWARK (THE TEEN)

But I live there.

LUMA

Not now you don't.

Luma offers her hand.

NEWARK

Huh?

LUMA

Newark.

He thinks it's weird but shakes her hand anyway.

LUMA (CONT'D)

Listen, you don't have a boat or anything, do you?

NEWARK

A boat? Why would I have a boat? I used to have money. I had nearly...

LUMA

Shut up!

NEWARK

Huh?

LUMA

Don't you know anything? Don't ever tell how much you have. No matter what.

NEWARK

I don't have anything.

LUMA

No matter what.

NEWARK

But I just told you, I've got nothing.

LUMA

Well nothing is something.

NEWARK

No it's...

LUMA

Don't you know anything? If nothing wasn't something, how could we even talk about it? Well?

Luma slaps the sock into his hand.

LUMA (CONT'D)

Here, you finish.

She checks to see if her shorts are dry. Then she becomes conscious of Newark as he stares at her.

LUMA (CONT'D)
 What? I look like I have money?

NEWARK
 Do you live around here?

LUMA
 Around here.

Luma climbs into her still-damp shorts.

LUMA (CONT'D)
 Look at this, will you.

NEWARK
 I need to get home.

LUMA
 So do I look like a travel agent?

NEWARK
 I've never been lost before.

LUMA
 No? Well you get used to it. You do.

Luma grabs her sock from Newark then fills a sink by using her palm as a stopper. Then she drowns her bloody sock.

EXT. SIDE STREET -- LATER

Luma clomps and splooshes in one almost dry sock and one that's still soaking wet. Newark plays catch-up as they walk right down the middle of the deserted street. He's nervous and keeps checking all around.

NEWARK
 Where are we going?

LUMA
 We're almost there.

A SIREN

...wails just about on top of them.

Luma bolts and Newark panics and races in the opposite direction. They both vanish. But an instant later, Newark doubles back and chases after Luma.

EXT. ALLEY

Luma and Newark crouch next to a dumpster. Luma peers around the big steel box.

NEWARK
Are they gone?

LUMA
Who?

NEWARK
I don't know.

Luma eyes him up and down.

LUMA
What hotel you work at?

NEWARK
What?

She examines his torn school emblem.

LUMA
Brookfield. Never heard of it?
Must be in Newark, huh?

NEWARK
It's where I go to school. In Newark.
That's where the school is.

LUMA
School.

NEWARK
Yeah.

LUMA
Newark.

NEWARK
Right.

LUMA
So how come they make you dress up
like a doorman?

NEWARK
Huh?

LUMA
So it's near your house, huh.

NEWARK

No. I live in Malibu. That's California. Malibu, California.

LUMA

I thought you said you live in Newark.

NEWARK

I do. Well, when I'm in school I do. Summers, we...

LUMA

Malibu. Like the car? Shit, I'm not calling you Malibu. Sounds like something guys shoot at in the woods.

NEWARK

You're thinking of Caribou.

LUMA

You have no idea what I'm thinking.

She edges out from the dumpster. Newark starts after her, but Luma indicates he should stay put.

Luma creeps on soggy tiptoes all the way to the edge of the building. She checks the street, then motions Newark out of his corner.

He slinks along the edge of the building.

NEWARK

What happened to your shoes?

LUMA

What shoes? Listen, what time is it?

NEWARK

It's...

Newark looks at his empty wrist. Bloody scratches and a pale shadow are all that's left of his watch.

LUMA

Well?

NEWARK

I don't know. The bus left. It just left. I can't...

LUMA

C'mon.

She hurries across the street with Newark in tentative pursuit.

NEWARK

I can't believe they left without me.

LUMA

Maybe they're still waiting. Did you go look?

NEWARK

Of course I looked. What, you think I'm stupid or something?

LUMA

Lost your watch, didn't you?

EXT. SIDEWALK -- LATER

Luma and Newark peer in store window after store window.

LUMA

How come nobody ever has a clock?

NEWARK

(points across the street)

There!

EXT. CLOCK & WATCH REPAIR SHOP

Every clock is set to a dramatically different time.

LUMA

Great.

NEWARK

Now what?

Luma looks down the street.

EXT. DEVLIN'S FUNERAL HOME -- LATER

Luma stares at where the stroller used to be.

LUMA

Oh, shit. Oh, no. No, no.
(to the sky)

NO!

Newark doesn't like being this close to a funeral home.

NEWARK

Here? You live here?

Luma races down the long sunken walkway -- all the way to the end...

HER POV

...where Michael used to be. But the spot is empty. No Michael. No blanket. No nothing.

Luma wheels around and looks right at us. She pleads with her eyes. Now to Newark, but he's busy feeling uncomfortable.

NEWARK (CONT'D)

What?

LUMA

He's gone.

NEWARK

Okay, here's what I think. You help me get home. You seem to know everything around here, right? So you help me get home... back to school, I mean. You help me get back to school and I'll...

LUMA

Didn't you hear me? I said he's gone.

NEWARK

Okay. Okay, who's gone?

LUMA

Michael. He's my... He's Molly's... He's gone.

NEWARK

Right.

LUMA

No, not right. Don't you see? I was supposed to take care of him. I mean I got rolls and everything.

NEWARK

Rolls.

LUMA

Yes. Salad even. Well, he can't eat salad. Not very well anyway. Well it doesn't matter because it's all gone. But I got rolls.

Luma brandishes the last tiny chunk of roll.

LUMA (CONT'D)

Okay, see the rats ate the rolls.
Well, all but one. See, this one
rat... What're you looking at?

NEWARK

Nothing.

LUMA

At Morrie's. I got the rolls at
Morrie's.

Luma paces back and forth. Now she kneels down where Michael
was and feels the concrete.

NEWARK

You okay?

LUMA

It's not even warm. What time is
it?

Newark pulls his sleeve way up.

NEWARK

I used to have a watch. A really
good watch. See? It was right here
until those two... I should've left
it. I should've left it at home.
School, I mean. I should've...

LUMA

I don't know what to do.

NEWARK

Or I could've put it in my pocket.
Nah, they would've found it anyway.
They found my...

LUMA

I can't ask the cops. Mistake.
That would be a mistake.

NEWARK

I could give the police a description
of those two...

LUMA

Oh, she's going to be so mad.

NEWARK

Or maybe they could get one of those
artists and I could tell him what
they looked like. That's it.

LUMA

I'm an artist. You're supposed to take care of him. That's what she'll say. That's what she always says.

NEWARK

And I know I could give them a great description of...

LUMA

Listen to me.

She grabs what's left of his school blazer.

LUMA (CONT'D)

We have to find him.

NEWARK

Right! What?

Suddenly a bright orange light beams out of a small window in one of the doors and lights up both their faces as if they were watching a tropical sunset.

A roaring sound comes from somewhere deep inside the basement.

NEWARK (CONT'D)

What is it?

Luma paces as if she were possessed. Newark looks in the window. The orange light gradually turns white.

NEWARK (CONT'D)

Burning trash, I bet. We have one of those at school. See they have this thing where the gas comes out and...

They both look skyward as light smoke rises from a metal stack.

LUMA

Well he's not in there.

NEWARK

Who?

LUMA

He couldn't be, because... I mean, that's not the way... Well he just couldn't.

NEWARK

So...

LUMA

So that means somebody took him.

Newark eyeballs the stroller.

NEWARK

A baby?

LUMA

He's not a baby.

NEWARK

You left a baby here?

LUMA

I just told you, he's not a baby.
Don't you pay attention? Ever?

Newark rubs his neck.

NEWARK

I'm getting a headache. Maybe I
should go to a hospital. Before we
go to the police.

LUMA

No hospitals. No cops.

NEWARK

How come no...?

LUMA

No.

NEWARK

Maybe he just got tired of waiting.

LUMA

He's seven. His name is Michael.
And he... he... he wears glasses.

NEWARK

Michael.

LUMA

Yes and he didn't get tired of
waiting.

NEWARK

Because?

LUMA

Because he just can't.

NEWARK
Anybody can get...

LUMA
Wait. Molly!

NEWARK
What?

Luma races up to the street level.

LUMA
I bet Molly took him. Sure, that's
it. Molly took him. I bet she's
trying to teach me a lesson.

NEWARK
(to himself)
Can't imagine why anybody would want
to do that.

Luma walks into the middle of the street and searches all
the building tops.

LUMA
I bet she's laughing her head off
right this very minute. Right this
very second.
(to all the buildings)
AREN'T YOU?

She searches for a manhole cover. Spots one. She drops to
her knees and puts her lips against the metal.

LUMA (CONT'D)
AREN'T YOU?

Newark rubs his neck.

NEWARK
I'm sure I should go to a hospital.

Luma walks toward the street.

LUMA
I told you, no hospitals.

Newark races after her. But Luma stops dead in her tracks.

WHAM!

Newark slams into her and both of them sprawl on the pavement.

NEWARK
I'm sorry! I'm...

LUMA
You said something about a deal?

NEWARK
A deal? Did I?

LUMA
Yes. You said if I help you get home... And then you stopped.

NEWARK
You interrupted.

LUMA
So what's the deal?

NEWARK
The deal. Okay, the deal is you help me get home and...

LUMA
Yes?

NEWARK
And I'll pay you.

LUMA
Pay me?

NEWARK
Yes.

LUMA
With what?

NEWARK
Money.

LUMA
You have money?

NEWARK
Yes, I have...

LUMA
Shut up!

NEWARK
Huh?

LUMA
Didn't you hear anything I said?
Never. NEVER! Never ever tell how much you have.

NEWARK
I was just going to say...

LUMA
Never.

NEWARK
...I have lots of money at home.

LUMA
Newark?

NEWARK
Malibu.

LUMA
Oh, right. And You'll send it to me.

NEWARK
That's right.

LUMA
When you get home.

NEWARK
Right.

LUMA
Do I look like a moron?

NEWARK
Well no, but I thought...

LUMA
You want to deal huh? Okay then, here's the deal. You help me find Michael, I help you find Newark.

She holds out her hand to shake.

LUMA (CONT'D)
Deal?

Newark thinks about this.

LUMA (CONT'D)
Well?

NEWARK
But what if we can't find him?

Luma doesn't budge. Newark stares at her outstretched hand. But then...

NEWARK (CONT'D)

Okay, okay. I guess. Deal, then.

As they shake, Luma looks skyward.

LUMA

(whispers)

I'll get you for this.

Newark tries to figure out what she's looking at.

EXT. EAST RIVER -- SHORELINE

Luma and Newark sit on a stone wall and stare across the water. Lights from barges and boats drift in both directions.

NEWARK

Are we waiting for someone? Hello?
Are we waiting for...?

LUMA

Luma.

NEWARK

What?

LUMA

Luma.

NEWARK

What does that mean?

LUMA

It's a name.

NEWARK

We're waiting for somebody named
Luma?

LUMA

Me. My name. I'm Luma.

NEWARK

Okay, okay. Luma, whatever. Are we
waiting for someone?

LUMA

Over there.

She points across the river. The same old boat putt-putt's away from a nearby dock and heads out across all the traffic.

LUMA (CONT'D)

I need to go there.

NEWARK
Now? What for?

The boat coughs to a stop.

LUMA
Wait.

The shrouded boatman bangs on the outboard with a big wood stick. Luma watches with incredible concern.

NEWARK
You know him?

LUMA
Not exactly.

NEWARK
So why...?

Luma stands and walks away.

NEWARK (CONT'D)
Lu... Luma?

Luma counts her assorted cash.

LUMA
This is very bad.

Newark runs after her. Behind them, the outboard comes to life again in a cloud of smoke. Luma perks up when she hears the motor start. She's hugely relieved.

EXT. BRIDGE -- SHORE LINE

Luma fixates on the pavement.

NEWARK
(he points)
Newark?

LUMA
What? No.

NEWARK
But...

Luma spins about and storms past Newark.

EXT. SHABBY APARTMENT

Luma stares up at a window.

NEWARK
Is this where you live? And is
that...?

LUMA
Shhhhh.

NEWARK
But...

LUMA
Quiet.

She motions for him to follow her. Luma tiptoes up the front steps. She opens the door and enters. Newark realizes he's all alone and scrambles after her.

INT. SHABBY APARTMENT

Luma checks names on the mailboxes. Newark tries to see, but Luma keeps blocking his view on purpose.

HER FINGER

...traces across the apartment letters. It stops on "H".

Luma points to the floor.

NEWARK
Huh?

LUMA
Shhhhh. Basement. C'mon.

Newark hustles after her.

INT. GRUBBY APARTMENT -- BASEMENT

Luma and Newark tiptoe down the stairs. The place looks like the inside of a coal mine. The hall is lit by a single bare bulb in the ceiling. MOTHS play tag around it. Dripping water can be heard everywhere.

NEWARK
I don't like it here.

LUMA
Shhhh.

THE DOOR

...to apartment "H" appears to have been red at one time.

Luma turns the knob and pushes the door open slightly.

LUMA (CONT'D)

Wait here.

NEWARK

Maybe I better...

LUMA

No, wait here. I'll be back.

She enters.

NEWARK

Back? But what if...

Luma closes the door.

NEWARK (CONT'D)

...something happens?

Newark realizes how alone he suddenly is.

INT. APARTMENT "H"

Dull red light seems to come from everywhere.

Luma dodges furniture as she snakes her way through what feels like a living room.

She stops. Listens. Starts off again.

MAN (O.S.)

(from the darkness)

Are you for me?

Luma freezes.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hello? Are you for me?

LUMA

No?

MAN (O.S.)

I thought you might be.

LUMA

Well, I'm...

MAN (O.S.)

It's just that I've been waiting a long time, you see. Yes, and I thought perhaps...

LUMA

No, I'm not for you.

MAN (O.S.)
Listen, you don't have a boat or
anything, do you?

LUMA
A what?

MAN (O.S.)
A boat. You don't have a boat, do
you?

LUMA
No. Besides, I'm not even... No, I
don't have a boat.

MAN (O.S.)
So should I just wait here then?

LUMA
Yes, why don't you do that.

Luma walks down a narrow hall.

MAN (O.S.)
(distant)
Thank you.

She passes several closed doors until suddenly...

MOLLY

...backs slowly out of one. She's wears a long bathrobe.

Luma jumps and clamps her hands over her own mouth to keep
from screaming. She can't catch her breath.

MOLLY
So?

She walks down the hall.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Yeah?

Luma catches up.

LUMA
I have something to tell you.

MOLLY
No thanks.

LUMA
No, it's important. Really important.

MOLLY

But I don't wanna hear nothin'
important right now. Get it?

She counts doors until she gets to the one she wants.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Look, you can't stay here, so get
goin'.

LUMA

But I have to talk to you.

MOLLY

Don't you see? I got stuff to do
here.

She looks up and down the hallway. Luma starts to speak but Molly clamps her mouth shut.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

I got me a hundred waitin' in there.
Maybe two. I got me two hundred
easy and all's I gotta do is just go
in. You got that?

Luma struggles to nod.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

All right. But you keep your mouth
shut, got it?

Luma gets it.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Nothin'. You say nothin'. You just
stay invisible.

She clamps on to Luma and drags her into the room.

INT. GRUBBY APARTMENT -- BASEMENT

Newark gets more nervous each second. Strange sounds seem to come from everywhere. Wooden voices. Mechanical cries.

INT. APARTMENT "H" -- THE ROOM

In the shadows, Molly and a MAN go at it on the bed -- the only piece of furniture in the room.

Luma sits on the floor where a night table would usually be. The flimsy bed next to her seems a hundred feet tall. It shakes and squeaks with the familiar beat of passionate sex.

Luma rests her head on the side of the bed and now she's jostled with the same beat.

LUMA

It wasn't my fault. Not really.

Molly groans O.S.

LUMA (CONT'D)

See, I went to get us something to eat. Like I said.

Luma's head bounces off the side of the mattress over and over again.

INT. GRUBBY APARTMENT -- BASEMENT

Newark paces but the noises keep him tightly penned. Unable to stand it any longer, he enters Apartment "H".

INT. APARTMENT "H"

Newark bumps into everything there is to bump in to.

MAN (O.S.)

Are you for me?

Newark freezes. He backs up but trips over something and falls flat on his back.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hello? Are you for me?

NEWARK

Who are you?

MAN (O.S.)

I thought you might be.

NEWARK

Huh? Who is it?

MAN (O.S.)

It's just that I've been waiting a long time, you see. Yes, and I thought perhaps you might...

Newark gets to his knees and feels his way as he crawls forward.

NEWARK

I'm looking for someone.

MAN (O.S.)

Listen, you don't have a boat or anything, do you?

NEWARK

A boat?

MAN (O.S.)

A boat. You don't have a boat, do you?

NEWARK

A boat. No. No, I don't have a boat. Why would I have a boat?

MAN (O.S.)

So should I just wait here then?

NEWARK

Huh? Yeah, sure.

Newark crawls into the hallway.

MAN (O.S.)

(distant)

Thank you.

NEWARK'S POV

The hall extends into infinity. Doors are spaced out at regular intervals on either side.

INT. APARTMENT "H" -- THE ROOM

The bed shakes like an earthquake. Molly moans. The man grunts. Luma rests her head against the side of the bed and plays with her fingers.

LUMA

Okay, see he was perfectly safe.
Like I said. Perfectly safe.

Molly's arm flops over the side of the bed -- right in front of Luma's face. It bounces all over the place.

LUMA (CONT'D)

So I know we can't go to the cops.
God, I hope they didn't take him.

She lifts Molly's hand away from her face...

LUMA (CONT'D)

Do you think they did?

...then lets it drop. Molly's hand continues its ballet.

LUMA (CONT'D)
 Oh God, if they did. Well at least
 he won't be able to tell them
 anything.

The metal feet of the bed tap dance on the floor. Molly
 moans louder and louder.

MOLLY (O.S.)
 (babbles passionately)
 You lost him?

LUMA
 No. Yes. Well, sort of. See...

MOLLY (O.S.)
 You lost him. What's wrong with
 you?

LUMA
 Nothing. Nothing's wrong with me.

MOLLY (O.S.)
 Can't do anything right.

She moans.

MOLLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Major fuck up is what you are.

LUMA
 Why don't you just GO TO HELL!

A sweaty Molly leans over and goes nose-to-nose with Luma.

MOLLY
 I'm tryin'.

LUMA
 (matter-of-fact)
 We need to figure something to tell
 the cops. Just in case.

Molly pushes away -- back to the middle of the bed.

LUMA (CONT'D)
 Molly?

The MAN'S HAND reaches halfway down the side of the bed and
 grabs a fistful of sheets right next to Luma. The hand tugs
 and tugs at the cloth as its owner's passion peaks.

LUMA (CONT'D)
 I know!

The man's arm hangs limp. Molly's arm joins it. Luma straightens the sheets, then taps Molly's arm.

LUMA (CONT'D)

I got it! I got it! We tell them...
The cops. We tell the cops I was
scared by maybe a mugger or something.
Well, I didn't know he was a mugger
because I wasn't mugged or anything.
Maybe it's them instead of him.
Yes, that's it. Them. But I thought
he was... They. I thought they were
going to, so... I mean, we tell
them they took Michael. See? Are
you paying attention? Molly?

The man's arm disappears as he rolls off Molly. Then Molly's arm disappears. Luma's face describes their action.

LUMA (CONT'D)

So what do you think?

Molly's hand appears and motions for Luma to climb up onto the bed.

LUMA (CONT'D)

Now?

Molly dangles a \$100 bill.

Luma bounces to her feet. Molly's finger points at her. Luma drops her rain slicker in a heap.

LUMA (CONT'D)

Here?

Molly's hand gets impatient.

LUMA (CONT'D)

But what about Michael?

Luma removes her soggy socks then grabs the \$100. She stuffs it into her rain slicker.

LUMA (CONT'D)

Do you like my idea? Well, do you?

Molly's hand waves Luma to the bed. Luma climbs up and disappears.

LUMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Or wait, I could... OW! Quit it!
I could say I was kidnapped. I said
quit it!

Black shadows on a shimmery red background tell the story.
The story of clothing removed. Hand shapes on body shapes.
Sensuous tumbling.

But what's strange is that the shadow of the man's head looks
more and more like it belongs to a HUGE RAT.

INTERCUT: INT. THE APARTMENT "H" ROOM/EXT. CITY ALLEY

Molly has replaced Luma on the floor next to the bed.

THE ALLEY

Dark. Wet. Unpleasant. But with an odd otherworldly glow.

A SPIDER WEB

...begins to bounce back and forth rhythmically. Dead center
in it, the SPIDER braces herself.

Luma blows at the web.

THE ROOM

The bed moves in time to the bouncing spider web.

LUMA (O.S.)

So what do you think? OW! OW! OW!
Okay, okay already. Molly? What do
you think?

Molly picks at her fingernails.

THE ALLEY

Luma blows harder.

LUMA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

A shadow passing over me
sings the light of day.

The spider and her web whip back and forth.

THE ROOM

Molly is jostled by the bed. She flashes an angry look.

LUMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(breathless)

So you pick. Mugged or kidnapped?
Huh? Molly? Molly, which one?

The shadows reveal the man -- still with the persona of a
RAT -- as he reaches for the headboard and plants his hands
on it.

LUMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 OW! What is with you? OW! OW!
 OW!

The bed's legs pound the floor like a paving breaker.

THE ALLEY

The spider web vibrates like a tuning fork.

NEWARK
 You're going to kill it.

LUMA
 No.

NEWARK
 No?

LUMA
 No, they get used to it. Happens
 all the time.

A MAN SCREAMS

...somewhere in the distance.

NEWARK
 Did you hear that?

Luma turns toward the street.

THE ROOM

A GIANT RAT'S FOREHAND flops over the edge of the bed --
 right in Molly's face. She carefully moves it aside.

Luma groans and suddenly the hand vanishes.

LUMA'S EXHAUSTED SWEATY FACE

...peers over the edge.

LUMA
 So? Did you pick?

Luma blows a drip of sweat from the tip of her nose.

EXT. THE ALLEY

The spider web gradually wags to a stop.

NEWARK
 So you know where to find him, huh?

Who? LUMA

Umm... NEWARK

Michael. LUMA

Okay. NEWARK

No. LUMA

But I thought... NEWARK

What? You thought what? LUMA

Luma stands. She walks a short distance, then stops.

But I thought... I mean, isn't that
why we went there? To find out... NEWARK

Luma looks at the heel of her foot.

Oh, damn! LUMA

Huh? NEWARK

Well look. Just look. LUMA

Newark edges closer.

See. LUMA (CONT'D)

Her sock has a huge hole in the heel.

Shit. Now what am I supposed to do? LUMA (CONT'D)

Here, you want my sock? NEWARK

He sits and starts to remove one shoe.

What are you doing? LUMA

NEWARK

What does it look like? I'm giving you a sock.

LUMA

I don't want your grubby sock. Keep it.

NEWARK

Grubby. They're not grubby. Fifteen dollars at Saks.

LUMA

You spent fifteen dollars on socks?

NEWARK

No.

LUMA

For a second I thought you were crazy.

NEWARK

My parents bought them for me.

LUMA

I guess you have parents then, huh?

NEWARK

Well yes, everybody... I mean I thought... Isn't, what's-her-name...?

LUMA

Molly?

NEWARK

Yes, isn't she your...?

LUMA

Mother?

NEWARK

Yes.

LUMA

No.

NEWARK

No?

LUMA

No. Well, sort of.

NEWARK

How can somebody sort of be your mother.

LUMA
I just said so, didn't I?

She races into the middle of the street.

LUMA (CONT'D)
(face to the heavens)
SHIIIIIIIIIIIT!!!

Luma clutches at her mouth as if she's about to throw up.

NEWARK
Now what?

She races back and plants herself right in Newark's face.

NEWARK (CONT'D)
Huh?

LUMA
Now I need a thousand dollars! A
thousand! Used to be five hundred.
Now it's a thousand, thanks to you.

NEWARK
Me? What did I do?

LUMA
Do you have any idea of the magnitude
of my problem? Well do you?

Newark pulls up his sleeve.

NEWARK
My watch is worth about... You think
maybe they'll sell it? Hey, maybe
we could buy it back!

LUMA
Buy what back? No! We are not buying
anything.

She walks into the middle of the street again.

NEWARK
No, I meant...

LUMA
Okay. Okay, let me think. Okay,
one possibility.

NEWARK
The police. Let's tell the police.

LUMA

Follow me.

She marches down the street. Newark scrambles after her.

EXT. SIDE STREET CORNER

Luma stands over the BODY OF AN OLD MAN as he lies wedged in the gutter.

Newark is all the way at the opposite street corner.

NEWARK

IS HE DEAD?

Luma waves him over.

NEWARK (CONT'D)

NO THANK YOU. HE'S DEAD, ISN'T HE.

LUMA

(to herself)

The keen perception of ignorance.

(to Newark)

OF COURSE NOT.

Luma pokes at the man's head with her soggy toe.

OLD MAN

Go away.

LUMA

I need to ask you something.

OLD MAN

Do I gotta answer?

LUMA

A problem has come up. It's like this. See, I've already got two hundred.

OLD MAN

Ha.

LUMA

But now there's a problem. The problem is this. I've lost Michael. I've lost Michael and now there's somebody extra.

The old man struggles to sit up. Luma points across the street.

But the old man is blind.

THE OLD MAN'S FACE

...makes Quasimodo look like Tom Cruise.

 OLD MAN
Whatcha got?

 LUMA
A boy.

The old man appreciates the concept.

 LUMA (CONT'D)
Not that kind of boy.

 OLD MAN
He like you?

 LUMA
You mean is he dead?
 (she looks at Newark)
Yeah, pretty much.

 OLD MAN
No, I mean he like you? You know.

 LUMA
Oh, does he like me, you mean?

 OLD MAN
I knew you were smart.

 LUMA
I don't know. Maybe. I guess.
He's become a problem, you see.

 OLD MAN
Nope. Don't see. Ain't my problem.

He lies back down in the gutter.

 LUMA
No. No, you're right.

She motions for Newark to come over, but he won't budge.

 LUMA (CONT'D)
You're right, you're right. It's my
problem. But I was thinking. I was
thinking maybe we could help each
other out here. You know.

 OLD MAN
I got nearly three fifty.
 (MORE)

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Couple more days. Couple more weeks at the most. Six months at the outside. In a year easy, and I'm home free.

LUMA

Yes, well I was thinking if we combine our resources here...

OLD MAN

He got a name?

LUMA

Who?

OLD MAN

Your problem.

LUMA

Newark?

OLD MAN

His name Newark? Like the city?

LUMA

Yes. No. That's not important.

OLD MAN

You got yourself a passenger.

LUMA

No. Okay, yes.

OLD MAN

You dumb ass kid.

He struggles to sit up.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Didn't you never learn nothin'? Never take on passengers. Never. They're nothin' but trouble. Nothin' but.

He straightens his disaster of a coat.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Got no cash, has he?

LUMA

Well...

OLD MAN
Damn, girl, least you could do is
get one with cash.

LUMA
We don't get to pick.

OLD MAN
Yeah, well smart ones do. Like me.
You gotta be inconspicuous.
Inconspicuousity. That's the key.

LUMA
Oh yes, lying in the street is
definitely inconspicuous.

He waves his hand through the air.

OLD MAN
You see any passengers? I surely
don't. You got yourself one. Your
bosom buddy got herself one.

LUMA
Molly?

OLD MAN
I don't got one.

LUMA
Molly is a top earner.

OLD MAN
Yeah? How much she got?

LUMA
She's got expenses.

He waves his hand again.

OLD MAN
You see any expenses? I surely don't.
Not me. Why don't you two go rob a
bank or somethin'?

LUMA
It's against the rules.

OLD MAN
They don't gotta know.

LUMA
They always know.

NEWARK (O.S.)
ARE YOU OKAY?

Luma waves at him.

OLD MAN
Maybe you could sell his fancy shoes.

LUMA
How do you know he...?

The old man taps his ear.

LUMA (CONT'D)
I have ways of getting what I need.

OLD MAN
Come again?

LUMA
Okay, what we need. I have ways.

The old man sniffs the air.

OLD MAN
Oh yeah, they're linin' up for blocks
they are. Just linin' up for...

LUMA
I'm particular. Well, I am.

OLD MAN
Ya can't be particular. How much
you got already?

LUMA
I already told you. Shit.

OLD MAN
Yep. Broke the rules again, didn't
ya? You gonna be here 'til you're
old as me.

LUMA
Never.

OLD MAN
Bet you got nothin'. Right? Nothin'.

LUMA
I do so have... Listen, I came here
to suggest we all work together.

OLD MAN
Don't you get it?
(to the sky)
We're on our own. We come in on our
own. We go out on our own. What
happens in the middle is just filler.

He points everywhere.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
What about him?

LUMA
What about him?

OLD MAN
He a good lookin' kid?

Luma starts to walk away.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
What, you bothered by him gettin'
the money? You got some kinda pride
of ownership thing goin' on here?

Luma stops. Turns.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
What?

LUMA
He doesn't know.

OLD MAN
Doesn't know?

LUMA
He doesn't know.

OLD MAN
Well how in the hell...?

LUMA
I don't know, but he doesn't.

OLD MAN
Well then you gotta tell him is what
you gotta do.

LUMA
Uh uh. Not me.

OLD MAN
He's yours now. So you gotta.

He motions her closer.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
Say, you okay?

LUMA
Sure, why?

OLD MAN
(taps his ear)
You sound different.

LUMA
Look, are you going to help us or
not?

The old man sinks down to the pavement and curls up.

OLD MAN
Not.

Luma studies him as he appears to drift off. She edges toward his jacket pocket.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
Don't waste yer time. It ain't on
me.

Luma snaps back. She looks at Newark. He waves.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
'Sides, two wrongs don't make a right.

LUMA
How many, then?

OLD MAN
Eh?

LUMA
How many does it take? How many?

OLD MAN
Depends.

LUMA
On?

OLD MAN
Just depends. You go away now.

He snuggles up to the curb.

EXT. EAST RIVER

Luma and Newark sit on the same wall as before. The same little old boat is tied up at the dock. A SHADOWY FIGURE coils a line.

NEWARK
Tell me what?

LUMA
What?

NEWARK
That old guy. What'd he mean tell me?

LUMA
Tell you? Tell you. Tell you to...
He said tell you to be careful.

NEWARK
Careful? Careful of what?

LUMA
Quiet. Nothing. I need to think.

NEWARK
But...

She jumps up.

NEWARK (CONT'D)
What?

LUMA
Follow me.

She leads. Newark follows.

EXT. MORRIE'S CAFE GRILL -- OUTDOOR EATING AREA

The small tables are jammed into one corner. The closed umbrellas are propped up against the wall. The chairs are piled like a sculpture. And big chains lock everything in place. There's no sign of life anywhere.

Luma and Newark stare at the place from the sidewalk.

LUMA
We're too late. Time. Time has passed. It's actually passed.

NEWARK
They're closed.

LUMA
 Closed? Of course they're closed.
 Anyone can plainly see that they're
 closed.

NEWARK
 All I meant was...

LUMA
 What time is it?

Newark starts to look for his nonexistent watch again.

INT. PUBLIC LADIES' ROOM

Newark doesn't like the filth.

A STALL

Luma has just finished throwing up into the toilet.

NEWARK
 Isn't there someplace else we could
 go?

Luma shoots him a gimmee-a-break look.

NEWARK (CONT'D)
 Bet you got food poisoned.

LUMA
 What?

NEWARK
 Yeah. And I bet those rats had some
 kind of... Like the plague or
 something.

LUMA
 Bubonic.

NEWARK
 WHAT?

LUMA
 I'm kidding.

NEWARK
 Right. So NOW will you go to a
 hospital?

He rubs his neck.

NEWARK (CONT'D)
 Then I could...

LUMA

I will not.

NEWARK

You're sick.

LUMA

I'm a lot of things, but sick isn't one of them.

Luma throws up again.

EXT. CITY PARK -- ORNATE FOUNTAIN

LUMA'S FACE

Almost catatonic as she washes her hands in the mucky water.

MOLLY (O.S.)

Did you hear what I said?

Luma comes to. Molly sits on the rim of the fountain.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Luma?

LUMA

What? Yes. No. No, I can't do it anymore. I just can't.

MOLLY

Look, I got us two. One for each. And they're spenders. Big spenders. Both of 'em.

LUMA

I told you...

MOLLY

And I bet they'll be regulars. So in just a few...

LUMA

NO!

Newark paces at the opposite end of the fountain. Molly eyes him up and down.

MOLLY

What about him?

LUMA

No. Not him.

Molly stares at Luma.

MOLLY
You sure you're okay?

LUMA
Who, me?

MOLLY
'Cause you don't look so great.

LUMA
Thanks.

MOLLY
Kinda pale like. Sickly. You know?
Like somethin' sucked all the color
outta you somehow.

LUMA
I'm fine. Just fine.

Molly gets ready to leave.

MOLLY
Eleven o'clock. Tonight. Regular
place. Be there. These guys have
the tickets outta here for me 'n'
you.

She walks away.

Luma crawls to the edge of the fountain and eases herself over the side and into the water. She pads into the middle and flops face down -- into about an inch of water. She kicks and flails around like a landed fish. She tries to drown herself but it's clearly impossible.

Newark removes his shoes with a bit too much care and rolls up his pants. He wades in and stands over Luma.

LUMA
(stops for an instant)
What do you want?

NEWARK
Are you okay?

He brings his face next to hers. Luma rings out her tee shirt.

EXT. SIDE STREET CORNER

The old man is still curled up in the gutter. Luma stands over him. Newark stands back and sniffs the air. It doesn't smell so good.

Luma pokes at the man with her foot.

LUMA
I'm back.

OLD MAN
Go away.

LUMA
I already did. Now I'm back.

OLD MAN
Oh, goodie.

LUMA
I brought someone.

OLD MAN
The dumb kid?

NEWARK
Hey!

OLD MAN
Yeah, that one. He the one?

LUMA
Of course not.

OLD MAN
(mimics Luma)
Of course not.

LUMA
We need your help.

The old man pushes himself upright. A RAT scurries out from under his coat. Newark jumps behind Luma.

OLD MAN
We?

LUMA
Okay, me. Me. I need your help.

OLD MAN
(sniffs the air)
Yeah, that's the kid. How'ya doin', kid?

NEWARK
Me? Not so good. I think my neck is broken and...

OLD MAN

Sure.
 (to Luma)
 How much you got?

LUMA

How much what? Oh no. No, no. I
 need it. All of it. Every last...

The old man curls up again.

LUMA (CONT'D)

What?

He waves her on.

LUMA (CONT'D)

Now listen. This is serious.

OLD MAN

Serious is it? Well, kid, serious
 costs big. Now if it was only
 necessary or maybe even essential,
 then maybe we could negotiate. But
 serious? Nope. You ain't got nearly
 enough for serious. I'd bank on
 that.

LUMA

I spoke too soon.

NEWARK

What's he...?

LUMA

It's not all that serious actually.
 More like desirable.

THE OLD MAN -- not impressed.

LUMA (CONT'D)

Closer to helpful.

He couldn't care less.

LUMA (CONT'D)

You could even say it was marginally
 advantageous.

Total disinterest.

LUMA (CONT'D)

Tell you the truth, I don't really
 care much if I...

Newark starts to speak, but Luma stops him. The old man struggles to the vertical again.

OLD MAN
Hell, why didn't you just say so in
the first place?

Luma shoots Newark a cautionary look.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
Trouble with you young people today
is you got no 'magination.

He neatens himself all over.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
'Magination solve all your troubles.
Yes sir, all your troubles. All of
'em. Every single one. Every last...

LUMA
Okay, okay! I get it. We get it.
(she waits)
So?

OLD MAN
So what?

LUMA
So...

OLD MAN
How 'bout those Mets, huh?

LUMA
What? What does that mean?

OLD MAN
I dunno. Somebody always says that
in a movie.

LUMA
No they don't.

OLD MAN
Yeah they do. Like in...

LUMA
Look...

OLD MAN
The Falcon.

NEWARK
That's a movie?

OLD MAN
 Ain't no movie and I weren't talkin'
 to you, kid.
 (to Luma)
 You there. Cotton foot.

LUMA
 What did you call me?

The old man points to Luma's filthy socks and taps his ear.

OLD MAN
 See the Falcon.

Luma looks all around the hazy black sky.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
 Cross town. Take the number fifty
 two.

LUMA
 The fifty two doesn't run anymore.

OLD MAN
 No? Hmmmm...

LUMA
 So, what's the Falcon?

OLD MAN
 Falcon ain't a what, Falcon's a who.

NEWARK
 I get it, an owl! Hoo! Hoo! Get
 it? Get it?

OLD MAN
 (to Luma)
 Where'd you find him?

LUMA
 He found me. Wait a minute. I know
 everybody and I don't know any Falcon.

OLD MAN
 Falcon's new.

LUMA
 Okay, so I go see this Falcon. Then
 what?

The old man curls up again.

OLD MAN
 Then you'll know for sure.

LUMA
 Know? Know what?

She pokes at him with her foot.

LUMA (CONT'D)
 Hey! Know what? Hey!

He rolls over. Luma walks to the middle of the street and points.

LUMA (CONT'D)
 Cross town.

She and Newark are off.

EXT. A CORNER -- LATER

An exhausted Luma and Newark sit on the curb.

NEWARK
 How much further?

LUMA
 We'll never get there like this.
 (she stands)
 I got it.

She hurries off with Newark in pursuit.

EXT. WHITEY'S SKATE SHOP

Closed, locked, and gated.

INT. WHITEY'S

Dimly lit from the street. Skates hang from everywhere and everything -- like Christmas ornaments.

NEWARK
 You sure we're supposed to be in here?

A COUNTER

LUMA
 Help me up.

Luma climbs and stretches for a pair of skates.

LATER

Luma wears a pair of rollerblades and laces up Newark's skates.

NEWARK

You know, I told you. I can't skate.

LUMA

Not for long.

She pulls him to his feet.

WHAM!

They both topple to the floor O.S.

EXT. CITY STREET -- LATER

Newark hangs on to Luma for dear life as they skate down the street.

NEWARK

(breathless)

You know where we're going?

Luma points and they make a turn. As they leave the street they pass under a large road sign: "NEWARK", a highway number, and a set of arrows which point in the opposite direction.

EXT. IN THE CITY SOMEWHERE

Luma skates fast. Newark can barely hang on. But suddenly he lets go and crashes to the pavement. He points up.

HIS POV

A big sign: "FREE CLINIC".

NEWARK

We can go there! You'll get... whatever, and... Just gimme five minutes. My neck really hurts. Five minutes. Okay?

Luma zooms boldly up to him and points to the same sign.

The rest of the sign reads: "EIGHTH AVE. ANIMAL CLINIC -- NO OVERNIGHT BOARDING".

NEWARK (CONT'D)

Oh.

LUMA

Don't they teach you how to read at that school of yours?

Then she wheels around -- back on track.

NEWARK

Sure they do. I guess. I mean, I never... Hey, wait for me!

He crawls after her.

EXT. HUGE VACANT LOT

Residue from demolished buildings is everywhere. A billboard smack dab in the center reads, "If you lived here, you could..." But the rest has broken off.

Luma stops and stares at it.

NEWARK

What?

LUMA

It's a sign.

NEWARK

Yeah, well sure it's a sign. Was a sign anyway. It probably used to say...

LUMA

No, I mean it's a sign sign. A sign. It means something.

NEWARK

Yeah, it means if...

LUMA

If I lived here, I could... Could what? What could I?

NEWARK

It says you. It doesn't mean you you, it means anybody you. Anybody. If anybody lived here...

LUMA

Do you see anybody else? Well do you? No. It most exactly means me. But what about me?

NEWARK

Maybe it means me.

Luma teeters over the rubble toward the base of the sign.

NEWARK (CONT'D)

Hey, wait!

BENEATH THE SIGN -- LATER

Luma is dwarfed by the huge broken down billboard. The city lights shine past the jagged edge of the sign and cast a shadow on the ground in the shape of a giant rat.

LUMA
 (to the sign)
 WHAT? FOR CRIPES SAKE, WHAT?

Newark looks for who Luma is speaking to.

EXT. A DINGY & SCARY PART OF TOWN

Long shadows that look a lot like RATS move slowly across the street and climb up the sides of the buildings.

EXT. BAR & GRILL -- ENTRANCE

A big sign: "CROSSTOWN BAR & GRILL"

Luma pirouettes on her skates in front of the small entrance door.

NEWARK
 You're a ballerina.

LUMA
 I am not.

NEWARK
 You could be. I mean, I thought...
 I mean you look just like... Forget
 it.

He looks all around.

NEWARK (CONT'D)
 There's nobody here.

Luma points to a small doorbell next to the door. Newark goes to press it. Luma yanks his hand away. He falls.

NEWARK (CONT'D)
 But...

LUMA
 Things like this always require the
 personal touch.

Luma knocks on the door. Then she pounds. Now with both fists.

LUMA (CONT'D)
 (to Newark)
 Help me!

NEWARK
 Help you what?

Luma indicates he should pound too. He thinks it's weird, but in a second he's right next to her. And now both of them pound away on the door.

A TINY VOICE (O.S.)
 (behind them)
 Well?

Luma and Newark spin around only to be nose to nose with A GIRL -- somewhat younger than Luma. She has wavy blond hair down to her knees. Her face is all smudged and she wears a patch over one eye. Her tee shirt has, "GO FALCONS!" on it.

Behind her stand THREE TOUGH GUYS. Their arms are as thick as she is and tattooed all over with birds of prey.

LUMA
 Falcon?

FALCON (THE GIRL)
 So?

LUMA
 I'm supposed to see you.

FALCON
 So? So you see me. So?

LUMA
 The old man said...

FALCON
 Said what?

LUMA
 He said you can...

FALCON
 Help you? That is what he said, isn't it? He said I can help you.

LUMA
 Well... Yes.

FALCON
 (points to Newark)
 He yours?

LUMA
No, not exactly. See...

FALCON
If he ain't yours, what's he doin'
here then?

LUMA
Okay, fine. Sure, he's mine.

FALCON
(points to Newark)
Ha!

NEWARK
Hey!

LUMA
Look...

FALCON
So you need confirmation or what?

LUMA
Confirmation?

FALCON
Yeah, confirmation. You never been
confirmed before, huh? I confirmed
what's-her-name your friend lots of
times.

LUMA
Molly?

FALCON
Yeah, that's her. Molly. Molly the
whore.

LUMA
She's not a whore.

FALCON
She does it for money, doesn't she?

LUMA
Yes, but that doesn't make her a...

FALCON
What does it make her then?

LUMA
Well, it makes her a... a... a...

FALCON
 Whore. Like I said.
 (to Newark)
 What's with Mister Park Avenue here?

LUMA
 Nevermind about him. So what do I
 have to do?

FALCON
 You? Nothin'? Nothin' at all.

Luma makes a move toward her, but she immediately drops behind
 the three tough guys.

LUMA
 How much you pay these bozos?

The bozos form an unbroken barricade of flesh.

FALCON (O.S.)
 How much you got?

LUMA
 Why you little...

FALCON (O.S.)
 You're not going to hit me are you?

LUMA
 Of course not.

FALCON (O.S.)
 Put your hands in your pockets.

LUMA
 What?

FALCON (O.S.)
 You heard me.

Luma does.

FALCON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Him too. Go on.

Newark copies Luma.

Falcon squeezes out from between two of the guys. She fixes
 her hair. Adjusts her eye patch. Then flashes the world's
 biggest and sweetest smile.

INT. CROSSTOWN BAR & GRILL

The three tough guys struggle to assemble three ice cream sundaes. It's like three King Kongs trying to thread three needles.

Luma and Falcon sit at the bar. Newark paces by the front door. He keeps checking the empty street.

FALCON

Okay, here's the deal.

She reaches behind her eye patch and retrieves a tiny folded piece of paper -- a fortune cookie fortune. She carefully unfolds it, lovingly smooths it out, then gently places it in Luma's hand.

LUMA

So?

FALCON

So read it, of course.

LUMA

(reads)

Today is the first day of the rest of your life.

(to Falcon)

Yeah, so?

FALCON

So I got it three months ago.

LUMA

And?

FALCON

And the day I got it, the next day...

(she whispers close)

The next day was the accident.

LUMA

You mean...?

FALCON

(whispers close)

I mean the next day. The very next day. Twenty four... Less than twenty four hours later. I was...

LUMA

(whispers)

Dead?

Falcon flourishes her hands in the air.

LUMA (CONT'D)

Well, it just means, I don't know, I guess it just means somebody made a mistake. That's all. A mistake. The cookie you got was probably meant for somebody else. Happens all the time. Or...

She examines the fortune.

LUMA (CONT'D)

Or it's a misprint. That's it. See? Here.

(she shows)

It should've said today is the LAST day of the rest of your life.

FALCON

But...?

LUMA

There you are. That explains it. Misprints happen all the time.

She hands back the fortune.

LUMA (CONT'D)

Problem solved. Now, what about me?

The tough guys have the sundaes ready.

THE COUNTER -- LATER

Luma sits across from Falcon. Falcon nods to the tough guys. One of them dumps the entire contents of one of the sundaes...

SPLASH!

...right onto the counter between the two girls. Luma leaps backwards off her stool.

LUMA

Are you sure this is...?

FALCON

Orb.

A different tough guy gently places a bright red cherry on the whip cream. He carefully adjusts it so the stem points straight up. Falcon meditates over it. She checks it from different angles -- the way a pro golfer sights the green.

Now she moves her hands through the mess as if it were thick finger paint.

LUMA
What are you doing?

FALCON
Shhh!

Two tough guys hoist her onto the counter as if she were weightless.

She stares down at the cherry.

LUMA
Look, I...

FALCON
Shhh!

She studies the cherry even closer. Newark is so bewildered, all he can do is just watch.

But then gradually the cherry begins to lean to one side. Everyone's head leans along with it.

A TOUGH GUY
Ah.

Everyone looks at him. But then the cherry stops.

FALCON
Hmmm.

LUMA
What?

ALL THE TOUGH GUYS
Shhh!

LUMA
Listen...

FALCON
Shhh! This is serious.

She leans down next to the cherry and studies it.

FALCON (CONT'D)
It's time.

LUMA
Time?

Newark instinctively touches his bare wrist.

LUMA (CONT'D)
Time for what?

Falcon slides down off the counter and sits on a bar stool.

FALCON
Time for dessert.

The tough guys place one sundae in front of each girl.

NEWARK
Hey, what about me?

Everyone looks at him.

EXT. BAR & GRILL -- LATER

The three tough guys stand with arms folded behind Falcon. Falcon folds a piece of paper and presses it into Luma's hand.

LUMA
What's this for?

FALCON
You're almost there.

Newark holds his stomach and groans.

FALCON (CONT'D)
Better get him to a hospital. He doesn't look too good.

LUMA
But what...?

FALCON
Give that to the old man. He'll know what to do.

LUMA
But he sent me to you. I don't...

FALCON
You have to do it in the right order else it doesn't work. You should know that by know.
(she points)
Go on now. Go.

Luma starts to skate away.

NEWARK
Hey! What about me?

FALCON
Follow her.

He does his best.

FALCON

...watches them. She lifts up her eye patch. Both eyes are sparkling clear and blue and see, well, like a falcon.

EXT. SIDE STREET CORNER

The old man reads Luma's note.

LUMA

She said...

OLD MAN

Just a moment please.

LUMA

But she...

OLD MAN

Hold it. Who wrote this?

LUMA

Who? Who do you think? You sent me to...

OLD MAN

Tall skinny woman. 'Bout million years old. Big wart on her...

LUMA

No. No, she was I guess maybe my age. I guess. Or younger.

NEWARK

Yes, and...

LUMA

She had long hair down to here.
(she shows)
And a patch over her eye.

OLD MAN

Patch? Which eye?

LUMA

Left. Or... Or maybe...

OLD MAN

Don't know no one like that. Falcon is old. Like me.

LUMA

No. She had a thing on her tee shirt.
It said Falcon. Or something like
that. Anyway, it said Falcon.

OLD MAN

Nope. Ain't no Falcon like that.
(he studies the note)
'Cept...

LUMA

What?

OLD MAN

The writin's right.

Luma reaches for the note but the old man stuffs it in his
mouth and swallows it.

LUMA

WHAT DID YOU...?

OLD MAN

Food for thought. No, no. Just
kidding. Say, how 'bout those...?
No, I said that already, didn't I?

He looks up and down the street.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Okay, here's what you gotta do.

He motions her close. She doesn't like it. He whispers.

EXT. JANEAWAY PERFORMANCE HALL -- STAGE DOOR

Confirmed by nearly obliterated stenciled letters. Tacked
to the middle of the door is...

A SQUARE OF CARDBOARD

And written on it: "Opera House". And below that: "Open
Call -- No Appointment Necessary"

Newark searches all around.

NEWARK

There's no handle or anything.

Luma holds up her fist. With the other hand she shows three
fingers. So Newark knocks -- three distinct beats.

INT. JANEAWAY PERFORMANCE HALL

An auditorium from another age.

A line of LITTLE GIRLS, all about Luma's age, stretches across the stage. Each child wears a large card with a number on it.

TIRED MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 Fine. Lets have number two hundred
 thirty five now please.

ONE LITTLE GIRL steps forward out of line.

TIRED MAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Okay, let's...

But the girl breaks into a vigorous tap dancing routine.

THE THEATER SEATS

The TIRED MAN stares open-mouthed at the routine. He wears an all-white suit and a huge Panama hat.

ON STAGE

The girl dances until she collapses.

TIRED MAN
 Yes. Yes, but I just wanted your
 name.

The little girl is out cold.

TIRED MAN (CONT'D)
 Someone get her something, will you?

But suddenly he notices...

THE STAGE -- HIS POV

Newark, now in his socks, stands in the line too. He's half again as tall as everyone else.

TIRED MAN (CONT'D)
 YOU! BOY!

NEWARK
 Me?

TIRED MAN
 Yes, you! What're you doing up there?

NEWARK
 (waves his number
 card)
 They said. They said I should.
 They... I was told to...

TIRED MAN
 No, no, no. We're auditioning for
 the girl. What are you? Soldier or
 rat?

NEWARK
 What?

TIRED MAN
 Soldier or rat?

NEWARK
 I...

TIRED MAN
 Well it's obvious you're not the
 girl.
 (he looks for help)
 Someone show him where to go.

LUMA (O.S.)
 Excuse me.

The tired man checks his lists.

LUMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Sir?

The tired man looks blankly at the stage. Luma squeezes her
 way through the line and takes center stage. Her skates are
 gone. Her socks are gone. She checks her number.

LUMA (CONT'D)
 I was told to come here.

TIRED MAN
 Yes? So?

LUMA
 So here I am. Now what?

TIRED MAN
 You'll have to wait your turn.

LUMA
 But...

An ASSISTANT, dressed all in black, whispers to the tired
 man.

LUMA (CONT'D)
 But he said to...

TIRED MAN
 Name?

Me? LUMA

You. TIRED MAN

Luma. L-U-... LUMA

Representation? TIRED MAN

Sorry? LUMA

Your agent. TIRED MAN

LUMA
 (looks all around)
 But I don't... I don't have one.
 Do I need one? I don't need one, do
 I? You see, what I really need is...

Music? TIRED MAN

Sorry? LUMA

Your music. You brought your music,
 didn't you. TIRED MAN

Music. No. Well, no, I... Do I
 need music? Because you see... LUMA

How do you expect to dance without
 music? TIRED MAN

Dance? LUMA

Yes. You're here for the audition.
 You need to show us some dancing.
 It's a dance audition. You see? TIRED MAN

Yes. I mean, no. That's not why
 I'm here. No. LUMA

TIRED MAN

Well, it's why we're here. So if you're not prepared, then...

(he spots her feet)

Where are your shoes? How do you expect to dance without shoes?

(to the stage)

EVERYBODY OFF!

All the little girls crowd toward the wings. Luma follows.

TIRED MAN (CONT'D)

Not you! You stay there!

LUMA

But...

TIRED MAN

Stay!

He whispers to his assistant.

TIRED MAN (CONT'D)

(to Luma)

You have some acting?

LUMA

Some...?

TIRED MAN

Acting. You can act?

LUMA

I don't know. I think I could. I guess. Say, listen. I really don't feel too well.

Luma walks to one side.

LUMA (CONT'D)

Maybe I could rest here for a bit. Could I please? Rest here, I mean.

She sits down on the stage.

TIRED MAN

No, no, no. We have a show to produce here.

LUMA'S POV

The auditorium goes in and out of focus. It starts to spin. Objects take on weird shapes.

TIRED MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(distant)

Young lady? Young lady, you can't
stay there. Someone? Someone go
help her, please.

Luma melts onto the stage floor. Overhead, all the lighting
equipment begins to dance around. The lights sparkle and
flash rainbow colors. Luma struggles to focus.

The muffled murmur of A LARGE CROWD seems to come from
everywhere.

LUMA

(dreamy)

They are off.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(distant)

What? What did she say?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(distant)

Get the other shoe off.

Luma closes her eyes. And when she opens them...

HER POV

GIANT MAN-SIZE RATS peer down at her.

ONE RAT

...straddles her and performs CPR.

Luma screams.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Back away and give her some air,
will you?

Now two sets of HEAVY SHOES thud their way across the stage.
The rats all scatter as two heavy metal boxes land close on
either side of Luma's head.

HANDS seem to jump everywhere on her. Straps, wires, tubes
jump past her face.

LUMA

(breathless)

Please. Please, I need a hundred
this time. I can't do it again for
fifty. I just can't.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 (urgent)
 Four hundred! Clear!

LUMA
 (dreamy)
 Oh, yes. Four hundred please.

HER POV

...as SOMEONE whacks her in the face with a huge pillow.

LUMA (CONT'D)
 (dreamy)
 Thank you. Again, please.

Now an oxygen mask is jammed over her face.

LUMA (CONT'D)
 No. I can't breathe. The rolls.
 They ate the rolls. Them.
 (she tries to point)
 See them? Somebody must see...

The hiss of gas grows louder and louder until it's almost deafening.

LUMA (CONT'D)
 (eyes wild)
 You're killing me!

Everything in her vision swims.

LUMA (CONT'D)
 (dreamy)
 You're killing me.
 (as she drifts off)
 Michael! Michael, don't be afraid.

Her world goes dark.

INT. CRUMMY HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Luma lies flat on her back on the sagging bed and stares at the ceiling. A sheet covers everything but her face. Her face is bruised and she has a bloody nose.

The young man in the leather jacket neatens himself all over. He twists up a tissue and carefully sticks it up Luma's bloody nostril. She tries to reach for it.

YOUNG MAN
 Just leave it. It'll stop.

He checks all around the room, then prepares to leave.

But then he sits on the bed and leans down to Luma. She tries to avoid him.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Look, it's none of my business. I mean, maybe next time... Next time... I mean... I mean, if you didn't put up such a fight. Look, I'm sorry I hit you, okay?

Luma just stares at the wall.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Right. So, you'll be okay here for a while?

(no response)

Good.

He pauses at the door.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Listen, I put an extra ten in there. Okay? Maybe you can buy some face stuff. Cover up those... Well, cover 'em up. You know?

He glances around the room, then exits.

LUMA

(tears begin)

Where's my song?

She starts to cry.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH

Luma sits on the floor of the booth and watches the street where SEVERAL RATS nibble at one of her rolls.

But gradually the light changes and Luma finds herself sitting...

INT. CENTER STAGE -- AT THE MET

All alone, Luma wears a filmy ballet costume.

HER POV

Her ballet shoes -- snugly ribboned around her ankles. The bright floor lights -- and somewhere beyond, the packed house.

THE AUDIENCE starts to murmur.

IN THE WINGS

A WOMAN motions furiously for Luma to get on with it. Behind the woman cluster COSTUMED ACTORS -- RATS and SOLDIERS.

Luma turns only to see...

HER POV

...floor-hugging fog as it rolls her way fast from everywhere.

Luma begins to breathe heavily. She starts to push herself to her feet, but then collapses in a heap.

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

LUMA'S POV

Newark bends over her.

NEWARK

Hey, you okay? Luma?

He reaches out. Almost touches. But Luma scrambles out from under him. She stands and wanders in a seeming daze.

NEWARK (CONT'D)

Luma?

LUMA

I had... I had the strangest dream.

Suddenly, Luma doubles over in pain.

NEWARK

What? What's wrong?

LUMA

I'm being punished.

NEWARK

Punished?

LUMA

OW! Yes. I'm being punished for being stupid.

(to the sky)

All right already!

She bends over so her lips nearly touch the pavement.

LUMA (CONT'D)

(to the asphalt)

I get it! I get it! Now stop!

(MORE)

LUMA (CONT'D)
 Please! Please.
 (whispers)
 Please.

Newark paces.

NEWARK
 Okay. I got it.

He helps her up.

NEWARK (CONT'D)
 I've got an idea.

LUMA
 No cops. No hospitals.

NEWARK
 Right.

He helps Luma down the street.

EXT. POLICE STATION

Seemingly deserted.

Newark helps Luma drag herself up the steps. But then she spots the "13th Precinct" sign.

LUMA
 LIAR!

But she can barely stand up.

INT. POLICE STATION

Newark helps Luma stagger down flight after flight of dimly lit stairs.

INT. POLICE STATION -- MORGUE

The place is arranged like a church. Rows of empty chairs face down the long length of the tiled room. The head of the room is mostly in shadow.

Newark and a reluctant Luma sit.

Suddenly a OLD MAN in white pants and a lab coat appears where an altar would normally be. He bends over, and when he returns to the vertical, he wears a Bishop's headgear.

He motions to TWO CHOIR BOYS who proceed to pull open one of the large stainless steel cadaver trays.

The Bishop conducts a service. But as he does, Luma staggers toward him. The Bishop nervously picks up the pace. He's uncertain. Should he speak even faster? Should he stop her?

But Luma won't stop. She weaves past him until she sees...

HER POV

...the lightly costumed figure of A YOUNG GIRL on the stainless tray -- her head on a tiny satin pillow.

But it's not just a girl -- it's HER!

A moment of panic for Luma. But then a sort of awareness washes over her. She turns to Newark, but he's already seated.

Now Luma approaches the Bishop. She kneels.

LUMA

Bless me, Father, for I'm in big trouble here.

BISHOP

Yes, my child.

She looks into his face. It's the face of the old man in the gutter.

LUMA

You!

BISHOP

Yes, my child?

LUMA

What are you doing here?

BISHOP

What I've done for centuries, my child.

LUMA

Centuries?

BISHOP

Why, yes, my child.

LUMA

I don't understand. Why am I here? And where exactly am I? Exactly.

BISHOP

Here?

He sweeps his arms through the air.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
 Why, this... This is the last place
 on Earth. I thought you knew that?

Luma looks all around.

LUMA
 Here? This? But I thought... You
 mean it's over? I'm done?

The Bishop smiles and nods.

LUMA (CONT'D)
 Is this the dream, or...?

BISHOP
 We prefer to think of it as a
 transitional experience.

LUMA
 Like a test?

BISHOP
 A test. That's it. Very good. You
 always were very perceptive. Yes,
 like a test.

Luma thinks about it.

LUMA
 What were the questions? I don't
 remember any questions.

BISHOP
 Ah, yes. Well, it's a test without
 questions. No questions, you see.
 Only answers. Yes, that's it. Only
 answers.

LUMA
 Were my answers...?

BISHOP
 Just about perfect. Very high score.
 Very high. One of the highest.

She leans toward him.

LUMA
 (whispers)
 What about him? You know.

She nods subtly toward Newark.

BISHOP
He'll be fine, just fine.

LUMA
No, I need to help him. I need to
help him find Newark.

BISHOP
But he's already found Newark.

LUMA
No, you don't understand.

She turns toward the chairs. Now they're filled with PEOPLE.
And they all wear flight helmets and goggles -- just like
Luma's

BISHOP
Oh, but I do. It's you who doesn't.

LUMA
But...

The Bishop puts his hand on her head.

BISHOP
Bow your head.

LUMA
Wait, I...

BISHOP
You have to bow. Now bow.

Luma does. But when she looks up, she kneels in the middle
of a...

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

And just visible in an alley entrance is Newark. TWO OLDER
TEENS punch him and pull at his clothes.

NEWARK'S WRIST

His expensive watch is yanked clean off.

LUMA
HEY!

Suddenly PEOPLE IN GIANT RAT COSTUMES rush past her toward
the fight scene.

THE OLDER TEENS

...see this and panic. They flee.

A BLOODY NEWARK

...slides to the pavement. All around him, RATS scurry back and forth.

LUMA'S SKATES

...glide toward Newark's body. And when they reach him...

LUMA'S POV

Newark's head is twisted dramatically to one side. His mouth is open. He stares goggle eyed into space. His hand sticks way out from his torn jacket. His watch is gone.

LUMA'S FACE

...fills with compassion. But then all of a sudden...

HER POV

Her feet are decked out in shiny twin rollerblades. All evidence of the struggle -- including Newark's body -- have vanished.

Luma drags out her leather flight helmet and goggles and puts them on. Then she skates off down the street.

BEHIND HER

All of the people from the morgue cluster together in the middle of the street and watch her go.

AT THEIR FEET

...a group of RATS watch as well.

EXT. EAST RIVER -- SMALL WHARF -- NIGHT

A PAIR OF YOUNG HANDS stuffs money into a small leather bag. ANOTHER PAIR OF HANDS pulls the drawstring tight, then takes the bag.

YOUNG FEET climb out of a pair of shiny rollerblade skates. Off come a pair of white socks.

Now a pair of ballet slippers is carefully slipped on and laced. The feet walk to the edge of the wharf.

BELOW THEM

The old boat rocks against the concrete. Its outboard motor coughs and smokes.

The slippered feet belong to Luma.

She wears her filmy ballet costume from before. She stares into the boat. The SHADOWY FIGURE in the cabin motions for her to get in.

She turns and looks back at Newark. Molly stands next to him and puffs away on a cigarette. She gives Newark a push. He approaches and passes the leather bag to the boatman.

LUMA
(to Newark)
What about you?

MOLLY
He'll be fine. He had a good teacher.

Luma walks up to Molly.

LUMA
What about you? All your money.

MOLLY
Me? Ah. Ain't my turn. 'Sides,
I'm havin' too much fun 'round here.
Anyways, who's gonna take care of
all them... Anyways.

LUMA
(glances at the boat)
I don't think I'm coming back.

MOLLY
I know.

They hug.

LUMA
The thing is... I wish I'd found
Michael. He's all alone someplace
and I...

Molly silences her with her finger against Luma's lips.

THE OUTBOARD MOTOR

...revs up. Sputters.

LUMA (CONT'D)
I guess it's now or never, huh.

THE WHARF

Luma climbs into the boat.

LUMA (CONT'D)
Where? Here?

The boatman nods so Luma sits.

NEWARK

Hey! I almost forgot.

He runs toward the boat just as the boatman unties the line. Molly tries to stop him, but misses.

The boat starts to drift away. But the engine sputters and dies. Newark waves Luma's flight gear. He tosses it.

THE LEATHER HELMET AND GOGGLES

...soar through the air.

BAM!

Right at Luma's feet. She puts them on.

The boatman fusses with the motor. Pounds. Kicks. Swears. Finally, it coughs itself to life. Everyone is relieved.

Newark and Molly wave.

ON THE BOAT

Luma pulls her goggles over her eyes, then climbs up on the afterdeck. The breeze flutters her costume. She holds her arms wide apart -- like a human cross.

EXT. THE RIVER

The boat is swallowed up into the darkness.

INT. THE BOAT -- CABIN

Luma checks everything out. The cloaked boatman hunches over the wheel. Luma finally sits. The boatman points to Luma's flight gear.

LUMA

What?

He's insistent.

LUMA (CONT'D)

Do I have to?

She does. So she removes it and places it in his hand. And as she does, she shivers all over.

LUMA (CONT'D)

Now what?

No response, so she takes out her PEZ dispenser and has one.

LUMA (CONT'D)

Want one?

He doesn't. Luma looks out into the darkness.

HER POV

They're aimed right for the twinkling lights of the opposite shore.

LUMA (CONT'D)

Listen, aren't we supposed to go into some kind of mist or something?
(no response)

I mean all we're doing is just going across this stupid river.

(still no response)

There's got to be more to it than that. Right?

(silence)

Okay, so everything happens at the last minute. Right? Right. So will I feel anything or...? I mean will it hurt or something? You know, hurt? You can at least tell me that, can't you?

Luma looks back, but where she's just come from has vanished. No Newark. No Molly. No City. No nothing.

LUMA (CONT'D)

(smiles)

Okay. This is better. Much better.

She walks to the boatman and extends her hand.

LUMA (CONT'D)

Luma. And you?

(no response)

Ahem. I said, ahem.

Suddenly the boatman slams the throttle closed. The motor sputters to an uneasy idle. This all makes Luma nervous.

LUMA (CONT'D)

Oh, God.

The boatman turns and stares at her.

LUMA (CONT'D)

What?

He lowers his cloak. The boatman is an OLDER MICHAEL -- complete with thick glasses, only in perfect health. He's almost handsome.

LUMA (CONT'D)

Wait.

(she studies his face)

Michael?

He smiles, then reaches into an open locker and pulls out a steaming slice of pizza. He offers it to Luma.

LUMA (CONT'D)

It's okay to do this?

He nods. She's starved.

AT THE OUTBOARD MOTOR -- LATER

Luma munches a bite of pizza as she hands Michael a wrench. He's deep in repairs on the outboard. The boat rocks from passing traffic. But gradually the river calms down.

Michael points and Luma hands him another tool.

But when she looks up, their destination has vanished. In fact, they are surrounded by complete blackness.

Luma feels better about all this now.

Michael finishes his repairs and tries the engine. A few misses, then it coughs itself back to life.

ON THE RIVER -- LATER

The only sound is the outboard as it struggles along. And there's absolutely no motion from the water.

Suddenly, Michael throttles back. The engine stops.

Luma wakes from a nap.

LUMA

Are we there?

But Michael stays mute. Instead, he matter-of-factly climbs over the side and lands, not in the water, but on a wood floor.

He walks a short distance, then...

CLICK!

The space is bathed in dim light. Their "boat" is just sides, seats, and a cabin top. And all of it rests in...

INT. A SMALL ROOM

A single bare bulb hangs from the ceiling. It swings to a stop just as Michael opens a door and exits.

ADULT VOICES approach from beyond the closed door. They stop. A small argument. Then the door opens.

AN OLD WOMAN steps in.

A confused Luma stares at her.

LUMA

Grandma?

She still doesn't quite understand where she is, but she tests the floor, then climbs out.

LUMA (CONT'D)

Grandma, is that really you?

The old woman smiles.

LUMA (CONT'D)

(to us)

See, it really is almost exactly like heaven.

She runs to Grandma and gets lost in her arms.

LUMA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Except for one obvious difference. In heaven, their idea is don't worry, we'll take care of it. Where we're coming from is closer to it's your mess, so go clean it up already.

They exit.

LUMA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I know all about it, you see.

INT. PUBLIC MEN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Newark washes his hands. Now he hears someone sobbing. He dries his hands and searches the stalls.

ONE STALL

Newark pushes the door open. AN OLD MAN in a business suit stands against the back wall and cries into his hands.

NEWARK

You okay, Mister?

MAN

I can't remember where I live.

NEWARK

Oh?

MAN

I don't know what to do.

The man looks up. He has all sorts of loose electro-encephalograph wires dangling from his forehead.

NEWARK

Listen, I have an idea.

He reaches out. Their hands connect.

EXT. THE WHOLE CITY -- DAY

Orange fingers of new sunlight feel their way between all the buildings.

LUMA (V.O.)

No reason to be afraid now. It's going to be a nice day.

The sound of the city just grows and grows.

FADE OUT: