

HER LOVELIES

by

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EXT. THE CENTRAL RICHMOND BANK - NIGHT

A heavy downpour dims the glow of the streetlights. A GROUP OF FIVE MEN, dressed head to toe in black and wearing balaclavas, press themselves against the building.

One of the bunch, MARTIN, 25, built with dark hair, turns to the others.

MARTIN
Wait for my signal.

Martin turns the corner of the building, out of sight.

SUDDENLY, a quick FLASH OF LIGHT illuminates the darkness and disappears. A GUST OF WIND follows.

The tallest thug, Zeke, gives a confused look.

ZEKE
What was that?

The leader of the group, BRUCE, smirks.

BRUCE
Just Junior working his magic.

After a pause, static CRACKLES from a walkie-talkie.

MARTIN (RADIO)
System down. Back door unlocked.

Bruce pockets the device and grins.

BRUCE
We're on the move!

The group moves swiftly around the side of the building and enter.

INT. THE CENTRAL RICHMOND BANK LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

The men move quickly across the room to where Martin stands.

BRUCE
You've done it again, kid!

Bruce gives Martin a smack to the shoulder. The group unfurl pillowcases from beneath their coats and head to -

INT. THE CENTRAL RICHMOND BANK VAULT - CONTINUOUS

The thieves walk up to the vault. Martin punches in the code and the door CLICKS open.

BRUCE
Payday, boys.

The men begin packing money into their sacks. Zeke crouches down by Bruce.

ZEKE
How'd he do that?

BRUCE
How'd who do what?

ZEKE
Junior. How'd he get in?

BRUCE
To be honest, I've got no idea.
He's a weird one. Word of advice,
newbie. Don't ask questions, just
trust the kid. He always get the
job done.

A deafening BOOM resounds through the vault as the door closes. Everyone jumps to their feet.

BRUCE
The hell?

He sees that Martin is not with them. Bruce runs to the door.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Very funny, Junior. This ain't no
time for jokes. Open up.

A moment of tense silence. SUDDENLY, the bank's alarm SCREECHES to life.

ZEKE
Shit!

Bruce POUNDS his fist frantically on the door.

BRUCE
You bastard! Get back here!

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Martin runs through the pouring rain. He tucks his sack of money into his coat.

TYLER (O.S.)
Where do you think you're going,
Junior?

Martin stops and turns around. Some feet behind him stands TYLER, 43, a large, muscled Caucasian man. He wears a dark coat and his own balaclava.

TYLER (CONT'D)
What are the odds that the very
night I decide to check-in on the
operation, you decide stab me in
the back? I have to say, though,
disabling the security system just
to engage it again before
teleporting out was a pretty good
plan.

Martin takes a slow step backwards. Tyler pulls out a GUN from beneath his coat.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Correct me if I'm wrong, but you
have to wait a bit before using
your little superpower again,
right?

Martin whirls head around to look for cover and sees a dumpster. Tyler disengages the safety with a CLICK.

TYLER (CONT'D)
I'll only need two minutes.

The gun FIRES. Martin dives behind the dumpster. Tyler walks forwards.

TYLER (CONT'D)
After everything I've done for
you, you want to burn bridges?
That's fine. I'll kill you right
here, right now.

Tyler reaches the dumpster when Martin LEAPS OUT and SMACKS his attacker with a brick. Tyler DROPS the gun.

Martin tries to hit him again, but Tyler THROWS A PUNCH to the gut. The brick falls and Tyler pulls out a SWITCHBLADE as Martin stumbles, winded.

TYLER (CONT'D)
You think you're better than me,
freak?

Tyler swings the blade and CUTS Martin's face.

TYLER (CONT'D)
I don't care about your parlor
trick bullshit. Anyone who crosses
me gets put six feet under.

Tyler keeps swinging the blade. Martin grabs his arm and lands a punch on his jaw. Tyler's body swings backwards from the impact.

Behind Tyler, a familiar BURST OF LIGHT begins to shine.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Oh, no you don't!

Tyler turns around too late. The light vanishes and A GUST OF WIND hits his body. Martin has disappeared from the alley. Tyler lets out a HOWL of anger.

RED AND BLUE LIGHTS illuminate the street behind Tyler, a chorus of SIRENS and SHOUTS piercing the night air.

Fixing his balaclava over his face, Tyler picks up his gun and runs off.

INT. JEANETTE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

A messy, dark apartment in Brookline, Massachusetts. Books and clothing litter the floor. Curtains cover the windows.

In the kitchen area, a stove CLICKS to life. A hand places a kettle on the stovetop.

JEANETTE RHINE, 22, slim with shoulder-length brown hair and wearing pajamas, grabs a Chamomile tea bag from a cupboard and places it in a mug. The cupboard door remains open.

She steps away and walks to --

INT. JEANETTE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jeanette closes the door and locates a bag of makeup. Using the mirror, she applies concealer to the grey bags beneath her eyes.

After applying the makeup, she stares at her reflection in the mirror.

SUDDENLY, Jeanette stumbles forwards, GROANING in pain. Her eyes scrunch together and grips the sink for support.

CUT TO:

INT. JEANETTE'S APARTMENT - MORNING [VISION]

A can of food, having been shifted when Jeanette grabbed the tea, FALLS and HITS the kettle. The container tips over, spilling hot water over her bare feet.

A distant, hollow version of her voice murmurs softly.

JEANETTE (V.O.)
The water will scald your skin.

BACK TO:

INT. JEANETTE'S BATHROOM - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Jeanette GASPS and opens her eyes. She flings open the bathroom door and dashes out.

INT. JEANETTE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Jeanette runs into the kitchen, catching the same can from her vision mid-fall. She glances down at her feet. SIGHING, she places the can back and pours the water into her mug.

Before drinking, Jeanette fetches Xanax from a drawer and takes a tablet.

INT. JEANETTE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Jeanette throws on some clothes and tries to brush her knotted hair.

She notices her orange, leather-bound journal on the floor. She places it in the drawer of her nightstand.

INT. JEANETTE'S APARTMENT BUILDING FOYER - LATER

Jeanette makes her way down the stairwell, slightly more put together and wearing a coat.

She sees the landlady, ANGELA, mid 50s with graying hair on the stairs holding a suitcase.

ANGELA
Jennifer! Nice to see you.

JEANETTE
(softly)
Hello, Mrs. Angela.

ANGELA
I'm off to coast to for a week-long vacation with Fred. I left notes on everyone's door. Did you see the it?

JEANETTE
No, sorry. I left in a hurry.

ANGELA
I see.

An awkward pause. Jeanette squirms in the silence.

ANGELA
Well, I'm expecting the monthly rent by the time I return. You're not going to be late, are you?

JEANETTE
Oh, of course! I'll have it ready this time.

ANGELA
Excellent. I'll be on my way, then. You take care, hon.

The landlady drags her suitcase to the front door and EXITS. Jeanette, flushed, walks slowly down the steps.

EXT. BROOKLINE STREETS - MORNING

Jeanette walks briskly down the sidewalk. She avoids eye-contact with anyone.

The sound of LAUGHTER causes her to look up. Ahead of her, a TRIO OF TEENS giggle loudly over something. Jeanette can't help but watch the group enjoy each others company.

At the crosswalk, the trio turn off. Jeanette's eyes return to the floor.

INT. THE HEATHER STEM BAKERY - LATER

A small, gorgeous hole-in-the-wall establishment.

Jeanette enters. Her coworker, RILEY, 19, round and wearing glasses, unstacks chairs.

RILEY
Good morning!

JEANETTE
Morning.

RILEY
You ready for today? I heard that there's a school parade going on later. You know what that means.

JEANETTE
(smiling)
Thousands of chocolate croissant orders?

RILEY
Yes, ma'am.

Jeanette walks to the back of the shop.

INT. THE HEATHER STEM BAKERY EMPLOYEE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

She stores her belongings. The shop's manager, SEAN, 40, average build and tall, ENTERS.

SEAN
Jeanette! I've got your check for this month upstairs.

JEANETTE
Thanks, Sean.

SEAN
Any housing ideas, yet?

JEANETTE
I'm still looking. There aren't a lot of cheap options in Dayton.

SEAN
Well, when you do find a place, let me know. Riley and I are going to throw you a going-away party right here in the shop.

JEANETTE
(flustered)
Oh, that's not necessary.

SEAN
But it is! Come on, why not have
one last little hurrah for
memory's sake?

Jeanette TWIDDLES her thumbs.

SEAN
Just keep me in the loop.

Sean EXITS. Jeanette stares at the floor, deep in thought.

INT. THE HEATHER STEM BAKERY - MOMENTS LATER

Jeanette walks to the kitchen area and starts prepping.

In the dining area, Riley turns on the overhead T.V. The local news is on. A middle aged ANCHOR stares at the camera.

ANCHOR (T.V.)
*The man found drowned in a lake up
in Dunstable has been identified
as Mr. Lars Fran, a New Hampshire
resident visiting family.*

Jeanette turns her head to the T.V., pensive.

RILEY
Damn, what do think? Foul play?
Maybe the guy went after someone's
girl?

JEANETTE
Accident.

ANCHOR (T.V.)
*Investigators say Mr. Fran was out
fishing late into the night. A
fresh dent on the boat's side,
they say, suggest that the man
slipped and fell in. Officials are
ruling the death "a freak
accident."*

RILEY
Wow, you should open up a fortune-
telling business. You would make
bank.

JEANETTE

I hate the news. Could you change the channel?

RILEY

Sure thing.

The channel changes to a nature documentary. Jeanette returns to organizing the kitchen. She blinks back a tear.

Riley walks to the front door and flips the "CLOSED" sign to "OPEN."

INT. THE HEATHER STEM BAKERY - LATER

Patrons pack the dining area. Jeanette efficiently loads and unloads trays of pastries from the ovens.

Riley walks up to Jeanette.

RILEY

Hey, girly. Sorry, but I need a bathroom break. Would you mind manning the register for a bit?

Jeanette looks over Riley's shoulder to the counter, eyes wide.

JEANETTE

(nervously)

Um, I don't know...

RILEY

Don't stress it, its super easy. Just hand them their order, take their money, and smile to mask your disdain.

Jeanette lets out a CHUCKLE.

RILEY

See? Easy. I'll be right back. Don't miss me!

Riley EXITS. Jeanette slowly approaches the counter. She reaches the register just as a patron, MIDGE, walks in.

MIDGE

Hello, how are you today?

Jeanette blushes, clearly uncomfortable.

JEANETTE
Fine, ma'am.

A pause.

MIDGE
I'm doing fine too, thank you.

Jeanette's face turns even more red.

JEANETTE
Sorry.

Midge crosses her arms, miffed.

MIDGE
What is wrong with workers
nowadays? You've all got some sort
of attitude about you, I swear.

The door opens and Martin enters.

MIDGE
Don't you people receive customer
training or something?

Jeanette zones out, Midge's ranting becoming distant.
Another vision manifests.

CUT TO:

INT. BAKERY - DAY [VISION]

We see Midge shout wordlessly, infuriated beyond belief.

JEANETTE (V.O.)
*She'll cause a scene. Sean will
get yelled at and everyone will
know it's your fault.*

BACK TO:

INT. THE HEATHER STEM BAKERY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Jeanette returns to reality, Midge still mid-rant.

JEANETTE
My apologies, ma'am. Would you
like a complimentary item for
your troubles?

Midge stops, interested.

MIDGE

I suppose that would be in order.
I'll take a chocolate croissant.

Jeanette rings up the order. Behind Midge, Martin watches, amused.

JEANETTE

Have a nice day, ma'am.

Midge HUFFS.

MIDGE

(curtly)
You too.

Jeanette waits until she walks off before dropping her head in defeat.

MARTIN

Food retail, huh?

Jeanette looks up at him, too annoyed to be nervous.

JEANETTE

No kidding.

MARTIN

It get's better. Trust me.

Jeanette offers a small smile. She notices the dried cut on his jaw.

JEANETTE

What would you like?

MARTIN

How many of those croissants can I
get for five bucks?

Jeanette rings him up for two. Martin pulls out five crumpled one dollar bills from his pocket.

Just as she's about to accept his money, Jeanette's vision becomes blurry. She stumbles, gripping the counter to hold herself up.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Hey, you alright?

Jeanette breathes heavily and grips her head. A pained expression paints her face.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLINE STREETS - DAY [VISION]

An ELDERLY PEDESTRIAN reads a newspaper. Flipping to the back page, he walks out into the street. He fails to notice the truck running the light. The front tires pull him under.

JEANNETTE (V.O.)
He'll be crushed to death.

BACK TO:

INT. THE HEATHER STEM BAKERY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Jeanette GASPS loudly, sweat collecting on her brow. Martin comes around the counter and reaches for her shoulder.

MARTIN
Hey, you look sick. You should sit down.

He helps her around the counter towards an empty seat.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Do you feel faint?

Some patrons turn their way to see what's happening. Jeanette avoids eye contact by looking out the window.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
I'll go get some water.

Martin leaves Jeanette alone. Looking out, she spots the same Elderly Pedestrian walking down the street. Her eyes widen in shock. She stands up abruptly.

Martin approaches with a paper cup.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Woah, you shouldn't be up. Sit back down.

He reaches for her.

JEANNETTE
I have to go.

MARTIN
No, you're sick. Just sit--

Jeanette smacks his hand away.

JEANETTE
That man is going to die!

Pushing past Martin, Jeanette runs out the door.

EXT. BROOKLINE STREETS - DAY

Jeanette rushes outside and looks around frantically. She runs in the direction she saw the Elderly Pedestrian walking. No luck.

JEANETTE
No, no, no!

Jeanette continues to look. Some yards behind, Martin follows after her.

At the end of the block, Jeanette turns left. Reaching the next street, she sees the school parade in full swing. Trumpets BLARE, children SHOUT, and CHEERS erupt from the crowd.

JEANETTE (CONT'D)
Shit!

She rushes past RANDOM PEDESTRIANS, craning her neck to look over people's heads.

At last, she spots the Elderly Pedestrian a few blocks ahead, walking away from the parade.

Cutting through the parade, Jeanette reaches the other side of the street.

A few PARENTS give her odd looks but Jeanette pays them no mind. Catching sight of the Elderly Pedestrian, she takes off.

JEANETTE (CONT'D)
Sir! Sir, wait!

Her cries are drowned out by the FANFARE.

JEANETTE (CONT'D)
Sir, please stop!

A GROUP OF TEENS jeer at her as she rushed past.

TEEN
Too early to be drinking, lady!

JEANETTE

Someone, stop that man! He's going
to get hurt!

She points at the Elderly Pedestrian as she runs. No one
does anything.

A TRIO OF WOMEN in their mid-30s right into Jeanette's way.
With a SHOUT, she crashes into the BLONDE and falls down.

BLONDE

What the hell? Watch where you're
going, idiot!

Jeanette raises her head from the sidewalk, lip bleeding.
She watches the Elderly Pedestrian turn to the back page of
his newspaper.

JEANETTE

Someone grab him!

She turns her head to see the truck from her vision
approach.

JEANETTE (CONT'D)

Grab him!

The truck plows into the intersection. Jeanette covers her
ears and averts her eyes.

She hears muffled GASPS around her. She lets out a few
SOBS.

WAITER (O.S.)

Ma'am? Are you alright?

Jeanette cracks open an eye to see a restaurant WAITER
beside her.

The waiter pulls Jeanette to her feet. Frantic CHATTER
causes her to look over to the intersection.

Martin hold the Elderly Pedestrian's arm, having pulled him
out of the street in time.

Martin makes eye contact with her and shakes his head in
disbelief. Jeanette steps away from the waiter.

JEANETTE

I'm fine.

Jeanette starts to walk away. Martin runs up and grabs her
wrist.

MARTIN

Wait a minute! How did you do that?

Jeanette yanks her arm away.

JEANETTE

Don't touch me!

Jeanette runs down the sidewalk back towards the bakery.

EXT. THE HEATHER STEM BAKERY - MOMENTS LATER

Jeanette walks up to the front door and Riley walks out.

RILEY

There you are! I heard you ran out. What happened?

JEANETTE

Nothing.

RILEY

You sure? You don't look so --

JEANETTE

(forcibly)

Nothing happened.

Jeanette enters the shop, leaving Riley look back at her, confused.

INT. JEANETTE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jeanette steps inside and flings her things to the floor. GROANING, she sits down at a table.

JEANETTE

Damn it.

She notices the answering machine blinking. She hesitates before pushing "Listen."

The voice of Bella Rhine, Jeanette's mother, fills the air.

BELLA (V.O.)

Hey there, honey. It's me. Just wanted to check in on you, see how you're doing up there. Hope the job's going well and that you're keeping the place clean. I know you always had trouble with that.

Jeanette cracks a small smile.

BELLA (CONT'D)(V.O.)
Listen, honey, we really miss you.
Your father and I, we want what's
best for you but we-we want to see
you. Please call me back. We love
you, Jeanie.

The answering machine beeps. Silence.

INT. JEANETTE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Jeanette gets ready for bed. She grabs the bottle of
sleeping pills on her nightstand and takes a few.

She lays back and stares at the ceiling. Her hands tremble.
She clasps them together in an attempt to make them stop.

She slowly falls asleep.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT [VISION]

A quaint household. An ELDERLY WOMAN dressed in floral
print watches TV from the sofa.

A phone RINGS from the hall. She gets up to answer but
collapses.

JEANETTE (V.O.)
*The heart attack will shut down
her lungs.*

BACK TO:

INT. JEANETTE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Jeanette SCREAMS and jumps out of bed.

JEANETTE
Stop!

Chaos. Jeanette flings clothing and books around the room,
SOBBING hysterically.

JEANETTE
Get out of my head! Get out!

A KNOCKING at her door brings her rampage to a halt.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jeanette opens her door.

JEANETTE

I'm so sorry for waking you. I'm
alright--

Jeanette sees Martin standing outside her door. Both
exchange a look of surprise.

MARTIN

Bakery girl?

JEANETTE

What are you doing here?

MARTIN

I heard someone yelling so I came
to check it out.

JEANETTE

Are you following me?

MARTIN

I'm not!

JEANETTE

I've never seen you around here
before. Do you even live in this
building?

Martin bites his lip.

MARTIN

Sort of.

Jeanette's mouth parts in realization.

JEANETTE

You're in the empty apartment
upstairs, aren't you?

MARTIN

Look, I'm passing by town. I just
need a place to crash for a few
days.

JEANETTE

You're trespassing. I'm calling
the police.

Martin's eyes widen with fear.

MARTIN
No, no, don't do that! Let's talk,
okay?

JEANETTE
Talk about what exactly?

MARTIN
The episode on the street today.

Jeanette tenses.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
You knew that man was in danger.
Did you feel it?

Jeanette looks down at the ground.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Or maybe you saw it?

JEANETTE
You sound ridiculous.

MARTIN
Somehow, you knew the future.

JEANETTE
Are you listening to yourself?

MARTIN
How long have you had it?

Jeanette's eyes widen.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
After you turned ten, right?
Somewhere around there?

JEANETTE
(stammering)
Wh-what?

MARTIN
You began seeing things when you
were a kid and you've had it ever
since. You had another vision,
just now.

JEANETTE
Who are you?

MARTIN
So, I'm right?

JEANETTE
I never said that.

MARTIN
Don't have to. Listen, I know what
you're going through.

Jeanette narrows her eyes.

JEANETTE
You don't know a thing about me.

MARTIN
Sure I don't.

JEANETTE
This is stupid. I'm calling.

Jeanette tries to close the door but Martin intervenes with
his foot.

MARTIN
I can help you.

JEANETTE
What are you talking about? Get
away from my door!

MARTIN
You can't control your power.
That's why you see things
randomly. Your visions attack you.

JEANETTE
Who are you?

MARTIN
Someone who has a curse, too.

Jeanette stops struggling, staring at him.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
I know that you're in pain. I was
hurting too, at first. I can help
suppress your visions. You won't
be hurt by them again.

Jeanette gawks at him, unsure of what to say.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
How about this? I'll be out here
tomorrow morning.
(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

If you don't answer the door, I'll take that as you rejecting my offer. But give me a chance. If I don't prove that I can help to you tomorrow, I'll leave and never bother you again. Deal?

Jeanette says nothing.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Think about it. Have a good night.

Jeanette watches him walk and away and closes the door.

INT. JEANETTE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Jeanette walks to her bed, deep in thought.

She grabs her journal from the nightstand. She flips to a fresh page.

She writes out her vision of the Elderly Lady. At the very end, she adds, "ACCIDENT."

She closes the journal and stares down at the cover.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

A dark, dilapidated structure in Richmond. The moon casts light on Tyler, who looks out at the street below.

TYLER

I'm sure you've all heard about the botched robbery.

Behind him, a GROUP OF EIGHT THUGS stand, listening intently.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Months of planning, ruined. All because Junior decided to turn tail.

Tyler begins pacing around the room.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Even with that power of his, he wasn't much until he came into our fold. He's a smart boy now. Learned everything he know from me. He'll be a step ahead.

Tyler stops and shoots a menacing smirk at his men.

TYLER (CONT'D)
But we'll be two steps ahead of
him.

Tyler motions with his hand. A SHORT LACKEY approaches and hands him a stack of photos.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Our friend was spotted hopping on
a coal train northward.

He flips a picture of Martin crouching in a train car over, showing it to his men.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Poor kid never did learn how to
teleport long distances. We're
going to find him and avenge our
brothers.

He lets the photos fall on the ground. One with a close-up of Martin's face lands face up atop the pile.

TYLER (CONT'D)
So much potential. Such a shame.

Tyler SLAMS his foot down on the photo.

INT. JEANETTE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Jeanette awakens to KNOCKING at her door.

MARTIN (V.O.)
Hey, it's me. I'll be out here for
five minutes.

Jeanette stares at the door from her bed, biting her lip. Her eyes drift to the journal laying on her sheets.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jeanette opens her door fully dressed.

MARTIN
You're trusting me? I'm honored.

JEANETTE
You have one afternoon. If you
don't prove anything --

MARTIN

I will. Now, come on. We're running late.

Jeanette locks the door behind her.

JEANETTE

Running late for what?

MARTIN

For our bus.

Jeanette whirls around, eyes wide.

JEANETTE

Wait, what?

MARTIN

Let's get going!

Martin grips Jeanette's wrist and they take off down the hallway.

EXT. BROOKLINE STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Both run out of the apartment building. Martin pauses and looks around.

JEANETTE

I never agreed on leaving town with you. What're you trying to do?

Martin doesn't respond and keeps looking around.

JEANETTE

What are you looking for?

MARTIN

You got a phone on you?

JEANETTE

A cell phone.

Martin gives her a look.

JEANETTE

Not everyone's family is well off.

MARTIN

Fair enough. Give me a second, then.

A MAN WITH GLASSES walks by. Martin motions to him, catching his attention.

MARTIN
Hello, sir. Could I ask you something?

MAN WITH GLASSES
Sure.

MARTIN
Where's the closest bus station is?

MAN WITH GLASSES
That'd be ten blocks down south.

MARTIN
Great! Could you also tell me when the next bus to Boston would be?

Jeanette shoots Martin a shocked look. The Man with Glasses searches on his phone.

MAN WITH GLASSES
That would be in six minutes.
Looks like its the last one of the morning, too.

Martin's eyes widen.

MARTIN
Really?

The Man with Glasses shrugs.

MAN WITH GLASSES
Bus schedules are crazy, man.

MARTIN
Appreciate it.

The Man with Glasses walks on. Martin takes hold of Jeanette again and walks briskly down the block.

JEANETTE
What're you doing?

MARTIN
There's no way we're going to make it in time.

EXT. BROOKLINE ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Martin drags Jeanette into a long alley. She looks around, concerned.

JEANETTE
Why are we here?

Martin stops at the end of the alley and looks behind him. There isn't anyone walking by.

MARTIN
You wanted proof, right?

JEANETTE
Huh?

Martin intertwines his fingers with Jeanette's.

MARTIN
Whatever you do, don't let go.

JEANETTE
(incredulously)
What?

A BRIGHT LIGHT begins to emanate from Martin's skin. The glow grows in intensity, washing over Jeanette.

JEANETTE
What the hell?

MARTIN
Let's catch that bus.

The light covers both of their bodies. In an instant, the light disappears. A GUST OF WIND blows through the now empty alley.

EXT. DOWNTOWN ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

A small alley behind a restaurant. A dumpster sits alone.

A FLASH OF LIGHT appears and dissipates just as quickly. Jeanette and Martin appear, hands still locked. WIND rustles their clothing.

Jeanette pulls away.

JEANETTE
What the hell?

Martin steps towards her, hands up in a non-aggressive manner.

MARTIN
You're okay. Just take a breath.

JEANETTE
What?

MARTIN
In and out. Follow me. In.

Martin sucks in a breath.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
And out.

Martin EXHALES. Jeanette stares at him.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Not working?

JEANETTE
What was that just now?

MARTIN
Your proof.

JEANETTE
Pardon?

MARTIN
I told you I had a power. That was it.

JEANETTE
Did we just -?

MARTIN
Teleport? Yep. We should much closer to the station, now.

JEANETTE
But how?

MARTIN
I'll explain later, right now we gotta go.

Jeanette stumbles, reeling from the experience. Martin grabs her shoulders to steady her.

MARTIN
You alright?

JEANETTE

I'm fine.

Jeanette looks into Martin's eyes. They hold eye contact for a moment.

The back door of the restaurant swings open. A COOK dressed in a dirty apron lights a CIGARETTE. As he takes a puff, he sees Martin and Jeanette. He raises an eyebrow.

Jeanette's face reddens. She steps away from Martin.

MARTIN

Hey man. Nice weather today, huh?

The cooks keeps staring at them.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Alright, take care.

Martin grabs Jeanette's wrist and guides her out of the alley.

EXT. DOWNTOWN BROOKLINE STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Martin and Jeanette walk into a CROWD OF SHOPPERS. They weave down the sidewalk. Martin spots the bus station.

MARTIN

There it is!

Both run down the street.

EXT. BUS STATION - DAY

Martin jogs up to the ticket counter. He lets go of Jeanette as he greets the TICKET VENDOR.

MARTIN

Hi there. Two of the 10:45 bus to Boston, please.

The Ticket Seller smiles.

TICKET VENDOR

It's your lucky day. We've only got two seats left. Twelve dollars, please.

Martin hands over more one dollar bills. Some feet behind him, Jeanette looks around nervously.

MARTIN

Thanks.

Martin walks back to Jeanette, handing her a ticket.

MARTIN

Let's go.

EXT. CITY BUS - DAY

Martin runs up to a bus with "Boston Bound" on the designation sign. Jeanette sees many people seated inside through the windows.

Martin gets his ticket PUNCHED.

MARTIN

You coming?

Jeanette hesitates, unsure of whether or not to follow him aboard.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

You've already come this far. I'll
be right with you.

Jeanette looks at him, thinking over his words. She climbs the bus steps.

INT. CITY BUS - MOMENTS LATER

Jeanette hands the BUS DRIVER her ticket. She sees that the bus is almost full. She immediately looks down at the ground.

The Bus Driver hands over her punched ticket.

BUS DRIVER

Here you are, ma'am.

Jeanette takes the ticket.

JEANETTE

(quietly)

Thank you.

Martin, noticing Jeanette's discomfort, motions her to follow him.

They walk to the back to two empty spaces. Jeanette takes the window seat.

MARTIN
(sitting down)
Not a people person?

Jeanette shuffles closer to the window.

JEANETTE
Not really.

Martin SIGHS.

MARTIN
I'm not one much, either.

Jeanette fumbles though her coat pocket and produces her bottle of Xanax. She discreetly swallows a pill. Martin notices.

MARTIN
You've may have a lot of questions right now, but this is all part of the process, I promise you.

Jeanette looks at him.

JEANETTE
What does going to Boston have to do with suppressing my visions?

MARTIN
I need to get you someplace away from here. It was easier for me to control my ability when I wasn't in a familiar place. I think that'll help you, too.

Jeanette looks out the window at Brookline.

JEANETTE
I don't know this place much.

MARTIN
How come? Don't you live here?

Jeanette shakes her head.

JEANETTE
I just don't know it well.

MARTIN
Well, when we get to Boston, we're going to figure out what's triggering your visions.
(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

There has to be a reason why its
firing off at random.

Jeanette turns to him.

JEANETTE

What if you can't help me?

MARTIN

We can always try first.

The bus engine STARTS UP. Jeanette flinches and sinks into
her seat.

MARTIN

Relax. Look out the window.

Jeanette does so. She watches the skyline pass by as the
bus departs the station.