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# **FINISH THE SCRIPT**

OPENING SCENE BY **CARLOS LOPEZ ESTRADA**

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room, lit up by a single lamp, is cramped. Light from the hallway peaks through from the gap under the door. Worn stuffed animals and outdated posters indicate that this room hasn't been redecorated in years. It's a room fit for a 7-year-old, but it's cozy. It's home.

ZORA, a woman of color in her early 20s, sits up in the twin bed, aimlessly scrolling on her phone. Her eyes are red and swollen. She has been crying for a while. A KNOCK at the door jolts her.

ZORA

Yeah?

MOM (O.S.)

Just wanted to say goodnight,  
sweetheart. I love you.

The girl stares up at the ceiling. Her eyes fill with tears.

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

I believe- I'd like to believe- that  
things will get better. You'll see.

ZORA

Love you too, Ma.

There's a steaming cup of water with velarian root on her night table. She drinks the whole thing in one long sip and sets her head on her pillow. She switches off her lamp.

As her breathing stabilizes, we hear the sounds of a bustling street. Indecipherable voices, lots of honking. Then...

INT. CITY STREET - DAY

Zora lies sound asleep on a city bench, still covered by her comforter.

A OLDER MAN approaches her. He taps her on the shoulder, but she doesn't wake. He taps her again. Zora practically jumps, then looks at the man, who stares at her blankly.

ZORA

(terrified) What-  
Where am I?

The man responds in a language that Zora doesn't understand. He eventually becomes frustrated and walks away. Zora throws her blanket off and stands, still dressed in her pajamas.

She takes in her surroundings. She notices signage in a language that isn't her own-- sounds and smells that are foreign to her. A culture that she doesn't belong to.

Then, out of the corner of her eye, she spots an OLDER WOMAN walking rapidly on the opposite end of the street. Zora's eyes widen in disbelief when she realizes that this woman is her mother.

Zora follows.