

SHORT TERM 12

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INT. NEW ALTERNATIVES CHILDREN'S HOME -- EARLY MORNING

SAMMY'S ROOM

A 12-year old boy named SAMMY lies upside-down on his bed, hanging half-way off the edge. He reaches under the bed and pulls out an ukulele. He positions his fingers and strums a single chord.

CUT TO:

Static shots of the various rooms of Short Term 12:

PADDED ROOM - bobbing punching bag

MARK'S BEDROOM - Mark sits on the edge of his bed in pajama pants and a white tank-top, listening to a beat through big head phones, staring at the floor.

HALLWAY - empty

JAYDEN'S BEDROOM - Jayden lies awake in bed, drawing on her arm with a black sharpie.

LOUNGE - three overnight workers try to stay awake.

EXTERIOR SHOT OF THE BUILDING

TITLE CARD

EXT. NEW ALTERNATIVES CHILDREN'S HOME -- EARLY MORNING

DENIM, a 30-year old with bed head, sits on the sidewalk at the front gate of a child-care facility, smoking a cigarette. He is carefully stacking pebbles into a miniature pyramid.

FEMALE VOICE

Denim.

He looks up to see NATALIA LOPEZ, a pretty latina in her 20s, holding a cup of coffee.

DENIM

Hey.

He goes back to his pebbles, trying to play off his nervousness.

NATALIA

I called you three times last night.

Denim concentrates on his next pebble.

DENIM

Oh sorry. I went to the store to get a toothbrush and forgot my phone.

NATALIA

I was with you when you bought one last week.

DENIM

The bristles on that one were way too hard. It hurt my gums.

She looks for a connection. He stacks another pebble.

NATALIA

(meaning: 'to us')

What are you doing?

DENIM

Seeing how high I can go.

She moves closer.

NATALIA

When are we going to talk?

He tries to put one last rock on top.

DENIM

I don't know.

SMASH! She kicks away his pile. Denim looks up, then quickly away.

DENIM (CONT'D)

That's not very nice.

NATALIA

When?

He tries to look at her.

DENIM

We're gonna be late.

She looks for something in his face, but doesn't find it.

NATALIA

I brought you coffee.

She tosses the cup onto the ground behind her, then walks through the door.

Denim takes another drag.

INT. OFFICE -- MORNING

Denim jots down his "in time" on a clip-board and puts it back on the shelf. He grabs a red binder and a banana from a basket.

INT. LOUNGE -- CONTINUOUS`

He opens a door to find the overnighthers, two guys and one girl, waiting with red-eyes to be relieved of their shift.

DENIM

Hey Chris, what's the report?

The OVERNIGHTER hands Denim a sheet of paper. He takes it and looks it over.

OVERNIGHTER

They were quiet all night.

DENIM

That's good, you guys can go.

OVERNIGHTER

Thanks man.

The three head for the door.

Denim hands the report to Natalia who files it into the binder in her lap.

Denim turns to the rest of his team: CHELSEA, mid-20s with kind-eyes and a knitted cap, and SCOTT, the nervous new kid, early twenties.

DENIM

How's it going Chelsea?

CHELSEA

Tired.

Denim hands the red binder to Scott and takes a bite of his banana.

DENIM

Scott, welcome. This will tell you everything you need to know about the background of the kids. They like to test you on your first day to see what you'll let them get away with, so just say no to everything. You have to be the asshole before you can be their friend.

SCOTT

Oh. Okay.

Denim watches Natalia, who doesn't look up from her paperwork. He takes another bite and turns to the row of doors lining the hallway.

DENIM  
Good morning Short Term 12! Ten  
minutes to line up for breakfast!  
We have waffles today!

Chelsea whispers to Scott...

CHELSEA  
The waffles are pretty good here.

Denim turns to Natalia.

DENIM  
Natalia, do we have something for  
Jayden?

She doesn't look up.

NATALIA  
I made her a cupcake. It's in the  
fridge.

Denim shouts back down the hall.

DENIM  
Come get your meds!

He walks into the office as a few of the kids trickle out  
their bedroom doors.

INT. MED ROOM -- MORNING

SAMMY, a tiny kid, even for a 14-year-old, steps up to the  
med room with sleepy eyes and a big shirt.

DENIM  
Good morning Sammy.

Denim turns his back to retrieve Sammy's pre-labeled meds  
from the shelf.

DENIM (CONT'D)  
I think that shirt's a little  
inappropriate, you should probably  
go change it.

SAMMY  
Fuck that, it's a present from my  
mom.

Denim hands him his pills and a small cup of water.

DENIM  
Your mom bought you that?

He looks at the shirt again as Sammy downs the pills. It has an illustration of a giant gorilla with very large genitalia. The caption reads: "King Dong."

DENIM (CONT'D)

Okay Sammy, I'm going to choose to believe you this time.

He pulls off a strip of medical tape and sticks it to his shirt, covering the nudity.

DENIM (CONT'D)

Go get ready.

JAYDEN, a 15-year old girl with black hair and thick eye-liner, is next in line.

DENIM (CONT'D)

Hey Jayden, how'd you sleep?

Jayden shrugs. He hands her meds and water. She downs them like she's done it a thousand times.

DENIM (CONT'D)

And there's this too.

Denim hands her the cupcake, red frosting with a strawberry on top.

DENIM (CONT'D)

Natalia made it. Happy Birthday.

She takes it and barely smiles.

JAYDEN

Thanks. I like strawberries.

DENIM

Heard your dad's coming this afternoon for a visit.

JAYDEN

Yup.

DENIM

You excited?

She shrugs.

JAYDEN

I don't really care.

Jayden turns and begins to walk away.

DENIM

Hey make sure you say thanks to Natalia. She did all the work.

INT. LOUNGE -- MORNING

Fourteen teens, 7 girls & 7 boys, stand in a sloppy line, still dressed in mismatched pajamas. They are an eclectic mix of ethnicity, a little of everything from around the city. Most of them distract themselves with Nintendo DS games and Ipod Nanos.

Natalia and Chelsea stand by the girls.

CHELSEA  
How's everything with Denim?

NATALIA  
Don't even ask.

Denim walks out of the med room and meets the cold gaze of Natalia and Chelsea.

DENIM  
You wanna take them or do room checks?

Natalia doesn't give him the time of day.

NATALIA  
(to the kids)  
Let's go.

She walks out the door and the kids follow behind. Denim stares at the back of her head as she leaves.

Scott stays behind, hesitating.

SCOTT  
Should I stay or go?

DENIM  
Go.

INT. SAMMY'S ROOM -- MORNING

Denim pulls latex gloves over his fingers.

He slides his hand across the top of the door, searches the curtains, pulls open a drawer and looks under the clothes. He finds the lingerie section of a catalogue and crumples it up without hesitation.

He walks to the next room.

INT. MARK'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

He pulls all the covers off the bed and runs his fingers through them, tilts up a mattress and looks underneath, squeezes a pillow.

Done with his search, he spreads the covers out back on the bed. As he tucks in one corner, he hears a subtle CRINKLE beneath him. He stops moving, then shifts his weight: CRINKLE.

He hops off the bed and follows the sound, pushing down with his hand, CRINKLE. Then he finds, on the side of the mattress, a small hole.

He pushes his finger in and after a moment of searching, feels something CRINKLE. He gets in closer and works to pull out a small plastic bag. He opens it up. It's full of pot and a couple broken joints.

He shakes his head.

EXT. RECREATION AREA -- AFTERNOON

The kids are spread out on the court. The pitcher tosses the wiffle ball. WHACK! A girl hits it hard and rounds the bases.

Natalia and Scott watch from the sidelines. Jayden sits against the fence in the far corner. Denim is off on the side with a cup in his hand, gathering rocks from the ground.

Two girls run up to Scott with a jump rope in hand.

JUMPER GIRL

Hey mister, can you spin one side  
for us?

Scott wants to say yes, but remembers what he's told.

SCOTT

Uh, no?

The girls turn away, defeated.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Denim sets the cup on the ground a few feet away from Jayden. Then he sits down next to her at an appropriate distance. He lays down a piles of small stones for her. Then tries to toss one of his own into the cup. She watches him miss, then try again. He just keeps playing, without acknowledging her, until she finally decides to try one of her own.

Natalia is lost in the scene. She let's out a subtle smile.

MARK

FUCK!

Natalia looks in time to see Mark hit the plastic bat against the ground.

MARK (CONT'D)

How the fuck am I supposed to hit  
that shit, Mini Me?

Sammy looks back from the pitcher's plate, cool and unaffected.

SAMMY

Why'd you swing then dumb ass?

Sammy picks up another ball. Denim sees the commotion and heads over.

DENIM

Hey!

Natalia walks to meet them.

MARK

You throw like a little faggy midget!

Sammy tosses the ball up and catches it, taunting Mark with quiet nonchalance.

SAMMY

At least my dad don't sell drugs to  
little boys so he can fuck em in the  
ass.

The comment flips a switch inside of Mark.

MARK

What'd you say bitch?

Blood pumps through the veins in Mark's eyes. He throws the plastic bat at Sammy's feet. Sammy dodges it with ease.

DENIM

Hey! Both of you take a time out!

Denim stands between them. Mark doesn't take his eyes off his prey.

MARK

Say it again Tiny Fuck.

Mark paces back and forth in front of Denim, looking right through him.

DENIM

Scott get Sammy out of here!

Scott nervously guides Sammy to the opposing fence.

MARK

That's right, leave you fucking bitch.

DENIM

Mark! To the bench now!

Mark slowly turns and heads toward the bench, peering over his shoulder as he goes.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAME

The game is in session.

Denim sits on the bench next to Mark. They sit in silence for a moment.

DENIM

Mark, what the hell is going on with you lately?

Mark doesn't look up.

DENIM (CONT'D)

You're not going to talk to me?

No answer.

DENIM (CONT'D)

I found your stash.

Denim waits, but Mark shows no concern.

DENIM (CONT'D)

That was a pretty good hiding place in the side of the mattress like that.

Mark gets uneasy, but doesn't budge.

DENIM (CONT'D)

You bring that shit in here again and I'll send your ass straight to juvi.

MARK

Go ahead, you think I give a fuck?

DENIM

Mark, what are you doing? You're gonna turn 18 in less than a week, then you're free, man. You can do whatever you want, go to college, work on your music, try to record some stuff, I don't know, get hooked up with a label or something. Just don't do anything stupid and next week you'll be living your life. Okay?

Mark looks up at him for the first time.

MARK

You don't know shit, Denim.

They stare at each other for a moment, then Mark looks back to his feet.

Denim looks across the yard to see Scott jumping rope between the two girls.

INT. LOUNGE -- DAY

Chelsea sits by the door with a pair of scissors, cutting a yellow piece of cardboard into letters to make an inspirational sign. Denim walks back in first.

CHELSEA

What do you think?

Denim sees the sign, a cheesy happy face with the phrase "Keep Smilin'!"

DENIM

Mark and Sammy are on restriction.

CHELSEA

Mark again? What's going on with him?

Chelsea sets down her scissors and stands to write it on the white board.

DENIM

He doesn't want to leave.

Natalia enters, leading the kids. Denim exchanges quick and nervous glance with her.

NATALIA

Everyone needs to shower and do their chores before free time!

Mark watches Sammy with a death stare all the way to his room. Denim sees him.

DENIM

Mark.

Mark turns around.

DENIM (CONT'D)

I wanna hear those new lyrics.

Mark thinks about it.

INT. MARK'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Denim sits on the bed with Mark, with a pair of mini congos in his lap. He taps them, trying to find the right beat. Mark bounces to it.

DENIM

Like that?

MARK

Yeah.

Mark looks down at a piece of paper, spouting the lyrics to his latest rap.

MARK (CONT'D)

Fuck that Candyman, I won't do what  
I'm told. Not from a punk dat gets  
his cake from the last bag he sold.  
So don't call me son, cause you ain't  
my fuckin' pa. I don't give a fuckin'  
shit if you had sex with my ma. An  
if you touch me again, you bes be  
ready fo dis shit, I ain't five no  
more, I gotsa a nine an a biscuit  
an' whenever you choose it I'll be  
waitin' to use it. Cause it's your  
fault asshole, I'm the way that I  
am. And it's your fault asshole  
that I'm only five ten. And it's  
your fault asshole that I'm stuck in  
here, one day I'll run away and show  
up at Cheers and have a round with  
all the clowns that know my name and  
sing...da, dadadada, da da.

Mark looks up to Denim, who nods in approval.

DENIM

That's really good. I like that  
Cheers part.

MARK

Yeah that's tight huh?

DENIM

Yeah, it's pretty tight.

Sammy walks by the door and yells in tauntingly.

SAMMY

(high-pitched voice)  
Dadadadada!

DENIM

Sammy! Back to your room!

Mark tightens his fist.

MARK

I'm gonna kill that little fuck.

DENIM

Don't pay attention to him Mark.  
You're better than that.

Mark keeps staring.

DENIM (CONT'D)

Mark.

Denim makes him look at him.

DENIM (CONT'D)

You got it?

Mark looks away.

INT. LOUNGE -- AFTERNOON

Denim walks out of the hallway and stops. He notices Natalia on the other side of the room, braiding one of the girls' hair. The GIRL is telling her a story. Natalia laughs, then notices Denim looking at her. She quickly turns away and shuns him.

Denim leaves, disappointed.

INT. OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

Denim walks into the office and finds Scott looking through the binder.

DENIM

Pretty messed up huh?

Scott looks up, obviously affected by what he's reading.

SCOTT

Yeah. Um, does this mean? Um.

Denim looks.

DENIM

Sammy? Yup. When he was 10, his mom walked into his room and caught him having sex with his little sister.

SCOTT

Oh my god.

DENIM

She pressed charges and tried to get him thrown in jail, but the court sent him here.

SCOTT

Little Sammy?

Denim nods.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

That's horrible.

DENIM

Yeah, but his mom had been doing the exact same shit to him his whole life. He's just too embarrassed to say anything.

SCOTT

I can't even...it doesn't seem real.

DENIM

You'll get used to it.

Denim gets serious.

DENIM (CONT'D)

Always use a condom Scott.

Scott looks up.

SCOTT

Um. Okay.

DENIM

There's already enough fucked up kids in this world.

SCOTT

Ok. I have some.

INT. BATHROOM -- AFTERNOON

Denim pulls a vacuum cleaner into the rest room and locks the door. He plugs it in, takes off his shirt and hangs it on the door knob. Then he sits down on the toilet with his pants still on. He pulls out the small plastic bag from his pocket and looks at the joint he found in Mark's room.

FLICK! FLICK! He lights up and takes a good hit. He holds it...then turns on the vacuum cleaner and blows the smoke into the sucking pipe.

VOICES YELLING. Through the walls, he hears one of the kids cussing and screaming. A door SLAMS!

He throws his shirt back on and trots out of the room.

INT. LOUNGE -- CONTINUOUS

Denim heads toward the commotion. Natalia meets him at the end of the hall.

DENIM  
What's going on?

NATALIA  
It's Jayden. She found out her dad's  
not coming.

Denim shakes his head and yells across the room to Chelsea.

DENIM  
Chelsea! Can you call Long Term and  
have them send some staff down here!

CHELSEA  
Sure.

Chelsea gets on the phone.

INT. HALL -- CONTINUOUS

Denim takes on the door, turning the knob and pushing slowly.

DENIM  
Jayden, you know you can't have this  
closed.

JAYDEN  
Fuck you.

He inches open the door enough to talk to her.

DENIM  
I'm really sorry about your dad,  
Jade. Maybe he had car trouble or  
something.

SCOTT  
(quietly)  
Why can't she close her door?

NATALIA  
(quietly)  
She's a cutter.

JAYDEN  
I can hear you bitch. Maybe I'll  
cut myself right now and you'll all  
lose your fucking jobs.

DENIM  
Come on Jade...

JAYDEN  
Don't call me fucking Jade, assdick!

She slams the door shut again.

DENIM  
I'm sorry, Jayden. Just leave the  
door open and we won't bother you.

She doesn't respond. Denim pulls on the door to see if she's  
let go. She hasn't.

DENIM (CONT'D)  
Okay. If you aren't going to let  
go, we're going to have to force it  
open.

Denim motions for Scott and Natalia to start pulling. They  
all slowly force the door open, inches at a time.

DENIM (CONT'D)  
Damn Jayden, you're pretty strong.

WHOOSH! The door flies open. Denim falls in, only to be  
greeted by Jayden's fist in full swing.

BANG!

Red splatters across Denim's face. He takes the first one  
head on, splitting open his nose. He back peddles, Jayden  
goes after him throwing blow after blow to his face and head.

JAYDEN  
AAAAHHH!!

Denim finally moves to the side for a moment long enough to  
grab her arm and pull in close to her body.

DENIM  
Grab her arm!

Scott, scared out of his mind, struggles to grab the other  
arm. They quickly back up to the wall and slide themselves  
and the fighting girl to the floor. They each pin her legs  
down with their own until she is virtually immobile, except  
for her vocal chords.

JAYDEN  
AAAAAAAH!! You're fucking squishing  
me fat ass!

He repositions himself.

DENIM  
Sorry, how's that?

JAYDEN  
Fuck you Denim! Let go of me! I'm  
going to fucking kill you when you're  
not looking. I'll kill all of you...

DENIM  
Just calm down Jayden.

JAYDEN  
Let me go, or I'll stab a fucking  
pen in your eye!

Jayden kicks violently.

DENIM  
Can you get her feet Natalia?

Natalia squats and helps hold down her legs.

JAYDEN  
What's wrong Denim? Fucker! Can't  
hold my feet yourself you weak ass  
fuck! You need the bitch to do it  
for you! Denim! What kind of fucking  
name is that? Denim! Was your mom  
a fucking retard or something?!

DENIM  
No, she was just a hippie. Hold her  
good Scott.

Scott grips down harder.

JAYDEN  
Yeah hold me good Scott.

Jayden spits hard on Scott's face. Scott flinches.

SCOTT  
Oh...that's gross.

DENIM  
(calmly)  
Jayden. Stop that.

Denim looks to Natalia.

DENIM (CONT'D)  
Is my nose bleeding?

NATALIA  
A little.

Jayden catches her breath and begins to cry.

DENIM  
It's going to be okay Jayden.

JAYDEN  
I hate you Denim.

DENIM  
No you don't, just let it pass. How  
you doing Scott?

SCOTT  
It's dripping down my neck.

Denim licks a piece of cake from his face.

DENIM  
This cupcake is pretty good.  
Natalia barely smiles.

DENIM (CONT'D)  
Doing good Jayden. Deep breaths  
Jayden.

Jayden snaps.

JAYDEN  
Stop saying my fucking name!!

She goes crazy, flailing and squirming and kicking. She  
whips one leg free, winds up, and kicks Natalia right in the  
stomach.

Natalia falls back in pain. She and Denim stare at each  
other for a moment. Jayden realizes she may have went too  
far.

Denim's face goes red. He squeezes down hard on Jayden's  
arm.

CUT TO:

EXT. PADDED ROOM -- LATER

Denim and Scott throw Jayden into a padded room.

DENIM  
Watch her.

Scott nods and looks in at Jayden, who kicks the punching  
bag hard.

INT. HALL -- CONTINUOUS

Denim runs down the hall.

INT. LOUNGE -- CONTINUOUS

Denim runs through the lounge where the rest of the kids are playing games and watching TV. He is determined and serious.

DENIM  
Where's Natalia?

CHELSEA  
In the bathroom I think.

He streamlines down the hall, through a door, and stops at the bathroom.

EXT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

DENIM  
Natalia!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

DENIM (CONT'D)  
Natalia! What's going on?! Natalia!

FLUSH! Denim hears the toilet draining. He panics.

DENIM (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?! Open this door!  
Please Natalia!  
(trying to calm)  
Please open this door.

The door opens, and Denim sees her standing, apparently fine.

NATALIA  
What?

He peeks in and looks at the toilet, confused and out of breath.

DENIM  
What are you doing?

NATALIA  
I had to pee.

DENIM  
Are you okay?

NATALIA  
Why do you care?

Denim stares at her, frightened and concerned. She sees his sincerity.

NATALIA (CONT'D)

She kicked me in the ribs. I'm fine.

DENIM

But, but how do you know?

NATALIA

Because I'm fine.

DENIM

Something could be damaged or something and what if you can't tell. Just because you don't feel it doesn't mean your insides aren't bleeding. I'll just take you to the hospital and we can make sure.

NATALIA

Denim. It wasn't that hard. I'm fine.

(pause)

I need to go check on the girls.

Denim watches her leave the room.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Denim sits on the toilet, sobbing uncontrollably like a child.

INT. PADDED ROOM -- LATER

A close-up of a tiny pyramid made of paper balls.

Denim sits on the floor with toilet paper in his nose and an extra wad in his lap. Jayden sits a few feet away with her head in her arms. A soccer ball sits between them. They both look emotionally drained and physically exhausted.

Denim tears off a piece of toilet paper, rolls it in a ball and carefully adds it to the pile. He stares at it for a moment, then cocks his finger and flicks it away, sending little white balls scattering across the floor.

He sits up to see an inflatable punching bag, shaped like a smiling beagle, bobbing a few feet in front of them.

He lets the back of his head hit the wall and groans.

DENIM

I'm thirty-three, and I've been crying in the bathroom for the last half hour.

Jayden doesn't respond for a moment, trying to decide if he's talking to her.

JAYDEN

Why?

DENIM

I'm not really sure.

He stares at the opposite wall, searching for an answer.

DENIM (CONT'D)

For some reason I keep thinking about the time he pushed my head into the toilet and slammed the seat down on my neck. I think I was 8. I can't remember why he did that.

(trying to remember)

What did I do? I think I might have left one of his tools in the yard or something.

He thinks about it for a moment, then looks to the floor.

DENIM (CONT'D)

I asked mom why he was always so mad. She said it was because of the way his dad treated him. Like it wasn't even his fault, or he didn't have a choice.

(pause)

And now I'm going to have my own kid to fuck up...so. Maybe that's why.

Denim throws the soccer ball at the blow-up dog. It slams to the floor and gently floats back up with a smile.

JAYDEN

What are you talking about?

DENIM

Oh. Natalia's pregnant.

JAYDEN

What?

Jayden looks at him. Denim nods.

JAYDEN (CONT'D)

Shit!

DENIM

Don't worry. You didn't do anything. She said she's fine.

Jayden puts her head in her arms.

DENIM (CONT'D)

Really, you kicked her ribs, but she's okay.

She doesn't look up.

DENIM (CONT'D)  
I shouldn't have lost it with you.

JAYDEN  
I'm sorry I said that about your  
mom. I really like your name.

DENIM  
Yeah, I know...it's a cool name.

Silence.

JAYDEN  
You'll be an okay dad.

Denim takes it in, and lets out a big breath.

JAYDEN (CONT'D)  
You smell like pot.

Denim smells himself.

DENIM  
Yes I do.

INT. HALL -- MOMENTS LATER

Denim exits the padded room and stands for a moment. He  
turns and makes his way down the hall.

As he passes Sammy's room, he notices Mark sitting on the  
floor just inside.

DENIM  
Mark, what are you doing in Sammy's  
room?

Mark doesn't respond, but just stares blankly at nothing.  
And then Denim sees the scissors in his hand, and the blood  
covering his fingers.

DENIM (CONT'D)  
What?!

He snatches away the scissors and looks at him for an answer.

DENIM (CONT'D)  
Mark what did you do?

Mark stares off, holding in the tears.

Denim reacts, moving quickly into the room. And then he  
sees Sammy, lying face down on the bed, not moving.

DENIM (CONT'D)

Sammy!

Denim runs up to him.

DENIM (CONT'D)

Sammy!

Sammy turns over and looks at him. He takes out one of his ear phones.

SAMMY

What?

Denim puts the pieces together and looks back to Mark, who is now lying on the floor in a pool of blood. He rushes to him.

DENIM

Natalia! Anybody! Call the medics!

Denim kneels next to Mark and pulls up his jacket sleeve. His left arm is covered in blood and riddled with puncture holes and torn flesh.

DENIM (CONT'D)

Shit! I need first aid now!! Hurry!  
Mark, come on buddy, look at me.  
Open your eyes.

Denim panics.

DENIM (CONT'D)

What's taking so long?!!

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. NEW ALTERNATIVES CHILDREN'S HOME -- EVENING

Static shots of the various rooms of the facility. Padded room, with a deflated punching bag. Empty lounge area. Mark's empty room. Scott in an empty hallway, mopping up the blood, contemplating the events of the day.

INT. LOUNGE -- NIGHT

Denim and Natalia sit side by side on the couch. Denim's shirt is stained red. He stares at the floor, squeezing his temples. Natalia rubs his back and pulls him close to her.

He rests his head on her shoulder, looking down to her womb. He stares for a moment, then slowly moves his hand to cover her stomach.

FADE TO BLACK.