

# A Little Miracle

A DRAMA

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. AFRICAN DESERT - NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS IN BLACK AND WHITE -

IN CARICATURE-FORM ANIMATION -

- Full Moon
- African Desert Terrain
- Distant shot of a YOUNG GIRL walking
- MIRACLE, 13, blonde and pretty, walks through the tall African grass. She wears a floral spring dress.
- A LION creeps through the grass.
- Miracle's hand floats over the tips of the grass.
- The Lion continues to creep forward.
- Miracle pulls the blades of grass and lets the wind whisk them from her hands.
- The Lion creeps faster.
- Miracle smiles at the soaring grass blades.
- A BLACK FIGURE, angel-like, stands in the distance.
- Miracle's attention is taken away from the floating blades of grass to the Dark Figure. Her smile fades.
- The Lion ROARS as it springs forward.
- A terrified Miracle spins around.

SMASH CUT TO

INT. HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Miracle GASPS as she sits up in bed. Beads of sweat run down her face. Heavy breathing.

CHARLIE (O.S.)  
(whisper)  
Miracle ...

Lying in a bed next to Miracle's bed is CHARLIE, 8, ruddy and handsome with soft eyes. He WHISPERS his concern -

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Are you OK?

Miracle's blank and terrified eyes stare straight ahead.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Was it the same dream?

She plunges back into her pillow. Eyes stare at the ceiling.

MIRACLE  
He's getting closer ... I could  
feel his breath on the back of my  
neck.

CHARLIE  
Was the dark figure there again?

MIRACLE  
Yes.

Miracle rolls over to her side -

MIRACLE (CONT'D)  
He's always there.

BEAT - as we hold on Miracle.

EXT. NEW YORK, PLANNED MOTHERHOOD - DAY

ESTABLISHING NEW YORK, 1996

An expensive looking building rests in a busy part of town.

A young girl, JENNY HILLSONG, 15, blonde and pretty, walks to the door and enters.

A sign above the door reads - PLANNED MOTHERHOOD

NURSE TERELLI (O.S.)  
And how old are you?

INT. PLANNED MOTHERHOOD - SAME

Jenny sits in an office across from NURSE AMBER TERELLI, 30's, average looking. Nurse Terelli makes notes on a clipboard.

JENNY  
(hesitates)  
I'm ... --

NURSE TERELLI  
It's OK, you can be honest. I'm one  
of the good guys.

Nurse Terelli gives Jenny a big smile.

JENNY  
Fifteen.

Nurse Terelli makes a note.

NURSE TERELLI  
And your boyfriend?

JENNY  
Well, he's not by boyfriend ...

Nurse Terelli patiently waits for her answer.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
... Twenty eight.

NURSE TERELLI  
(awkward)  
Oh! OK, uh ... I didn't hear that.

JENNY  
(confused)  
He's twenty --

NURSE TERELLI  
Oh, no. It's OK. You don't need to  
tell me again. Let's just pretend I  
didn't hear that, OK? Things will  
get kinda complicated ...

Jenny looks confused.

NURSE TERELLI (CONT'D)  
Let's just put that he's sixteen...  
(making a note)  
...it will be the best thing for  
everybody. OK?

Jenny doesn't understand ... but she nods.

NURSE TERELLI (CONT'D)  
OK.

Nurse Terelli makes some more notes.

JENNY  
Can I ask you a question?

Nurse Terelli continues to write.

NURSE TERELLI

Sure.

JENNY

Do you ... think that I'm, you know, making the right decision?

Nurse Terelli sets the clipboard down.

NURSE TERELLI

(smiles)

What do you want to be when you grow up?

JENNY

(shrugs)

I don't know.

NURSE TERELLI

And that's a decision you shouldn't have to make at your age either.

(convincing)

A beautiful young lady like yourself shouldn't have to be burdened with a little baby. You've got your whole life ahead of you.

(winks)

Let's wait until you're ready.

Nurse Terelli gives Jenny her best smile. Jenny reluctantly nods.

EXT. BROOKLYN - MORNING

ESTABLISHING BROOKLYN, 2009

Down a long, sloping street, sits an old, drooping house, towered over by the neighboring apartment complexes.

MRS. KRAWL, mid 40's, short and plump, exits the front door. Dressed in her nightgown and slippers. Curlers in her hair. A cigarette dangles from her lips.

She walks to the curb and fetches the newspaper. Sneers as she looks up and down the street. Angry at the world. She turns and heads back inside.

A SIGN posted at the front gate READS - ST. JOHN'S GROUP HOME.

INT. GROUP HOME, BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

It's a large room. 2nd floor. Hardwood floors. Eight single beds are crammed tightly in. Children are sleeping in those beds. Four dressers sit on the opposite wall.

The door BURSTS open. Mrs. Krawl enters.

MRS. KRAWL

Allllright! Wake up you, peasants!  
C'mon, c'mon. You can't mope 'round  
here all day. First day of school  
and none of yas better be late.

Children jump out of bed. Some fall to the floor, scared for their lives. Miracle is slower to react.

As the children run across the room, Mrs. Krawl motivates them to move faster with a WHACK of her newspaper.

MRS. KRAWL (CONT'D)

C'mon! Move it! The bus'll be here  
in ten minutes. Any'yas not ready,  
is scrubbin' floors all day.

Miracle maneuvers across the floor to her dresser. Her eyes look straight ahead. Hands guiding her. She's BLIND.

MRS. KRAWL (CONT'D)

(looking at Miracle)  
How 'bout you, Possum? Bet you'd  
like another day on the floors,  
hey? Hahaha.

Her smokers COUGH takes over her laughter. ACGH! ACGH!

Miracle looks back at Mrs. Krawl.

THROUGH MIRACLE'S EYES -

The evil caricature of Mrs. Krawl COUGHS. Dark, colorless, deformed. Fire spews from her mouth at each excretion.

RETURN TO SCENE

Miracle turns back to her dresser.

Mrs. Krawl eyes the other children, then turns and exits.

Charlie opens a dresser drawer next to Miracle and pulls out a t-shirt.

CHARLIE

I hate that old witch. If I could,  
I would take that newspaper of hers  
and shove it up her stink-hole.

MIRACLE

Charlie!...

THROUGH MIRACLE'S EYES -

The frustrated, but Angelic caricature of Charlie. A glow of serenity emanates from him.

RETURN TO SCENE

MIRACLE (CONT'D)

Where did you learn that word?

Charlie looks at another boy in the room. That boy is - DAMON, 14, rough around the edges. He sits on his bed tying a pair of NIKE SHOES.

CHARLIE

(beat)

Damon.

Damon shoots Charlie a mean stare. Charlie flinches and looks back toward his dresser.

MIRACLE

(whispering)

You stay away from him, Charlie. I don't like him. He's mean. And he's a bad influence on you.

Damon, secretly grabs Miracle's BLIND-CANE, and slides it under a bed before exiting the room.

CHARLIE

He says that our mothers ...

(struggles with  
pronunciation)

abortionated us ... and that's why  
we're here.

MIRACLE

Don't you mean abandoned?

CHARLIE

(more confident in the  
word)

Nope. He said abortionated.

Miracle pauses for a moment. She stares at the dresser.

MRS. KRAWL (O.S.)  
LET'S GO YOU PEASANTS!

Miracle comes out of her trance. The other children run out of the door.

CHARLIE  
Miracle! Your nose is bleeding.

MIRACLE  
Oh no!

Miracle runs into the bathroom.

CHARLIE  
You want me to wait for you?

MIRACLE (O.S.)  
No. I'll meet you down there.

CHARLIE  
OK.

Charlie runs out the door.

Miracle exits the bathroom with a tissue stuffed up her nose. She searches the wall for her blind-cane. It's not there. She continues searching. Arms out in front of her. She begins to worry -

MIRACLE  
Where did I put it! I know I put it here. Where is it!? ... Oh, where is it!?

The sound of brakes SCREECH to a halt. Miracle looks toward the window.

CUTAWAY - EXT. GROUP HOME

The kids pile onto the bus. Charlie looks back looking for Miracle.

RETURN TO SCENE

Miracle aimlessly exits the bedroom without her blind-cane.

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She makes her way down the winding staircase. Too fast. Falls and tumbles down the flight of stairs. Her forehead begins to bleed. Picks herself up and heads for the front door.

The engine of the bus GROWLS.



MIRACLE (CONT'D)

NO!

Miracle runs out the front door -

EXT. GROUP HOME, FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

- Trips over the door-jam. Falls hard.

She crawls to her knees. Two hallow and tear filled eyes stare toward the fleeing bus.

BACK WINDOW OF BUS

Charlie's sad eyes stare back. Helpless.

FRONT DOOR

Mrs. Krawl EXITS.

MRS. KRAWL

C'mon, get up. It'll be the floors for you, Possum. And since you've gone and dirtied your pants, you'll be doin' laundry as well.

Mrs. Krawl steps past Miracle as she makes her way down the walkway.

MRS. KRAWL (CONT'D)

Headin' downtown for the day. When I get back, I 'spect your chores to be done ... or you'll be doin' 'em again tomorra.

Mrs. Krawl turns back toward Miracle.

THROUGH MIRACLE'S EYES -

The evil caricature of Mrs. Krawl uses a torch to light up a long, crooked cigarette.

MRS. KRAWL (CONT'D)

Do I make myself clear, Possum?

RETURN TO SCENE

Tears stream down Miracle's face.

MIRACLE

(voice quivers)  
Yes, Mrs. Krawl.

Miracle stares into space with those blank glossy eyes. Mrs. Krawl turns and walks down the sidewalk.

MRS. KRAWL  
(singing)  
Jesus loves the little children ...  
hmm hmm hmm hmm hmm hmm hhhhhhhhhhh.

INT. GROUP HOME, KIDS ROOM - LATER

Miracle scrubs the floors on her hands and knees. She scrubs underneath a bed and her hand bumps into her blind-cane.

She pulls the blind-cane out from under the bed and stands to her feet. Using the cane like a dance partner, Miracle dances around her room.

LATER - NIGHT

All the children are in bed.

Miracle lays in bed. Her blistered hands hold her blind-cane close to her as she sleeps.

INT. GROUP HOME, KIDS ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Mrs. Krawl storms through the door again in her usual manner, newspaper in hand.

MRS. KRAWL  
Allright you peasants! Let's go!  
Another day in paradise!

All the children jump out of bed and begin another mornings routine of paper-dodging.

MRS. KRAWL (CONT'D)  
Let's see who'll miss the bus  
t'day. I got weeds in the back yard  
that need some love. Hahaha.

Miracle sits up out of bed, fully clothed. Led by her blind-cane, she picks up her back pack and exits the door.

Charlie watches with a huge smile.

MRS. KRAWL (CONT'D)  
Well, well. Looks like somebody got  
tired of scrubbin' floors.

The children continue to frantically get ready for school.

Mrs. Krawl exits.

DAMON

My shoes! Where are my shoes?!

Damon tares through his drawers. Nothing. He flips his mattress over. Nothing.

EXT. GROUP HOME - SAME

Miracle stands at curb side. A gigantic SMILE upon her face.

DAMON (O.S.)

Where are my shoes!?

CUT TO LAUNDRY ROOM

Inside of a bucket filled with water, are a pair of NIKE SHOES.

RETURN TO OUTSIDE

The bus pulls away.

EXT. NEW YORK - DAY

Miracle and Charlie walk home from school. Miracle maneuvers down the sidewalk easily. Charlie struggles with his over-stuffed backpack.

They approach an intersection. Miracle's blind-cane whacks the traffic pole. Her hand reaches, searching for the cross button. Finds it. Presses. It's no big deal to Charlie. He's seen her do this many times before traveling home from school together.

MIRACLE

So what did the principle say?

CHARLIE

Nothing. I didn't even do anything.

The RED HAND turns to a GREEN MAN. The cross button BEEPS, BEEPS, BEEPS...THEY CROSS THE STREET...BEEP, BEEP, BEEP...

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Peter was the one who lit the fuse and dropped it in the toilet.

They enter the subway entrance.

INT. SUBWAY - MOMENTS LATER

They walk through the -

TURNSTILE

Charlie drops his change in and makes his way through first. Miracle waits her turn.

THROUGH MIRACLE'S EYES -

The angelic caricature of Charlie struggles through the turnstile, a device that looks like it was made for torture. Jagged claws reach out snagging his backpack.

Finally, Charlie stumbles through. Miracle follows. Drops her change in. Makes it through effortlessly.

MIRACLE

Did the principle say if he was gonna call Mrs. Krawl?

CHARLIE

No. But he called Peter's mom and she came and picked him up from school.

They enter the -

SUBWAY CAR

- and find a seat. Charlie sits.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

And he also said that Peter wasn't allowed to come back to school ever.

MIRACLE

Ever, ever?

CHARLIE

Ever.

MIRACLE

Yikes stripes.

EXT. GROUP HOME - DAY

Charlie and Miracle walk down the sidewalk. Through the front gate.

A TAN SEDAN is parked curb side.

CHARLIE

Looks like Mrs. Krawl has company.

MIRACLE

What color?

CHARLIE  
Tan ... FBI?

MIRACLE  
(beat)  
Mmm, I was thinking city. C'mon.  
Let's find out.

Miracle and Charlie sneakily make their way up the front porch steps. Down the left side. They perch against the wall next to a window.

INT. WINDOW, MRS. KRAWL'S OFFICE - SAME

Mrs. Krawl pours tea into two cups. MR. FRANKLYN, mid 50's, handsome, sits in a chair opposite her desk. He's dressed in black Armani. A briefcase rests on the floor next to him.

MRS. KRAWL  
So how can I help you today, Mr. Franklyn?

MR. FRANKLYN  
Two days ago, my client received a letter in the mail from a Ms. Sarah Smith --

MRS. KRAWL  
-- would you like sugar?

MR. FRANKLYN  
No, thank you.

Mrs. Krawl carefully hands Mr. Franklyn the cup of tea.

MR. FRANKLYN (CONT'D)  
She's a Nurse at my clients clinic. In this letter, Ms. Smith explains that thirteen years ago she was involved with an abortion procedure at the clinic that went awry...

CUTAWAY - EXT. GROUP HOME, PORCH

Miracle and Charlie listen closely.

MIRACLE  
(whisper)  
Lawyer.

RETURN TO SCENE

MR. FRANKLYN

The letter went on to say that, after the abortion procedure, Ms. Smith took the fetus into the next room over, where the baby began crying. Normally, it's an unwritten rule to let the fetus resolve itself. But, apparently Ms. Smith revitalized the baby, nursing it back to health, unbeknownst to us.

Mrs. Krawl sips her tea.

MR. FRANKLYN (CONT'D)

Two weeks later, the baby shows up at a local hospital. How it got there without anyone knowing ... well, lets just say, Hospital's don't have the best security.

Mr. Franklyn opens his briefcase.

MR. FRANKLYN (CONT'D)

We found this identification card next to it.

Mr. Franklyn pulls out a 4x8 CARD. Hands it to Mrs. Krawl.

Mrs. Krawl eyes it.

MRS. KRAWL

Jane Doe?

MR. FRANKLYN

It's a generic term we give to women without an identity.

Mrs. Krawl returns her focus to the card.

MRS. KRAWL

(beat)

Miracle?

MR. FRANKLYN

That's the name the nurse gave the baby.

CUTAWAY - EXT. GROUP HOME, PORCH

Miracle's face stiffens. Her mouth gapes. She slowly slides down the wall to a sitting position.

MIRACLE

Charlie? ... I can't breath.

Charlie kneels down to her level.

CHARLIE  
(excited whisper)  
Miracle! Did you hear that!? You  
have a mom! ...

Miracle can't move. Stunned. Deep breaths.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
(excited whisper)  
And her name is, Jane Doe!

RETURN TO SCENE

MRS. KRAWL  
And the mother?

MR. FRANKLYN  
She's been off the radar for the  
past thirteen years. My client  
isn't releasing any more  
information on this case. If word  
got out to the media it would  
destroy the credibility of the  
hospital.

MRS. KRAWL  
So, what do you want me to do with  
all this?

Mr. Franklyn retrieves an envelope from his inside jacket  
pocket.

MR. FRANKLYN  
Mrs. Krawl, my client has decided  
to award you with a sort of  
compensation for your troubles ...  
federal tax dollars hard at work.

He hands the envelope to Mrs. Krawl.

MR. FRANKLYN (CONT'D)  
I can assume this will remain in  
confidence?

Mrs. Krawl opens the envelope. She pulls out a check. Her  
eyes gape. She nods.

MR. FRANKLYN (CONT'D)  
Excellent. As far as my client is  
concerned the abortion was a  
success and the fetus was  
terminated as planned.

Mr. Franklyn stands to exit.

CUTAWAY - EXT. GROUP HOME, PORCH

Miracle and Charlie can't believe their ears. FOOTSTEPS cross the hardwood floors toward the front door.

MR. FRANKLYN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Other than DNA testing, there's no link between the mother and Miracle. Case closed. We can all go on with our lives.

The FRONT DOOR OPENS. Miracle and Charlie shuffle around the next corner of the house.

MRS. KRAWL (O.S.)  
Well, put your mind to ease, Mr. Franklyn ...

Mr. Franklyn exits the front door.

MRS. KRAWL (CONT'D)  
... You won't be hearing anything from me concerning this matter.

Mrs. Krawl remains at the doorway.

MRS. KRAWL (CONT'D)  
As far as I'm concerned, my little Miracle doesn't need to know anything.

Mr. Franklyn nods his approval before walking to his car. Mrs. Krawl heads back inside and closes the door.

RETURN TO MIRACLE AND CHARLIE

CHARLIE  
I don't understand. What just happened?

MIRACLE  
My mom's alive ... And they don't want me to know ...  
(tears)  
They don't want me to know, Charlie.

CHARLIE  
Why wouldn't they want you to know?

MIRACLE  
I don't know ... I don't know.



CHARLIE

What are you gonna do?

MIRACLE

I don't know. But you can't tell anybody about this. Promise me, Charlie. Promise me 'til infinity.

CHARLIE

I promise 'til infinity.

Tears stream down Miracle's face. She gently sobs. Her head collapses into her arms. Charlie puts his arm around her, trying to comfort her.

EXT. NEW YORK - DAY (1996)

Jenny strolls down the sidewalk. Passes a magazine stand. Stops. Glances around. Her eye catches a magazine - BABY TALK. On the cover is the cutest little baby with the happiest grin you've ever seen.

She picks up the magazine and flips through the pages. Turns back to the front cover. Smiles. Glances at the CASHIER, a huge overweight Italian looking man.

She sets the magazine back in its spot. Continues walking.

LATER - EXT. PLANNED MOTHERHOOD - LATER

Jenny stands at the sidewalk. Holds her appointment note in her hand. Glances at it. Looks at the building, nervous and unsure. She slowly walks up the path to the front door. The door opens. A YOUNG COUPLE EXIT.

The GIRL, 17, is being pushed in a wheelchair by the BOY, 18, down the path, to their car. The boy opens the car door and helps the girl out of the wheelchair and into the car. It's a struggle. The girl looks like she's in a lot of pain.

Jenny watches the entire event. She puts her hand on her stomach. Looks back at the appointment note. Glances at the front door. Crumples up the appointment note and briskly walks away.

EXT. NEW YORK - DAY (1996)

Buildings of low income housing and poverty are apparent.

Jenny walks down the sidewalk. She looks across the street and sees a building with a sign on the front that READS -

MOTHER MARY'S CRISIS PREGNANCY CENTER.

INT. MOTHER MARY'S - MOMENTS LATER

Jenny ENTERS. Sitting behind a reception desk is, LEANDRA WILLIAMS, 40's, a beautifully sized African American woman, dressed in business-casual. She talks on the phone unaware of Jenny's presence.

Jenny looks around the room. It's a typical waiting room. Chairs. Tables decorated with magazines.

On the wall are pictures of ULTRASOUNDS. Below each picture it READS - 4 WEEKS, 12 WEEKS, 20 WEEKS, 28 WEEKS, 36 WEEKS. The last picture is of a woman holding her new born baby.

Jenny studies the pictures carefully. She places her hand on her stomach.

LEANDRA (O.S.)  
(re-assuring)  
Looks like a baby to me.

Jenny turns to greet a smiling Leandra.

LEANDRA (CONT'D)  
My name's Leandra.

They shake hands.

JENNY  
Jenny.

LEANDRA  
Well, it's good to meet you, Jenny.

Leandra looks down at Jenny's BUMP.

LEANDRA (CONT'D)  
Let's see here ...

Leandra walks to the wall, looking at the pictures.

LEANDRA (CONT'D)  
How many weeks?

JENNY  
I ... I don't really know.

LEANDRA  
Why don't you have a seat over here  
and I'll get you something to  
drink.

Leandra leads Jenny to a chair.

LEANDRA (CONT'D)  
It's alright to be scared. I was  
scared with every one of my childs.

Leandra walks to the back of the office out of sight.

LEANDRA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(louder)  
You just never do get use to the  
feeling.

Leandra returns with a bottle of water.

LEANDRA (CONT'D)  
Here ya go, sweetie.

Jenny smiles as she takes the bottle of water. Leandra sits  
down across from Jenny.

JENNY  
How many do you have?

LEANDRA  
Four! All boys too. Would've been  
five, but ... well, that was a long  
time ago.

JENNY  
What happened?

LEANDRA  
Well ... I was young and scared ...  
and in love ... just a couple of  
young kids pretending to be adults.  
I got pregnant, of course ... and,  
well ... the rest is just a long  
story that doesn't end well.

Jenny looks away.

LEANDRA (CONT'D)  
Does your mom or dad know you've  
come here today?

Jenny shakes her head.

LEANDRA (CONT'D)  
How about the father?

Again, Jenny shakes her head.

JENNY  
I'm still not sure about  
everything.

LEANDRA

What aren't you sure about,  
sweetie?

JENNY

The woman at the Planned Motherhood  
place said that there was nothing  
to be worried about ... that it is  
just a blob of tissue.

Leandra closes her eyes and shakes her head.

LEANDRA

And what do you think it is?

JENNY

(shrugs)  
I don't know.

LEANDRA

(smiles)  
Let me ask you something. If you  
plant an apple seed in the ground  
and give it some water, it begins  
to sprout right?

Jenny nods.

LEANDRA (CONT'D)

Even though it's underground and we  
can't see it, that little apple  
seed is turning into something,  
right?

Jenny nods with a smile this time.

LEANDRA (CONT'D)

And even though it's underground,  
and we can't see it, and it hasn't  
turned into an apple yet ... is  
that little apple seed alive ... or  
dead?

JENNY

Alive.

LEANDRA

That little apple seed inside your  
tummy is alive, sweetie ... a  
little miracle at work.

The two share a smile.

INT. GROUP HOME, KIDS ROOM - NIGHT (2009)

The children are sleeping.

Miracle slowly crawls out of bed. Fully clothed. Grabs her backpack. Coat and scarf. Blind-cane. Quietly sneaks across the room to the door. Exits.

EXT. GROUP HOME, FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

It's raining.

Miracle exits. Pulls her hood over her head. Tightens her scarf. Readjusts her backpack. Makes her way down the front porch.

SUDDENLY - there is a CREAKING noise behind her. Miracle freezes. Terrified.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Miracle?

Miracle turns around -

MIRACLE

Charlie?

THROUGH MIRACLE'S EYES -

The angelic caricature of Charlie stands on the front steps in the rain. Dark ebony crystals drop from the sky, pounding Charlie's head and shoulders. He stands in the center of a mine-like setting with old, crooked beams and posts that support a fractured, drooping porch roof.

RETURN TO SCENE

CHARLIE

I heard you leaving.

Miracle returns to the porch steps.

MIRACLE

What are you doing out here? You're gonna catch cold.

CHARLIE

Where are you going?

MIRACLE

They're out there somewhere, Charlie. Maybe they know about me ... maybe they don't. But I have to find out ... I have to know.

Charlie falls forward, throwing his arms around her neck. She returns the embrace.

MIRACLE (CONT'D)  
I'll miss you, Charlie.

Charlie's eyes flood with tears.

Long embrace.

CHARLIE  
Be safe.

MIRACLE  
I will.

They separate. Charlie wipes away his tears.

CHARLIE  
And make sure you look both ways  
when you cross the street.

They share a GIGGLE.

MIRACLE  
I will.

Charlie smiles.

CHARLIE  
C'mon ... I'll walk you to the  
street.

SUDDENLY the porch light turns on.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Oh no!

MIRACLE  
What's wrong?

CHARLIE  
The light just turned on.

Miracle's face tenses.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
C'mon! Hide!

Charlie leads Miracle behind a bush.

The front door CREAKS open. Mrs. Krawl exits. A cigarette dangles from her lips. She walks to the edge of the porch and shines a flashlight around the front yard.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 (whispering)  
 Get down.

The light from the flashlight darts over their heads.

Mrs. Krawl stands on the edge of the porch. A raindrop lands on her cigarette, putting it out. She looks up into the night sky, her eyes cursing it.

WHISPERING -

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 Can you make it to the front gate  
 on your own?

MIRACLE  
 Of course.

CHARLIE  
 OK ... When it's clear, make a run  
 for it.

MIRACLE  
 What do you mean, 'when it's  
 clear'? It's never clear --

CHARLIE  
 Now!

INSTANTLY - Charlie takes off running. The light catches him.

MRS. KRAWL  
 Charlie! Get back here, you little  
 rodent!

Charlie runs around the corner of the house, out of sight. Mrs. Krawl throws her cigarette to the ground and takes off after him.

MRS. KRAWL (CONT'D)  
 I'm gonna tan your hide, boy!

Miracle quickly stands and heads for the front gate as sneaky as possible. She exits and as quick as she can, vanishes into the night.

EXT. NEW YORK, OVERPASS - NIGHT (2009)

It's raining.

Miracle walks down the sidewalk. Her blind-cane searches for hazards. She comes to an intersection.

Her blind-cane whacks the traffic pole. Her hand searches for the cross button, then presses it. She waits.

The light CLICKS to yellow, then CLICKS to red. BEEP BEEP BEEP ... She crosses the street.

LATER - OVERPASS

Miracle walks down a dark and lonely street. It's a new neighborhood for her. Different sounds. Different smells. Graffiti covers most of the buildings walls.

Her pace has slowed. She looks tired. Her hair and clothes are drenched.

She comes to a tunnel under a bridge (THE OVERPASS). She stops walking. Extends her hand under the overpass. She can't feel rain. Extends her other hand. Rain pours down still. She walks into the overpass.

As she walks through the tunnel, she bumps into a sleeping homeless person -

HOMELESS PERSON

(grumbling)

Hey! Find your own bed, crazy drunk.

Miracle moves on in search of another resting spot. She finds one against the wall. She squats down and curls up into a ball, shivering from the cold.

LATER - NIGHT

Miracle lays flat on the concrete, ASLEEP.

An OLD MAN, RAE, mid 80's, walks through the Overpass holding a bundle of blankets in his arms.

He sets them down next to Miracle. Grabs a blanket off the top and covers Miracle with it. He grabs his bundle and continues on.

Miracle's head sits up and looks at the figure.

THROUGH MIRACLE'S EYES -

The angelic caricature of and old man walks away.

RETURN TO SCENE

Her head drops back down into her folded arm.



EXT. AFRICAN DESERT - NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS IN BLACK AND WHITE -

IN CARICATURE-FORM ANIMATION -

- Miracle pulls the blades of grass and lets the wind whisk it from her hand.
- The Lion creeps forward.
- Miracle smiles at the soaring grass blades.
- A BLACK FIGURE stands in the distance.
- Miracle spies the Black Figure.
- The Lion leaps forward. ROARS!
- Miracle spins around. Flees for her life.
- A distant side shot of the Lion chasing Miracle toward the Black Figure.
- CLOSE on the Black Figure. Angel-like, but faceless. Smoke rises from its black singed wings, a black robe drapes over its body. Next to the Black Figure is a window, suspended in mid air.
- Miracle halts a few feet away from the Black Figure. Fear and uncertainty upon her face.
- The Lion intensifies his aggression and speed.
- The Dark Figure motions toward the window. It swings open.
- She glances from the Black Figure back to the Lion. The Lion ROARS as it leaps forward.

SMASH CUT TO

EXT. NEW YORK, OVERPASS - NIGHT

Miracle's eyes burst open. Heavy breathing. She sits up. She reaches for her blind-cane and brings it in close to her.

The SOUND of spray paint is heard. It comes in and out. Sometimes long bursts, sometimes short ones. Then a CLANGING.

A FIGURE stands in the dark, silhouetted by the outside streetlights.

MIRACLE

(scared)

Hello?

BEAT - the air is still. Silent. The Figure stands motionless.

The Figure slowly walks over to Miracle. Now, closer to the outside street lights, we can see a better picture of the Figure -

HERMON WILLIAMS, aka "JINX", 25, African American. He wears baggy jeans, a black hooded sweatshirt that is pulled up and over a Yankees ball cap, and a black bandana that covers the lower portion of his face.

Miracle can hear FOOTSTEPS approaching. She recoils into a ball again, holding her legs tight.

JINX

You 'bout one hood too many from home, aintcha?

She gives no response.

THROUGH MIRACLE'S EYES -

The normal caricature of Jinx stands in a large cavern of darkness. His clothes hang loosely. Disheveled. He looks up and down the street and then back at Miracle.

RETURN TO SCENE

JINX (CONT'D)

You gotta name?

Miracle tightens.

JINX (CONT'D)

No name, huh? Where you from?

Miracle shrugs.

Jinx gives up -

JINX (CONT'D)

Yo, whatever.

He turns and walks away. Miracle's eyes follow his FOOTSTEPS.

LATER

Jinx spray-paints a wall under the overpass. A FOOTSTEP approaches from behind.

Miracle stands there. Jinx turns around -

JINX (CONT'D)

(startled)

HOO! Damn, girl. You can't just be sneakin' up on a brotha like that. S'how fools be gittin' shot 'round here. You know what I'm sayin'? ... damn.

MIRACLE

Sorry.

Jinx shakes off his nerves and relaxes.

JINX

So, you decided to get brave, huh? What's a little kiddy-cat like you doing walking the streets anyhow?

MIRACLE

I'm not a kid. I'm thirteen.

JINX

Oh, OK. So you all grown up then, huh?

Miracle stands straighter.

JINX (CONT'D)

So, you gonna tell me your name, or what?

MIRACLE

Miracle.

JINX

Jinx ...  
(extending his fist)  
That's what's up.

Miracle re-grips her blind-cane. Jinx awkwardly retracts. He gives her one good look over.

JINX (CONT'D)

So, where you from?

MIRACLE

Brooklyn ... I think.

JINX

You think? If you don't know where you from, how you gonna get home?

MIRACLE

I'm not going home. I ran away.

JINX

Mom and pops having issues, huh?

Jinx turns back to the wall. A large white rectangle painted over the graffiti littered wall.

MIRACLE

I don't have a mom and dad. I ran away so that I could find them.

JINX

You a foster girl then, huh ... which one?

MIRACLE

St. Johns.

JINX

Yeah ... you from Brooklyn alright.

MIRACLE

Where am I now?

JINX

You in the hood, girl. Where you think you at?

Miracle shrugs.

Jinx shakes his spray can. CLANG CLANG CLANG, and sprays some more white onto the wall.

MIRACLE

What's that noise?

JINX

What noise? These?

Jinx SHAKES his spray can. CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

MIRACLE

Yeah. That.

JINX

These are my girls ... I guess you've never seen a spray can before, huh?

Miracle re-grips her blind-cane and sheepishly smiles.

JINX (CONT'D)  
Yeah, I didn't think so.

MIRACLE  
What are you painting?

JINX  
Well, nothing yet. I'm just makin'  
a canvas right now ...

Miracle tries to understand.

JINX (CONT'D)  
... So much damn graffiti on these  
walls, nothin' ever stands out no  
more. You know what I'm sayin'?

Jinx sprays some more white on the wall.

MIRACLE  
Is it hard?

JINX  
Not really. Gotta have an image in  
your mind, is'all.

BEAT

MIRACLE  
Can I try?

JINX  
Try what? Painting?

Miracle nods.

JINX (CONT'D)  
(slowly)  
You want to paint?

Miracle nods again, with a smile.

JINX (CONT'D)  
How you gonna know ... you know,  
what to paint?

MIRACLE  
You said all I have to have is an  
image in my mind. Well ... I have  
one.

BEAT - Jinx smiles at her simplicity.

JINX  
I did say that, didn't I ... Aight.  
Fo sure. Why not?

Jinx reaches into his back pack -

JINX (CONT'D)  
What color you want?

MIRACLE  
Ummmm ... Pink!

Jinx glances at Miracle.

JINX  
Girl, you must be crazy. I aint got  
no pink. Nigga be gittin shot out  
here carrying around pink.

Miracle looks momentarily disappointed.

MIRACLE  
(perking up again)  
Purple?

JINX  
Listen, I'm just gonna leave you  
what I got here. From left to right  
...  
(Jinx lines up his paints  
against the wall)  
Black, White, Yellow, Green, Brown,  
and Blue. Got it?

MIRACLE  
Black, White, Yellow, Green, Brown,  
and Blue. Got it.

JINX  
Cool.

MIRACLE  
How do they work?

JINX  
Hold out your hand.

Jinx puts the Blue spray can in her hands.

JINX (CONT'D)  
Just press down on the --

CHSSSTTT! BLUE SPRAY PAINT blasts Miracle's face.

She reacts and drops the paint can -

MIRACLE  
(spitting)  
Ugh!!! --

JINX  
(overlapping)  
Whoa!

Jinx fetches a rag out of his backpack -

JINX (CONT'D)  
Hold on. Don't open your eyes.

MIRACLE  
(spitting)  
Ugh. It tastes horrible.

Jinx returns and begins to wipe down Miracle's face.

JINX  
You aint suppose to swallow it,  
girl. Close your mouth.

Jinx tries to wipe as much of the paint off, but it's just not working. He gives up.

MIRACLE  
(opens her eyes)  
Is it gone?

Miracle's eyes look exceptionally white in contrast to the blue paint.

JINX  
You look like a smurf.

MIRACLE  
(frustrated)  
What does a smurf look like?

JINX  
They're blue.

MIRACLE  
(troubled)  
Blue? Oh no! I sprayed my face  
blue!?

Miracle wipes at the blue paint with her cuff.

Jinx chuckles -

JINX  
Yo, don't worry. We'll get it off,  
aight?

Jinx picks up the spray can and hands it to Miracle -

JINX (CONT'D)  
Here. Hold it like this ... There's  
a nozzle on the top here, and a  
valve.

Jinx takes Miracle's finger and puts it over the valve -

JINX (CONT'D)  
You feel that?

MIRACLE  
Yeah.

Miracle presses down on the nozzle and paint goes shooting  
out toward Jinx.

JINX  
(flinching back)  
YOOO!

Miracle recoils and smiles innocently.

MIRACLE  
Sorry.

JINX  
(pointing toward the wall)  
That way.

Miracle frowns and spreads her arms out helplessly.

JINX (CONT'D)  
Aight. C'mon. Over here.

Jinx leads Miracle to the blank white space and TAPS the  
wall.

JINX (CONT'D)  
Right here. OK?

Miracle reaches out and touches the wall.

MIRACLE  
OK.

JINX  
Don't get too close, or your paint  
will run.



Miracle hits the nozzle and spray paint shoots out. She flinches. Smiles.

JINX (CONT'D)

You be cool. I'm gonna finish my thing over here, aight?

(walking away, to himself)

None of my homies better come down here, cuz I will not be able to explain this.

Miracle has already begun her painting.

SERIES OF SHOTS - In the darkness, the silhouette of a young girl against the backdrop of the street lights and the falling rain, paints a picture on a wall.

LATER - NIGHT

Miracle finishes the final touches of her painting.

MIRACLE

(to Jinx)

OK. I think I'm done.

Jinx continues painting -

JINX

Did you sign it?

MIRACLE

Sign it?

JINX

Yeah. You gotta sign your name ... but not your real name. Your tag name.

MIRACLE

My tag name? I don't have a tag name.

JINX

You gotta make one up.

BEAT - Miracle stares at her painting.

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

(chuckles)

How 'bout Smurf?

Miracle frowns at Jinx. She steps closer, and with a paint can, carefully writes something on the wall. She steps back.

She feels BLOOD trickle from her nose. Her hand wipes at it.

MIRACLE  
Ugh, not now.

JINX  
What's wrong?

MIRACLE  
Nothing.

Miracle wipes at the blood with her cuff.

CUTAWAY

FOUR BLACK BOOTS walk down the sidewalk toward the overpass.

RETURN TO MIRACLE

She hears FOOTSTEPS approach.

MIRACLE (CONT'D)  
(beat, she listens)  
Jinx. Someone is coming.

Jinx turns to SEE -

TWO POLICE OFFICERS walk down the path.

JINX  
Cops!

Jinx gathers his paint cans and runs over to Miracle.

The OFFICERS turn their flashlights on and shine them down the tunnel.

OFFICERS  
FREEZE!

Jinx gathers all his paint cans into his back pack. Ready to make a run for it.

MIRACLE  
(scared)  
Jinx? I don't feel good.

Jinx looks over at Miracle. Blood flows from her nose.

JINX  
Oh, damn!

Jinx stands there, caught in a decision. He looks at a helpless Miracle and then looks up at the approaching Officers.

MIRACLE  
(terrified)  
Jinx?

Tears swell in Miracle's eyes. Miracle looks toward the FOOTSTEPS of the approaching COPS.

THROUGH MIRACLE'S EYES -

Two evil caricatures of Police Officers approach from within the dark cavern.

RETURN TO SCENE

Jinx gives in. He turns to face the approaching cops.

JINX  
Yo, hold up, it's cool, it's cool.  
Yo, just check out my friend?

The cops approach. They pull their sidearms. OFFICER ASTOLE, mid 30's, out to prove himself, takes the authoritative lead -

OFFICER ASTOLE  
Get on the ground!

JINX  
Yo! Hold up!

OFFICER ASTOLE  
(overlapping)  
Get on the ground, now!

Jinx reluctantly sprawls out on his stomach.

JINX  
Aight, aight. Chill out.

The cops rush Jinx and quickly get him detained and handcuffed. Officer Astole digs his knee in Jinx's back.

ASTOLE  
(proudly)  
Hello, tag rat.

JINX  
I thought I smelled bacon.

ASTOLE

Yeah? Well, wherever you find pigs,  
you find trash.

JINX

Yo, Mr. Serve-and-Protect, just  
check on my friend!

JINX'S P.O.V. - GROUND LEVEL TO MIRACLE

MIRACLE COLLAPSES

JINX (CONT'D)

Miracle! Yo! Miracle!

Jinx struggles with the cops on his back.

JINX (CONT'D)

Yo, help her out!

Officer Astole remains pinned to Jinx. The other Officer  
finally checks out Miracle. He radios for an ambulance.

FADE TO BLACK.

AMBULANCE SIRENS

INT. CITY JAIL - MORNING (2009)

Jinx lays on a concrete bench. Two pairs of FOOTSTEPS  
approach.

Walking up to Jinx's cell is the Jailor, DWAYNE, late 20's,  
African American male, short and plump - and Leandra  
Williams, the same woman from Mother Mary's Pregnancy Crisis  
Center. She looks about thirteen years older though.

Jinx hasn't moved.

LEANDRA

Herman.

No response.

LEANDRA (CONT'D)

(louder)

HERMAN DWAYNE WILLIAMS!

Dwayne looks somewhat timid by Leandra's authoritative voice.

Jinx finally rolls over and pries his eyes open. He stands  
and walks to the cell door.

JINX

Hey momma.

LEANDRA

(pointing)

Don't you momma me ... Do you know what I was doing today? I was praying ... thanking God for giving me such wonderful children ... can you imagine God, just sitting there, up in heaven, shaking his head ... saying, "Girl, if you only knew." You gonna owe me for this, child, yes you are.

Jinx remains silent. His eyes show he's sorry.

Leandra steps back.

LEANDRA (CONT'D)

(to Dwayne)

Young man, open this door.

DWAYNE

Uh, Ma'am, Mrs. Williams, I don't think I'm suppose to --

LEANDRA

Boy, I know your momma. I knew your momma when she came to me when she was pregnant with you ... Now I could have sent her over to the abortion clinic ... but I didn't ... cuz I knew that she was gonna have a beautiful young son ... strong and tall and handsome ... so don't make me regret that decision now ...

(slowly)

Open this door.

DWAYNE

Yes, Ma'am, Mrs. Williams.

Dwayne fumbles for his keys. He finally finds the right key and opens the cell door.

LEANDRA

(firm, pointing)

You ... come.

Jinx follows his mother toward the exit.

LEANDRA (CONT'D)  
 God is testing me, I know it!  
 (raising her arms)  
 Why are you testing me, Lord? Why  
 now?

They exit through the doors.

LEANDRA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 I did not raise my children to be  
 criminals! If your father was  
 alive, child ...

Dwayne stands motionless, afraid to move and have her wrath  
 be directed at him, just for moving.

EXT. AFRICAN DESERT - NIGHT

IN BLACK AND WHITE -

IN CARICATURE-FORM ANIMATION -

Miracle stands in a circular clearing cut out from the tall  
 African grass. The dry cracked earth beneath her toes. She  
 stares in horror at The Black Figure - standing before her.

CLOSE on the Black Figure. Angel-like, but faceless. Smoke  
 rises from its black singed wings, a black robe drapes over  
 its body. Next to the Black Figure is a window, suspended in  
 mid air.

The Figure reaches into its robe and pulls out a SHINY STEEL  
 DAGGER. SPEAKS in a deep, slow, eerie voice -

BLACK FIGURE  
 Your blood, child ... will unlock  
 it.

Miracle looks at the window and then back at the Black  
 Figure. Fear and uncertainty in her eyes - they swell with  
 tears.

Slowly, she approaches the Black Figure. Extends her arm. The  
 Black Figure grabs it. SINGES. Miracle tries to recoil in  
 pain.

The Black figure still grasps hold of Miracle's squirming arm  
 as he presses down - steel to flesh.

A ROAR. Miracle and the Black Figure turn to see -

The Lion leaps forward from the tall grass into the -

CLEARING

As the Lion leaps forward into the clearing, it MORPHS into an ANGEL, long, dark, flowing hair, crystal eyes, olive skin. He wears a full set of armor that looks like it was made out of glass. He unsheathes his sword and strikes down on the Black Figure.

The Black Figure parries the sword attack with his dagger. He spreads his black, smoky wings. A HIGH PITCHED SCREAM. He reaches into his robe and unsheathes a BLACK SWORD.

The Angel postures with confidence -

ANGEL

This one is not yours to claim,  
Deceiver.

BLACK FIGURE

(hisses)

The mother has made the decision.

They circle each other. Miracle steps backward and watches.

ANGEL

A decision based on lies.

The Black Figure HISSSES and leaps forward striking down. Swords CLASH. The Angel strikes back, pushing the Dark Figure backwards.

BLACK FIGURE

The girl has not yet been claimed.

ANGEL

She has been claimed by God.

BLACK FIGURE

No matter ... it is still too late.

The Dark Figure throws his dagger across the clearing toward Miracle, lodging into her shoulder. She SCREAMS as she falls backwards to the ground.

The Angel attacks - his sword skill is a marvel to watch. He spins and strikes. His sword pierces the heart of the Black Figure.

Slowly, the Black Figure crumbles to the ground, dissolving into the dry cracked desert earth, until finally, it is gone.

The Angel turns to Miracle's aid.

ANGEL

Be still.

MIRACLE

It hurts.

The Angel grabs the dagger -

ANGEL

Close your eyes.

Miracle closes her eyes.

- and YANKS it out of Miracle's shoulder. She SCREAMS!

The Angel tosses the dagger to the ground and it dissolves into the earth. He then places his hand over the wound. Smoke rises. Miracle's pain slowly subsides. The wound heals. The Angel helps Miracle stand to her feet.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

The wound has healed ... the scar will remain.

Miracle feels for the wound.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Come. It is your time.

The Angel leads Miracle to the window. With a wave of his hand, it swings open.

Miracle faces The Angel -

MIRACLE

My mother ... she was going to have an abortion, wasn't she?

ANGEL

(softly)  
She did ...

Miracle looks confused -

ANGEL (CONT'D)

You survived.

Tears stream down Miracle's face.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

I could give no reason that would help you understand. You live in a world in which I do not fully comprehend.



Miracle wipes the flowing tears from her eyes.

ANGEL (CONT'D)  
 (in his own thought, looks  
 away)  
 Doctors ... They're so proud of  
 themselves for what they can do ...

Miracle is overwhelmed with emotion.

MIRACLE  
 Why doesn't she try and find me?

ANGEL  
 She does not know you survived.

INT. MOTHER MARY'S CLINIC, BACK OFFICE - NIGHT

Leandra rests on her knees in front of boxes filled with  
 files. A large trash can sits in the middle.

Jinx enters -

JINX  
 Hey, Momma.

LEANDRA  
 You just in time, child.

She stands.

LEANDRA (CONT'D)  
 Your community service has  
 officially begun.

Jinx rolls his eyes.

LEANDRA (CONT'D)  
 Don't roll your eyes at me, boy.  
 You would be out on the chain-gang  
 right now, pickin' up trash, if it  
 wasn't for me.

Jinx intentionally stares at his mom.

LEANDRA (CONT'D)  
 Good ... Now, I want you to go  
 through these boxes and anything  
 that is ten years or older, go  
 ahead and throw away. OK?

JINX  
 Aight.

LEANDRA  
 (correcting)  
 It's, all right ... You want to  
 speak like the thugs, you can go  
 hang out with the thugs back in  
 jail.

JINX  
 Mm hmm.

Leandra exits.

LEANDRA  
 I'll be back in a bit to check on  
 you.

Jinx frowns as he stares at the pile of boxes. He walks in  
 and gets down on his knees and opens a box. He pulls out a  
 file and opens it. Flips through the pages.

JINX  
 Eighty five?

Jinx throws the file into the trash can.

He pulls out another file. Flips through the folder. And  
 again, throws the file into the trash can.

He looks around the room at all the boxes. Overwhelmed.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- Jinx tosses another file into the trash can.
- Jinx sits on his butt, reading through a file that he then  
 sets on the floor beside him.
- Jinx tosses another file into the trash can.
- Jinx leans against a desk, eyes closed, file in hand.

Leandra enters -

LEANDRA  
 (cheery)  
 How's it going in here?

Jinx is STARTLED. Papers are tossed. He plays it off -

JINX  
 Good, Momma. Good.

LEANDRA  
 Haha! That's what I like to hear...

As she walks away -

LEANDRA (CONT'D)  
That's what I like to hear.

Jinx collects the papers and tosses them into the trash.

Jinx collects his thoughts and grabs another file. He opens it. It's a thin file. Not much paper. As he flips through the paper, there's a photograph of a young girl -

JENNY HILLSONG. Jinx eyes the photo. She looks familiar to him.

He grabs the folder. Stands and walks out the door.

FRONT DESK

Leandra sits behind the desk. Typing on the computer.

Jinx enters.

JINX  
Hey, momma, you know this girl?

Jinx hands Leandra the photo.

LEANDRA  
(remembering)  
Oh my sweet Lord. Yes! Jenny was her name ... Mm mm mm. Came in scared as a sheep one day.

JINX  
She kinda looks like this girl I met the other day.

LEANDRA  
(playful banter)  
Oh, you met a girl did you. Which cell block was she on?

JINX  
Would you stop already? 'Sides, it aint like that. She's young ...

LEANDRA  
How young?

JINX  
Thirteen.

LEANDRA  
 Thirteen!? Boy, don't you go  
 messin' with no little girls ...  
 I'll haul you back to that jail  
 cell myself --

JINX  
 MA! I said it aint like that. OK?

LEANDRA  
 Mm hmm. It better not be, child.

Leandra returns her attention to the photo.

LEANDRA (CONT'D)  
 So what's her name?

JINX  
 Miracle ... but she calls herself  
 Possum.

LEANDRA  
 Possum?

JINX  
 She's blind.

LEANDRA  
 Oh dear Lord. Where's her momma?

JINX  
 Don't think she got one. Said she  
 ran away from St. Johns.

LEANDRA  
 Group home?

JINX  
 Yep.

LEANDRA  
 (concerned)  
 Sweet child.

Leandra eyes the photo again.

LEANDRA (CONT'D)  
 So where's this girl now?

JINX  
 I don't know. We kinda got  
 separated.

LEANDRA

You mean the cops hauled you off to jail?

JINX

Why you gotta keep bringin' up the past all the time?

LEANDRA

It aint like it was ten years ago.

JINX

Well, I'm just saying.

LEANDRA

Mmm hmm ... Let me see that file.

Jinx hands Leandra the file. She opens it and looks through.

LEANDRA (CONT'D)

Poor child only came in the one time.

JINX

When she come in?

LEANDRA

(correcting)

When did she come in.

Jinx roll his eyes -

JINX

When did she come in?

Leandra looks for a date.

LEANDRA

There we go. OK ... Let's see here ... March of '96.

Jinx takes a moment.

JINX

(to himself)

Thirteen years ago.

LEANDRA

You think they're related?

JINX

I think it might be her mom.

LEANDRA  
 Hmmmm ... Well, you said this,  
 what's her name, Possum, came from  
 a group home?

Leandra hands the file back to Jinx.

LEANDRA (CONT'D)  
 Well, group homes are for kids  
 who's parents are gone or passed  
 away. So, it definitely aint her  
 momma.

JINX  
 What you want me to do with this.

Jinx holds the file.

LEANDRA  
 More than ten years ... toss it.

JINX  
 Aight.

Jinx tosses the file into the trash can as he walks out.

LEANDRA  
 All right.

EXT. NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN - DAY (1996)

Jenny walks the streets. Her BUMP is definitely noticeable.

She enters a corner liquor store.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - CONTINUOUS

Jenny stands in line holding a bag of chips and a coke. A MOTHER, 28, and her SON, 5, stand at the check out. Jenny and the Son exchange playful looks. Jenny makes a goofy face - the Son GIGGLES and he returns a goofy face himself. Jenny smiles.

EXT. NEW YORK, STREETS - LATER

Jenny walks the streets eating her bag of chips. Takes a drink of her coke.

She passes a magazine stand and glances over the various magazines. One in particular catches her eye. BABY TALK. On the front cover is a barely-standing baby dressed in a yellow rain suit and diapers.

Jenny smiles as she picks it up and flips through the pages.

JENNY  
(to CASHIER)  
How much is this?

LATER

Jenny continues down the street. Reading her new magazine. A new glow on her face. A new swing in her step.

She enters a BABY GAP.

INT. BABY GAP - MOMENTS LATER

Jenny browses through the various clothing displays. A couple of cute little outfits give her a smile. She grabs a little outfit for a boy and a little outfit for a girl and holds them up side by side. She smiles.

She sets the items down and continues browsing. A FEMALE SALES CLERK approaches -

SALES CLERK  
Is there anything I can help you  
with today?

JENNY  
(shy)  
No thanks. I'm just looking.

The Sales Clerk looks down at Jenny's bump then gives Jenny a fake smile before returning to whatever it was she was doing.

MOMENTS LATER

Jenny looks up from a clothing rack and notices the Sales Clerk whispering to another FEMALE ASSOCIATE while looking in Jenny's direction.

Jenny's face hardens as she pretends not to notice. She slowly turns around and veers for the exit.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT (2009)

Jinx walks down the hallway to the Information Desk.

A receptionist, KENDRA, late 20's, African-American, beautifully sized, sits behind the desk flipping through paper work.

Jinx approaches.

JINX  
Excuse me.

The flirtatious Kendra perks up, giving the handsome Jinx her undivided attention.

KENDRA  
How can I help you, sugar?

JINX  
Last night, a young girl was brought in ... Miracle ... Can you tell me what room she's in?

KENDRA  
Well, Sugar, you and I could go room to room and look for her if you'd like?

Kendra shoots Jinx a wink.

JINX  
(awkward)  
Uhh, no ... thank you ... could you just please maybe look it up in the computer, or something.

KENDRA  
Oh, alright. We'll do it the easy way.

Kendra clicks on her computer mouse and scans through the log book from last night.

KENDRA (CONT'D)  
Mmm, nope. Nobody by that name.

JINX  
Are you sure? No Miracle? M-i-r --

KENDRA  
Sugar, I know how to spell Miracle.

Jinx takes a step back and thinks for a second.

He quickly steps back to the counter -

JINX  
Possum! Try Possum.

KENDRA  
Oh ya, of course! That sweet thing that calls herself Possum ... looks like a smurf. She was moved over to the West Wing early this morning. Room 23-B.



JINX

Oh my goodness, woman. Thank you.

Jinx takes off down the hall.

Kendra stands and watches Jinx walk away.

KENDRA

(to herself)

Mm, mm, mm. Sweet child.

(sits back in her seat)

The hand of God has blessed you.

MIRACLE'S ROOM

Jinx ENTERS.

Miracle sits upright in bed. Her face has been completely cleaned of the blue spray paint. She draws a picture on a note pad with a pencil. Her eyes look elsewhere.

Jinx walks across the room toward her bed.

MIRACLE

Jinx?

JINX

(smiles)

How'd you know it was me?

MIRACLE

I could smell you.

JINX

Oh, you could smell me ... OK ...  
That aint weird.

MIRACLE

You smell like a boy.

JINX

Uh huh.

They share a smile.

JINX (CONT'D)

So, how you feelin', girl?

Miracle goes to set her note pad and pencil down on the bedside tray table and misses by about six inches. It falls to the floor.

MIRACLE

Jinx, you have to help me escape.

JINX  
It aint like you in prison.

MIRACLE  
Have you tried the food?

JINX  
What'd the doc say is wrong with you?

MIRACLE  
(half jokingly)  
I don't know. But what if they want to do surgery on my brain?

Jinx playfully jokes -

JINX  
(looks into her eyes)  
Your brain? Isn't that going back a little too far?

Miracle glares at Jinx.

JINX (CONT'D)  
You're serious ...

MIRACLE  
I'm very serious. Are you in?

JINX  
What ... Right now?

MIRACLE  
Yes! Now!

JINX  
Are you ready now?

Miracle pops out of bed.

MIRACLE  
Yes, c'mon!

JINX  
Hold up, you aint ready. Put some clothes on.

MIRACLE  
Don't need 'em.

Miracle finds her blind-cane. Heads for the door.

JINX

Don't need 'em? Girl, you cant be  
streakin' 'round in your hospital  
gown.

Miracle opens the door -

MIRACLE

Come on! Let's make a run for it  
while nobody's looking!

Jinx grabs her bundle of clothes -

JINX

How do you know aint nobody  
looking?

Miracle exits the room.

JINX (CONT'D)

Miracle!?

Jinx chases after Miracle into the -

HALLWAY

The hospital seems empty.

Miracle run-walks down the hallway like a free spirited  
gypsy. Her blind-cane stretched out in front of her.

Jinx, a little more concerned about the hospital staff,  
chases after Miracle. The backside of her hospital gown is  
open.

JINX (CONT'D)

Oh my Lord.

A hallway door opens twenty feet in front of Miracle. A  
DOCTOR exits, his eyes glued to some medical charts. He  
crosses the hallway, forgetting to shut the door behind him.

The Doctor opens another door, forgetting to close that door  
as well, and enters another room. Miracle is heading straight  
for both of the doors.

JINX (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Door.

(a little louder)

Door.

(yells)

DOOR!

She winces and shuts her eyes as tight as she can. Relentlessly, Miracle charges forward, full speed ahead, her blind-cane directly in front of her. She nears the doors -

MIRACLE

Ahhhh!

Jinx flinches for her.

IN THE VERY NEXT MOMENT - Miracle narrowly speeds past the two open doors, barely missing them. A huge smile on her face. She's ready to take on the world.

Jinx lets out a huge sigh of relief.

JINX

You're crazy, girl.

The Doctor walks back out the door. Jinx runs into him and the two tumble to the floor. Jinx quickly regathers Miracle's clothing, stands up, and continues chasing after Miracle.

JINX (CONT'D)

Maybe I should start closing my eyes.

EXT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Jinx and Miracle run out the double doors of the hospital.

JINX

Let me see the end of your cane.

Miracle lifts the end of her blind-cane and Jinx grabs the end of it.

JINX (CONT'D)

Hold on.

Jinx walks briskly down the sidewalk.

MIRACLE

Where are we going?

JINX

To my ride.

MIRACLE

You have a car?

JINX

Kinda.

MIRACLE  
What do you mean, kinda?

JINX  
I borrowed it.

MIRACLE  
From who?

JINX  
I aint that positive.

MIRACLE  
(eyes widen, loud whisper)  
You stole a car?...

Jinx keeps walking.

MIRACLE (CONT'D)  
Yikes stripes. We're criminals.

Parked at curb-side is a LATE MODEL BUICK.

Jinx leads Miracle to the passenger side of the car and helps her get in.

MIRACLE (CONT'D)  
(flinches)  
Ahhh. The seats cold.

JINX  
That's cuz you aint got no drawls on.

Jinx buckles her seat belt.

JINX (CONT'D)  
Hands and feet inside.

Jinx closes the door and then runs around to his side of the car, gets in, starts the car, and drives off.

EXT. NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Crowded sidewalks. Tourists. Street vendors. Taxi cabs hog the streets.

A late model buick turns a corner and parks in an alley. Jinx exits and runs around to Miracle's side. Opens the door. Helps her get out.

JINX  
Aight, time to put some real clothes on, girl.

OFF MIRACLE'S SHOULDER P.O.V.

Jinx pulls out Miracle's clothes from the back seat and turns back to face a HALF-NAKED MIRACLE.

RETURN TO SCENE

JINX (CONT'D)  
 (flinching away)  
 HOOO!!! Damn, I did not just see that.

MIRACLE  
 See what?

JINX  
 (overlapping)  
 Oh, my goodness! I'm going straight to hell, for sure!

MIRACLE  
 (overlapping)  
 What's wrong?

Jinx shields his eyes from Miracle.

JINX  
 What's wrong!? Yo, girl, just cuz you can't see nobody, don't mean they can't see you.

MIRACLE  
 Well, what's wrong with me?

JINX  
 Well ... nothing ... but you know ... it just aint right, OK. So here, take your clothes. Put 'em on before somebody sees us and calls the cops.

Miracle takes her clothes with a frown.

EXT. NEW YORK, OVERPASS - LATER

Jinx and Miracle walk down the sidewalk toward the Overpass where they first met.

JINX  
 Listen ... all I'm sayin' is that when girls get to a certain age ... and for you, that was like, five years ago ...  
 (MORE)

JINX (CONT'D)

ya'll just can't be strippin' down  
naked in front of people like that  
... It's just how it is ... it's  
different for boys.

MIRACLE

Whatever.

JINX

Like I said ... that's just how it  
is.

They finally come to the -

OVERPASS

JINX (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Please still be here.

Jinx pulls out his flashlight from his back pocket and shines  
it around. Paint cans are everywhere. The tops are off. His  
backpack is ripped open. Looks like an animal or something  
went through it.

Miracle enters the darkness. Her blind-cane CLANGS into a  
paint can.

MIRACLE

Found one.

JINX

That's what's up. You're like my  
own little personal hound dog.

Jinx shines his flashlight over toward Miracle. Behind her on  
the Overpass wall is the painting she did the first night  
they met.

Jinx approaches the wall. Eyes wide.

Miracle continues CLANGING into paint cans.

MIRACLE

Found another one.

Jinx stares at the wall in awe.

ON THE WALL

An ANGEL, wings expanded, stands triumphantly over the fallen  
BLACK FIGURE (from Miracle's dreams). His hand holds a sword  
that looks like it was made out of glass.

Jinx steps forward and reaches out his quivering hand -

JINX  
Impossible.

His fingers lead him to the bottom of the painting. There, in cursive lettering, are the words - POSSUM.

JINX (CONT'D)  
(smiles)  
Possum.

Miracle approaches from behind.

MIRACLE  
You like it?

JINX  
(playfully points)  
You're not blind.

Miracle frowns.

Jinx waves his hand in front of Miracle's face.

MIRACLE  
Don't be stupid.

Jinx returns his focus to the painting.

JINX  
Then you wanna s'plain how you did this?

MIRACLE  
What do you mean? I used your paints.

Jinx turns back to face Miracle.

JINX  
No ... not how ... *how*? I mean, it aint everyday you see people grabbin' a paint can, blobbin' paint up on a wall, and having it turn out like this ... and I'm talking about people who can see ... you know what I'm sayin'?

Miracle tries to understand.



JINX (CONT'D)  
 What you did ...  
 (he looks back at the  
 painting)  
 ... it just aint normal.

Miracle grips her blind-cane. Her face softens.

MIRACLE  
 What is normal suppose to look  
 like?

Jinx catches himself. He gets where Miracle is coming from,  
 but it's still so hard for him to believe.

He looks back toward the painting.

JINX  
 (to himself)  
 Not like this.

Miracle frowns and then turns and walks back up the sidewalk.

JINX (CONT'D)  
 Yo ... Miracle ... I didn't mean  
 nothing by that.

Jinx quickly regathers all his paint cans, shoving them into  
 his backpack. He chases after Miracle.

JINX (CONT'D)  
 Yo, homegirl, wait up.

Jinx catches up to her.

JINX (CONT'D)  
 Yo, look, I'm sorry, aight?

MIRACLE  
 It's OK.

JINX  
 You sure?

You can tell that her demeanor has changed.

MIRACLE  
 Yeah.

Jinx knows he can't fix this problem right now. He remains  
 silent. Letting it go.

They continue up the sidewalk.

JINX  
 C'mon ... I want to show you  
 something ... it's my secret spot.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING, ROOFTOP - NIGHT

It's a clear sky.

Miracle and Jinx sit on an air conditioner vent of a rooftop apartment building. A water tower sits just behind them.

New Jersey sits just on the other side of the Hudson. The lights sparkle off the water. Traffic flows over the GW. A ferry passes.

The two stare out into the night sky. The wind blows a gentle breeze across their faces.

MIRACLE  
 I've got to find her, Jinx.

Jinx looks at Miracle, knowing who she's talking about.

MIRACLE (CONT'D)  
 She's out there somewhere.  
 (to herself)  
 How do I find her?...

JINX  
 I think she'll find you.

MIRACLE  
 How? She doesn't even know I'm  
 alive.

JINX  
 You got an amazing gift, girl. I  
 think if your momma ever saw one of  
 your paintings...she'd know. What  
 you call it...'a God thing'.

Miracle sits facing the skyline. The wind gently blows across her face. Jinx turns his attention back to the skyline as well.

JINX (CONT'D)  
 I wish you could see this.

MIRACLE  
 (beat)  
 Yeah, me too.

JINX

So ... like ... what do you see? Is it just all black, or what?

MIRACLE

Most of the time. Except when I talk to people ... my mind gives me an image of what they look like.

JINX

Oh, yeah? And what do I look like?

MIRACLE

Like a big scary monster.

JINX

Oh, OK.

They share a laugh.

LONG BEAT

MIRACLE

(beat)

Describe it to me.

Jinx looks at Miracle and then back out across the skyline.

JINX

Describe what?

MIRACLE

What you see ... everything.

JINX

Uhh ... OK. Well, there's a couple of tall buildings ... and all their lights are on ...

The CARICATURE of Jinx's description begins to build in Miracle's mind.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED - NEW JERSEY SKYLINE / MIRACLE'S P.O.V.

JINX (CONT'D)

... there's lots of shorter buildings ... they all have their lights on as well. Bunch of streets that run in every direction ... street lights n' traffic lights ... some are red, some green ... There's some other lights that I don't know where they shine from

...

(MORE)

JINX (CONT'D)  
 but there's blue lights, and orange  
 lights, and yellow lights, and  
 green lights, and white lights--

MIRACLE  
 Pink lights!?

JINX  
 (laughs)  
 No, girl. Sorry, aint no pink  
 lights. You can add some if you  
 want to, though, but I don't see  
 none.

Jinx continues his description.

JINX (CONT'D)  
 Now just in front of all those  
 buildings is the Hudson and all  
 those lights that I just described  
 to you are reflecting off the water  
 ... sparkling ...

Jinx becomes somewhat emotional.

JINX (CONT'D)  
 ... it looks like you could reach  
 out and touch it ... and like glass  
 ... it would shatter.

Miracle is caught up in his story-like explanation of it all.  
 Her hand reaches out into the night sky ... wanting to touch  
 it.

THROUGH MIRACLE'S EYES -

The caricature of the New Jersey skyline - we see everything  
 that Jinx has described, except Miracle's imagination has  
 twisted its reality. The lights are brighter. The buildings  
 are taller. The streets are longer. The colors are more  
 vivid. The water is clearer. The reflections have more  
 sparkle. Everything Jinx has described has been amplified by  
 Miracle's imagination.

MIRACLE  
 It's beautiful.

Jinx glances at Miracle.

JINX  
 You want to paint it?

BEAT - Miracle smiles.

Jinx smiles back.

JINX (CONT'D)

C'mon.

Jinx and Miracle stand up and walk over to the -

WATER TOWER

It's about eight feet tall but stands only a foot off the ground.

JINX (CONT'D)

I've saved this for something special.

Jinx's hands caress the surface of the water tower.

JINX (CONT'D)

And you ... are that something.

Miracle smiles up at Jinx. Jinx smiles back. He pulls his backpack around and unzips it. Taking out all the paints. He hands one to Miracle. Her hands search for it. Finds it. She shakes the can. CLANG CLANG CLANG CLANG.

AS WE PULL BACK -

MIRACLE

Start from the beginning again.

Jinx turns around to face the New Jersey skyline.

MONTAGE

- Miracle paints on a water tower of a tall apartment building. Jinx stands next to her.
- Miracle paints on a wall while Jinx watches for cops.
- Jinx paints on a wall while Miracle pretends to look for cops.
- Miracle and Jinx paint side by side on a stationary train.
- Jinx walks blind folded down the street. He uses Miracle's blind-cane to find his way.
- Miracle and Jinx ride the subway. They pass many graffiti covered walls.
- Jinx walks blind folded. He veers off a curb and falls to the ground. Miracle tries not to laugh.

- Miracle chases Jinx with her blind-cane through the park.

- Jinx chases Miracle with her blind-cane through the park. He stops and lets her keep running. She stops and turns around. She feels alone all of a sudden. She extends her arms and gets scared. She calls out for Jinx. Jinx quickly runs to her aid, reassuring her of his presence. She playfully punches Jinx in the arm.

END MONTAGE

EXT. NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN - NIGHT (2009)

Tourists. Street vendors. Taxi cabs hog the streets.

Miracle and Jinx walk the crowded sidewalk.

JINX

I gotta ask you something ...

Miracle waits for the question.

JINX (CONT'D)

What's with the nose bleeds, girl?  
You aint gonna die on me is you?

MIRACLE

I don't know. I've always had them.  
As long as I can remember. All I  
know is that after I get one,  
something bad is always about to  
happen.

JINX

Hmm ... like you got some ESP  
juices up in your brain or  
something.

MIRACLE

What's ESP?

JINX

It means you're psychic.

MIRACLE

That's stupid.

JINX

Well, you the one with the  
nosebleeds.

MIRACLE

It doesn't mean I'm psychic.

JINX  
 (playfully)  
 Well, the next time you get one,  
 don't get mad at me if I take a  
 couple of steps away from you ...  
 cool?

MIRACLE  
 Whatever.

Jinx laughs.

JINX  
 Yo, you want a hotdog?

Jinx stops at a HOTDOG VENDOR.

MIRACLE  
 OK.

Miracle keeps walking, unaware Jinx has stopped.

JINX  
 Yo, 20/20. Over here.

Miracle turns back to Jinx.

JINX (CONT'D)  
 (to vendor)  
 Two hotdogs.  
 (to Miracle)  
 You like catsup? Mustard?

Miracle emphatically nods.

LATER

Miracle eats her hotdog while standing next to a -

MAGAZINE STAND

Jinx glances over the various magazines. His eyes stop on -

GRAFFITI MAGAZINE. On the front cover is the photograph of a painting of a woman holding a baby in her arms. In bold lettering it READS: WHO IS POSSUM?

JINX (CONT'D)  
 (slowly)  
 Oh, my, God ... Oh, my, God. HaHa!  
 Yo, girl, check this out!

Jinx brings the magazine over to Miracle.

JINX (CONT'D)

Girl, you're on the cover of  
Graffiti Magazine.

MIRACLE

(mouth full)

What?

JINX

You are on the cover of a magazine.

MIRACLE

(excited)

I'm on the cover of a magazine? ...  
How's my hair?

JINX

(laughs)

No, not you. One of your paintings.

MIRACLE

Really? Which one?

JINX

The one with the woman holding the  
baby.

MIRACLE

What does it say?

JINX

Let's find out.

Jinx flips to the story.

JINX (CONT'D)

Aight...

(reading)

Who is Possum? This little furry  
creature that wanders through the  
night. From the results of his  
paintings, his eyesight can't be  
that bad.

MIRACLE

If they only knew.

JINX

Across New York this underground  
and unseen artist has raised  
questions amongst the local graff  
artists --



MIRACLE  
What does graff mean?

JINX  
Graffiti.

MIRACLE  
Oh --

JINX  
Most of whom believe this new  
artist is a Con --

MIRACLE  
What's a con?

JINX  
(explains)  
A pro. Someone who got a studio in  
Uptown and comes down to the hood -  
try and prove they better than  
e'rybody else.

MIRACLE  
That doesn't make sense.

JINX  
Yeah, well, people do crazy things  
just to get recognition.

MIRACLE  
Hmm ... What else does it say?

JINX  
Umm ...  
(reading)  
So to put all speculation to rest,  
Graffiti magazine joined with Fox  
Network is going to hold their very  
own art expo in Midtown's very own  
Bryant Park where all the top  
artists will be invited to compete  
in an "all out graff showdown,"  
Saturday, October 21st, at 8 pm,  
where the winner will walk away  
with \$25,000 ... Damn, twenty five  
g's ... Hopefully, this will reveal  
the who's who of graff artists in  
New York, suspecting that our  
little Possum friend will be able  
to find his way to the park.

Jinx turns and faces Miracle.

JINX (CONT'D)  
Yo, what's the date today?

MIRACLE  
(helpless, mouth full)  
Are you serious?

Jinx asks a passing TOURIST.

JINX  
Excuse me. Do you know what the date is?

TOURIST  
(thinking about it)  
I think it's the 20th.

Jinx turns back to Miracle.

JINX  
(excited)  
Oh my goodness! This is tomorrow night!

BEAT - Jinx eyes the magazine.

MIRACLE  
(nonchalant)  
Do you want to go?

JINX  
Go? Girl, they're expecting you to go. They're expecting you ... Possum ... to compete.

Miracle freezes -

LONG BEAT

MIRACLE  
Me?

Jinx nods with a smile.

MIRACLE (CONT'D)  
Yikes stripes.

JINX  
You ready to show the world who Possum is?

Miracle timidly shakes her head.

INT. JENNY'S APARTMENT - DAY (1996)

Jenny walks through the front door. We HEAR the television. Jenny quietly closes the front door. Pulls her coat around her waist. Slowly walks in.

LIVING ROOM

Mismatched furniture. Stained rug. Barren walls. A tiny TV sits on top of a box crate.

In a recliner, sleeps JACK, mid 30's, scruffy, unkempt. On the table next to him are six dented beer cans. Probably empty.

Jenny quietly tip toes down the -

HALLWAY

She comes to a door. A NOTE. She pulls it off and reads it. BE BACK LATE. LEFTOVERS IN THE FRIDGE. TRY NOT TO BOTHER JACK. MOM.

Jenny pauses for a moment. She makes her way back down the hallway into the -

KITCHEN

AS QUIETLY AS SHE CAN -

Jenny opens the cupboards. Grabs a bowl. Opens a drawer. Grabs a fork. Opens the fridge. Looks around. Grabs a piece of tupperware filled with food. Closes the fridge.

JACK STANDS THERE

Jenny is startled. Fear strikes her face. She backs against the counter.

JACK

What are you so scared about?

She gives no reply. Paralyzed with fear.

A drunk and groggy Jack, opens the fridge and grabs a beer.

JACK (CONT'D)

Where you been all day?

Jack cracks open the beer can and takes a long swig.

JACK (CONT'D)

What you do, go and lose yer voice?

Jenny tries to nonchalantly cover her bump.

Jack finally notices her HUGE BUMP. He swipes her hands away.

BEAT - Jack is speechless.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Holy hell ... HOLY HELL! Either yer  
the fattest skinny bitch I ever  
seen or yer pregnant!?

Jenny covers her mouth. Ready to cry.

JACK (CONT'D)  
(angry)  
How the hell did you go and do  
that?

Jenny closes her eyes, trying to hold the tears in.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Oh, my Lord. That's all yer mother  
needs around this place ... another  
mouth to feed.

The tears now stream down Jenny's face.

JACK (CONT'D)  
(very angry)  
WELL?! Who the hell did you go and  
open yer legs up to this time, you  
whore?

Jenny covers her mouth, sobbing.

BEAT - Jack stares down a helpless Jenny. He grabs her arm  
and drags her out of the kitchen.

JACK (CONT'D)  
C'mon!

JENNY  
Owe! Jack! Stop! That hurts!

LIVING ROOM

Jack drags a struggling Jenny toward the front door.

JACK  
Quit yer squirmin'.

Jack opens the front door.

JENNY  
Where are you taking me?

JACK  
Yer gonna get that thing aborted.

Jenny pulls away. A hint of confidence.

JENNY  
No! I can't! I won't!

Jack throws her up against the wall. Grabs her by the throat. She tries to pry his hands away. CHOKING.

JACK  
You listen to me, and you listen good. What d'ya think yer momma's gonna do when she finds out yer pregnant? HUH!?

Jenny GASPS for air.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Your momma and me don't need no extra mouths to feed 'round here. You wanna end up on the streets? 'Cuz you sure as hell aint staying 'round here with that baby.

Finally Jack releases her. Jenny falls to the floor, GASPING for air. COUGHING. Deep breaths. More COUGHING. CRYING.

JACK (CONT'D)  
(voice softens)  
And the streets aint no place to raise a baby. 'Sides, you aint fit to raise no baby anyhow. Look atcha.

Jack bends down and helps a CRYING Jenny to her feet.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Now that's the decision and it's final. Ya here me?

Jack, slightly less aggressively, drags Jenny out the door.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Now c'mon. Let's go.

Jack closes the door behind them.

INT. PLANNED MOTHERHOOD, WAITING ROOM - DAY

Jack and Jenny sit in the waiting room. Nurse Terelli walks in from the back offices.

NURSE TERELLI  
Jenny? We're ready for you.

They both stand. Jack looks nervous. Jenny reluctantly walks forward.

NURSE TERELLI (CONT'D)  
(to Jack)  
Sir, you can wait here. The procedure shouldn't take any longer than an hour, OK?

Jack nods and then uncomfortably looks around the room. Not knowing what to do.

Jenny steps through the door and Nurse Terelli follows after, closing it behind them.

Jack looks around once more. He looks at the exit. Then, suddenly, makes for the door and is gone.

EXAM ROOM - LATER

Jenny lays on a bed like she's ready to give birth - dressed in a hospital gown, legs suspended by stirrups. A blanket covers her legs. An IV drip hangs near her bed, attached to her arm.

Nurse Terelli and another Nurse, SARAH SMITH, late 20's, are dressed in scrubs as they prepare for an abortion procedure.

Nurse Terelli approaches Jenny.

NURSE TERELLI  
How we feeling?

Jenny gives no reply.

NURSE TERELLI (CONT'D)  
I know this is difficult, sweetie, but just relax and it will be over before you know it.

Jenny rolls her head over and faces the wall.

NURSE TERELLI (CONT'D)  
(to Sarah)  
How we doing?

Sarah looks uneasy.

SARAH  
Good. I suppose.

NURSE TERELLI  
First one, huh?

Sarah hands Nurse Terelli a syringe filled with an unknown solution.

SARAH  
Let's just get this over with. OK?

NURSE TERELLI  
Fair enough.

Injecting the solution into Jenny's IV tube -

NURSE TERELLI (CONT'D)  
I'm giving you something that will help with the discomfort...It will also help ease the procedure, inducing labor which will help with retraction of the fetus. OK?

Jenny stares at the wall. Eyes flood with tears.

Nurse Terelli moves around and positions herself between Jenny's legs.

Sarah stands to the side. Unsteady.

NURSE TERELLI (CONT'D)  
Go ahead and breath normally, Jenny.

OVER - Jenny stares at the wall. Breaths in through her nose - Out through her mouth. Tears stream down her face, over her lips, off her chin.

NURSE TERELLI (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Just try and relax, sweetie.

Nurse Terelli grabs the forceps and ducks under the blanket that covers Jenny's legs.

NURSE TERELLI (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
OK. Here we go...that's it...nice and easy...  
(to Sarah)  
...hand me the tray.

Nurse Terelli sticks out her hand and Sarah hands her the tray. She sets it down between Jenny's legs on the table.

Nurse Terelli looks under the blanket as she continues.

Grief strikes Sarah's face. She can barely watch.

Jenny stares at the wall. Tears continue to stream down her face. She cringes her eyes. Her lips quiver.

NURSE TERELLI (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Here it comes.

Sarah covers her mouth and closes her eyes.

CLANK!

Sarah JUMPS.

Handing the tray to Sarah -

NURSE TERELLI (CONT'D)  
Cover this and take it to Storage-  
One.

Sarah takes the tray and covers it with a blanket. Her eyes swell with tears. She exits the room.

HALLWAY

Sarah walks down the hall. Clenching the tray. Tears stream down her face.

She reaches a door and enters.

STORAGE ONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sarah enters. She freezes. She looks around the room. Her eyes gape. It's apparent she's never been in this room. Many other trays similar to the one she's holding lay on carts.

She walks forward. Slowly. Sets the tray down. Looks at a tray nearby and slowly removes the blanket.

ON THE TRAY - A fetus, severely deformed, lays in the tray. Many limbs are torn apart. Blood is everywhere.

She quickly covers the tray back up and runs over to the sink. Rips her mask off and VOMITS into the sink. She turns the water on and washes her mouth out. Spits. More water. Spits again. Splashes water on her face. Grabs some paper towels and wipes off her face. Deep breaths.

BEAT - HOLD ON SARAH



Slowly she begins to cry. The crying turns to sobbing.

She tries to calm herself. She grabs more paper towels and wipes her face. Deep breaths. Slows her breathing. Wipes the tears from her eyes. Slow, deep breaths in and out.

SUDDENLY - a SOFT WHIMPER. And another. It gets louder. Then suddenly, the WHIMPER turns into a soft CRY.

Sarah turns around. SHOCKED.

THE BABY'S ALIVE!

The CRY gets louder. It turns into a WHALING.

The blanket from the tray Sarah brought in begins to move. She rips the blanket off. Picks up the baby and brings it over to the sink. She wets a cloth and begins wiping the blood off the baby.

Sarah wraps the baby up in a blanket and cradles it in her arms. She smiles. New tears ... tears of joy stream down her face.

SARAH  
Shhhh ... shhhh.

Sarah rocks the baby.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
(smile of joy)  
Hi.

The baby's crying slowly subsides. It YAWNS.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
(slowly)  
You are an absolute miracle.

Sarah rocks the baby in her arms as she gazes into its eyes.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. GROUP HOME - EVENING

Mrs. Krawl sits in a recliner watching TV. Curlers in her hair. Dressed in a night gown. She flips through the channels as she sucks down a cigarette.

She stops on a NEWS CHANNEL.

A WOMAN REPORTER announces -

REPORTER

... and we are live, here at New York's very own, Bryant Park ... you can see behind me as spectators and fans come out to support their favorite artists. The big story tonight, of course, is this new and upcoming artist, Possum, who's gotten everybody's attention ...

Her voice trails off AS -

Mrs. Krawl sits forward in her recliner. More attentive to what is being said now.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

So the big question is, will this Possum even show up tonight. I know there has been a lot of controversy surrounding him and a lot of the local scene has been speculating that he is a fake, or in their own words, a Con. So it will be interesting to see just how things pan out as the contest moves forward. Robert, back to you.

Mrs. Krawl eyes the TV. She can't believe her ears. Is this HER POSSUM? She has as thought.

She reaches over and picks up the phone. Dials.

BEAT - Mrs. Krawl waits for an answer. Watching the TV with a sneer. Takes a long hard drag from her cigarette.

MRS. KRAWL

Yes, hello ... I'd like to report a missing person ... girl ... thirteen ... no, I know exactly where she is.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - DAY (2009)

An OLDER LOOKING JENNY (13 YEARS LATER) briskly walks down the sidewalk. She carries a purse. She wears a waitress uniform and a name badge. She sucks down a cigarette.

She walks past a magazine stand. Her pace slows as she browses. A magazine catches her eye - BABY TALK. On the front cover is a mother holding her smiling newborn baby. She reaches for it, then stops. Staring at the magazine - her eyes show too much pain. She turns and continues walking.

INT. DINER - LATER

Jenny walks through the front door. The manager, JOE, mid 50's, Caucasian male, overweight, stands behind a grill in the kitchen. He wears typical diner cooking attire.

JOE  
You're late!

Jenny quickly rushes to the back and gets ready for her shift.

JENNY  
I know. I'm sorry. The traffic was horrible.

JOE  
There's no traffic on the subway.

Jenny turns to face Joe.

JENNY  
Look. I'm sorry, OK. It won't happen again.

JOE  
(pointing spatula)  
It will be the last time.

Jenny exits the kitchen. She walks behind the front counter and throws on a pot of coffee.

Another waitress, MILLIE, mid 60's, brings plates back to the busser station. Millie looks like she's been working here her whole life.

MILLIE  
How you doin', sugar?

Jenny appreciatively smiles.

JENNY  
Hi, Millie. I'm good.

MILLIE  
Don't let that old crackpot back there bother you --

JOE  
I heard that, Millie.

MILLIE  
His bark is bigger than his bite.

MANAGER

Millie! ...

The Manager tosses two plates under the heat lamp.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Foods up!

The two girls share a smile. Millie takes the two plates into her arms.

MILLIE

A single just walked in. You wanna take it?

Jenny glances -

JENNY

Sure.

Jenny walks over to a table.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Hi. Can I get you something to drink?

An ELDERLY MAN, RAE, mid 80's (the man from the OVERPASS), sits at a booth.

RAE

(big smile)

Ah, yes. I would love a glass of warm milk, and a slice of that homemade apple pie, if I could.

Jenny scribbles on her note pad -

JENNY

OK. Anything else?

RAE

No thank you. That'll be all.

She tucks her note pad into her uniform pouch. Picks up the menu and walks off.

LATER

Rae slowly and methodically eats his apple pie. Down to the last bite. Jenny approaches.

JENNY

How is everything?

RAE  
(big smile)  
Just how I imagined it.

Jenny cracks a smile.

JENNY  
Is there anything else I can get  
for you?

RAE  
(pats his stomach)  
I think it would be borderline  
gluttony.

Jenny smiles.

JENNY  
I'll just set this here. Whenever  
you're ready ...

Jenny sets the bill down on the table.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
Can I take that away for you?

RAE  
Yes, thank you.

Jenny removes the glass and plate and walks back to the kitchen. She sets the plate down next to the sink. Wipes her hands off. Walks back out into the dining area.

Rae is gone. Jenny looks around but can't find him. Did he leave already?

Jenny approaches the table. She picks up the bill and opens it. There are a few dollar bills and some loose change.

JENNY  
Exact change ... awesome.  
(sighs)  
It figures.

Jenny pockets the money. She heads back toward the counter. The paper bill catches her attention. In the area where the TIP AMOUNT is, are the words - FOLLOW THE PAINTINGS.

Jenny looks confused. But quickly thinks nothing of Rae's TIP. She crumples up the bill and throws it into the trash.

LATER

It's closing time. Jenny finishes wiping down a table. Walks back to the kitchen. Takes off her bib. Grabs her purse and turns off the lights on her way out the door. Millie waits for her at the main door. They walk out together.

EXT. DINER - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Millie locks the door behind them.

MILLIE

You want a ride home, sweetie?

JENNY

Oh, no, that's OK. Thanks, Millie. I'm gonna go over to a friends house.

Millie has heard that before.

MILLIE

OK, sugar. Have a good night. I'll see you tomorra.

JENNY

Thanks, Millie. You too. I'll see you tomorrow.

They part ways.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Jenny walks up the steps and presses a button on the key code box.

VOICE (O.S.)

Yeah?

JENNY

It's me.

VOICE (O.S.)

So what?

JENNY

C'mon, Gary, open up.

The door BUZZES. She enters.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Jenny stands near the entrance. She's been here before. Knows the routine. She needs her fix.

GARY, mid 30's, stands near a DRUG SCALE spooning out a white substance into a plastic baggy.

TWO DRUGGED OUT GIRLS are dissolved into an old ratty couch. Cartoons on the TV.

GARY  
How much you want?

JENNY  
Just twenty. Tips were slow tonight.

Gary shakes his head.

GARY  
I don't even know why I bother.

He finishes spooning out the amount. Seals the plastic baggy. He walks over to Jenny, and the two exchange - money for drugs.

He steps in closer. Reaches around, grabbing her butt, and pulls her in closer to him.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Maybe we can set up some other kind of arrangement?

Jenny uncomfortably pulls away.

JENNY  
Yeah, Gary, sure. Maybe next time.

Gary pushes away from her.

GARY  
Whatever. Go on, get outta here.

Jenny turns and heads for the door.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Jenny EXITS. She walks down the sidewalk, around the corner, and down an alley. Her pace quickens. A overhead light shines down over a dumpster. It FLICKERS.

Jenny squats down behind the dumpster. Pulls out the plastic baggy from her purse. Takes out a spoon. A syringe. A rubber hose. A lighter.

She taps out all of the white powder onto the spoon. Using the lighter, she turns the powder into a liquid. She then takes the syringe and extracts all the liquid from the spoon.

She sets it down. She then ties the rubber hose around her left arm. Her teeth help. She flexes and retracts her fist a few times. Taps her arm. Searches for the vein.

The street light FLICKERS. She looks up. Her eyes catch the wall in front of her.

ON THE WALL

Calvary hill. Jesus stands with his back to us as he finishes 'tagging' the words - START LIVIN' - JC, in yellow spray paint on the cross beam of his cross.

At the bottom of the painting are the words - POSSUM.

RETURN TO SCENE

Jenny's eyes soften. She slowly slides to her feet. Her eyes swell with tears. Her lips quiver. The syringe slides from her grasp. She unties the rubber hose. Drops it.

Her eyes focused on the painting. She slowly steps forward. Extending her arm, then retracting. Tears stream down her face.

She steps forward, collapsing onto the wall, arms stretched out. She cries as her hands caress the wall.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. MOTHER MARY'S CLINIC - EVENING

Leandra sits behind her desk. She closes a manila folder and files it away in the filing cabinet behind her.

She turns back to her computer and clicks the mouse button a couple of times. Her computer turns off. She pulls the chain on her desk lamp. It turns off.

She stands. Grabs her purse and her coat. Heads for the front door. Opens the front door and clicks off the lights.

The DESK LAMP LIGHT remains on at her desk.

Her face is puzzled. Almost scared.

She slowly makes her way back to her desk. She looks around her desk. Still puzzled by the light.

There's a MANILA FOLDER on her desk. Now she's really spooked.



LEANDRA

Okay ... why you doin' this to me,  
Lord. You aint gotta spook me out  
like this.

She slowly reaches for the folder. Opens it.

It's Jenny Hillsong's file. Didn't Jinx throw this in the  
trash?

Jenny's picture lays on top.

LEANDRA (CONT'D)

Oh, my sweet Lord.

Leandra picks it up and looks it over.

BEAT - She has a thought.

She picks up the phone and dials.

LEANDRA (CONT'D)

Shea Shea? ... Leandra ... How you  
doin', girl!? ... I'm good, a  
little spooked out right now, but  
I'm good. Hey, listen. I need a  
favor. How long you gonna be there?  
... OK, I'll see you in thirty.

Leandra hangs up the phone.

INT. HOSPITAL - EVENING

Leandra waits in a chair in front of a nurse's station.

A woman approaches. SHEA THOMPSON, African American, mid  
40's. Smiling ear to ear. She wears business-casual.

SHEA

Well look who it is?

Leandra stands to greet her friend.

LEANDRA

(smiles)

Shea Shea! How you doin', girl?

They embrace.

SHEA

Ahh, it's so good to see you.

LEANDRA

You too. You look great.

SHEA  
Oh stop it.

They share a laugh.

LEANDRA  
How's the husband?

SHEA  
Dead.

Leandra laughs.

SHEA (CONT'D)  
He's OK. So, what brings you down here? It's been a while.

LEANDRA  
Too long.

SHEA  
C'mon, let's talk in my office.

They start walking.

LEANDRA  
Ooooh, the head chaplain finally has her own office, hey?

SHEA  
I told them, either get me my own office, or I will pray for the wrath of God to come down upon this hospital ... one week later ...

Shea, followed by Leandra, push through a door to -

SHEA'S OFFICE

SHEA (CONT'D)  
... and I'm looking out over the city.

LEANDRA  
Oooohhhweee ...

SHOT OF THE CITY THROUGH THE WINDOWS

LEANDRA (CONT'D)  
Girl, you must have done some praying. My Lord.

They walk to the window.

SHEA

Nice, huh?

LEANDRA

You can say that again.

SHEA

So ... get real with me, girl. What brings you down here?

LEANDRA

OK ... So, thirteen years ago, I'm working at the clinic, average day, nothing crazy, right? I get a girl, Jenny Hillson, comes by the clinic, scared to death. Said she's thinking about getting an abortion. By the end of our time together, though, I thought I had convinced her otherwise, but I never heard from her again. So, the other day, my son is helping me at the clinic go through some old files and comes across Jenny's file. Well he says to me, 'she looks just like this young girl I met the other day... Her name is Miracle, but he said she calls herself Possum 'cause she's blind, right? So, anyway,--

SHEA

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Hold on ...

Shea walks to her desk.

SHEA (CONT'D)

You said her name was Possum?

LEANDRA

Yeah, why?

Shea picks up a newspaper and flips through a couple of pages. She finally finds what she's looking for and flips it around for Leandra to see.

SHEA

Check this out.

The newspaper headline reads - GRAFF SHOWDOWN. BRYANT PARK. POSSUM REVEALED. There's a couple of photographs of paintings that Miracle has done.

LEANDRA

Oh, my Lord. A blind girl did this?

SHEA

It's all over the news, girl.

LEANDRA

It's unbelievable.

SHEA

I know ... So what happened after that?

LEANDRA

Well, I don't think nothing of it, but then he goes on to tell me that the girl is thirteen years old ... So I look at the file, and sure enough, the date on the file was thirteen years ago. Might be just a coincidence but I thought I'd come down and see if you could find out some info on it for me.

Shea has become very interested.

SHEA

No ... But I know who can.

INT. HOSPITAL, I.T. TECH ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A few cubicles are staggered. Shea leads the way, knows exactly where's she's going.

She halts just outside of a cubicle. BRADLEY JAMES, African American, 24, sits facing a computer screen. He wears business casual. Straight out of college.

SHEA

Bradley?

Bradley jumps. Turns around.

BRADLEY

Mrs. Thompson? How are you doing today?

SHEA

I'm fine, thank you. This is my friend, Leandra. We need your help.

BRADLEY

Sure, anything.

SHEA

Thirteen years ago. Maternity ward.  
Baby's name was Miracle. Mother's  
name, Jenny. Need some info on it.

BRADLEY

Sure.

Bradley turns back around and gets to work on his computer.

SHEA

(to Leandra)

If she was born in this Hospital,  
she'll be in the system.

Bradley frantically types. The computer screen floods with a  
ton of information. Bradley types a bunch of words and a  
whole new set of info hits the screen.

BRADLEY

Here we go.

The ladies move in closer.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

I have your Miracle ... but no  
Jenny ... mother is listed as Jane  
Doe.

SHEA

Can you open the file?

Bradley types. The computer screen reads - CASE CLOSED.  
UNABLE TO ACCESS.

BRADLEY

No. Apparently, somebody up top  
doesn't want anybody looking at it.

Shea stiffens.

SHEA

Young man. I know you didn't go to  
four years at M.I.T. to tell me you  
can't get into that file.

BRADLEY

(hesitates)

I ... can't. If they find out--

SHEA

Bradley ... I know your momma, son.  
And it would be a real shame if she  
found out that her son was stealing  
drugs from the pharmacy.

BRADLEY

(defensive)  
I don't do drugs!

SHEA

That's not what your momma's gonna  
hear.

Bradley frowns. He turns back to the computer screen. Shea  
shoots Leandra a wink.

Bradley furiously types away again on the computer. Data  
scrolls down the screen. More typing. Bradley AD-LIBS a  
personal, intimate conversation with his computer.

He hits the enter button. ACCESS GRANTED.

BRADLEY

(to himself)  
I don't do drugs.

The ladies move in close again.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Alright, here we go. June 9th, 1996  
... Baby's name was Miracle ...  
mother's name ... uh, it still says  
Jane Doe.

LEANDRA

Does it say what happened with the  
baby?

Bradley searches the computer screen.

BRADLEY

(scans)  
Duh, duh, duh, duh, ... no, it just  
says the legal guardianship belongs  
to a ... Mrs. Krawl of St. Johns  
Group Home.

Leandra looks defeated.

SHEA

Sorry, sweetie.

BEAT

BRADLEY

You want to see a photo of Jane  
Doe?

The ladies quickly turn their focus back to the computer  
screen.

SHEA/LEANDRA

YES!

BRADLEY

I thought you might.

Bradley clicks on the screen. An IMAGE slowly starts to  
dissolve onto the computer screen. The image turns into a  
photograph of young JENNY HILLSONG.

Leandra's wide eyed. She perks up.

LEANDRA

It's her. Oh, my Lord. It's her.

BRADLEY

Check this out ... It says that  
this Jane Doe girl came in for an  
abortion ... and everything went as  
expected ... and the fetus was  
terminated.

Leandra pulls back. Hand to head. Thinking. Pacing.

SHEA

Well that doesn't make sense.

Leandra has it.

LEANDRA

She survived ... the baby ...  
Miracle survived the abortion.

Shea gets it. Bradley just looks lost.

LEANDRA (CONT'D)

Miracle survived the abortion and  
they never told Jenny. Shea! ... Oh  
my goodness ... Oh my goodness! ...  
Shea, they're trying to cover it  
up.

(to Bradley, hurried)

Print that out for me, boy.

Bradley responds quickly. The printer begins.

Leandra and Shea share a thought.

The printer stops. Leandra snatches the printed photo.

LEANDRA (CONT'D)  
C'mon, girl.

The two girls head for the exit.

SHEA  
St. Johns?

LEANDRA  
Damn straight.

Bradley reclines in his chair. Proud he could help.

BRADLEY  
I don't do drugs, Mrs. Thompson.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

Jinx and Miracle ride the train. Miracle rests her head on Jinx's shoulder. ASLEEP -

EXT. NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

A WOMAN (JENNY), briskly walks down the sidewalk. She wears a coat and a scarf. She flips through a magazine as she walks. Not seeing where she's going -

Jenny BUMPS into a young BLACK MAN (JINX) walking in the opposite direction. Walking next to the Black Man is a young WHITE GIRL (MIRACLE).

JENNY/JINX  
(to each other)  
Excuse me.

Each continue their journey.

Jenny comes to an intersection. Waits to cross the street.

CUTAWAY - INT. TAXI CAB

A TAXI DRIVER eats a hotdog. Spills on himself. Looks down to wipe off his shirt.

RETURN TO SCENE

Jenny still stands at the corner. The lights turn. The walk signal turns green. She crosses.

The TAXI CAB flies down the street.

CUTAWAY - INT. TAXI CAB



The Taxi Driver looks up just in time to see Jenny crossing. He slams on the brakes.

RETURN TO SCENE

SCREECH!!! Jenny's face looks petrified.

SMASH CUT TO -

INT. SUBWAY - SAME

Miracle's head pops up from Jinx's shoulder. She was dreaming.

She reaches for her nose. Searching for blood. There's none.

The train comes to a stop.

JINX

C'mon. This is our stop.

They exit the train. Climb the stairs to the street.

EXT. BRYANT PARK - NIGHT

The lights are on. The grassy lawn begins to fill up with spectators and fans.

Jinx stands just outside the door of a WOMEN'S BATHROOM. The lights of Bryan Park in the background.

JINX

(loudly)

I'm telling you. You're gonna look dope. Trust me.

Miracle's voice comes from within the bathroom.

MIRACLE (O.S.)

What if they laugh at me?

JINX

Aint nobody even gonna notice you, girl. C'mon. I promise.

LONG BEAT

Finally, the woman's door opens. Miracle exits -

She's dressed in baggy jeans, a black hooded sweatshirt which is pulled up and over a Yankees baseball cap, a black bandana which covers the lower portion of her face, and a pair of sunglasses. Just by looking at her, you couldn't tell she was a girl.

Jinx is giddy with pride.

JINX (CONT'D)

(laughs)

Oh damn! Girl, you look keraaazy!  
Oh my god, I feel like I'm gonna  
get shot.

MIRACLE

Is that a good thing?

JINX

Fo sho! Oh my goodness, you look  
sick.

MIRACLE

I don't feel sick. I feel like I'm  
swimming in a pool of clothing. How  
do you dress like this?

JINX

(laughs)

You ready?

MIRACLE

I guess.

JINX

Where's your cane?

MIRACLE

In the bathroom. I don't want to  
use it.

JINX

No, no, no, Girl -

Jinx runs into the bathroom and fetches the blind-cane -

JINX (CONT'D)

You gotta use it. It's like a prop.

Jinx returns from the bathroom.

JINX (CONT'D)

If you don't use it, people will  
definitely know you're blind. You  
gotta pretend you're using it.

MIRACLE

Ohhhh. Let them think that I'm not  
blind, by pretending to be blind  
... all while being blind.

JINX

Uhh, something like that. Listen,  
just stick close to me, aight?

Miracle holds out her hand and Jinx hands her the blind-cane.

MIRACLE

Let's do this.

Miracle and Jinx walk down the tunnel toward the field.

Miracle walks with a gangster limp -

JINX

Who taught you how to walk like  
that?

MIRACLE

I don't know. It just kinda feels  
natural dressed like this.

Miracle and Jinx exit out onto the -

GREAT LAWN

At the far western side of the lawn, near the fountain, are barriers set up in a large rectangle, separating the fans and spectators from ten, stage-like platforms.

Each platform rests a (4 x 5) white canvas board set on an easel. Next to each easel, are two different containers, one holding spray paints and the other holding traditional paints.

News crews, event planners, security, etc. - all prepare for the event to begin. Police Officers are posted throughout the perimeter of the field.

One POLICE OFFICER stands on the upper terrace, at the far end of the lawn, keeping a distant watch on everything.

A DISPATCHER comes through over his radio.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)

Dispatch to field. Please be  
advised of a 10-57, Caucasian  
female, 13 years of age. Subject is  
visually disabled and in your  
vicinity. Over.

Jinx and Miracle walk the length of the lawn. Jinx looks somewhat nervous by the size of this event.

JINX  
Oh my goodness.

He is in awe.

MIRACLE  
What does it look like?

JINX  
Dope.

MIRACLE  
That doesn't help.

The ANNOUNCER stands near the center, holding a microphone.

ANNOUNCER  
Can I please have all the artists  
competing in tonight's event to  
please go to your platform?

MIRACLE  
Where's my platform?

JINX  
Whichever one is not taken.

Other graffiti artists make their way to their platform.

Miracle uses her blind-cane to follow Jinx.

As they walk, Miracle whacks his leg -

JINX (CONT'D)  
Yep. Right here.

Miracle whacks his leg again -

JINX (CONT'D)  
(winces with a fake smile)  
Yep. Just a little softer.

Miracle whacks his leg again -

JINX (CONT'D)  
Damn, girl! OK. Over here. C'mon.

Jinx sees an empty platform centered between all the others.

JINX (CONT'D)  
We got stairs, you need help with  
the stairs?

OVER - Miracle climbs the stairs, no need for help. She turns around and feels for her canvas. She finds the edges.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

You will all have one hour to paint your masterpiece. You may either use spray paints or traditional paints. After the time is over, the four judges will determine the winner of ...

(voice gets louder)

... One twenty-five thousand dollars!

The crowd CHEERS.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Artists! Begin!

The artists begin their work.

Miracle is slower to begin. She searches her platform for the paints and then the canvas board, all while trying not to be too conspicuous.

Miracle grabs a spray can and turns toward the canvas.

LONG BEAT - She stares at the canvas.

JINX

What's wrong?

MIRACLE

I don't have an image in my mind.

JINX

What? Make one up, girl. You only got an hour.

MIRACLE

I can't just make one up. I have to wait for Him to give me one.

The JUDGES and Announcer walk past.

Their conversation turns into LOUD WHISPERING -

JINX

Who? God?

MIRACLE

Yes!

JINX  
 (frustrated)  
 Oh, my Lord. Well ... what do you  
 want me to do? You want me to pray  
 or something.

Miracle becomes frustrated as well -

MIRACLE  
 That would help.

JINX  
 Oh, my goodness. This is not  
 happening right now.

Jinx looks around. Embarrassed at what he's about to do. He  
 walks next to Miracle's platform and slowly, inconspicuously,  
 kneels down.

JINX (CONT'D)  
 Don't look at me ... nothin' to see  
 here ...

Miracle faces her canvas. Waiting.

MIRACLE  
 What are you doing?

JINX  
 I'm prayin'. What do you think I'm  
 doin'?

Jinx has gotten down to his knees. As he prays, his eyes  
 open, looks around, and then close - A half attempt to remain  
 unnoticed.

JINX (CONT'D)  
 Uh ... God ... I know it's been a  
 real long time ... and, um, well  
 you aint got to listen to me if you  
 don't want to or nothin', ...  
 (begins sweating)  
 Oh my God this is horrible ...

MIRACLE  
 Ameeeeen!

JINX  
 Can a brotha' get a sec? ...

Miracle shakes her head in frustration as she looks at her  
 canvas.

JINX (CONT'D)

OK ... listen, God. You know I aint good at this sort of thing, so I'm just gonna be straight with you, aight? Me and you both know I don't deserve nothin'. I haven't lead a very good life, I know I should go to church more often --

MIRACLE

I thought you were praying for me?

JINX

I'm gettin' there ... But this girl, Miracle, she's done nothing wrong, she was raised in an foster home with a horrible woman, and she ran away to try and find her folks

...

(Jinx gets choked up)

... and she's blind ... and now she's here, and she says she's waiting for you ...

(crying)

Oh, Lord, will you just give her an image already? Please!?

Jinx becomes extremely emotional. It's actually quite a comical sight.

MIRACLE

Are you alright?

Jinx covers his eyes and holds up his index finger.

Miracle returns her attention to the canvas. Her face expands.

MIRACLE (CONT'D)

I got it!

Miracle begins spraying on the canvas. Jinx stands up and wipes the tears away.

The Judges walk past, eyeing him suspiciously.

JINX

(pointing to the grass)

Allergies. Killing me.

They continue walking.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- Various artists using spray paints.
- Spectators CHEERING.
- Hecklers banter back and forth between themselves.
- Police Officers break up a fight and haul off a couple gang members.
- Miracle paints her image. She's the only one that uses the spray paints and the traditional paints.
- Spectators point toward their favorite artists.

LATER

The artists continue their work. Judges pace back and forth, eyeing the different art.

Some artists set their tools down. Finished.

The Announcer looks at his watch.

ANNOUNCER  
OK, artists. Time's up ...

Artists quickly sign their tag name.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
Please set your paints down.

Miracle sets her paint brush down.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
Judges! Let's find a winner!

The Judges begin their walk down the line of platforms. They stop at each one, make a quick note, converse briefly, and then move on to the next one.

Different sections of the crowd CHEER as the Judges reach each platform.

They finally reach Miracle's platform. The Judges are speechless.

ON THE PAINTING

The cartoon-ish caricature of a possum. It stands on its hind legs leaning on his blind-cane. He wears sunglasses and a pair of Chuck Taylors.

One of the Judges leans over and says something to the announcer.



ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
 (to Miracle)  
 Uh, young man, you haven't signed  
 your name.

MIRACLE  
 Oh, right.

Jinx makes sure she gets it right -

JINX  
 (loud whisper)  
 Your tag name, girl!

MIRACLE  
 (loud whisper)  
 I know!

Everyone looks at Jinx with curiosity.

Miracle grabs a paint brush. Signs her tag name. She steps  
 back and turns around to the crowd.

ON THE PAINTING

The name POSSUM is written at the bottom.

The entire crowd ERUPTS IN CHEERS.

Jinx has a huge smile on his face.

IN THAT NEXT MOMENT - Miracle takes off her hoody, then her  
 bandana ...

JINX  
 What are you doing?

Then her sunglasses ...

JINX (CONT'D)  
 No, no, no, no.

Then she takes off her hat and shakes out her hair.

JINX (CONT'D)  
 Oh, crap.

The entire crowd becomes DEAD-PAN.

Miracle reaches for her blind-cane and steps to the front of  
 the platform. Everyone can now see that she's truly blind.

Jinx doesn't know how to react. The judges stand in awe,  
 looking from Miracle to her painting, and then back at her.

VERY LONG BEAT - nobody knows what to do or how to react.

A SPECTATOR begins clapping...then another...and another. Quickly, the entire crowd ERUPTS IN CHEERS and APPLAUSE.

Jinx looks back at Miracle with a smile.

Miracle looks out toward the CHEERING crowd.

IN THAT SAME MOMENT - BLOOD begins to flow from Miracle's nose.

Miracle reaches up and feels the blood. She turns to Jinx.

MIRACLE

Jinx ...

Jinx looks around the field. POLICE OFFICERS approach.

JINX

C'mon ... let's get you outta here.

Jinx helps Miracle get down and they duck away through the crowd.

EXT. NEW YORK, MANHATTAN - NIGHT (2009)

Jenny walks the streets. Her arms hold her tight. Mascara streams down her face.

CHOIR MUSIC gets louder. She nears a corner and looks across the street.

CHURCHGOERS enter a building - TIMES SQUARE CHURCH.

INT. TIMES SQUARE CHURCH, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

OVER CHOIR MUSIC -

Jenny slowly ENTERS. Timid. She's never been to church before. People of all ethnicity file into the main doors that lead to the main sanctuary.

An elderly woman, MARY, stands near the entrance holding bulletins. She gives Jenny a warm smile as she hands Jenny a bulletin.

MARY

Good evening. Welcome.

Jenny takes the bulletin, smiles back, and then enters the main sanctuary.

SANCTUARY - LATER

The Church is crowded. A full choir stands on stage. SINGING AMAZING GRACE. A band accompanies.

Jenny sits in a pew. Hands folded together. Praying. Crying. She wipes her tears.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE CHURCH - LATER - NIGHT

Attendees begin to exit. CHOIR MUSIC is still heard in the background.

Jenny EXITS. A new glow on her face.

She crosses the street. Makes her way down the sidewalk.

LATER

She passes a magazine stand. Her pace slows. She glances around Her eyes catch a BABY TALK magazine. She reaches out and picks it up. Flips through the pages. Smiles. Sets it back down. Continues looking.

A magazine catches her eye - GRAFFITI MAGAZINE.

She slowly reaches out and picks up the magazine.

ON THE FRONT COVER -

It is a photograph of a painting of Jenny holding a baby.

Jenny's eyes soften as she looks over the picture. At the bottom are the words - WHO IS POSSUM? STORY PAGE 34.

Her face is frozen. Complete awe.

Jenny flips through the pages. She comes to the story. Peruses the words carefully.

Her eyes look up from the magazine. She looks around. Trying to find her bearings. She looks down at the picture in the magazine and then back up in a new direction. She takes off down the street.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - NIGHT (2009)

Jinx and Miracle walk the sidewalk. Miracle holds a tiny GOLD TROPHY.

JINX  
 (trying to sound  
 comforting)  
 Second place aint that bad, girl.

MIRACLE  
Yeah, but second place is always  
the first loser.

JINX  
That only counts in a race.

Miracle doesn't look convinced.

PLAYFUL BANTER -

JINX (CONT'D)  
Yo, if you don't like your trophy,  
I know a guy who can melt that down  
for you ... get you some cash.

Miracle looks horrified at the idea. Suddenly, her trophy  
becomes very personal to her.

MIRACLE  
You stay away from my trophy.

JINX  
Maybe we could get you some gold  
teeth?

MIRACLE  
(shocked)  
What's wrong with my teeth?

JINX  
Have you looked in the mirror  
lately?

MIRACLE  
Har har, very funny.

Jinx laughs.

Miracle WHACKS Jinx in the shin with her blind-cane.

JINX  
OWE! What did I tell you about my  
shins, woman!?

Miracle UN-GUARDS. Stands in fencing position.

JINX (CONT'D)  
Oh, you want to get tough now? OK.

They playfully circle each other. Miracle sword-plays with  
her cane. Jinx tries to parry her attacks.

JINX (CONT'D)

What you got, girl? What you got?  
Huh? Huh?

MIRACLE

Stand still, pinata!

JINX

Oh, ho ho! Pinata, hey? OK, all  
right. We'll see who's the pinata.

A WOMAN (JENNY) passes by and BUMPS into Jinx.

JENNY/JINX

(to each other)

Excuse me.

Jenny continues walking. Jinx turns back to his duel match  
with Miracle.

Miracle's focus turns to Jenny.

THROUGH MIRACLE'S EYES -

The angelic caricature of Jenny walks down the sidewalk.

JINX

You give up? I won't blame you if  
you do.

Miracle follows after Jenny.

JINX (CONT'D)

Yo, girl. Where you going? ...  
Miracle?

Miracle continues her pursuit.

The flow of pedestrians seems almost impossible for the  
short, young, Miracle to maneuver through.

MIRACLE

Excuse me ... excuse me ... excuse  
me ...

THROUGH MIRACLE'S EYES -

Dark/Evil/Deformed caricatures of pedestrians pass by.

Miracle follows the BRIGHT GLOW coming from Jenny. It  
flickers through the cracks of darkness of the passing  
pedestrians.

RETURN TO SCENE

Finally, Miracle breaks through the crowd. Jenny stands at the intersection, waiting to cross.

ON MIRACLE - BLOOD BEGINS TO TRICKLE FROM HER NOSE

MIRACLE (CONT'D)  
(to herself)  
No!

The GREEN MAN turns to a RED HAND.

CUTAWAY

A TAXI CAB screams down the street.

RETURN TO SCENE

ON MIRACLE'S EARS - The sound of the Taxi engine GROWLS.

SLOW MOTION -

INSTANTLY - Miracle walks out into the street and faces the approaching TAXI CAB. Tears stream down her face.

NORMAL SPEED -

She closes her eyes -

MIRACLE (CONT'D)  
(to herself)  
Please stop.

CUTAWAY INT. TAXI CAB

The DRIVER looks up from wiping his shirt off.

DRIVER'S P.O.V. - THROUGH THE FRONT WINDSHIELD

Miracle stands illuminated by the headlights.

DRIVER  
Oh Sh...!!!

The Driver SLAMS on his brakes.

RETURN TO SCENE

SCREEEECH!!!

Jenny looks over and sees Miracle standing in front of the Taxi.

Jinx breaks through the crowd just in time to see it all.

SLOW MOTION - A GOLD TROPHY flies through the air. Lands hard on the asphalt. Breaks in two.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN - SAME SCENE

SERIES OF SHOTS IN SLOW, INTENSE MOTION -

- Sirens flash as EMT's and Police Officers try and take control of the scene.

- Jenny looks down at the magazine and then at the fallen Miracle. She steps in closer, only to be held back by a yelling Police Officer.

- The crowd of pedestrians swarm the scene.

- Jinx kneels down on the pavement. He holds the limp body of Miracle in his arms. Tears stream down his face.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. HOSPITAL, ICU

Miracle lays in a hospital bed. Tubes and wires are strewn everywhere - from her nose - her mouth - her arms. A machine BEEPS as it monitors her heart beat.

DOCTOR EVERETT, mid 60's, greying, checks all her vitals. Makes some notes on his clipboard. Exits.

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jenny paces back and forth. Jinx squats down against a wall.

A door opens. Dr. Everett exits.

Jenny approaches the doctor.

DOCTOR EVERETT

You can go in and see her now.

Jinx stands.

JENNY

Thank you.

Jinx meets Jenny at the door to the ICU.

Jenny pauses.

JENNY (CONT'D)

I don't know if I can do this.

JINX

Yo ... that's your baby girl in  
there ... it's time you owned it.

Wiping the tears away, Jenny opens the door and walks through.

Jinx leans back up against the wall and slides down to a squatting position. Hands folded.

ICU, MIRACLE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jenny enters. She pauses. Tears flood her cheeks. She palms her mouth, trying not to burst out crying.

Slowly, she moves around and stands at Miracle's bedside. She can't hold it in any longer.

WEEPING -

JENNY

You're alive ... You're alive ...

Jenny runs her shaking hands over Miracle's head.

JENNY (CONT'D)

I didn't know ... I didn't know ...  
I didn't know ...

She echoes the words. She can barely stand.

JENNY (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry ... I'm so sorry ...  
I'm so sorry ...

A NURSE ENTERS -

Jenny glances at the Nurse but then quickly turns her focus back to Miracle.

The Nurse comes to Jenny's side.

NURSE

I'm sorry, Jenny. We did everything  
we could. We'll give you as much  
time as you need.

The Nurse turns to walk away.

JENNY

Wait ... as much time as I need?  
... until what?



NURSE

(softly)

Jenny, the only thing keeping her  
alive is the life support. This  
isn't how you want your little girl  
to live.

Jenny's face softens.

JENNY

We've got to give her more time ...  
she's just a little girl ...

(tears)

She's my baby girl ...

NURSE

I'm really sorry, Jenny. We really  
did everything we could for her.

Jenny's face streams with tears again.

The Nurse looks at Jenny with grief upon her face. She turns  
and exits the room.

NURSES STATION

The Nurse approaches the desk. Doctor Everett stands at the  
counter writing some notes.

DOCTOR EVERETT

How's she doing?

NURSE

Not good ... how do you do it? ...  
how do you pull the plug on your  
own child?

DOCTOR EVERETT

Well, technically, it's not her  
child ... according to State law,  
Miracle is under the legal  
obligation of a ...

(turns a page in his  
manila folder)

... Mrs. Krawl of St. Johns Group  
Home ... We're contacting Mrs.  
Krawl as we speak.

EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Two police cars and one unmarked car drive down a street.  
They turn a corner. Make their way down a long, sloping  
street. They come to a stop in front of ST. JOHNS GROUP HOME.

INT. GROUP HOME - SAME

Mrs. Krawl sits in a recliner watching TV. Flipping through the channels. A cigarette dangles from her lips. Dressed in her nightgown.

CUTAWAY - CURB SIDE

Police officers and Leandra exit the squad cars.

RETURN TO SCENE

DRRIINGG!!! The phone RINGS. DRRIINGG! DRRIINGG!

Mrs. Krawl reaches over and picks up the phone.

MRS. KRAWL  
Yeah? ... Yes it is ... Hospital?  
.... Miracle?, Yeah...

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

MRS. KRAWL (CONT'D)  
(in the phone)  
Hang on.  
(yelling)  
WHO IS IT?

No answer.

MRS. KRAWL (CONT'D)  
Stupid kids.  
(in the phone)  
So, how can I help you? ...  
(looks at the TV)  
... I'm kinda in the middle of  
something.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

CUTAWAY - FRONT PORCH

Police Officers and Leandra stand at the front door.

RETURN TO SCENE

MRS. KRAWL (CONT'D)  
(yelling)  
Knock it off, you little rodents.  
(in the phone)  
What was that? ... life support?  
... I aint gotta come down there,  
do I? ... Can't I just give you my  
authorization over the phone? ...  
(MORE)

MRS. KRAWL (CONT'D)  
 OK, great ... yeah, yeah, you have  
 my authorization, whatever ...  
 yeah, take her off ... is that all?  
 ... alright.

Mrs. Krawl hangs up the phone.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

Mrs. Krawl stands up and walks to the front door -

MRS. KRAWL (CONT'D)  
 What in sam hell?! Better be a damn  
 good reason you're making me miss  
 my show!

She SWINGS the door open with anger.

The Police Officers along with Leandra stand at the doorway.

INT. HOSPITAL, ICU

HALLWAY OUTSIDE ICU

Jinx leans against the wall.

Doctor Everett, a NURSE, and two POLICE OFFICERS pass by and enter the ICU.

Jinx tries to follow, but is quickly stopped by one of the Officers.

MIRACLE'S ROOM, ICU - CONTINUOUS

Doctor Everett and the group enter.

DOCTOR EVERETT  
 Excuse me, Jenny. May I have a word  
 with you please?

Jenny wipes her eyes.

DOCTOR EVERETT (CONT'D)  
 I know this is hard for you, but  
 ... Well, I'll just come out and  
 say it.

Jenny looks nervous.

DOCTOR EVERETT (CONT'D)  
 Under State law, Miracle is under  
 the legal obligation of the State,  
 which places legal guardianship to  
 a ...

(MORE)

DOCTOR EVERETT (CONT'D)  
(looks at his clipboard)  
... Mrs. Krawl of St. John's Group  
Home --

JENNY  
What?! No! I'm her mother, though.

DOCTOR EVERETT  
Not legally.

Jenny can't believe her ears.

DOCTOR EVERETT (CONT'D)  
We've contacted Mrs. Krawl and she  
has authorized us to take Miracle  
off life support as soon as  
possible.

JENNY  
What?! ... No! ... You can't do  
this! You can't do this!

Tears stream down Jenny's face.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
Please ...

DOCTOR EVERETT  
I'm sorry, Jenny ... Nurse.

The Nurse walks over to the life support machine and presses  
some buttons and disconnects some tubes and wires.

JENNY  
No! You can't! I'm her mother!

Jenny tries to stop the Nurse.

DOCTOR EVERETT  
Officers!

The two Police Officers restrain Jenny.

JENNY  
(struggling)  
Please! Please don't do this!

Jenny cries hysterically.

The Nurse cuts the final switch and the heart monitor goes  
flat. The BEEPING changes to ONE CONTINUOUS BEEP.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
 (crying hysterically)  
 Nooooo!!!!

Jenny's limp body slips through the Officer's grasps, falling to the floor in anguish.

DOCTOR EVERETT  
 (to the Officers)  
 Give her some time.

The Doctor exits.

Jenny hunches on the floor. SOBBING.

ON MIRACLE as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AFRICAN DESERT - NIGHT

IN BLACK AND WHITE -

IN CARICATURE-FORM ANIMATION -

- Full Moon

- African Desert Terrain

- Miracle walks through the tall African grass. She wears a floral spring dress.

- Miracle's hand floats over the tips of the grass.

- Miracle pulls the blades of grass and lets the wind whisk it from her hands.

- Miracle smiles at the soaring grass blades.

Miracle steps into the -

CLEARING

The tall African grass has subsided. Miracle now stands on the harsh cracked earth. The window is still suspended. The Black Figure is gone, dissolved into the cracked earth, with only a dark stain to signify his existence.

Miracle approaches the window. Her hands run along the window pane. Paint chips flake off, falling to the ground, dissolving into the cracked earth.

She twists the latch and pushes. The window SWINGS open. A gentle breeze blows through.

SUDDENLY - IMAGES appear in the window - her life flashing before her eyes.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- Nurse Sarah Smith holds Miracle as a baby. Rocking her in her arms.
- Charlie smiles at Miracle. They share a laugh.
- Miracle dances with her blind-cane in her bedroom.
- Jinx shows Miracle how to operate a spray can.
- Jinx and Miracle sit on the rooftop at the water tower, looking out over the New Jersey skyline.
- Jinx walks blind folded down the street using Miracle's blind-cane.
- Jenny crosses the street. Miracle steps out in front of the taxi cab.
- Jenny stands next to Miracle's bedside, weeping.

SUDDENLY - A GUST OF WIND

The window begins to crumble away, turning into white flower petals that are whisked away by the gentle breeze.

And then - its gone.

Miracle stands there. Remembering. She turns around. A WHITE FIGURE approaches from the distance.

Miracle walks forward, slowly.

The White Figure nears the edge of the clearing. As it gets closer, we can now see that the White Figure is an ANGEL. Long flowing blonde hair. Blue eyes. Dressed in a long flowing white robe. Very statuesque.

Miracle meets the Angel near the edge of the clearing.

The Angel kneels down to Miracle's height, still taller than her. He smiles.

ENDING MONTAGE

"DAUGHTERS" by John Mayer

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In the grand scheme of things,  
there is only one question that  
haunts us more than all the rest  
... what if...?

OVER - A handcuffed Mrs. Krawl is escorted by the Police  
Officers to the squad car.

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

What if bad things happened only to  
bad people...?

OVER - Jinx squats down on the floor, leaning against the  
wall. Tears stream down his face as he sobs. The LONG BEEP is  
heard coming from the life support machine in Miracle's room.

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

What if friends were always there  
to help guide you along on life's  
journey...?

OVER - Jenny slouches on the floor. Weeping. Her hand holds  
the side of Miracle's bed. Her head hangs low.

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

What if mother's had no other role  
in life but to love their  
children...?

OVER - Miracle lays on the bed in the ICU. Tubes and wires  
are strewn everywhere.

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

What if the brave, never died...?

OVER - As tears stream down Jinx's face, he folds his hands  
and closes his eyes. Prays.

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

What if our prayers ...

OVER - ON MIRACLE

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

... always reached the ears of  
God...? What if...?

FADE OUT.

LONG BEAT

BEEP BEEP.....BEEP BEEP.....