

EXT. PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL - LATE NIGHT

Establishing. New York City, 1973. 3am. Nothing good going on here.

INT. PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL - LATE NIGHT

NIKKI WOOD (Black, late 20's) sprints through Port Authority Bus Terminal, pulling ROBIN (5) behind her. His wide eyes wince in pain. She carries a large suitcase. Her long, black leather trench flows behind her as she runs.

It's been a long day. She looks down at her son.

NIKKI

Would you just let me carry you?

Robin defiantly shakes his head "no." She groans and keeps barreling through the terminal, his arm fully extended behind her.

NIKKI (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Are you gonna make it?

He nods his head "yes" as they dart around a corner. Nikki's eyes brighten as she looks ahead.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

There it is!

Robin gets an idea. He playfully looks at his mom.

ROBIN

Wanna race?

They face off, grinning. And they're off.

Nikki releases her grip on Robin as they both pick up speed, sprinting at full pace. She runs ahead. She seems to be flying, in her own world. Robin can't keep up.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Mama!

Nikki doesn't hear him. She keeps sprinting and flies to their destination; the WOMEN'S RESTROOM. She slams her hand on the door and does a happy dance, singing to herself.

NIKKI

Ha! I win, I win. Ooh, ooh!

She turns and sees Robin standing in the middle of the corridor at a standstill, looking down. One leg of his pants is completely soaked.

NIKKI (CONT'D)
 (under her breath)
 Shit.

CUT TO:

INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM - LATE NIGHT

Nikki sits Robin down on the bathroom counter, his lip quivering.

NIKKI
 Alright, let's see what we got for you here.

ROBIN
 Am I still a big boy?

NIKKI
 A big boy? You?! Who said you were a big boy?

Robin cracks a smile.

ROBIN
 Mamaaaa.

She pulls out a fresh pair of underpants and shorts from the suitcase and starts to peel away the wet pants he's wearing. He plays with an Evil Knievel stunt doll. He bounces Evil and his motorcycle around the yellowing tile.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
 I'm hungry.

NIKKI
 We'll be at Bernie's soon.

ROBIN
 Do they have food there?

NIKKI
 Ohhhhh lots of food. Some of it is fancy, too. They have their own cook and everything.

ROBIN
 Somebody cooks just for them? And makes them anything they want?

NIKKI
Anything.

ROBIN
I want a TV dinner!

NIKKI
Maybe anything but that.

ROBIN
I could be a cook one day, mama.

NIKKI
You can be anything you want.

Nikki smiles at him. She looks at the extremely small stall that barely holds the toilet. No way they'll both fit.

NIKKI (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Alright, now you come put your feet under the door, big boy.

Nikki enters the stall. Robin zooms his Evil Knievel doll on the closed door.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - CONTINUOUS

Nikki sits and finally relieves herself.

NIKKI
Mmmmm.

She looks down and sees Robin's feet shuffling as he hums a tune.

INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Robin bounces Evil around.

ROBIN
Vrooom.... vrooom...

INT. BATHROOM STALL - CONTINUOUS

Nikki closes her eyes for a brief moment, taking just a second for herself. She re-opens her eyes and looks down and Robin's feet are no longer there.

NIKKI
Baby, I told you to keep your feet where I can see 'em.

No answer. She yanks her pants over her hips.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Robin?

INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nikki throws the stall door open. MARINA (late 20's, fiery red hair) holds a squirming Robin in her arms, her hand over his mouth. Her face is contorted, her eyes yellow, her teeth sharp as claws... a vampire. He struggles, his eyes wide.

NIKKI

Put him down.

MARINA

You take something I love. I take something you love.

Marina's hand tightens around Robin's mouth. He tries to scream.

NIKKI

(to Robin)

It's okay, baby. You stay calm.

(to Marina)

Who are you? You been tracking me?

MARINA

My boss sensed some big power come back into town.

NIKKI

Well as far as I know, this town don't have a boss. I took him out four years ago. Looks like I missed a spot.

Marina chuckles and shakes her head.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

So what, you gonna kill my boy, then kill me? Is that the grand plan?

MARINA

Oh, there's a much bigger plan. But I like doing things my own way. I want the satisfaction of being the one who sees the look in your eyes as you squirm for your last breath.

(looks at Robin)

Sweet boy.

(MORE)