

INT. RUNDOWN NEW ORLEANS APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

On YOUNG KORA, a 10-year-old Creole girl, sweating profusely, eyes spread in horror.

We spin around the cluttered room to see her robust Creole mother, MAXINE FONTAINBLEU, in her 30s, wrapping grey DUCT TAPE around the wrists of Kora's father, JACK "JELLY" DUCHAMPS laying unconscious on the grungy COUCH. Jelly's also 30ish but looks older than he has any right to.

Maxine grabs a HUGE MEAT CLEAVER from the COFFEE TABLE ...

Raises it high and ...

Cuts the tape off the roll.

Businesslike, Maxine walks out onto the back porch leaving Kora to ...

Cross to Jelly and poke him urgently.

Maxine returns with a SQUAWKING CHICKEN dangling by the neck from her clenched fist.

MAXINE
(barking at Kora)
GET OUT! I said GO!

Kora stands frozen, eyes wide in fear.

Maxine waves the chicken in Kora's face.

SQUAWK! SWUAWK! SQUAWK!

Maybe this kid is tougher than we thought.

MAXINE (CONT'D)
Aight, then. You watch. Someday,
you be a mother, too. Then you
know why I do what I do.

Maxine holds the chicken over Jelly's chest. She takes the cleaver and draws it across the chicken's belly. It's GUTS empty onto Jelly's stomach.

Jelly squirms, but doesn't wake.

MAXINE (CONT'D)
Papa Legba, hear my prayer. With
the blood of this sacrifice, this
man's soul I do give unto you.
Hold it forever, and suffer upon
him the force of his sins.

Maxine smears the chicken guts onto Jelly's FACE.

Jelly licks his LIPS. His NOSE twitches. Then his EYE'S pop open and

JELLY
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Maxine waits for Jelly to look at her.

MAXINE
I'm taking Kora. You stay the fuck
away.

Maxine grabs Kora by the wrist and drags her out the door.

INT./EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Kora watches her house fade from site.

Off Kora's tear-flooded eyes we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PORT-A-POTTY

The tears overflow and storm the grime-covered face of an exhausted woman. This is KORA, now 27, her otherwise attractive face is twisted in anguish.

Kora sits inside a filthy blue portable bathroom.

BANG BANG BANG

The bathroom rattles.

ANGRY MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
You ain't never getting outta
there, is you?

KORA
Gimme a minute.

A cheap plastic wristwatch sits on Kora's exposed knee, stopwatch counting upwards from 3:39.

ANGRY MAN'S VOICE
God damn, you must love that stink.

On Kora's fist, white-knuckled grip obscuring a slender object.

ANGRY MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
 No one shits in a New Orleans
 crapper for more than ten minutes.

4: 29

BANG BANG BANG

Kora opens her hand and we see...

The HOME PREGNANCY TEST

Positive.

ANGRY MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
 You either dead, or *blissted* outta
 your fucking head.

Kora wipes the tears away and chuck the pregnancy test down
 the shitter.

Two more pregnancy tests float in a pile of bubbling sludge
 that nears the brim.

BANG BANG BANG

EXT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

The ANGRY MAN is about to knock again when the door swings
 open and Kora steps out, PACK on her back, MEAT CLEAVER in
 her hand and filthy as a kid in a sandbox.

She stares coldly at the Angry Man.

KORA
 Fuck you.

The Angry man steps back. We pull back with him to see...

EXT. SUPERDOME PARKING LOT - DAY

A line of Porta-A-Pottys stretches as far as we can see.

We pull back further to see thousands of people crowd around
 to get in the bathrooms, fighting over the next stall.

SUPER: NEW ORLEANS, 2018

Cleaver in hand, Kora elbows through the chaos. She passes
 people who've given up waiting for a stall and squat wherever
 they stand. Her path takes her to a long, BARBED WIRE FENCE.
 We'll call it... THE BARRIER.