

INT. ARTISTS STUDIO SPACE - DAY

DEE, a tall, crazy pretty, hippy-chic woman in her mid-thirties, holds up her shirt to show off her belly.

There are four bite marks, two at the top of a wide, round bruise, and two at the bottom.

A huge smile fills her face.

DEE
I'm not even kidding.

JOHANNA MAXWELL, shorter, a different kind of pretty, and also in her mid-thirties, stares at the bite marks.

MAX
A coyote did that?

JENNA, Dee's younger, more energetic sister, bounces over to Dee. They're amazingly affectionate with each other.

Jenna wears a uniform for a catering company.

JENNA
It totally came right up to her out of nowhere and - CHOMP.

DEE
It wasn't even dark out. We were all laying out waiting for the meteor shower and I looked over and there it was. Chewing on me.

She looks down at the marks and traces them with her finger.

DEE
It wasn't scared. At all.

Max looks around the room. It's a converted garage filled with craft supplies and painting supplies.

She moves to look at a painting of a yellow landscape with two small, photo-realistic limes in the corner.

MAX
This is nice. Lucy's?

DEE
Yup.

MAX

It would look good in the restaurant.
How much does she want for it?

Jenna's phone is in her hand in a flash. She sends a text.

JENNA

I just asked her.

DEE

Are you going to John's thing
tonight?

MAX

What thing?

DEE

To celebrate selling his script.

MAX

Oh. Right. No. I'm not going to that.

DEE

Jenna?

JENNA

Fuck that guy. Plus also I have a
date.

DEE

With whom?

JENNA

Some dude on Tindr. He's only in town
for the week. So. Score.

DEE

Be careful this time, OK?

MAX

You ready?

Jenna nods while staring at her phone.

JENNA

Later.

DEE

Bye.

Max and Jenna walk to a catering van parked outside. Dee
moves to a mirror. She lifts her shirt.

Her fingers move around the outline of her coyote bite. Her eyes widen. She can't look away.

EXT. HIGHLAND PARK TRAIN STATION - FARMERS MARKET - DAY

Dee leans on the wall of a parking lot. The train platform is behind her. The farmers market in front of her.

She eats a no-doubt healthy vegan treat of some kind. Her body stretches and arches when she adjusts her position.

JULIETTE (20) a cute, slightly chubby Latino girl, waves at her as she approaches.

DEE

Hi Juliette.

JULIETTE

Hey.

Juliette sits next to her. Dee slides her some cash. Juliette hands her a ball of tin foil.

JULIETTE

I won't be able to get more of that anytime soon, so use wisely.

Dee slips the foil into her bag.

DEE

Hey, hows your grandma?

Juliette shrugs.

JULIETTE

Not good, I guess. She stopped talking a week ago.

She looks down. Dee leans over and wraps her arms around her without saying anything. The hug goes on a little too long.

DEE

Hey. Want to see something really fucked up?

Before Juliette can answer Dee pulls her shirt up.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

JOHN TRAIN (40) a pretty average guy with an unkempt beard and an ungroomed look about him, sits on a picnic table.

The table is deep in the backyard of a small house. The sound of a party flows from inside. He opens a beer.

Dee steps out the back door. He salutes her with his beer. She waves and joins him at the picnic table.

DEE

There's the guest of honor. I was looking for you. Congratulations!

She wraps her long arms around him. He puts his hand in the small of her back. She pulls away pretty quickly.

JOHN

So, are you going to turn into a coyote at the next full moon?

His tongue is heavy. His voice is thick. He's drunk.

DEE

You heard?

JOHN

Let's see it.

She lifts up her shirt. He inspects the bites.

JOHN

How did you get it off you?

DEE

I punched him in the face.

JOHN

That's insane. And really kind of terrifying if you think about it. It just...tried to eat you.

She hops on the table next to him. Her hands continuously wander to her bite-wounds. They take up half her focus.

DEE

He was only doing what he does.

JOHN

Hey. So. I heard you're sharing a studio space with Lucy these days. Is that true?

DEE

Yeah. It's awesome. We're barely ever there at the same time but when we are it's the best thing ever.

JOHN
So she's painting again?

DEE
Yeah. That's great, isn't it?

JOHN
I don't know. I guess.

DEE
Don't be sour grapes, John.

JOHN
She tried to gas-light me, you know.

DEE
No she didn't.

JOHN
She pressured me into getting engaged then got super pissed when I told her I wasn't ready.

DEE
Dude. Didn't you say like the first week you met her that "she's the girl I'm going to marry?"

JOHN
Yeah, but come on. That's just something people say.

DEE
Most people wouldn't say it unless it was true.

JOHN
Also, what did she have to complain about? We moved in together when she wanted to. We -

DEE
John! You started looking for other apartments before the ink was even dry on your lease.

JOHN
Rental agreement. And parking was a nightmare at that place.

DEE
I always got a spot just fine when I came over.

JOHN

And she basically lived off her mom.
We were broke all the time.

DEE

Haven't your folks paid half your
rent for like ten years?

JOHN

That's different.

DEE

Why? Because it's you?

He polishes off his beer and opens another.

JOHN

Yeah. I don't know. Maybe you're
right. I'm just really fucked up
about it.

DEE

It's a break up. You're supposed to
be really fucked up about it.

JOHN

It's not being lonely or missing her
or feeling like I messed everything
up. I miss being needed. You know?
It's a weird thing I never thought
about. No one needs me to do anything
for them or cheer them up or say they
look nice. I'm not used to it.

He stares at his beer. She nudges his shoulder with hers.
Her hand moves under her shirt to touch her bites.

DEE

Look. You're figuring it out. It's
what we all do. Maybe you could have
been better to Lucy, and maybe she
could have been better to you. But
maybe if you'd been better to each
other now it would have gotten super
lousy down the road. You don't have
kids or a mortgage. You tried to love
each other and it worked for a while.
You don't have to make her in to a
complete asshole because it was only
for a while. You know, man, I keep
telling this story about getting
bitten by a coyote like it's a funny
thing that happened.

Her hand presses down on the bite wounds. Her voice breaks with a little bit of emotion.

DEE

But it's not funny. I had to make it funny so I wouldn't freak out. All I can think about is what would have happened if I hadn't done anything. Would he have just eaten me up? Did he want to eat me up? Did I almost die? It hurt, too. Why didn't I notice it hurting sooner? You know, I've been vegan most of my life, but ever since it happened I get really hungry when I see people eating meat. My mouth waters. My tummy grumbles. I can't shake it. I can't really explain it. It's just there. All this noise and confusion. You know? And I don't know what to do about it.

She turns to look at him. He's been staring at her for a while. He leans in to kiss her.

She hops off the table to get away from him.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Dee sits in the corner, her legs crossed, her back as straight as a rod. Her eyes are closed.

There's a group of people around her, but she doesn't see them. She's the only thing in focus.

An off-camera voice talks.

OFF-CAMERA VOICE (O.C.)

Please breathe. Please remember how great you are. Please love yourself. Please remember this isn't intense. This is love. Like everything is love. Like you're love.

She opens her palm. A single button of PEYOTE sits there. After a few seconds of deep breathing she gobbles it up.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAWN

Dee lies on the picnic table. She stares upward as the light makes a really brilliant painting in the sky.

A VAGUELY PANICKED VOICE chatters below her. Someone is under the picnic table. Dee's face is sullen.

VAGUELY PANICKED VOICE (O.S.)
What was it? I know I knew it once.
Dammit. I don't know it anymore. It
was something like this, I think -

Dee squeezes her eyes shut.

VAGUELY PANICKED VOICE (O.S.)
(Imitates Lou Reed)
"I'll take Manhattan in a garbage bag
with Latin written on it that says -
it's hard to give a shit these
days" - but I can't be sure.

Her eyes shoot open.

DEE
(Whispers)
I know what I have to do. If I bite
him it won't matter anymore.

EXT. BACKYARD - LINE OF TREES - DAY

Dee walks in to a line of trees that run in an even line along the far back of the yard. She strips to her underwear.

Her phone rings on the picnic table. Jenna's face fills the screen. It disappears. The phone DINGS with a new voicemail.

CUT TO BLACK: