

FLOW

Beneath a clutter of clothes and food wrappers, we see the aesthetic outlines of an "Instagram-chic" camper van: wood-look vinyl floors, butcher block counters, a white subway tile backsplash, kitsch floral curtains and throw pillows from Target.

A narrow walkway separates the "kitchen" from the "living room" and dead ends at the foot of an unmade bed.

In the foreground, a cell phone sits unattended on the counter playing a voicemail.

WOMAN'S VOICE (ON THE PHONE)
(To the tune of the
"Birthday song")
Haaapppy... **Thursday** to you. Happy
Thursday to you.

REVEAL: FELICITY (age 30) bounces out of the tiny doorway that leads to the bathroom, struggling to pull up her baby blue yoga pants in the cramped space.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Happy Thursday dear Felicity. Happy
Thursday to you! Hey - I know
you're in the middle of your
"Zencation" -

Felicity hardly acknowledges the voicemail. We feel immediately that it is a wrong-side-of-the-bed kind of day for her.

She manages to get her pants on, then flips her hair forward to gather it into a bun and inadvertently slams her head into the counter.

FELICITY
Ow!!

WOMAN'S VOICE
- but I wanted to let you know that
I'm thinking of you on this
"totally insignificant" Thursday.

Felicity does her best to "stay zen" but agitation bubbles as she struggles to yank a yoga mat out of an awkward storage space.

On the counter, near her phone, the single-cup coffee maker that has been busy churning out coffee into a too-small thermos overflows.

The sizzle of coffee on the hotplate draws Felicity's attention and she races to switch out the thermos with another mug. Hot coffee sloshes on her hand and she instinctively throws both mugs in the sink.

FELICITY

Oww!

(to the cups)

FUCK YOU!!

WOMAN'S VOICE

But seriously - I wish we could
celebrate your thirtieth
together...

Coffee continues to drizzle out of the coffe-maker, sending a creeping tidal wave toward Felicity's phone. She notices just in time, shoves a decorative kitchen towel under the flow, yanks out the power cord and grabs her phone.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Whoops did I say thhhhirtieth? I
meant Thhhhursday. Hope it's
everything you want it to be.
Namaste sweetheart.

Felicity flicks out of her voicemail, tosses her phone on the bed and then takes a minute to re-center herself.

Meditation music starts to play as she closes her eyes and takes three deep breaths.

The footage flickers from **4K Digital Format** to **8mm Film** as Felicity achieves a fleeting moment of authentic peace.

Then it quickly returns to **Digital** as the agitation from the day bubbles back up.

MEDITATION VOICE (V.O.)

Breathe.

CUT TO:

2

EXT. CAMPER - DAY

2

The camper is parked under a towering and majestic red rock cliff. Felicity's small figure exits the camper, yoga mat under her arm. Meditation music continues as she walks out into the breathtaking desert wilderness.

MEDITATION VOICE (V.O.)

Just breathe.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- Felicity approaches a prominent red rock that ripples out of the ground like a sand dune frozen in time.

MEDITATION VOICE (V.O.)
Let the flow of your breath carry
away the worries of your day.

- Felicity arrives at a scenic viewpoint - a flat perch surrounded by surreal desert landscape.

MEDITATION VOICE (V.O.)
Today, we are embracing our flow.
We are allowing. We are releasing
resistance.

- Felicity lays out her yoga mat, pulls out an archaic iPod mini and selects a guided meditation to play, revealing the source of our music and narrator.

Legs crossed. Palms laid open on her knees. She closes her eyes, takes a deep breath in... and immediately starts to fidget.

MEDITATION VOICE (V.O.)
To begin, I want you to breath deep
into the space behind your belly
button.

- Felicity adjusts her yoga pants, which hug her belly just a little too tight.

MEDITATION VOICE (V.O.)
And now as you exhale - envision
any tension you've been holding
exiting your body with your breath.

- Felicity lays down on her yoga mat - trying to find a more comfortable pose.

MEDITATION VOICE (V.O.)
In...

- Felicity is sitting up again - still struggling to focus.

MEDITATION VOICE (V.O.)
And release...

- A bug buzzes in Felicity's face - she swats it.

MEDITATION VOICE (V.O.)
Now, picture yourself walking
towards a gently flowing river.

- Felicity takes off her jacket.

MEDITATION VOICE (V.O.)
The grass beneath your feet is soft
and cool.

- In sharp contrast to the description in the guided,
meditation - the world around Felicity is red, dry and dusty.

MEDITATION VOICE (V.O.)
Take a moment here. Listen to the
wind in the trees and the gentle
babble of the river. In.... And
release.

- Felicity shifts uncomfortably. She lifts up her yoga mat to
brush away the loose rocks underneath.

MEDITATION VOICE (V.O.)
When you're ready, step into the
river. Feel the flow of the crystal
clear water as it moves past your
ankles with ease. There is no
resistance.

- Felicity is zoned out - watching an ant crawl across a
nearby rock. Suddenly, she realizes she's not paying
attention and re-centers herself.

MEDITATION VOICE (V.O.)
Wading in deeper now, you lay back.
Breath in. Feel the weightlessness
of your body as it floats on the
river's surface. Release your
breath and let the river carry you
downstream. Observe how this makes
you feel. ...

- Felicity winces and adjusts her yoga pants - then fans
herself with her hand.

MEDITATION VOICE (V.O.)
You may feel the urge to resist. To
put your feet down and stop
flowing. But if you trust in the
river, it will carry you where you
need to go. You are safe in the
river's embrace because the river
is you. It is your flow.

- Felicity, still struggling to find her river, puts her jacket back on.

MEDITATION VOICE (V.O.)
Say this out loud: This is my flow.

FELICITY
(Meekly, distracted)
This is my flow.

MEDITATION VOICE (V.O.)
Again. This is my flow.

FELICITY
(Resolving to try)
This is my flow.

- Felicity listens. Her eyes close and her breathing deepens.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
This is my flow.

8mm Film: Felicity finally lets go - her face softening. She appears to arrive at some version of inner peace for one fleeting moment before...

Digital: Felicity's eyes fly open. She sticks her hand between her crotch and pulls it out to reveal blood on her fingers.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
...Ffffffffff--

SMASH CUT TO TILE: FLOW

4

EXT. CAMPER - DAY

4

Felicity waddles awkwardly back to the camper, trying to keep as much period blood as possible from spilling onto her pants.

Suddenly she stops - color draining from her face.

FELICITY
Nooooo, no, no, no, no, no...

REVEAL: Her camper. And a tow truck. Fornicating.

Her home is being towed.

Felicity races awkwardly towards the scene - still trying to keep her thighs together.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Hey! Wait!

A saggy, grey tow truck DRIVER watches her approach with bored indifference.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry - this is my trailer,
what's -- ?

DRIVER

You parked on private property.
Owner called.

FELICITY

What? I didn't know -- there are no
signs or anything? I'm happy to
move it...

The driver curtly shakes his head.

DRIVER

Listen, sweetheart. It's not that I
don't feel for you. I do. But once
the call has been made, we have to
finish the job. Those are the
facts. I've had this conversation
more times than the pope's said
amen so I know from experience that
there is nothing you can say that
will change the facts. So, do you
want to hop in or will you find
your own ride to the tow yard?

Felicity is speechless for a moment.

FELICITY

Can I at least get... something out
of the trailer real quick?

The driver doesn't respond, just shifts the tow truck into
"drive".

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Okay...

Felicity waddles over to passenger door and climbs in.

CUT TO:

5 INT. TOW TRUCK OFFICE - DAY

5

In an effort to keep from bleeding onto the passenger seat, Felicity is sitting awkwardly on her crossed ankles - her yoga mat shoved between her crotch. She shifts uncomfortably.

DRIVER

That some kind of yoga pose?

Felicity stares straight ahead.

FELICITY

(Dry)

Yep.

6 INT. TOW YARD OFFICE - DAY

6

Through the double glass doors, we see the tow truck pull up. Felicity unwinds herself onto the pavement.

Behind her, the driver points.

DRIVER

You can wait in there - I'll be in
in a minute.

Felicity shoots the driver a half-hearted 'thumbs up' - waddles into the office.

She looks around until she spies a bathroom sign then sighs with relief.

7 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

7

It's not the dirtiest bathroom in the world, but it would be hard to say when it was last cleaned beyond the surface level.

There are two stalls - one marked by a fraying "out of order" sign. Felicity bursts into the other one and rips down her pants.

A rush of blood plops into the toilet as soon as she unclenches.

Her underwear is already filled to the brim with dark, jelly-like blood.

This is one doozy of a period.

Felicity tries to stand and scrape the underwear soup into the toilet but her yoga pants around her ankles trip her up.

She removes her shoes and shimmies the tight elastic over her heels - inadvertently **slingshotting blood onto her face.**

FELICITY

Oh my god.

Shuddering, Felicity wipes the blood with the back of her hand, which really only serves to spread it further.

She carefully dumps the underwear jelly into the toilet and then rings out a considerable amount of blood.

Felicity reluctantly prepares to put her cold... wet... **sticky** panties back on.

Then she sees it...

A trail of blood drips.

On the floor.

All the way to the bathroom door.

Horrificed, Felicity grabs a wad of toilet paper and rushes to wipe up the drips.

She winces.

An absolute mother-fucker of a cramp cause her to fall to her hands and knees.

Anguish.

She forces short "labor breaths" as the pain builds and builds and then... it passes.

Relief.

Felicity releases her breath, which also releases a new rush of blood onto the tile floor.

This is not a drip.

This is a crime scene puddle.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

Shit.

She leaps to the paper towel dispenser and frantically waves her hand in front of the sensor.

It slowly dolls out a single sheet.

She waves again.

The paper towel dispenser withholds - she hasn't waited the requisite time.

She pauses. Waves again.

It slowly dolls out a single sheet.

Felicity is starting to panic.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
Come on you piece of sh--

Another cramp.

Felicity leans against the sink to weather it.

It passes and she cups her hands under her vagina to catch the rush of blood.

Grimacing, she rushes to release the handful into the toilet and...

Slips in the blood puddle - spilling onto the floor in a bloody, sprawling mess.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
Ow!

Felicity is now covered from head to toe in blood. She starts to cry.

Still, with some fight left in her, she meekly hoists herself up to the sink and turns the knob. No water comes out.

REVEAL: A sign in the sink reads "out of order - please use hand-sanitizer provided"

FELICITY (CONT'D)
Are you kidding me???

Another cramp builds and Felicity rolls onto her back on the floor - cupping her vagina - legs up in the air.

She is sobbing now - screaming through her pain. It's primal.

CUT TO:

The driver enters and immediately notices drips of blood leading into the bathroom. Felicity's sobs can be heard behind the bathroom door. The driver looks concerned.

9

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

9

Felicity is nearing the end of this cramp. Tears have cleaned tracks in the blood on her face. Suddenly, the door starts to open.

DRIVER

Is everything okay in here?

FELICITY

NO! Don't.

Too late. The driver enters and takes in the grizzly scene with a look of horror.

DRIVER

OH MY!

He shields his eyes.

FELICITY

(choking back tears)

I'm okay!

DRIVER

Do you... do you need an ambulance?

FELICITY

No - I just need... a second. Be right out.

DRIVER

Oh my. Okay. Oh my.

The driver leaves.

Felicity takes a moment to let the horror of that encounter wash over her. She takes a deep breath, still fighting back tears and then...

She laughs.

Deep from her gut - the laughter grows. Gurgling out like an unstoppable force.

Another cramp builds and she winces with pain, still laughing... crying... breathing.

8mm Film: Everything. Every feeling and emotion. All at once. Spilling out of her. Washing over her.

Meditation music fades in as Felicity continues to exist in this single chaotic moment. She is present.

MEDITATION VOICE (V.O.)
 This is my flow. Say it again. This
 is my flow. Let go. Let your river
 carry you. Listen to the sound of
 your breathing - of your heart
 beating. Everything is okay.

CUT TO:

10 INT. TOW YARD OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER 10

8mm Film: Felicity emerges absolutely drenched in blood -
 like a warrior returning from battle.

The driver looks at her in awe.

MEDITATION VOICE (V.O.)
 Remember this feeling of flow as
 you gently float to the edge of a
 new riverbank.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. TOW YARD OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER 11

8mm Film: A van pulls up and an WOMAN gets out. She doubles
 over with laughter when she sees Felicity. Pulls a bottle of
 Advil out of her bag. Cradles Felicity's blood-stained face
 in her hands.

MEDITATION VOICE (V.O.)
 Begin to bring your attention to
 the world around you. Feel the
 ground beneath you. The air on your
 skin. Notice the color of the sky.

The woman could be Felicity's sister, mother, friend or
 partner - but we gather that she is the person behind the
 birthday voicemail. The woman pulls a party hat out of her
 bag and puts it on Felicity's head.

MEDITATION VOICE (V.O.)
 You are exactly where you are meant
 to be.

Felicity begrudgingly takes one of the paper party kazoos the
 woman offers and they blow them together - laughing as they
 get into the car. It's ridiculous - and they know it.

MEDITATION VOICE (V.O.)
Your flow has carried you to a
place of newness. Of clarity. Of re-
birth.

CUT TO:

12

INT. CAR - EVENING

12

8mm Film: Felicity sits in the passenger seat - looks over at the woman who is still wearing her party hat. They are in a comfortable silence.

MEDITATION VOICE (V.O.)
As you go about your day, remember
that this river lives within you.
You can step into it's flow
anytime.

Felicity stares straight ahead with a soft expression on her blood-stained face. She is at peace.

CUT TO BLACK.