



PURE

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The camera scans over an idyllic scene of a young red rose sitting among mountains of lilies. The instrumentals of Ani Chavatazelet Ha'Sharon (sung by Elli and Revital Kranzler) from the Book of Shir Ha'Shirim (The Song of Songs) plays in the background. The camera scans across the mountains and then through the window of a *Mikvah* (*Jewish Ritual Bathhouse*).

INT. MIKVAH PREP ROOM - NIGHT

TALIA stands in the *Mikvah* (*Jewish Ritual Bathhouse*) preparation room.

She gently leans her head to each side, peering anxiously into the mirror at the somewhat faded bruises on each side of her neck. She then gazes at her small, bruised wrists.

TALIA
(Thinking to herself)
Will she notice? Of course she'll
notice.

Talia reads the instructions propped up on the counter: "NO MAKE-UP, NO NAIL POLISH..."

TALIA (CONT'D)
(Thinking to herself)
Maybe if I just use an olive's
worth of cover-up? Does it count?
Do I still fulfill the *Mitzvah*
(*commandment*)? Will I still be
pure? Perhaps she won't notice...

There is a light knock at the door.

We hear the voice of a *SHOMERET*, a Ritual Bathhouse Attendant.

SHOMERET
Are you ready?

TALIA
(Breathing hard)
I just need a mmminute...

Talia re-applies the cover-up to her bruised wrists and neck, grabs her robe, and scampers out of the bathroom.

On her way out, she gazes at the elegant marble and detailed molding of the Mikvah (ritual bathhouse) with admiration.

INT. MIKVAH BATHHOUSE ROOM - NIGHT

SHOMERET

(Kindly)

Are you ready?

Talia peers down at her feet anxiously, inadvertently pulling her robe more tightly around her small frame.

SHOMERET (CONT'D)

(Gently; laughing lightly)

Take your time - you are the last dip of the night!

Suddenly more calm, Talia looks up. She is mesmerized by the tall, slim woman with striking green eyes and perfect blonde curls peeking out from beneath her scarf. Her smile is warm, inviting, and patient.

SHOMERET (CONT'D)

Shall I check your nails?

TALIA

Uh, sure...

The Shomeret lightly embraces Talia's hands with her long, slender fingers. She quickly inspects each of Talia's fingernails to ensure they are clean of polish and dirt. She gently runs her fingers over them.

Talia is anxious. We hear her loud, quickening heartbeat: THUMP, BEAT, THUMP... As soon as the Shomeret completes her inspection, Talia quickly places her arms by her side.

The Shomeret gently touches Talia's shoulder.

SHOMERET

They look good. Shall I check for stray hairs on your back?

Talia quickly nods her head "yes" and disrobes. She tightly presses her inner wrists against her thighs so as not to reveal the cover-up, or worse yet, her ugly bruises. She looks like a sergeant on command or a rocket about ready to take off.

SHOMERET (CONT'D)

(Playfully)

No need to stand at attention today.

Talia manages to grin and finally relaxes her body.

SHOMERET (CONT'D)
Ok, you are ready! Do you know your
Brachot (blessings)?

TALIA
Yes, of course...

The Shomeret invites Talia into the warm, clear, pure water, reviewing the blessings with her.

Talia swallows some water on her way in. She recites the blessings, dunks, and comes up for air, breathing a deep sigh of relief.

TALIA (CONT'D)
*Baruch Ata Hashem Elokeinu Melech
Ha'Olam Asher Kidshanu B'Mitzvotav
V'Tzivanu Al Ha'Tevila.*

SHOMERET
(Smiling warmly)
Nicely done!

Talia immerses another two times.

TALIA
*Baruch Ata Adoshem Elokeinu Melech
Ha'olam Shehecheyanu Vikiyemanu
V'higiyanu La'Zman Ha'Zeh.*

The Shomeret gives Talia a thumbs up.

SHOMERET
Kosher!

Cavalier about having completed the Mitzvah, Talia grabs her robe and manages a quick thank you to the Shomeret as she races up the Mikvah stairs.

Her robe belt slips off as she dashes off to the preparation room. The Shomeret notices and tries to call after her -- discretely, of course-- due to the confidential nature of the Mikvah.

SHOMERET (CONT'D)
Your belt!

Unsuccessful, she follows Talia, knocking lightly on the preparation room door.

INT. MIKVAH PREP ROOM - NIGHT

Startled by the knock, Talia grabs a towel, carelessly wrapping it around her wet body. She opens the door, surprised by how widely the door opens.

The Shomeret stands with the belt wrapped around her fingers.

SHOMERET

Your belt...

TALIA

Oh, thank you...

While trying to grab the belt, Talia's towel begins to unfold around her small frame.

The Shomeret focuses on the belt, in a generous attempt to be respectful and not to notice Talia's bare body. She can't help but peer at the two bands of bruises around each of Talia's small wrists—which have now been exposed due to the water. She looks up at Talia with gentle concern.

Just then, the Shomeret's bell rings. She scurries off with a quick wave.

Talia closes the door, defeated. Two tears fall from her eyes as she wipes off the rest of the cover-up. The black and blue bruises on her wrists become more visible.

She tosses her nail file, nail clipper, and nail polish remover into a Ziploc.

She runs a brush through her long, wet, wavy black hair and gets dressed.

She checks her watch; she's an hour late.

She quickly throws a baseball cap on her wet, wavy hair.

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

Talia huddles under the awning of the bus stop. Despite the slightly warmer enclave, her wet hair causes her to shiver in the freezing Brooklyn, New York air.

Talia looks at her bus schedule app.

TALIA

(Grimacing)

18 more minutes?!

So engrossed in checking the bus schedule, Talia barely notices the Shomeret (The Mikvah attendant) has shown up behind her.

SHOMERET

Hey... so sorry to have startled you earlier.

Talia turns around to see those big, deep, and alluring green eyes. She looks in awe at this woman, even more striking under the lamplight. A few more of her perfect blonde curls peek out from under her modest scarf.

TALIA

(Stammering)

Oh, no worries. Thank you for noticing my belt. The robe is not too helpful without it.

Talia giggles, nervously, and checks her phone for the latest update.

TALIA (CONT'D)

(Anxiously)

Oy, a bus accident... 30 more minutes...

SHOMERET

What's wrong? Is everything ok?

TALIA

Oh, no, my bus is just running 30 minutes late. Nothing I am not used to in this city.

SHOMERET

Would you like me to drive you home? My car is literally right here - best parking spot EVER!

TALIA

Oh, thank you, I'll be alright...

SHOMERET

You're... you're shivering. Come on in.

INT. SHOMERET'S CAR - NIGHT

The Shomeret unlocks the doors to her mini-SUV and tosses a tissue box from the passenger seat to the back of the middle row to make room for Talia. The car is pristine.

A little *Tefilat Ha'derech* (prayer for safe travels) dangles from the car mirror. A strawberry air purifier gives the car an inviting, fruity smell.

Talia gives the Shomeret her street address. She places her hand on her seat and notices it getting warmer. She looks up, surprised.

SHOMERET

Oh, I took the liberty of heating up your seat. Yours lips are still blue!

TALIA

(Shocked)

Wow, you are so exceptionally thoughtful and kind. My husband never...

Talia stops herself.

The Shomeret notices Talia's discomfort and tries to change the topic of conversation.

SHOMERET

Sorry you had to wait so long for the bus. How about some music?

The Shomeret's fingers toy with the buttons. Elli and Revital Kranzler's "Ani Chavatzelet" comes through the car speakers. You hear guitar and violin instrumentals accompanying the words: "Ani Chavatzelet Ha'Sharon Shoshanat Ha'Amakim. K' Shoshanah Bein Ha'Chochim, Kein Rayati Bein Ha'Banot." "I am a rose of Sharon, a lily of the valleys. As a lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters." (Song of Songs, Chapter 2).

TALIA

(Eyes widening)

Seriously? This is my favorite song of all time from Shir Hashirim (*The Song of Songs*). My husband won't let me play this kind of music at home.

Talia quickly turns pale, fearing she said something she shouldn't have.

SHOMERET

Because of *Kol Isha* (not being able to hear a woman's voice)?

TALIA

Yes, I think so...

SHOMERET

That's a shame. I'm Dalia, by the way.

TALIA

That's funny! I'm Talia!

They both smile.

Talia closes her eyes. For the first time in months, she looks at peace; calm, serene, and content.

EXT. TALIA'S HOME - NIGHT.

Talia's zen and serene state is rudely interrupted by the brash sound of her husband's alarming voice.

AMNON screams angrily from the front door and then tries to mildly cover up his anger, when he notices a religious woman in the driver seat.

AMNON

(Through clenched teeth, but feigning a half-grin)

Do you know what time it is????

Talia exits the Shomeret's car, coming around to the window on the driver's side.

TALIA

(Embarrassed)

Thank you so much again for everything.

The Shomeret (Dalia) lightly grabs Talia's hand.

DALIA

(Significantly concerned)

Are you sure you're ok?

Talia manages a weak thumbs up before racing into her dark, brick home. Amnon slams the door shut behind her.

INT. TALIA'S HOME - NIGHT

AMNON

Chutzpanit (woman with nerve)! You make your husband wait until 10:30 PM to return home?

(MORE)

AMNON (CONT'D)

For two weeks you've been forbidden to me and now you have the *Chutzpah* (nerve) to make me wait longer?

TALIA

(Stammering)

I just... I just...

Impatient and emblazoned with anger, Amnon slaps Talia across the face.

The unexpected force causes Talia to lose her balance. She drops her Mikvah bag.

Capitalizing on her weakness, Amnon knocks her down to the ground.

Talia struggles to get back on her feet.

Now, even more incensed, Amnon grabs Talia's thin, bruised wrists and slams them down on the floor. He rips open her wet jacket with such force, a black button pops off and rolls to the ground.

Talia struggles to break free from his harsh grasp, but his body weight and strength easily overpower her small frame.

TALIA (CONT'D)

Please no, just not now, please...

Amnon's face looks so ferocious, it's as if he has flames of fire burning through his dark pupils. He moves his heavy, muscular, body down her skirt to unbutton her jean skirt.

Realizing her arms are finally free, Talia tries to use the weight of her hands against the floor to wriggle out of his grasp.

Now even more viciously angry, he grabs the belt that has spilled out of her Mikvah bag. He ties her small wrists together with such force, she yells out in pain.

Amnon's eyes are fierce and devilish.

AMNON

(Threatening)

NOT ANOTHER SOUND!!

Amnon tears off the rest of Talia's jean skirt. He rips off her undergarments, thrusting his muscular body on top of her. He enters her repeatedly. She screams in pain as he overpowers her, entering her again and again.

Talia's small, but usually strong body now feels completely limp.

Blood seeps out of her bruised body.

Finally, Amnon writhes in ecstasy. He rises and goes to the bathroom, leaving Talia there like a sacrificial lamb, tied up and slaughtered.

Talia tries to stand up, but her whole body aches. She tries to break free of the bondage on her wrists, but fails. Exhausted from the effort and pain, she falls asleep.

INT. TALIA'S HOME - THE NEXT MORNING

The sun drenches the cold, wooden floor.

Amnon leaves for *Shacharit* (*The Morning prayer service*).

Talia, who hasn't moved since the night before, is woken by the slam of the front door.

Talia struggles to rise. She is bruised, broken, battered.

After struggling to get her footing and freeing herself, she checks the time on her cell.

Anxiously, she staggers over to the kitchen to prepare Amnon's regular breakfast: toasted English muffins, sunny-side up eggs, butter, fruit, and yogurt.

She hurries to ensure it will be ready by the time Amnon arrives home from The Morning Prayer Service.

As Talia puts the finishing touches on breakfast, the door swings open.

Amnon storms in.

AMNON

You know DOVID's wife is expecting again?

TALIA

(Meekly)

B'shaa Tova (*May it happen in good time*).

Talia exits the kitchen to her bedroom.