

EXT. EMPTY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A lonely car pulls out of the parking lot in the distance. The quiet grind of its tires rolling over pebbles and the closer tapping of acrylic nails on a smartphone are audible.

A beat of silence.

There's the sound of a phone sliding into a pocket then finally a pair of hands come into frame and begin SLAMMING a skateboard against the concrete repeatedly. There is grunting behind each hit.

The hands are revealed to belong to MYRA THRASH, 21, as she continues to hammer the pavement. She does this with great power, but she isn't angry. Her demeanor is one more of frustration.

She finally tosses the board down. She stares at it. It's practically a shiv at the nose now. Chipped and sharp.

She puffs out a drained breath then pulls her phone back out, dials a number, and puts the phone back up to her ear.

A beat.

VOICE
(on phone)
Hey.
(on

Myra chokes on her words. She's on the verge of tears.

MYRA
Hey...um...

VOICE
(on phone)
Are you in the lot again?

MYRA

... Yeah.

The voice lets out an empathetic sigh.

VOICE
I'm on my way.

MYRA

Thanks.

They hang up. Myra sits down on the ground, defeated. She then decides to lay next to her broken board. She looks up at the night sky, still holding back tears.

2.

LATER

CUT TO:

ARIEL SHOT:

Myra continues to lay on the ground. A car pulls up to her. It turns off and KYNDELL JAMES, 21, hops out.

NORMAL SHOT:

Kyndell gazes sympathetically at Myra on the floor from her car door for a second before closing it and walking over to take a seat next to her.

KYNDELL (PREVIOUSLY "VOICE")

One day, you're gonna get snatched
if you keeping coming out here all
alone.

Myra manages a chuckle.

MYRA

God, if only.

She chuckles again and so does Kyndell but she also looks at her a little concerned. Myra notices. Her face shifts back to sorrow. She averts her eyes back up to the sky.

MYRA (CONT'D)

I'm switching my major again.

KYNDELL

Oh, to what?

Silence. Kyndell looks down at Myra. Tears brim her eyes. Kyndell looks back into the distance and puts her hand on Myra's arm.

KYNDELL (CONT'D)

Don't worry. You'll figure it out.

MYRA

Kyndell, I have no desire to do anything for the rest of my life. I'm passionate about nothing. Whatever I do, I'm going to be unhappy.

Myra turns to Kyndell, tears finally running down her cheeks.

MYRA (CONT'D)

What the hell am I gonna do?

3.

Kyndell watches Myra. She lays down, now face to face with her.

KYNDELL

Just live. No plan. Just do. Just go. You don't need to know everything right now, no matter how many people say you do.

MYRA

Life isn't a teen drama Ken. How am I gonna SURVIVE?

KYNDELL

Just live. Get hired and quit from as many jobs as you want. Live in a van I hear that's the move right now.

Kyndell puts her hand on Myra's shoulder and looks deep into her eyes as if to silently scream, "Listen".

KYNDELL (CONT'D)

You'll do so much. Maybe along the way, you'll find something you'll wanna do until you physically can't anymore. Maybe you'll get so tired of bouncing from thing to thing that you'll just stick to whatever you liked most. But for now, just live.

Myra continues to let her tears fall. She rolls back onto her back and Kyndell follows.

KYNDELL (CONT'D)
You'll figure it out.

FADE OUT.

THE END.