THE STILL HERE

FADE IN:

EXT. PARK - DAY

A GIRL (13) is posted up under a sleepy shade TREE, writing in a journal. She pores over every word with an unspoken maturity betraying her youth.

The camera moves in. Closer. Closer. So close the unblemished contours of her face fill the entire frame.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

We're still on her face but now she's somewhere else. Somewhere cold.

She stares blankly at the ceiling. A deep breath.

And another. Deeper. Braver.

Her eyes clench shut.

And we pull back to reveal her body entering an MRI machine.

TNT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

She stares into her bathroom mirror, a proletariat sigh.

She opens the medicine cabinet. Rows of pill bottles.

She grabs one and pops a few down.

EXT. PARK - DAY

She's back under the tree, lost in her head. A pen lingers in her hand. The words don't come today.

She gives up and shuts the notebook.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

She opens a drawer. Considering. Considering.

Deciding.

On the sharpest KNIFE in there. She grabs it and goes.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Quiet overwhelms the night.

The tree lingers, its branches swaying in a soft summer wind.

The girl approaches it with purpose.

A knife in her hand.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

A BOY's eyes blink to life.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- 1. He stares into a bathroom mirror. Swallows down pills.
- 2. He grabs a backpack.
- 3. He clicks on his bike helmet.
- 4. He takes off on his bike.

EXT. PARK - MORNING

He rides up to the tree, dismounts.

He opens his backpack and pulls out a notebook.

Then he notices something...

The girl's journal. Undisturbed. Begging to be opened.

He takes it and begins reading.

The girl's words spark a smile in him.

And then we see it, unnoticed by the boy, but right there in plain sight. The girl's message, carved into the tree:

I'm still here.

FADE TO BLACK

Your story can change lives.

Vanderbilt University wants to help you tell it.

The first chapter starts at Facebook.com/MyStoree.

FADE OUT:

THE END