

See You Again.

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EXT. STREET. DAY

VIVIAN, mid to late fifties, dressed in blue skinny jeans, a dirty t shirt, a cheetah print fur jacket and big sunglasses walks down the street, she has an effortless, carefree vibe with an almost emotionless facial expression. She stops and notices a liquor store and proceeds to walk in.

INT. LIQUOR STORE. DAY

Vivian walks in and notices SALES ASSISTANT, early twenties, possibly high from smoking weed as his eyes are severely bloodshot. Vivian barely acknowledges the Sales Assistant as she swans through the store, casually looking at all the bottles on display. Vivian eventually picks up a bottle of whiskey, cracks it open and starts drinking it as she proceeds to exit the store.

SALES ASSISTANT
(slowly, aimlessly.)
Hey lady. You gotta pay for that.

Vivian once again doesn't acknowledge the Sales Assistant, He tries to sound more assertive.

SALES ASSISTANT
Hey lady! I'm talking to you. Walk out
and I'll call the cops.

VIVIAN
Take a bite outta my ass sweetheart.

Vivian leaves the store and the confused looking Sales Assistant. He doesn't call the cops.

EXT. STREET. DAY

Vivian continues to cruise down the street, taking swigs of whiskey every few steps. She passes a MOTHER, early thirties, FATHER, mid thirties and SON, 5 years old. The mother looks at Vivian with disgust, she whispers something in the father's ear who then shares the same expression, Vivian meets their stares and sticks her middle finger up at them while remaining emotionless. The parents faces go from disgust to shock, the son giggles at the gesture, Vivian

smirks and as she passes the family, she ruffles the little boys hair.

As she continues her journey, Vivian is once again interfered by an ACTIVIST, around 18/19 years old, wearing a "save the whales" t-shirt.

ACTIVIST

(cheery.)

Hi ma'am, Do you have a couple minutes to talk about our "Save The Whales" initiative?

VIVIAN

(without missing a beat.)

No.

ACTIVIST

Please ma'am it'll just be a couple minutes.

Vivian stops and turns to look at the activist, though you can't see her eyes, you can tell Vivian is displeased.

VIVIAN

Honey, I've only got today. I'm not wasting a second on your stupid whales?

The Activist turns red with embarrassment.

ACTIVIST

There's no need to be rude about it.

VIVIAN

Look I'll be seeing the whales you couldn't save real soon, I'll let 'em know you're doing God's work.

Vivian turns to leave, but then quickly turns around once again.

VIVIAN

In the mean time try getting yourself laid, because this-
(points her finger and waves it around the Activists outfit.)

clearly isn't working for you.

Vivian leaves the now insulted Activist and once again resumes her journey.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL. DAY

Vivian passes the high school on her excursion. As she walks past, she notices MAGGIE, 17 years old, Curled up on a bench in tears with bin bags full of clothes surrounding her. Vivian was about to walk past her when she stops and turns around.

VIVIAN
(annoyed.)
Y'alright?

MAGGIE
(looks up.)
What? yeah. yeah I'm fine.

VIVIAN
Alright.

Vivian turns once more to leave but something is telling her to stay. She stops walking, turns back and sits down next to Maggie. Maggie looks up at Vivian sitting next to her.

VIVIAN
(inconvenienced.)
Look there's clearly something eatin'
ya. What's wrong?

MAGGIE
I don't need a therapist lady, I'm
fine.

VIVIAN
Oh Sure! you're sitting here crying
like your life is over. You're totally
fine!

MAGGIE
(annoyed.)
I don't need your help okay! I don't
need some alcoholic skank to try and
fix my problems!

Vivian doesn't let the comment affect her in anyway. Instead she takes off her sunglasses to show a softened expression.

VIVIAN

I don't wanna fix your problems, look at it this way, you don't know me and I don't know you, once our conversation is over you'll never see me again, so I'm kinda the perfect person to talk to.

Maggie sighs in defeat and leans back on the bench.

VIVIAN

So? What happen? D'ya folks kick you out or something?

Maggie nods.

VIVIAN

(snorts in amusement)

Why? Did you scratch daddy's car or somethin'?

MAGGIE

I came out to them.

Vivian stops laughing and looks at Maggie with sorrow.

VIVIAN

Oh honey, that's gotta be tough.

MAGGIE

They said they can't have no queer tarnishing the family name, so they kicked me out. So I guess you were right. My life is over. I have no where to go.

Vivian thinks for a second before pulling out a photo of her daughter, Rachel from her pocket and giving it to Maggie.

VIVIAN

That's my daughter, Rachel. Came out
as Trans three years ago.

Maggie admires the photo and runs a finger over Rachel's face
.

MAGGIE

She's beautiful.

VIVIAN

Course she was! She had me as her
mama!

Maggie giggles at Vivian's joke before realising what she
said.

MAGGIE

Wait. was?

Vivian nods solemnly.

VIVIAN

She was killed today 6 months ago.
Best part of my life ripped away by
some animal.

MAGGIE

I'm sorry.

Vivian pats Maggie's knee in appreciation. She looks at
Maggie with a peaceful gaze.

VIVIAN

Your life isn't over because of this
moment. You've been given a chance to
find your real family. One that
supports you and doesn't care about
reputation.

Maggie smiles at Vivian. Vivian smiles back and proceeds to
pull out her keys.

VIVIAN

Here.

(Hands keys to Maggie.)

My apartment is a couple blocks from here. You can use it.

MAGGIE
(relief.)
Really! Oh my God, Thank you!

Maggie jumps up and hugs Vivian tightly. She begins to gather up her things.

MAGGIE
Seriously I can't thank you enough.
you're saving me!

VIVIAN
You're welcome, just don't trash my place while I'm gone.

MAGGIE
Wait, you're not coming?

VIVIAN
(peacefully, looking at Rachel's photo.)
Nah. I got somewhere to be.

Maggie didn't understand what Vivian meant by that, Instead she bundled up her things and started making her way to the apartment.

MAGGIE
Okay, well I guess I'll see you soon.
thank you.

As Maggie walks away, Vivian smiles, gets up, whiskey in hand and walks in the other direction.

INT. APARTMENT. NIGHT

Maggie opens the door and drops her bags to the floor. She lets out a sigh of relief and begins to walk around, admiring Vivians decor and furniture. Maggie continues to walk around the apartment.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O)

Breaking news, police have pulled the body of the woman from the Johnson river, Detectives have identified the body as Vivian Michaels, aged 53. the death has been ruled as a suicide and is suspected she had jumped from the over head bridge. Vivian was the mother of Rachel Michaels, local trans woman who was murdered just six months before, at this time it is unknown if Vivian has any surviving family members.

END.