

PAPER PLANES

EXT. SCHOOL ROOFTOP – AFTERNOON TARA, 17, stands with a stack of paper planes. Wind howls. Below, the schoolyard buzzes with noise.

TARA (to herself) One for every wish I never made.

She tosses them, one by one. Each plane drifts, caught in the sunlight.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY – CONTINUOUS The planes rise together, forming a spiral in the air — almost like a dance.

EXT. SCHOOL ROOFTOP – MOMENTS LATER TARA smiles faintly. The last plane slips from her hand and floats away.

FADE OUT.