

TROPICAL DEPRESSION

Written by

Devyn Waitt

925 Gilford St.
Oldsmar, FL 34677
devynwaitt@gmail.com

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INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Sunlight bursts through the windows of an open floor plan Florida home. Two cats and a dog lounge in patches of it.

ADAM, 34, handsome, tattooed, unshaven with messy hair and a stoic countenance sits at the kitchen counter, laptop open with a cup of coffee.

JASMINE, 30, tall and thin with waist length brown hair has half of it up in a braided ponytail. She concentrates on the other half, looking in the mirror with a hair tie in her mouth.

A small black and white cat jumps on the kitchen counter. Adam grabs a small water gun within arms reach and shoots the cat.

ADAM
Get down shithead.

Jasmine whisks back and forth past him several times in pursuit of something.

ADAM (CONT'D)
What are you looking for?

JASMINE
A basket, I'm gonna pick flowers to put in that thing.

She looks up at him.

INT. LIVING ROOM (JASMINE'S MIND)

A wooden shelf with a dozen holes drilled in it lays against a wall. An opened cardboard box of small glass vases lays next to it. The room is cluttered and messy.

The shelf is mounted, the vases inside of it, the vases filled with beautiful tall grasses and flowers that some would call weeds. The room is pristine.

Long white curtains billow in through open windows.

INT. BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

A photo of a happy couple smiling on a park bench fills the screen. Jasmine flicks up and we scroll through several more on instagram.

DIANNA (V.O.)
It makes me sad that Deirdre
doesn't think your brother's gonna
stay with her, you know - cuz she
doesn't have a horse in the race.

Jasmine's pink toenails dance against an dark green bath mat.

JASMINE (V.O.)
A horse in the race. Horse in the
race. Horse in the race.

INT. CHILDHOOD HOME LIVING ROOM - DAY (JASMINE'S MIND)

DiAnna, 57, with a pretty moon face and short blonde hair
sits on the couch in workout clothes. She addresses the
camera.

DIANNA
I think it's just the summer blues.
I am so over this heat. I feel
trapped inside.

She looks out the window at a deer passing through the yard.

DIANNA (CONT'D)
I think I'm gonna wait until
October to clean out that storage
unit.

EXT. GARAGE/DRIVEWAY - NIGHT (JASMINE'S MIND)

DiAnna has the back hatch of her car up and is pointing to a
bunch of dead plants in the trunk.

DIANNA
I left them in the car for too
long. I got em at Wal Mart and then
I had to go to Michelle's the next
day for a shower and then I thought
I was gonna get them in that
afternoon but then something came
up, I can't remember. And then when
I got around to it, they were
mostly dead.

She looks up at Jasmine.

DIANNA (CONT'D)
I feel so bad. Come look.

She motions for Jasmine to follow behind her and they walk up to a large planter near the front of the house.

DIANNA (CONT'D)
I tried to bring a few of them back
to life.

She gingerly touches a few dried, dead plants planted among the healthy ones.

JASMINE
Aw mom, you just like planted their
little corpses.

Mom's hand goes to her chest. She looks at Jasmine with tears in her eyes.

DIANNA
I know, they never had a chance, I
let them die.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (JASMINE'S MIND)

Jasmine sits in sweatpants and a bathing suit top on the bed. She types on her computer. A gchat conversation with 'Adam' overlays the screen.

'I have never felt so close to my mom. She was showing me some plants that she didn't plant and they died and she felt so bad, she was crying, she is so beautiful.'

'DiAnna the plant killer'

JASMINE V.O.
It is worth it for the storms
though.

INT. CHILDHOOD HOME LIVING ROOM (JASMINE'S MIND)

DiAnna addresses the camera.

DIANNA
Oh yeah. I love a good storm. I
think we might get one this
afternoon.

She rubs her hands together.

INT. OFFICE - DAY (JASMINE'S MIND)

Rain beats hard against the windows and grey light filters in from a summer storm.

Jasmine sits at a desk with headphones on. Adam leans in.

ADAM

Hey, do you want to smoke a
cigarette on the deck and watch the
storm?

Jasmine nods excitedly. She stands, puts her arms around Adam's waist and kisses him.

EXT. DECK - CONTINUOUS (JASMINE'S MIND)

Jasmine and Dave stand on the deck smoking rolled cigarettes, the storm violently whips the trees around them. Thunder rolls overhead.

JASMINE

When you were growing up did they
say that was god bowling?

DAVE

Yeah I think I heard that.

JASMINE

I didn't know if it was just a
Florida thing.

She inhales, stares at the dark clouds.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

It hasn't stormed as much as usual
this summer. It's funny I came to
Chicago for the winter and you came
here for the summer.

Adam pinches her butt.

ADAM (IN PARISIAN CHEF VOICE)

I am little lobster.

He pinches it several more times. Jasmine laughs.

JASMINE

So many things about us feel like
that to me. Like cut in half or
complimentary - binary. Which is
kind of a fractal.

ADAM (COUNTRY ACCENT)
I swear you got some big ideas.

JASMINE
That's a skeleton key too and I
can't figure out how.

EXT. DECK - NIGHT (JASMINE'S MIND)

Adam and Jasmine sit at a table on the deck, bathed in
overhead red light. A small dog sits on Jasmines lap.

ADAM
But like, what do you mean?

JASMINE
I don't know, it's hard to explain.

ADAM
Try.

JASMINE
Ok so it's like, an idea, that you
get so far down, to it's root, that
you can like apply it to anything.
Like a skeleton key. Like, it isn't
dependent on anything
circumstantial, and rather you can
kind of apply it to any set of
circumstances.

Jasmine pets the small dog, BUNNY BOY in her lap, she lifts
up his head and kisses his snout.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
It doesn't make any sense. Well
like it makes sense to me, but I
can't explain it.

ADAM
No I kind of see what you're
saying.

INT. WALK IN CLOSET - DAY

Jasmine grabs a wide brimmed black felt hat. She pulls it
down on top of her braids and laughs.

JASMINE V.O.
I definitely look like one of those
Jewish men.

She adjusts the braids so they stick out like sidecurls.

JASMINE V.O. (CONT'D)
Goyisher Mazel! You want to buy the
camera? It's a good price.

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Adam sits in the same spot at the counter.

JASMINE
Look baby, I look like a Hasidic
Jewish man.

She smiles.

He raises his eyebrows and looks back at the computer.

JASMINE V.O.
Le sigh le sigh le sigh.

INT. CHILDHOOD HOME - BEDROOM (JASMINE'S MIND)

DiAnna lays in bed wearing an oversized sleep shirt. She
addresses the camera.

DIANNA
You want someone who lifts you up!
Appreciates you, makes you feel
good about yourself.

EXT. HOUSE FRONT STEPS - DAY (JASMINE'S MIND)

Jasmine sits on the front steps in Pajamas and flip flops
crying.

She starts humming to herself, the words "these are the
breaks, these are the breaks. She is comforting herself by
singing.

She stands and goes inside.

We see the following words appearing on screen:

ON-SCREEN TEXT	JASMINE V.O.
We are fighting and you leave	These are the breaks,
to go draw. I drive to the	
gas station to buy	
cigarettes, for something to	
do.	

Feathers hanging from a rearview mirror dance in the wind.

ON-SCREEN TEXT	JASMINE V.O.
The Jasmine	These are the breaks.
She says she feels emotional	
I say me too	

Jasmine vines grow up the stilts of a house.

ON-SCREEN TEXT

her friend just died, and it's her
birthday, her cousins are fighting
it's all too much.

INT. SPEEDWAY GAS STATION - DAY (JASMINE'S MIND)

A light skinned black girl with long fake eyelashes and neck tattoos, KACIA, rings up a pack of cigarettes.

ON-SCREEN TEXT

the tattoo on her hand says
beautiful in curly script
i say i am feeling emotional too
thats why i am buying cigarettes

Her hands pass change. The tattoo on them is faded. The piano plays.

ON-SCREEN TEXT (CONT'D)

do you smoke?
I wanted to offer her something
no
I say me neither
but we are fighting so I am buying
them
she says she smokes black and
milds, but just from time to time.

Kacia looks at the camera and smiles a weary smile. She mouths words but we don't hear them.

ON-SCREEN TEXT (CONT'D)

I say next time I see you, we will
both feel better
i hope, I add
she hopes too.

Jasmine pushes through the door of the gas station, back into the day.

ON-SCREEN TEXT (CONT'D)

the last of the sun paints her hair
like a halo
(MORE)

ON-SCREEN TEXT (CONT'D)
Kacia, the angel
my gas station girl

INT. HOUSE FRONT ENTRYWAY - DAY (JASMINE'S MIND)

Jasmine plays the piano and sings to herself.

JASMINE V.O.
I'm sorry I have been a ghost for
so long. Here is a snippet of my
thoughts, maybe this will help
explain, maybe there is no excuse?

Her voice grows louder, more sure.

JASMINE V.O. (CONT'D)
Tucking Jasmine into Thank you
notes that are actually apologies -
'I'm sorry I haven't been around,
please don't worry about me'

Jasmine pulls flowers off the vine, smelling the sticky milk
on her fingers.

EXT. CHILDHOOD HOME LANAI - DAY (JASMINE'S MIND)

BILL, 60, tanned and tattooed, shirtless and thoughtful,
puffs on a stogie, considering the words of his daughter.

JASMINE (OFF SCREEN)
I was working at the Jamaican place
in Chicago, Mr. Brown's, and a girl
I worked with there said it to me.

INT. MR. BROWN'S LOUNGE - NIGHT (JASMINE'S MIND)

KEENA, a beautiful, full figured black girl with curly braids
leans against the bar. She shakes her head.

KEENA
These are the breaks.

EXT. CHILDHOOD HOME LANAI - DAY (JASMINE'S MIND)

JASMINE (OFF SCREEN)
I was telling her about my ex
boyfriend coming in town. And
whether or not it was ok to meet up
with him since we were just friends
now.

(MORE)

JASMINE (OFF SCREEN) (CONT'D)
But that it would probably upset
Adam. And she said it, and it
seemed so clear, 'these are the
breaks'. There was this other woman
there, Lisa, you would have loved.
I saw her pour vodka in red wine
once.

INT. MR. BROWN'S LOUNGE - NIGHT - (JASMINE'S MIND)

LISA, 42, short hair, wide smile, giant hoop earrings,
covertly lifts a wine glass from under the bar and takes a
giant sip.

LISA
I'm tryna TURN UP!

Jasmine laughs.

EXT. CHILDHOOD HOME LANAI - DAY

JASMINE (OFF SCREEN)
It's some of the best advice I've
ever gotten.

Bill rolls his eyes.

BILL
We'll you know you never listen to
mine.

Jasmine smiles.

JASMINE
What do you mean, yes I do, just
like, 3 or 4 years after you tell
me.

Bill nods sarcastically.

EXT. CHILDHOOD HOME LANAI - MORNING (JASMINE'S MIND, ANOTHER
TIME)

Bill sits in a striped tank top with a newspaper open in
front of him.

Bunny Boy sleeps on the chair next to him. Bill motions to
him with a cigar.

BILL

See, that's what you want. He's happy. He doesn't have all these ambitions. He just wants to enjoy the day.

EXT. FLORIDA NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DUSK (JASMINE'S MIND)

Jasmine and Adam walk down the street, passing a joint back and forth and walking Bunny Boy. Jasmine motions to the dog.

JASMINE

I really think Bunny is the closest thing I have experienced to god. Or like, something divine.

ADAM

I can see that.

EXT. HOUSE FRONT STEPS - DAY

Jasmine, with an Easter basket looped through her arms hurries down the steps. She stops at a gardenia tree at the base of the driveway.

She smells one of the soft white flowers.

JASMINE V.O.

Ahhh these smell like heaven.

She hunts for one that is a little wilted. She pulls it off the tree. She grabs a fallen one from under the tree as well.

JASMINE V.O. (CONT'D)

You can use the ones that are dying as something to smell on your walk, or tie them on the tops of gifts, give them to friends or strangers.

She takes photos of them.

Overlay of a blog header, "Livin' Pretty" featuring a drawing of Jasmine with a glitter gif for a skirt. We see that she is tying the voiceover into a post, alongside the photos.

JASMINE V.O. (CONT'D)

This is also a way to prune the tree and keep it healthy. Xo, Jasmine!

She scrolls through the post and nods approvingly.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - HIGH NOON - CONTINUOUS

Jasmine twirls and smells the halfway wilted flower as she makes her way down the driveway. The sun beats hard overhead.

She lifts her arms and makes figures from the long shadows.

JASMINE V.O.

The shadows are so long and ugly
during the day. High noon lasts all
day during the summer. I wonder if
I can make them look pretty
somehow.

She makes shadows with the flower and basket as she walks.

JASMINE V.O. (CONT'D)

The sun bleaches all the greens and
you can't make out the difference
between them.

A dozen trees and bushes growing together in the sweltering heat.

JASMINE V.O. (CONT'D)

The best time to see the difference
in all the greens is before a
storm, when the sky is grey or
purple, and full of juice like a
fruit the day before it is too soft
to eat.

Shots of Florida plants against a gray sky before a storm.

JASMINE

That's when the neon flowers come
out.

A car passes slowly by. Jasmine waves. The driver waves.

JASMINE V.O.

Man, I must look insane. Not in a
like 'OMG I am SO weird and like, I
totally just ate a whole bag of
chips' way like I legitimately
think I might look unwell. But this
is all function here. Gotta keep
the sun off my face, this is the
only basket we have. Should I knock
on that drivers window and explain?
'Hey. Uh guy, not sure what you
were thinking back there, but this
is all function, I am ALL FUNCTION
GODDAMNIT.'

Jasmine walks past a white bird with a long neck.

The Pearl Jam song 'release' begins playing softly.

JASMINE V.O. (CONT'D)
I always have a song stuck in my
head. Bouncing around. Rattling at
the back.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY (JASMINE'S MIND)

Adam sits at the kitchen counter drinking coffee. He
addresses the camera.

ADAM
That's the sign of a weak mind.

INT. CHEAP CLOTHING STORE - DAY (JASMINE'S MIND)

Jasmine moves through the racks of bright cheap clothes.

An Alanis Morissette song crackles through the store.

JASMINE V.O.
It's not even usually one I want.
You can catch them like you can
catch anything else. A friend of
mine got me a gift certificate for
one of those sensory deprivation
tanks. And I was there. Submerged
in salty water. Hot, black. No
stimulation.

INT. SENSORY DEPRIVATION CHAMBER - JASMINE'S MIND

All black.

We hear Alanis's voice. 'Who would've thought it figures'

JASMINE V.O.
And all that was kicking around in
my brain was a song I had picked up
at a store I was killing time in
before the appointment.

EXT. FLORIDA NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Jasmine is bent over a large bush with bright purple flowers.
She is cutting long stems off of it.

JASMINE V.O.

Religion, memes, all contagions. I want to make a large interactive map, tracing the spreading of all sorts of ideas. Tongue to tongue. Meningitis. Isis.

MONTAGE:

ECU. Profile of a girls mouth very slowly mouthing the word 'lit-er-all-y'.

SLIDE TO

ECU. Profile of a girls mouth very slowly mouthing the word 'lit-er-all-y'.

Footage of Mujahideen training.

An elderly man sits in a folding chair in a backyard wearing a 'Make America Great Again' T-shirt, arms crossed over his chest.

ELDERLY MAN

I like 'em cos he tell it like it is. He may not have the experience, but he's not a liar. He come right out and say what's on his mind.

EXT. FLORIDA NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Jasmine swings the basket as she walks. Sweat glues baby hairs to the back of her neck.

JASMINE V.O.

I can feel the plague of so many non- native thoughts in my brain.

Words appear on top of the picture: *'I walk out with you and get tacos down the street from your place. "your place", is you rubbing off on me. place. what would I have called it before? your apartment, your house, sunshine, baby doll, shimmering fawns, infinite sunrise, soft fabrics, full lips. your place. to me. i don't know!'*

JASMINE V.O. (CONT'D)

Maybe I should build a wall.

EXT. BATTERY PARK - NIGHT (JASMINE'S MIND)

Jasmine, wild eyed with messy hair runs shoeless through the park. Two CUTE BOYS sit Indian style talking to each other, also with saucers for eyes.

Jasmine walks in circles, giggling to herself.

JASMINE V.O.

Like that time in Battery park on mushrooms when I had a conversation with a tiny version of myself that lived inside of myself.

EXT. CASTLE WALL - DAY (JASMINE'S MIND)

Jasmine leans against a stone wall. Next to her is a version of her self, one fourth her size.

Jasmine smiles at her.

TINY JASMINE

You shouldn't worry or be afraid, ever, because I am always here.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - (JASMINE'S MIND)

Jasmine and one of the CUTE BOYS stand leaning over a barricade around a street under construction. They look down at the guts of the city.

JASMINE V.O.

That was a nice way to feel.

EXT. CASTLE WALL - DAY (JASMINE'S MIND)

Jasmine enters the walled off area. She looks around and doesn't discover anything. She sits down and leans against the wall.

She lifts an inchworm sized version of herself off of a blade of grass.

She stares at it on her fingertip.

Tiny Jasmine's eyes are closed, she is gaunt and breathes heavily.

JASMINE

Are you ok?

Tiny Jasmine does not respond, her face is distressed.
Jasmine lifts her finger to her mouth and kisses her.

EXT. FLORIDA NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Jasmine studies some small green plants breaking through the concrete of the road.

JASMINE V.O.
And what do we have here?

She runs her fingers over them.

JASMINE V.O. (CONT'D)
How are they so strong that they
can break through concrete? Or was
it broken and they just slip right
up the cracks? What do their roots
look like under the earth?

EXT. CHICAGO CITY STREET - WINTER - DAY (JASMINE'S MIND)

Jasmine and Dave walk hand in hand past trees bare of leaves.

JASMINE
Do you think their root structure
mirrors their branches?

ADAM
What do you mean?

JASMINE
Like, do you think it is a mirror
image, and as the roots grow the
branches on top grow to match them?

ADAM
I have no idea, maybe.

JASMINE
That seems right to me.

EXT. EMPTY FLORIDA LOT - DAY (JASMINE'S MIND)

Old oaks with Spanish moss dangling in the sunlight dot a
gorgeous stretch of waterfront property.

Bill hammers a stake into the ground with a cigar hanging out
of his mouth. There are several other stakes lining the
property, outlining a shape. Jasmine stands next to him,
halfway helping.

BILL

See, if we don't have to be 15 feet from their property, I can save this tree.

JASMINE

How many of these are you going to have to cut down?

Jasmine hands him a tape measurer.

Bill steps back and surveys the land.

BILL

Probably only these three.

He motions to a group of trees in the center of the property.

BILL (CONT'D)

I want to get one for over there though, for shade.

EXT. FLORIDA NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY (JASMINE'S MIND)

JASMINE V.O.

I wonder why people don't relocate or recycle trees? Like mature ones that have to be cut down. I bet lots of people want to buy big old trees to put places. I wonder if I could start that business, just like find an arborist and then talk to people who need trees removed and people who want to buy trees.

Jasmine is scrolling through her phone.

JASMINE V.O. (CONT'D)

Is the problem is the roots? Like, they are too big and deep and it would be impossible to dig up.

ECU PHONE SCREEN: Roots can extend 2 or 3 times larger than branches under the earth.

JASMINE V.O. (CONT'D)

Oh yeah. Yet another brilliant business idea - thwarted! I wonder what the roots under the Redwood forest look like. I wonder if that's what holds the earth together. Oh hey little guy.

A male peacock with long iridescent tail feathers crosses the street in front of her.

She walks closet and crouches down to study him.

JASMINE V.O. (CONT'D)
So handsome.

The peacock moves slowly away from her

JASMINE V.O. (CONT'D)
I think I want to buy my dad a
peacock for their new house. I
think he would really like that.
How beautiful to pull up to their
house and exotic birds are
wandering around the yard.

Overlay of 'Livin' Pretty' blog header. Photos of the peacock
being uploaded. The text 'new ways to decorate your front
yard, beautiful birds!'

JASMINE V.O. (CONT'D)
Maybe Jaron Lanier is right about
micropayments.

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - DAY (JASMINE'S MIND)

Jasmine, in an oversized t shirt and underwear, leans back in
a chair with her bare feet propped on the kitchen table.
Adam's attention is halfway elsewhere.

JASMINE
I sent you the book.

ADAM
I never read it.

JASMINE
You said you would read it, that's
why I mailed it to you.

ADAM
I read like, the first 10 pages and
couldn't get any further.

JASMINE
You mean, *didn't* get any further.
Couldn't means it wasn't possible,
you just chose not to.

ADAM

That guy was awful. And the cover was so dumb looking.

JASMINE

He's not the best writer, but he has some really interesting ideas.

Adam sucks in air through his teeth.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

Anyways, what I was mentioning, was that he has a plan for how to sustain a middle class in an information economy. Through a system of micropayments. So like, all the giant internet companies are making billions of dollars, off of crowdsourced content. So what he suggests is setting up a system of micropayments, based on how much money you earned that company.

EXT. FLORIDA NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Jasmine straightens her hat to further shield her face from the sun.

JASMINE V.O.

I guess it's not a great idea. Comes from a guy who plays indigenous wind instruments. Can never take those motherfuckers seriously. It's AN idea though. It's AN idea. Why aren't we hearing more ideas about how to solve the problem of wealth concentration?

She stops to stare at vines, with leaves as big as bread loaves, crawling up a tree.

She squints her eyes.

JASMINE V.O. (CONT'D)

One day people are going to be able to pay for higher resolution memories.

The picture of the vines shifts back and forth from pixelated to crystal clear.

JASMINE V.O. (CONT'D)
Wealthy people with infinite
storage in technicolor and then
everyone else.

Jasmine continues walking, more rapidly.

JASMINE V.O. (CONT'D)
I wonder why people aren't more
angry about Isis. I kind of feel
like it is because so many people
are uncertain about whether Islam
is a race or a religion. And it's
like, everyone feels like they
should know, or it's too late to
ask, and they don't want to be
racist. Like, if Catholicism was
responsible for as many people
dying this year, I think people
would be up in arms about it. I
want to make a shirt with the
prophet Muhammad on it as a form of
protest. Or maybe distribute like
5,000 of them and see if people
will all wear them on the same day.
Why don't people do things like
that? Why are we so afraid? It is
funny, now, if I were to do that,
and was hurt or killed as a result,
I feel like the overwhelming
sentiment would be that I was 'sort
of asking for it.' How crazy is
that? For a t-shirt! It is the
United States. I should be able to
pee on the flag holding a picture
of Jesus sodomizing Jon Benet and
be protected for it. There is
danger in being too politically
correct. It crosses over into mind
control. If you can't say or see
certain things, eventually you
can't think them. That's where we
are, controlled by fear, afraid of
being wrong.

Jasmine taps her fingertips against her forehead and her
lips.

JASMINE V.O. (CONT'D)
The same with net neutrality. It
shouldn't even be an issue! It
seems so clearly right and wrong,
comically Good vs. Evil, Robin
Hood, David and Goliath.

(MORE)

JASMINE V.O. (CONT'D)

I feel like if the actual heart and soul of the issue was just public knowledge, it wouldn't be a debate. I want to create an art exhibit or something, where people have to interact with computers at throttled speeds. It might not seem so bad in theory, it makes sense, it's capitalism. An ISP should be able to charge different prices for different speeds of their product. But, the scarcity is artificial, and the internet isn't a gadget or toy. It is and will only continue to become, truly a utility. Like water or a road. And if we decrease certain people's access, it is just a new form of putting poor people at a disadvantage. And there will always be disadvantages and obstacles of course, but to create one that wasn't there before, or doesn't need to be there, just to make a tiny fraction of people enormous amounts of money, and to ultimately choke out the level playing field of the internet as we know it just seems, wrong. Shouldn't we be pushing to overcome obstacles? To do better? To try to try to try. Privacy barely stops at the outside of your brain. I am so intimate with my search engine that google knows when to try and cheer me up. And we want to remove regulation and let the demons run amok?

Jasmine turns her head to the side, she sees herself walking down the road in the distance.

EXT. FLORIDA NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

JASMINE 2, her hair down and flowing, wears a tattered white dress. She squints, looking up.

The landscape of her point of view is stretched taut. A cloudless blue sky, treetops bleached by the sun, the tops of two story box houses.

It ripples like a sheet.

A small rip appears in it.

Gunmetal behind.

Jasmine walks forward, like Delacroix's Lady Liberty. The canvas of the earth ripped and torn behind her.

Billowing.

Gears and space and nothingness behind.

JASMINE V.O. (SINGING)
Believe it or not, they're coming
for you. To steal and destroy,
what's been promised. So arm
yourself, or lay down and die. The
war is here, the war is now.

A BELL JANGLES

INT. SPEEDWAY GAS STATION - DAY

Jasmine pushes the door of the gas station open. She takes off her hat. Her cheeks are flushed and the air conditioning dries the sweat on her face.

The gas station is small and bright. It is empty except for the cashier, LEONARD. 48, tall, orange tan, small diamond earrings. Jasmine smiles at him and he gives a small wave.

She walks over to the soda fountain, studies the row of large styrofoam cups, and selects a 52 oz.

She begins filling it with ice and then Coke.

The Adele song, 'Hello', plays lightly through the speakers.

Jasmine smiles and sings to herself while she is filling the giant cup. She tops it off with Dr. Pepper.

She places it on the counter. Leonard eyes the cup and begins ringing it up.

JASMINE (SINGING TO HERSELF)
'I was wondering if after all these
years you'd like to meet.'

Leonard looks up from the computer.

LEONARD
I love this song.

JASMINE

Me too! It's so good! Even though it's on all the time I can never get enough of it.

LEONARD

I know, It gets me every time.

JASMINE

Actually, I feel like almost every time I come in here it's on.

Leonard smiles and looks at the computer.

LEONARD

You know how much her ticket's are going for?

Jasmine shakes her head no.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Me and like three of my friends were gonna drive down to Miami to go - do you have your rewards card?

Jasmine pats her pockets.

JASMINE V.O.

Shoot no.

Leonard waves his hand and scans a different one.

LEONARD

And so I was online right when the tickets went on sale, to try and get them. And it timed out, I waited waited. It timed out. And then when I finally got through they were sold out.

JASMINE

Oh no.

LEONARD

I looked on craigslist, people were selling them for \$1800!

JASMINE

Oh my god, seriously?

Leonard nods, seriously. Jasmine beams at him.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
That's crazy, she must be making so
much money.

Leonard shakes his head.

LEONARD
Well she deserves it.

Jasmine laughs.

Leonard points up, like 'here we go'. The music swells.

CUT TO BLACK.

'SO HELLO FROM THE OTHER SIII-IIIIDE...'

THE END.