

WHAT ELSE

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1 **EXT. STREET INTERSECTION - NIGHT** 1

Close up. A red traffic light shines onto WINONA's (21) face. She stares up in the direction of the light, in quiet anticipation.

2 **INT. ROOM - NIGHT** 2

Reflections from a laptop screen dance across WINONA's face. She's captivated by whatever's playing on the screen but she's tired.

We PAN to the right, taking in a messy room. The aspect ratio shifts from 16:9 to 4:3.

Winona sprawls out in bed, sleeping soundly. Night turns into day as sunlight peaks in through the windows.

Her phone alarm BLARES.

Her hand fumbles among the covers to shut it down. Winona returns to the stillness of sleep.

3 **INT. BATHROOM - MORNING** 3

WINONA brushes her teeth, squeezing out as much toothpaste as possible from an almost empty tube.

Before she leaves the bathroom, she pauses on her reflection, running her hand through a damaged portion of the mirror.

4 **INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS** 4

She walks to the elevator where her neighbor, HARLEY (21), is waiting patiently. The doors open right as Winona arrives, perfectly timed.

They step into the elevator.

5 **INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS** 5

WINONA and HARLEY settle into the elevator.

HARLEY
Any plans for the weekend?

Winona shrugs.

WINONA
Not much. Just running some errands. You?

HARLEY

Yeah, same here. There's a new restaurant I thought about checking out, but I'm anticipating I'll be too tired to go out.

WINONA

You can add it to your list.

HARLEY

(soft chuckle)

It's a long list at this point.

The elevator reaches the lobby, letting them out.

They exit the building and part in opposite directions.

WINONA

Have a good day.

HARLEY

You too, see you.

We stay on the shot for a moment after Winona exits the frame.

6 **EXT. STREET - MORNING**

6

WINONA walks down the sidewalk - she's been down this road too many times to count at this point. There's no hesitation in her steps.

She reaches a red light at an intersection, pausing her in her tracks. Her eyes roam across the road as cars drive by.

Her gaze briefly flickers towards our direction.

Eventually she shifts her attention to the walk countdown on the other side. The number reaches 1.

7 **INT. OFFICE - DAY**

7

WINONA types away at her desk. A coffee and bagel sit next to her, half eaten. She never seems focused, like her mind is always in another world.

She stares at the half eaten bagel and starts picking it apart, trying to find some new way to eat it. She eventually puts it back together and finishes it.

She returns to work.

8 **INT. OFFICE - LUNCHTIME**

8

WINONA continues typing. We start to drift away from her, PANNING across the rest of the room.

INSERT: A clock elsewhere hits 12 PM.

There's a knock on the door. Winona is already getting up for lunch.

9 **INT. RESTAURANT - LUNCH**

9

WINONA sits at a table in a group of three with NOA and GERTRUDE. A conversation is taking place, but she's only half paying attention - nodding and smiling whenever appropriate.

She lets her gaze wander over the rest of the restaurant, where several other similar mundane conversations are taking place.

Outside, through the window, two girls greet each other with a hug. It's the first time they've seen each other in several years. It's a deviation from the usual calm of the area, catching Winona's attention. She quirks her head at the scene, watching the two friends animatedly catch up.

Noa COUGHS, drawing Winona's attention back to her lunch group.

NOA

I think they changed the falafel.
It's a little spicy now.

GERTRUDE

Really? Mine tastes the same.

Winona looks down at her own bowl, also containing falafel.

NOA

What do you think, Winona?

WINONA

Seems fine to me.

She puts the lid back on her bowl, suddenly losing her appetite.

10 **INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON**

10

WINONA sinks down in her chair, drained.

She pulls up a todo list on her phone: groceries, return shoes, buy toothpaste.

She switches to another app to search up "new restaurants near me", pulling up the menu of the first one that pops up.

11 EXT. STREET - EVENING**11**

Walking back down the same street as before, WINONA passes by several people running down the sidewalk, relishing in the start of the weekend. Her head tilts towards each of their directions, as if to follow them.

12 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**12**

WINONA curls up in a chair, eating her leftovers from lunch. She inspects the falafel before eating a bite, carefully chewing as if to judge any flavor deviations.

Not tasting anything out of the ordinary, she continues eating, facing the camera, as if she sees us watching her. She studies us, her expression shifting from curiosity to suspicion to melancholia.

She shifts to look out the window. Music plays from below. Her foot taps to the rhythm, a hint of liveliness starts to run through her body.

We PAN right into the window. The aspect ratio grows back to 16:9.

13 EXT. STREET INTERSECTION - NIGHT**13**

Long shot of Winona standing at the intersection, staring at the red light. Cars drive by in the background.

The light turns green.

Winona steps into the cars, blending into the background.

FIN.