

One Last Sunrise

Written by

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MARGOT - NATALIE

AYLA - DANAYA

ART TEACHER - KAYLA

SD - DEXTER

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT. 4 AM

MARGOT, a 17 year old girl, stands against her car in the senior parking lot of her school. She fiddles with her necklace, a green ribbon on a gold chain, outlining the shape of the ribbon until she sees her best friend, AYL A pull her car into the parking spot next to her.

MARGOT

You know your car was on for 12 minutes before you left your house?

AYLA

Margot! You have too much access to my life.

Margot and Ayla start walking towards the football field, Margot still toying with her necklace.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD. CONTINUOUS

Margot places a piece of poster paper in front of the two girls. As if it's an instinct, Ayla and Margot draw their hands to the paper, emulating the handprint flowers they used to make when they were Girl Scouts. A smile appears on Margot's face and for a brief second, she stops fiddling with her necklace.

AYLA

What colors do we have for paint?

MARGOT

Paint, that's what I forgot!

Margot starts to walk in the direction of the senior parking lot, but Ayla stops her.

AYLA

Let's just get some from the art room.

MARGOT

It's 4 in the morning, the door to the art room is locked.

AYLA

You have that badge, don't you?

EXT. DOOR TO ART ROOM. CONTINUOUS

Ayla is dragging Margot towards the door. Margot is clutching not only her necklace, but also the badge she received after gaining the title of student body president.

AYLA

This badge can open any door in the school, right?

MARGOT

It can, but it's for when we have late events and-

AYLA

That's what happening now. It's just an early event instead.

(a beat)

C'mon scan it.

Margot is reluctant to scan the badge but also thrilled to see what will happen if she does. She grabs the badge in her shaking hands and hovers it over the scanner until it turns a familiar shade of green.

INT. ART ROOM. CONTINUOUS

MARGOT

(Yelling across the room)
Found the paint!

Margot takes a second to decide which color to choose but ultimately, her eye gravitates to the tub of green paint. She grabs the color quickly, ~~as if it would disappear from her sight if she waited any longer.~~

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Ayla, let's go!

AYLA

(Pointing to a mannequin
in the corner of the
room)
Is this yours?

Nestled in the corner of the room, Margot spots an ensemble she put together four years ago in her Intro to Fashion Design class. The garment is made up of so many patterns that it's almost difficult to look at.

AYLA (CONT'D)

Margot, I love you, but this is a mess.

MARGOT

Well, we had to make something that represented how we were feeling.

AYLA

(in a joking manner)

You must have been having a pretty bad day when you made this.

Margot starts to walk towards the garment. ~~One hand is clenching her necklace, while the other is stroking the fabric.~~ The fabric's texture is rough, and Margot noticeably reacts.

MARGOT

I was.

(a beat)

Let's head back. The sun is going to rise soon.

Ayla begins to walk towards the door but instead looks back at Margot. ~~Margot motions for her to continue.~~ The two make their way towards the door they came in from but it is now locked. Margot pulls on the door, trying to yank it open, but she has no luck.

INT. ART ROOM. CONTINUOUS

MARGOT

Great, now we're stuck in here!

AYLA

I'm sure the door is just having a glitch or something. We can't be locked inside.

MARGOT

Except we can.

(pacing around the room)

Ugh, if you hadn't made me swipe my badge which I'm not even supposed to use, then none of this would've happened!

AYLA

I'm sorry.

Margot is walking up and down the perimeter of the art room. She makes her way to each window in the room, shaking them to see if they'll open.

AYLA (CONT'D)

Margot! Stop that! Sit down!

MARGOT

We're going to miss the sunrise.
(realizing)
We're going to miss the sunrise!

AYLA

It's fine, Margot. I'll text Lacey
to make the speech.

Margot is now fuming, however her motion is stationary. ~~She feels an urge to scream, cry, and shut down. However, all she can do is look down at her necklace as she swings it side to side like a pendulum.~~

MARGOT

It's not Lacey's job!

AYLA

I know, but that's the point of
having class officers, so that they
can help you.

MARGOT

(fuming)
I don't need help with anything! I
need to get out of here and after
that I need a best friend who won't
get me into stupid situations like
this!

AYLA

Are you kidding me?

MARGOT

I didn't need the paint, you did! I
was never going to use that badge,
until you made me!

Ayla gets up, ~~ignoring Margot's words~~. She makes her way to
the door on the other side of the room, only to find that it
is also locked.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

AYLA

Trying to get us out of here, so
you don't miss the sunrise.

Ayla is still attempting to find an exit. ~~This time Margot stops her.~~

MARGOT

I don't need to see the sunrise.

AYLA
(resentful)
Of course you do. You've been
waiting for this since we came to
high school.

~~Margot is silent for a second.~~ She isn't sure what to say.
Instead, she makes her way over to the mannequin, playing
with its fabric. A note seemingly falls from the garment.
Margot quickly picks it up.

AYLA (CONT'D)
What's that?

MARGOT
Nothing.

~~A beat.~~

AYLA
Well if it's nothing, I could
really use your help.

Margot stuffs the note loosely into the pocket of her faded
jeans. She walks around the room alongside Ayla, as the two
search for an exit.

MARGOT
Do you want to know when I made
that, Ayla?

AYLA
(slightly annoyed)
When, Margot?

MARGOT
November 17th, 2019.

The date doesn't ring a bell for Ayla, but she is interested
to know its significance. They both abandon their search and
take a seat on the hard floor.

AYLA
That was freshman year, right?

MARGOT
Mmm hmm.

AYLA
We weren't friends yet.

MARGOT
Not yet, but we knew each other
better than you might remember.

AYLA

We-what?

Margot turns towards Ayla, positioning her legs in a criss crossed position. But instead of telling Ayla what happened, she opens the can of paint and starts painting her hand.

AYLA (CONT'D)

Margot, what do you mean?

Margot doesn't respond, and instead takes Ayla's hand and starts painting over it with the green paint.

A beat

MARGOT

This was the paint I used.

INT. ART ROOM. CONTINUOUS

Just at that moment, the ART TEACHER walks into the classroom, the sound of her kitten heels taking Margot and Ayla out of their trance.

ART TEACHER

Girls, good morning!

MARGOT

Morning, Ms. James.

ART TEACHER

Oh, Margot, if you want to take home your project,
(motioning to the mannequin)
now's your chance!

The Art Teacher exits the room and makes her way in the direction of the art offices.

Margot goes over to her mannequin, carefully taking the garment in her hands. As she does so, the note that was placed in her pocket falls to the floor. Margot doesn't seem to notice, but Ayla does. She picks it up and clutches it in her hands.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD. CONTINUOUS

Margot and Ayla walk onto the football field only to find that the sun has already up and risen. The bright June sun is glaring down at them, it's blazing rays contrasting the deep sky they last saw.

Scattered across the field are the sunglasses that Margot bought for the event. She picks one up off of the floor, then another, then one more.

AYLA
(tensely)
You know, you would've made sure
that everyone took those sunglasses
home.

MARGOT
Oh, you know I would've.

Ayla begins to pick up pairs of sunglasses alongside Margot. She notices that no two sunglasses are the same.

AYLA
They're all different?

MARGOT
Yeah, I wanted to mix it up.
(somberly)
I bought a bunch of little kid ones
to match everyone's backpacks.

AYLA
(tears forming in her
eyes)
That's really sweet, Margot.

MARGOT
(pulling two sunglasses
from her pocket)
I got these for us.

Margot unveils two too small sunglasses. She hands one to Ayla and takes the other.

AYLA
Elsa and Anna. I was always Elsa
and you were-

MARGOT
Anna.

Ayla puts her sunglasses on and lies on the field so she can look up towards the sun.

AYLA
For kids sized glasses, they fit
pretty well.

MARGOT
(joining Ayla as she lays
on the field)
I'm glad.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD. CONTINUOUS

AYLA
Anna, what happened? On November
17th of 2019?

Margot keeps her line of vision focused on the sun. She's
worried as to what Ayla's reaction will be.

MARGOT
I was really depressed. I didn't
want to be here.

Margot searches for her necklace which had shifted to the
back of her neck when she laid down.

MARGOT (CONT'D)
I went to the bathroom because-
(a beat)
I heard a girl's voice. Your voice.
Then a knock on the stall because I
was taking too long.
I rushed out and washed my hands so
you wouldn't think anything of it.
I remember you apologized like a
million times because you were just
knocking to see if the stall was
open.

AYLA
That was me?

MARGOT
You said, "thank you," and you
left.
I went to my next class as if
nothing happened. It was Intro to
Fashion Design.

AYLA
I always wanted to take that class.

MARGOT
Ms. James said, make something that
represents how you're feeling. So I
took the beautiful white dress I
was working on and I wrote a note
to you, the girl in the bathroom.
(MORE)

MARGOT (CONT'D)

(a beat)
 But then I didn't want anyone to
 see it, so I took the green paint,
 (motioning to their hands)
 and covered it up.

AYLA

(holding out the note)
 Is that what this is?

Margot looks down at the note in Ayla's hand. It's written on college ruled paper tinted with a pink hue. ~~She can't bring herself to hear its content.~~

MARGOT

Don't read it, Ayla. Please.

AYLA

I won't.

Ayla gives Margot a hug, the two clutching one another with green stained hands and innumerable tears staining their clean faces. Margot's necklace comes loose and falls in between them.

MARGOT

I don't think I need this anymore.

Margot is about to take the beads off of the necklace ~~until~~
~~Ayla interjects.~~

AYLA

I think I might.
 (a beat)
 Will you put it on me?

MARGOT

Always.

Margot and Ayla stand in the middle of the football field. Ayla turns around and pulls her hair to the side. Margot's green hand carefully ties the necklace unto Ayla's neck. Ayla clutches the necklace just as Margot did before.

She turns around and hugs Margot once again. Around them, the sun is blazing down even more than it was before, the campus is flooding with carpoolers and the all too familiar bell is beginning to ring.

Nevertheless, the two hold on as tight as always to one another, their eyes closed, although glimpses of green seemingly entering their peripheral vision.

THE END.