

INT. NICK'S ROOM, NIGHT.

NICK is holding a photograph. We can not see the contents of the photograph. He is lying on his bed, fully clothed, with his back against the wall, looking down at the photograph. His eyes are red, and tired. He shuts his eyes as tears begin to roll from them.

INT. NICK'S ROOM, NIGHT. FLASHBACK

NICK is sat at the foot of his bed with a girl. She is holding him in a comforting embrace. She strokes her fingers through the back of his neck whilst whispering "Shh, it's ok" in his ear. NICK is clutching onto her tightly, burying his face in her shoulder.

He raises his head slowly, both of their eyes are closed. They slowly get closer and closer, their eyes open as they both lean in, until their lips connect. Taking in deep breaths, they begin kissing more passionately.

INT. NICK'S ROOM, NIGHT.

NICK is lying on his bed holding the photograph.

NICK leans his head back against the wall, shuts his eyes, takes a deep breath in and exhales loudly before trying to swallow. He opens his eyes again, as they slowly fill with tears again. The photograph is held limply in his hands. We still do not see what it's of. His head comes forward as his face contorts into a silent balling.

INT. NICK'S ROOM, NIGHT. FLASHBACK

NICK and the girl are kissing passionately on his bed. He removes her tshirt, she removes his. They scurry backwards into the bed whilst kissing, where the girl lies on her back, and NICK holds himself up above her. They look at each other longingly for a few seconds, both of their eyes glimmering in the dimly lit room, before he moves down slowly and kisses her.

After several seconds she draws away from the kiss and considers him again.

GIRL

Wait... are you sure you want to
do this... now?

NICK looks down at her as his eyes fill with sorrow, a slight frown forms on his face.

NICK

...yes.

He moves down again to kiss her neck.

INT. NICK'S ROOM, NIGHT.

NICK opens his tear sodden eyes, and looks down at the photograph again. This time seeming more mature, he chuckles to himself with a melancholic smile spreading across his face. He wipes the tears from his face, and exhales loudly once more whilst he considers the photo.

INT. NICK'S KITCHEN, DAY. FLASHBACK

Light from outside is pouring through the window behind NICK as he excitedly chops vegetables on the kitchen counter. He is wearing an unbuttoned shirt over his white tshirt. His phone rings. He frantically wipes his hands on his jeans and takes his phone out of his pocket. He looks at who is calling and smiles to himself. He answers.

NICK

Guess what I am doing right now!

The person on the phone begins to talk, as Nick's amused face slowly fades.

NICK

(swallowing painfully to
get the words out)

Wait.. what?.... How?...No!

INT. NICK'S ROOM, NIGHT. FLASHBACK

NICK is sitting against the kitchen counter contemplating the scenery on the other side of his window. The kitchen knife he was chopping vegetables with earlier now stands straight up, embedded forcefully into the chopping board. He takes out his phone from his pocket and makes a call. As the person on the other end picks up, he struggles to choke out the words

NICK

Hey.....she's gone..

NICK breaks into tears.

NICK

..she got hit by a car and....I
don't know what to do.....no..
ok.. thank you.

NICK puts the phone down, and buries his face in his hands. He begins kicking the cupboards in his kitchen and swearing loudly whilst pounding his fists on the counter top, before resting with his arms spread across the counter, holding himself up with his head hanging down, breathing heavily. He looks to his side and picks up a photograph from the counter. He frowns to himself, and smashes the photo on the side of the counter to get it out of its frame. As he slides it out of the frame his

face reverts back to how it was before. We still can not see who is in the photograph. Once again tears begin to roll.

INT. NICK'S ROOM, NIGHT.

NICK is on his bed staring at the wall in front of him blankly, dried tear stains mark his cheeks, and his eyes look red. He is so lost in thoughts that he looks as though he has been hypnotized. Suddenly a knock on the door snaps him out of his daze. He lets go of the photograph and gets up to answer the door. As he does so, the GIRL walks in and hugs him. They remain by the door, her holding him. She runs her fingers through the back of his head, and they stay by the door as NICK cries in her shoulder, before the camera focuses on the picture NICK was holding that now lays on the bed. The picture shows NICK with his mother at his graduation, the two of them smiling.

End.