

A Loss For Words

By

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FADE IN

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

KENDRA (18) has hair as dark as the devil's soul and eyes as blue as the angel's skies.

She is sitting at a desk in her bedroom that very much resembles a cave due to the lack of light. All we see is her hunched body over an illuminated laptop screen.

We begin to hear aloud the words in which she is typing.

INT. CHURCH-DAY

Kendra is seen at a podium in a church, it appears to be set up for a funeral, the pews are filled with people, in a sea of black. The atmosphere is silent and the attention is fixated on the podium.

KENDRA

My father was a man of many words written, but only few spoken. He had a unique way of creating stories, the same way in which he endured life. This basically consisted of saying what he felt and to hell with the people who didn't like it. My father was a man full of confidence, love, and adventure. One thing he always told me was to treat this life like a book. I never knew what he meant until now. Every single one of our lives are equivalent to a book, we all have a beginning, middle, and end...but it's up to us to fill in the gaps between those moments. I think it's safe to say that we should make the best of those gaps, fill them with wild nights and loving moments with the ones closest to our hearts...because when it comes down to our ending chapter, all we have to look back on are those memories between our beginning and end of this book we call life. Like my father said, make those chapters count...and he indeed made his story out to be the best of them all.

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

Kendra is still dressed in her all black attire, she walks into her room, slams the door, and curls up like a potato bug, finally breaking down after a long nightmare of a day.

She grabs her laptop and opens it up to a blank page, it is titled "college admissions essay," all we see is a cursor blinking, she goes to type, but instead closes the computer.

INT. KITCHEN-NEXT DAY

Kendra is sitting at her kitchen table, with food sitting in front of her as though it has the plague.

KAT (42) hair equivalent to caramel and eyes the color of roasted nuts; is sipping coffee, food isn't at the top of her list either.

KAT

I know you're not particularly hungry, but I think you should take a few bites at least.

KENDRA

I don't want to.

KAT

Okay. Well I think there's something we need to talk about.

KENDRA

What possibly is there to say? I have no desire to speak.

KAT

Understood. Well, at least listen, okay? ... I signed you up for counseling, at this time in our lives I feel as though it's something that could help us cope and maybe understand a little bit more.

KENDRA

I'm not going to counseling.

KAT

But, you are. What happened, is not an everyday thing, it's not something you can simply hurdle over. It's gonna take...time.

KENDRA

Dad had cancer, it's not like he dropped dead spontaneously. He knew it was coming, I knew it was coming, hell... we all did. I don't need a fucking counselor to talk about how shitty my life is.

Kendra abruptly exits, leaving Kat in tears.

INT. CAR-DAY

KENDRA

This isn't like group therapy is it?

KAT

No, not at all. Are you sure you don't want me to come in with you though? I'll sit in the waiting room.

KENDRA

No, you're lucky I'm even doing this to begin with. And next time I can drive myself, thanks.

Kendra exits the car.

INT. OFFICE-DAY

The office is small and smells like an old lady's attic, there are posters filled with messages of positivity and self worth, as though you stepped foot in a episode of Mr Rogers.

There is a RECEPTIONIST (60) who looks as though she is the owner of this shoebox of an office. She is old and weathered, but still has a warmth to her cheeks.

KENDRA

Hi. I have an appointment at 4.

RECEPTIONIST

Name?

KENDRA

Kendra Collins.

RECEPTIONIST

Okay, you can take a seat.

There are magazines on the tables, all out dated, like the rest of the room.

DR. MARY LONGO (56) enters the room, she is also an older woman, she looks more put together than the receptionist, her glasses are round and her shoes squeak.

DR. LONGO
Ms. Kendra Collins?

Kendra stands up.

DR. LONGO
Nice to meet you, I'm Dr. Longo.
Come on back!

INT. THERAPY ROOM

DR. LONGO
So Kendra, how's life? Wanna fill me in a little bit about stuff...anything really.

KENDRA
I really have nothing to say. The only reason I'm here is to keep my mother off my back.

DR. LONGO
Well that's a very selfless reason to come to see me. You care about others a lot and how they feel, I take it?

KENDRA
Only the ones who mean something.

DR. LONGO
That's good though, shows character. So besides your mom, who else do you care about?

KENDRA
That's it. I don't care about much. Not anymore.

DR. LONGO
Why's that?

KENDRA
Because my dad's dead and I don't care what happens anymore.

DR. LONGO
Well I'm sorry about your loss.

KENDRA

I can't tell you how many times
I've heard that.

DR. LONGO

I'd assume so. Would you rather me
just cut to the chase?

KENDRA

Yes please.

DR. LONGO

So you say you particularly don't
wanna be here, but what is your
goal? What do you want to
accomplish by coming here every
week?

KENDRA

Making my mother content.

DR. LONGO

I don't mean your motive, I mean
your goal. It needs to be clear and
for you. No one is going to benefit
from you coming here every week,
but yourself.

KENDRA

I don't know.

DR. LONGO

Well let's think of one.

KENDRA

How about to be able to go through
each day without feeling as though
I wanna just go to sleep and not
wake back up.

DR. LONGO

So, our goal is to not be
depressed?

KENDRA

I guess you could call it that,
yes.

DR. LONGO

Okay, than that is what were going
to strive for. I have a request to
begin our journey. I want you to
keep a journal and write every day,

(MORE)

DR. LONGO (cont'd)
whether it is is a word, a
sentence, or paragraphs. I just
want you to write everyday. Can you
do that for me?

KENDRA
So I have to write and bring it
back for you to grade it? I thought
I left that back in elementary
school.

DR. LONGO
No, no dear, this journal would be
for you and you only. It's just
something I really would like to
see you do, hopefully it will help
us reach your goal much quicker.

KENDRA
I guess I can do that.

DR. LONGO
Marvelous!

INT. KITCHEN- NEXT DAY

Kendra and Kat are sitting in the kitchen, for the first
time since the funeral, Kendra is eating.

KAT
So how was it yesterday? If you
don't mind me asking.

KENDRA
I don't know, okay I guess. It
smelt weird and they were all old.

KAT
Well the oldest of people are the
wisest... do you think you're gonna
go back?

KENDRA
Sure.

KAT
Well that's good to hear.

Kendra exits.

INT. BEDROOM

Kendra opens her journal and scribbles her first entry: FUCK LIFE.

She throws the journal aside and grabs her laptop, she opens to the screen entitled "college admissions essay" again, it's still blank. With frustration she closes it.

MONTAGE- VARIOUS

A) INT. THERAPY-DAY. Kendra sits and talks with counselor looking more engaged.

B) INT. BEDROOM- NIGHT Kendra sits on her bed and writes in her journal, this time a sentence.

C) INT. BEDROOM-DAY. Kendra is sitting at her desk working on her admissions essay.

D) INT. THERAPY-DAY. Kendra sits and talks with counselor this time we see a smile on her face and laughing.

E) INT. BEDROOM- NIGHT Kendra sits on her bed and writes in her journal, this time a page full.

F) INT. BEDROOM-DAY. Kendra is sitting at her desk finishing her admissions essay.

END OF MONTAGEINT.

BEDROOM-NIGHT

Kendra is sitting behind her laptop she is deeply consumed by what is on the page. Tears begin running down her face, she runs out and into her mother's room.

INT. KAT'S ROOM-NIGHT

Kendra gets into bed and curls up next to her mother like a child who has had a bad dream.

KENDRA

I missed it mom, I missed the dead line.

KAT

What's going on? What did you miss?

KENDRA

Early decision for NYU, I missed it. I feel so stupid, this is all I had ever wanted.

KAT
Well you can still apply with
regular decision, right?

KENDRA
It doesn't matter!

Kendra exits.

INT. BEDROOM

Kendra in a rage grabs her counseling journal and begins to rip pages out, there are tears streaming down from the clouds known as her eyes, and papers thrown like snowballs. This war is man vs self.

She falls asleep in a pile full of crumbled papers and tears.

INT. BEDROOM- NEXT DAY

Kat enters.

KAT
Sweetie? Can I come in?

KENDRA
No.

KAT
It's gonna be okay hunny, this
doesn't change anything, you know
that right?

KENDRA
You never went to college, what do
you know?

KAT
You're right. I didn't go to
college because I was too busy
being a mother and a wife, but
guess what? ... life went forward.
Don't beat yourself up about this.
Everything happens for a reason.

Kat exits.

Kendra grabs her laptop and submits her college application and essay to NYU, regular decision. She closes the laptop and continues with her sulking.

MONTAGE-VARIOUS

A) INT. BEDROOM-DAY Kendra picks up all the pages of her journal that she ripped out.

B) INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT Kendra checks her college application status online. Still processing.

C) INT. KITCHEN-DAY Kendra and Kat are eating in silence and distance.

D) INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT Kendra checks her college application status online. It's been received.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. KITCHEN

KAT

KENDRA!!!! Come out here now!

Enters Kendra.

KENDRA

What?? You scared the shit out of me.

KAT

You have mail.

KENDRA

Seriously? That's what you screamed bloody murder for?

KAT

A specific piece of mail from an establishment known as New York University...

Kat hands over the letter to Kendra as though it is a golden ticket to Willy Wonka's factory.

KENDRA

Dear Kendra, we would like to congratulate you on behalf of your acceptance to NYU's writing program. We know you will be a great addition to our university...

KAT

YOU GOT IN!!! Oh I'm so proud of you!! I knew you were gonna get it baby!

KENDRA
I can't believe it...

KAT
Well you better believe it! My girl
is going to NYU!!! Oh your dad
would be so proud of you, he is so
proud of you!

KENDRA
I need to go tell Dr. Longo!

KAT
I think that's a great idea.

INT. THERAPY OFFICE-DAY

RECEPTIONIST
Name?

KENDRA
Kendra... I need to see Dr. Longo!!

RECEPTIONIST
Do you have an appointment?

KENDRA
No, but I need to see her! Can you
just grab her or call her maybe?

RECEPTIONIST
She's quite busy dear, but I can
help set up on appointment for you.

Enters Dr. Longo.

DR. LONGO
Is that Ms Kendra Collins, I hear?

KENDRA
Oh Dr. Longo I have the best of
news! But, first I wanted to
apologize for not showing up to
your sessions... I know we set up a
goal for me and I was no where near
that goal when I stopped coming. I
want to apologize.

DR. LONGO
There is no reason to apologize
dear, this was also for you, there
was also a choice whether to come
or not, sometimes you need to

(MORE)

DR. LONGO (cont'd)
venture out on your own to reach
your goals.

KENDRA
Well Dr. Longo I think I did, I
really did reach it. I have great
news... I was accepted into NYU's
writing program!

DR. LONGO
That is wonderful, I'm very happy
for you.

KENDRA
I don't think I could have done it
without you, I would have never
started writing again if it weren't
for that journal.

DR. LONGO
You see, Kendra. That was all you.
You succeeded on your own. Writing
the journal was your own choice, as
well as applying to college, and
getting the joyous news of
acceptance... it was all you!

KENDRA
I guess you're right...

DR. LONGO
You're a hard worker Kendra, you
deserve the best.

KENDRA
Well thank you, but I do have the
best guardian angel around.

SEVERAL MONTHS LATER

Kendra is sitting in a busy cafe, there are purple banners
hanging around that say "NYU." She sits with a coffee and
opens up a journal, with a smile on her face she begins
writing.

FADE OUT.

THE END