

Snow

By

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EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A young Swedish woman, JULIA, wears a Mickey Mouse sweater. She looks around an empty parking lot listening into her phone.

When it goes black, she tries to turn it back on. The screen remains black.

She puts the phone in her duffel bag and pulls out her wallet. She opens it, but there is no money inside.

Next she checks a time schedule. After poring over it, she throws it down in frustration, turns, and storms over to a curb, where her brother, VIKTOR lounges, legs stretched out.

JULIA
I need to find a bank.

VIKTOR
What?

JULIA
A bank. So we're not stuck out here.

VIKTOR
Sis, we can wait until tomorrow.

JULIA
Did you hear me? Help me find a bank.

VIKTOR
It's too late. We can do it tomorrow.

JULIA
I'm not sleeping in a parking lot.

VIKTOR
Please sit down.

JULIA
(exasperated)
What will we eat?

Viktor offers her a sandwich, but Julia crosses her arms and turns away. She looks out, but the parking lot is still empty.

(CONTINUED)

JULIA
Where will we sleep?

She scoffs when Viktor pats the curb next to him.

JULIA
Dammit Viktor! It's cold out here!

Viktor takes off his coat and holds it out to her. She stomps her foot, growling in frustration. When Viktor laughs at this, she sinks to her knees and start ruffling through her bag.

Clothes and papers pile up on the pavement. When she's reaches the bottom of the bag, Julia sits back, head in her hands.

VIKTOR
It's just one more day.

She shakes her head, not looking up.

JULIA
I can't wait.

VIKTOR
For what?

She raises her head, looks to him.

JULIA
...Home. I just want to be home.

VIKTOR
Hey, we're American now, you know.

JULIA
I know.

VIKTOR
Come here.

She sits next to him on the curb and they hold hands. Both sit in silence until:

VIKTOR
Do you think it's snowing back home?

Julia leans into her brother.

VIKTOR

Imagine. Great big piles of
glittering white snow. Remember
when we were kids? Dad would get so
cold bringing in firewood that we'd
run away when he tried to hug us.
Fresh snow is so bright and new and
clean. But do you know my favorite
thing about snow? What I dream
about every night? It's the quiet.
Snow is always so very, very quiet.

Julia curls into Viktor and closes her eyes. As she closes
her eyes, the sounds of the parking lot fade out.