

How Do I Live?

written by

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EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - DUSK

HARRY walks with his friend Shannon along a small trail. Hills surround them for miles. He is dressed in dark winter clothes and looks tired. He is in his early 20s. Shannon is a similar age, smaller and dressed in pastel winter clothes.

HARRY

I appreciate you being here.

SHANNON

Yeah of course, you know I'm here for ya. You alright?

HARRY

Not really. Just thinking about a lot, but at least we're doing this.

SHANNON

Well, talk to me. What's going on?

HARRY

Don't worry about it. Are you alright though?

SHANNON

You can't say not really and then not tell me.

HARRY

I can. This is my idea remember?

SHANNON

Yeah but I can just leave right now. I already can't feel my toes.

HARRY

Don't leave. I think I need you here.

SHANNON

But why? Please. I'm here for you. (Gesturing around)  
Even here.

HARRY

Well... it's not that interesting. I'm just stressed. It's like, I feel old. I'm only 21 but 21 still feels weird. It's still, It's getting there, you know? I know I'm not an old man but I should have some things figured out by now.

SHANNON

I'm like, what, 6 years older than you? I don't have it figured out. Why is this bugging you?

HARRY

I don't know just-

SHANNON

No one has it figured out. You're fine. Anyway, how much further until the top?

HARRY

We don't need to do it at the very top. Just somewhere with a view.

SHANNON wipes her face clear of sweat. HARRY smiles a half smile at her.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I want to travel, or make movies, or... I don't know. I want to do something with my life.

SHANNON

We all do. It'll happen. Can we take a minute though? I'm struggling.

HARRY

Yeah of course. My bad.

They sit down on a log nearby and put their bags down. A few hikers quietly walk past, heading down from the peak.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Life is weird. I still don't feel like an adult, you know? I pay taxes now, I live in an actual apartment. Does it always feel this way?

SHANNON

I don't feel old, I still get drunk and go out. I don't really know when that changes.

HARRY

And when it does?

SHANNON

Huh?

HARRY

What will you do when that all changes? When you realize you stay inside most nights and just work until you come home. Over and over.

SHANNON

Shoot me in the head.

HARRY

Deal, but it goes both ways.

They shake hands and stare at the horizon together as the sun slowly starts to disappear below it. It's beautiful. SHANNON leans her head on HARRY.

SHANNON

You are a great friend. I hope I am too.

HARRY

You know what I think.

SHANNON

I do.

HARRY

I appreciate you being here.

SHANNON

You already said.

HARRY

I know. Just trying to get it into your head. Sometimes you say such shitty things about yourself.

SHANNON

I know.

HARRY

Now it's your turn. Talk to me.

SHANNON

Give me like, a few years. Maybe then.

HARRY

Stop being so mysterious.

SHANNON

I can't help it. It's one of my many charms.

HARRY

You don't have any charms. Calm down.

SHANNON

Shut up. I'm the best thing in your life.

HARRY

Everytime you keep these secrets you go down in the ranking.

SHANNON

Well, I'm still not telling you.

HARRY

4th.

SHANNON

What?

HARRY

Actually 5th, I remembered a funny joke Connor told me the other day.

SHANNON

I hate you.

They both laugh and then sit together in silence for a few moments. HARRY then smiles to himself.

HARRY

Actually, here is a perfect spot. Let's do it here.

SHANNON

You sure?

HARRY

I am yeah.

HARRY opens his bag to reveal a small urn. He takes it off the trail to a small clearing. He opens the urn and scatters the ashes as the sun finally disappears beneath the horizon. SHANNON gets up and walks over.

SHANNON

He would have liked this.

HARRY

I miss him so much.

SHANNON

I know. Do you need a minute?

HARRY  
Yes please.

HARRY watches the ashes twirl and dance in the wind. He smiles to himself.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END