

"NO COMMENT"

written by

Bilal Lee

3013 Wakecrest Dr.  
Fort Worth, TX  
(817) 714-7029  
bilallee33@gmail.com

INT. MIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A nearly vacant apartment besides a couch and few coffee tables in the living room which have been pushed towards the wall, luggage by the door and a few scattered boxes.

Leaning on the couch sitting on the floor is MIA, a young woman in her mid 20s wearing a sleeveless top and black leggings, with a bottle of beer in her hand in front of photos scattered across the floor. All of them look to be from being kids to her teens with different friends or past lovers. A camera bag sits on the floor to her left.

Standing by the bar is DERRICK, a young light skinned man in his mid 20s wearing an open flannel and jeans with a bottle of beer in his hand.

DERRICK

Twenty five is not old.

MIA

Twenty five feels old when you hangout with twenty one year olds.

DERRICK

What's that, four years apart?  
That's not so bad. Fifty, maybe.

MIA

Unless I'm one bad ass grandma.

The two laugh as Derrick finishes his drink. He walks towards Mia taking her empty bottle.

MIA (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Derrick begins to walk away.

MIA (CONT'D)

Hey, I got some wine under the bar  
in a box, red cups are inside.

Derrick nods then goes to the bar. He crouches down and opens the box grabbing a half bottle of red wine and two solo cups.

As he pours a drink, he looks over towards the suitcases by the front door.

DERRICK

Do you plan on coming back this  
time?

MIA  
Honestly I'm done with this shit  
hole. I don't want to comeback.

Derrick nods. He goes back towards Mia with her drink.

He sits next to her and looks down at the photos then back to Mia who is staring blankly into the photos. Almost lost in memories.

DERRICK  
You know, you don't have to choose  
just one.

MIA  
I know, but I only want to carry so  
many, you know?

Derrick nods.

MIA (CONT'D)  
I've screwed up too many times to  
be here. Besides, no one will miss  
me.

Mia finds a photo, she is displeased with it and throws it across the room.

She picks up a faded photo.

Derrick turns to stare back at the suitcases.

DERRICK  
What about everyone else?

Mia turns to him.

MIA  
What?

Derrick points to the suitcases.

DERRICK  
Did you pack everything else?

Mia shakes her head as if coming back to reality.

MIA  
Basically. I think I got enough  
money to get to Atlanta, wish I had  
more.

Mia sets the photo by the camera bag and picks up a photo in one hand and drinks from the other.

DERRICK

How much do you need? I could spot  
the rest.

Derrick take a drink.

MIA

About eight hundred.

Derrick has to catch himself from spitting out his drink.

DERRICK

Best I can do is twenty five.

Mia grabs a couch pillow above her head and tosses it at him  
laughing.

MIA

You're such an ass.

The two laugh into silence.

Mia goes through more photos and picks up one of Derrick,  
Mia, and CHLOE, a short haired brunette in her early 20s.

She sits back with the photo in her hand, thinking.

MIA (CONT'D)

Look what I found.

Derrick leans in closer to Mia.

DERRICK

Is that Chloe? I haven't heard from  
her in a while... I hope she's  
doing okay.

Derrick begins to drink. Mia pauses contemplating.

MIA

So I have a question.

Derrick stops drinking and grins.

DERRICK

Yeah?

MIA

That comment. The one towards  
Chloe. . .

Derrick's smile fades away.

DERRICK  
So Chloe told you.

MIA  
Yeah, she did. She said you compared us, something about her having the best ass and me being better over all? What did you mean by that?

Derrick pauses. He downs his drink, then sets it down.

DERRICK  
We were arguing, and it got out of hand. I said somethings I'm not too proud of. (beat) I don't know, I feel like I'm digging my own grave.

Mia tilts her head.

MIA  
Elaborate.

Derrick takes a deep breath having trouble making eye contact with Mia.

DERRICK  
Mia, you know what I meant.

MIA  
No, I wanna hear it from you.  
Elaborate.

Derrick rubs his face.

DERRICK  
I didn't just say... that. (beat) I admitted I had feelings for you.

Derrick longingly looks at the photo of him, Chloe and Mia.

DERRICK (CONT'D)  
I always thought you were gorgeous.  
But like, more than gorgeous.  
You're amazing. Inside and out.  
Like, deep down I know you are more than what you show... and those small moments I saw hanging out with you two... I saw the real you and ... you're fucking beautiful.

Mia tries to hide her smile by keeping a straight face.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

But I didn't mean to like, compare you too. I mean you had a boyfriend and then Chloe and I fell apart, ... I guess I was just in my own head-

MIA

Derrick.

Derrick stops rambling.

MIA (CONT'D)

You can't compare a woman to another woman. Ever.

Derrick tries to speak but pauses. He cannot look at Mia or the photo.

DERRICK

I'd take it all back if I had the chance.

Mia turns away from Derrick. He tries to say something but pauses again. He looks at the bar of a photo of him and Mia. The two look happy together. Derrick is ashamed, unable to look at Mia.

Mia looks down towards the photos intimately.

MIA

I did too.

Derrick turns to Mia stunned.

MIA (CONT'D)

I knew how you felt about us. I knew she loved you too... but if it weren't for her... and it not caused any drama... we might've been... something. Maybe she would've still been here with us.

The two try to make eye contact but miss.

Anna sets her glass down.

MIA (CONT'D)

That night when she left... I just wanted to kiss you and do so much more... but... you were so heartbroken and I didn't want to make it worse.

DERRICK

And now you're leaving too...

The two pause.

Derrick gets up from his spot and sits next to Mia.

The two look at each other, each giving a weak smile.

Derrick looks down and picks out a photo. It's a photo of the two of them.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

I think you should keep this one.

Mia laughs letting a tear drop. She grabs the photo and smiles.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

I'm gonna miss you.

MIA

Me too.

Derrick looks out the window. It sounds like rain outside.

DERRICK

I better get going.

MIA

(mumbling)

Do you, want to stay the night? I'm not in the mood to be left alone.

DERRICK

Oh. Yeah, yeah that's fine.

Derrick pauses.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

I'll crash on the couch and grab an extra pil-

Derrick is cut off as Mia leans in for a kiss.

Derrick is caught off guard and slightly backs up only to lean back into her for a longer kiss.

The two pull apart and stare into each others eyes.

INT. MIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mirroring from the last scene, Derrick and Mia are in bed together only a blanket lays over their bodies, breathing heavily.

CREDITS