

BYE.

Written by

Matthew Deegan

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A last generation phone sits unattended on the counter. The sound of VIDEO GAMES. GAME OVER NOISE.

LUCAS

Dammit.

Game sounds PAUSE. LUCAS ESTRADA (17), lanky and relaxed, grabs his phone. He mindlessly scrolls for a moment, but suddenly stops.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

GLENDА ESTRADA (40s) sleeps soundly but alone in a bed built for two. HURRIED FOOTSTEPS.

LUCAS (O.S.)

Mom.

Glenda shifts but otherwise doesn't acknowledge him.

LUCAS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Mom, wake up, it's important.

She starts to roll over.

LUCAS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Mom!

He shakes her. She bats off his hands, but sits up, eyes weary and annoyed.

GLENDА

What?!

Her face shifts to concern. Lucas stands clutching his phone, fear and worry frozen on his face. His breath is shaky, and he can't figure out how to explain.

LUCAS

Something's going on with Anthony,
I, I gotta go over there.

He swallows and exhales. Glenda throws off the covers.

GLENDА

Come on.

INT./EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Lucas throws open the passenger door, gets in, and slams it shut. Glenda sits and puts on her seat belt.

GLEENDA
You checked Facebook --

LUCAS
He deleted it hours ago.

GLEENDA
(figuring out her keys)
He didn't call you or text you?

LUCAS
No! Mom, please, can we go?

Glenda turns the ignition.

GLEENDA
Seat belt.

He obliges.

EXT. ANTHONY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lucas' fist pounds against Anthony's door. Nothing. He knocks again.

He and Glenda stand on Anthony's porch. The house is small and indistinguishable from the others around it.

Lucas runs his hands down his face.

LUCAS
Shit. Shit, shit, shit.

He gathers himself.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Sorry.

GLEENDA
It's okay.

Lucas pulls out his phone and calls. He paces across the front walkway as Glenda watches him. After a few rings, it's clear that there won't be an answer.

LUCAS
Dammit...

Lucas waits for the voice mail anyway. He hangs up and throws himself onto a porch chair. He's breathing heavily. Glenda puts her hand on his shoulder. He shoves it off.

GLEENDA

Honey, I know this is stressful,
but you need to calm down and wait
for the police.

LUCAS

(sharply)
How am I supposed to...

He takes the advice mid-sentence and tries. Silence.

GLEENDA

There aren't any cars here, maybe
he went somewhere.

LUCAS

He can't drive. And he wouldn't
post if he was just gonna do that,
that doesn't make sense.

Silence. Glenda sits in the porch chair next to him. After a moment, Lucas can't stand it. He tries to call again.

GLEENDA

Do you want to wait in the car?

He doesn't say anything until it goes to voice mail. He hangs up.

LUCAS

No.

Lucas pulls up Instagram and refreshes Anthony's page. The only post remains nothing but the word "Bye." on a black background.

GLEENDA

What about his parents? Are they --

LUCAS

I don't know!

He tries to calm himself again. There's a long silence.

Lucas clutches his phone and calls a different contact, labeled KRIS. It rings twice.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Hey Kris, did you see what Anthony posted? ... No, it was a couple of hours ago. ...

He gets up and starts pacing. Glenda hangs her head slightly.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Well can you call Sam? ... Because she might know where he is! ... Because he might have --

He stops to listen for just a second. Glenda looks up again.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Hold up, hold up. You have to care about this! ... What the hell, man?! Don't you see what -- ... No. ... It's not nothing! ... Come on!

He's getting riled up.

GLEENDA

Luke, honey.

LUCAS

Screw you, man! ... No, fine, whatever, go to sleep! ... Shut up.

He hangs up. He's facing the door, breathing heavily. Glenda looks back at the ground. After a moment.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

God DAMN it!

He punches the door.

GLEENDA

Lucas!

LUCAS

Shut up, Mom!

Glenda takes offense to that, but she tries to control her reaction. Lucas paces the yard.

GLEENDA

Getting angry isn't going to help anyone.

LUCAS

I know that!

GLEENDA

Then can you act like it?

He ignores her starts scanning the yard.

GLEENDA (CONT'D)

Luke, what are you doing?

He's found a rock.

GLEENDA (CONT'D)

Lucas.

He positions himself in front of the window.

GLEENDA (CONT'D)

Lucas!

She springs up and grabs his arm before he can throw.

LUCAS

Mom!

GLEENDA

What are you doing?!

LUCAS

Well I have to do something!

GLEENDA

The police are going to be here any minute. Let's not do anything rash until we've figured things out.

Lucas shakes away from her grip and turns away.

GLEENDA (CONT'D)

You're sure you don't know where his parents are.

LUCAS

I don't know.

GLEENDA

Has he been acting any different?

LUCAS

I don't know.

GLEENDA

Could it have meant anything else?

He turns back to her.

LUCAS

I don't know, Mom! I don't know!
That's the worst part! I don't know
anything about what the hell is
going on! So all I can do is keep
picturing the worst possible
outcome and...

He trails off and turns away again. He rubs his shoulder.
Glenda approaches.

GLEENDA

Luke, I --

He backs off.

LUCAS

And it makes it worse that you're
here breathing down my neck!

GLEENDA

I'm just trying to help.

LUCAS

You're not! You have no idea what
this feels like.

He sits in one of the porch chairs, head in his hands. Glenda
doesn't know what to say.

GLEENDA

Lucas, honey.

No response. After a moment, she sits in the chair next to
him. He doesn't acknowledge her.

GLEENDA (CONT'D)

Lucas.

No response. She searches for something to say.

GLEENDA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I just --

She lets out an exasperated sigh.

GLEENDA (CONT'D)

I know you feel hopeless, and I
know I can't really say anything to
make it better. I just -- I don't
know.

She looks ahead of her.

GLEENDA (CONT'D)

When I was in high school there was a boy in my grade, Brandon. Everyone liked him. He was on this squad of... well, sort of male cheerleaders. That's not exactly it, but that's beside the point. I didn't know him very well, he was in a few of my classes and we were friendly, but I don't even know if I would call us acquaintances. We graduated, and two months later, his car gets hit by some drunk motherfucker.

Lucas is taken aback by the swear. He starts to pay attention.

GLEENDA (CONT'D)

Brandon did everything right: he was sober, going the right speed, had his seat belt on, but he died just like the guy that was doing everything wrong. They told us the next night. It was the Fourth of July. We all met up at the school, and they gave everyone a little candle. No one knew how to talk about it. So we just stood there with our little candles as fireworks exploded in the sky around us. Brandon was dead, and everyone around us was celebrating. I was angry, and I felt like I needed to do something about it, but there was nothing to do. He was dead, and the other guy was dead. It just happened.

She leans back into the chair.

LUCAS

This isn't like that.

GLEENDA

I know that, honey. I just...

She trails off, trying to find a way to explain. She exhales.

GLEENDA (CONT'D)

I'm just trying. I know this isn't the same situation. But, I don't know; I still think about that boy every time I see a firework.

(MORE)

GLEND A (CONT'D)

And that was a kid I barely knew. I can't even imagine what you... I almost wish I had been through the same thing so that I could tell you exactly how to figure out these emotions, but I just haven't. All I can tell you is that I know what it feels like to be hopeless.

Lucas closes his eyes. Glenda waits for a response. Getting none, she gets up.

GLEND A (CONT'D)

I'm going to wait in the car. I'm here if you need me.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Glenda sits alone again, with the seat belt. After a moment, Lucas opens the car door and sits in the passenger seat.

Glenda looks over to him, but he stares straight ahead. Silence.

Slowly, he leans sideways and hugs his mother. She wraps an arm around him.

Eventually, Lucas begins to cry. She strokes his hair.

LUCAS

I'm scared, Mom.

GLEND A

I know, honey.

Neither of them say anything else. They just sit together.

SIRENS in the distance.

FADE TO BLACK.