

AIRPORT TERMINAL - MONTREAL

A crowd mills around the baggage check area, lines of backpacks and suitcases slowly moving along.

Back out - At the departures entrance, a dark grey mid-sized family car moves in at a leisurely pace.

NIKOLAY and DIMANA get out of the backseats at the same time. RUMEN remains in the driver's seat and pulls the window on the passenger seat down.

NIKOLAY, with dark long hair (early greying, looks quite natural, though) and glasses he taped in the middle after breaking a week ago, is wearing cargo shorts and a pastel blue button-up that has a pattern of the FAST & FURIOUS title pasted on a badly cropped racing car. He is 30.

He is DIMANA's older brother and RUMEN's first and only son.

DIMANA has a home-made bleached mullet that, at this point in the summer, is battling the root growth valiantly. She is wearing black leggings and a white tank top while carrying a large backpack and a neon yellow crossbody banana bag strapped to her chest. She is 26.

She is NIKOLAY's younger sister and RUMEN's only daughter.

Fiddling with the fraying straps on the banana bag, DIMANA squints down at RUMEN through the passenger window.

DIMANA

Thanks for the ride, dad.

RUMEN shuffles in his seat. He adjusts his red windbreaker and smiles.

RUMEN

You got everything?

DIMANA

Yep.

RUMEN

Are you sure? Because it's a long flight.

DIMANA

Yep.

NIKOLAY

(coughs and reaches in his pocket)
I got you an extra phone charger.
Here.

DIMANA

(turns to NIKOLAY, confused)
Okay, so when I said "I have
everything" before we left my place, I
actually also included 'charger' in
there. Easy mistake to make, dude.

NIKOLAY grabs DIMANA's shoulders and turns her around so he
can stuff the charger in her bag. Huffing, DIMANA slaps the
side of the car and gives RUMEN a short salute.

DIMANA

I'm ready to fuckin' go, let's go.

RUMEN

Wait. Wait! Don't forget to call your
mother when you land. And NIKOLAY,
make sure she makes it to her gate!
And say hi to-

DIMANA

(walking backwards, facing RUMEN
and giving two thumbs up)
Yep! Uh-uh, yep!

BAGGAGE CHECK-IN

Next to DIMANA, NIKOLAY is on his phone, holding it just
inches from his face, his right hand stuffed inside a pocket
with his thumb hanging out. A middle-aged high school teacher
is yelling at one of the kids to stop putting his friend on
the scale meant to weight-check luggage.

DIMANA

(in a low voice)
Remember when you went to Italy in
high school?

NIKOLAY

(distractedly)
What? Oh yeah.

DIMANA

What was it like? I don't think you
ever expressed, like, a solid opinion
on the trip when you came back.

NIKOLAY

Uh...cool ruins. Hot.

The sound of NIKOLAY clearing a Candy Crush level plays for a bit before he lowers the volume on his phone.

DIMANA

(to herself)

Cool ruins. Hot.

DIMANA drums her fingers on the banana bag across her chest and divots shaped by her sharp nails stay on the neon polyester for a few moments. The line moves up a bit.

NIKOLAY

(pointing at the bag)

So, where are you taking him again?

That old ass monument thing in Shumen?

DIMANA

Okay, you calling it an "old ass monument" cheapens a lot of the emotional weight I've put into this, you dick.

NIKOLAY

Also, did you check if that thing counts as a second carry-on?

DIMANA

No, it doesn't.

NIKOLAY

Okay.

DIMANA

(looking around)

I mean, it shouldn't.

NIKOLAY

You're an idiot. Paid \$2000 for a ticket to a third-world country and now you're about to pay an extra fifty-whatever because you refuse to read a single guideline.

DIMANA turns to look up and directly into NIKOLAY's eyes. She punches him in the arm. He laughs. The couple in front of them in the line nervously fiddle with the top corner of their tickets, perfectly tucked inside their Canadian passports. A kid screams in the background.

SECURITY CHECKPOINT

NIKOLAY and DIMANA are standing a few feet away from the security line-up. A beeping sound keeps going off every few seconds while a deep-voiced cacophony of security guard voices announces rules and regulations for the checkpoint.

NIKOLAY	DIMANA
This is the weirdest choice you could have made for this...kind of thing.	Well...

NIKOLAY
(pokes the banana bag)
Is it just straight up *JUST* ashes in there?

DIMANA
(slaps his hand away)
No, dumbass! It's a big zip lock bag of ashes. I think I double-bagged him for safety.

NIKOLAY
Double-bagged Nathan.

DIMANA
(laughing)
Yeah, I double-bagged my dead cat. Happy? Happy that I said that? That **that's** what the last thing you'll hear from me **is** before I cross the fuckin' ocean and you don't **see me** for a week?

NIKOLAY
(chuckling)
Yes.

DIMANA
(smiling)
It's what he would have wanted.

NIKOLAY
(rubbing his face)
Yes, Nathan would have wanted to be in a zip lock bag headed for fucking Bulgaria.

DIMANA
(holding two fingers up
dramatically, in his face)
Two zip lock bags!

PLANE - WINDOW SEAT

DIMANA is putting on earbuds as she shifts in her seat. On the tiny plastic tray in front of her are a sleeping mask and her phone.

The group of loud teenagers accompanied by a somber, smaller group, of clearly tired teachers is collectively shoving overstuffed backpacks into the overhead bins above the side isles.

As each compartment is slammed shut with a laugh, DIMANA rubs her eyes and puts the mask on.

She shuts her eyes and attempts to cross her arms. The banana bag expands uncomfortably against her chest. In a panic, she immediately puts her arms down. A shrill young voice in the isle behind her is explaining why Frankfurt is "the most beautiful city in Germany!"

DIMANA leans against the closed window's frigid shutter and closes her eyes again.

DIMANA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - TEN A.M

NATHAN passes away in his sleep.

DIMANA wakes up and shifts to the side, turning to where NATHAN usually curls up to sleep beside her. She puts her hand on his belly.

And sighs deeply.

Blinking hard a few times, she gets up and gently lifts NATHAN and places him on her desk, a few steps from her bed. She makes breakfast. Two pieces of bacon, half a sweet potato, an egg, and coffee. She lifts the plate to bring it to her desk as she would any other day, but puts it down on the kitchen counter again. She eats breakfast. Every bite comes with slower hand movements.

The fork clatters on an empty plate.

DIMANA crosses the apartment to open the balcony door. On the left side of the studio wall is an uneven arrangement of photo frames. A family photo, where RUMEN is the only one not

smiling. A couple of art prints from different shows and events throughout the years. Next to a framed page of Max Ernst's is a photo of NATHAN wearing a floral neck scarf with an obnoxiously big bow.

DIMANA puts a cigarette pack and a lighter on a small side table on the balcony and unfolds the chair resting against it. She blows on some sticky ash left on a neon orange ashtray with a Playboy bunny graphic in its pit.

She comes back into the apartment and lifts NATHAN from the desk. Next to her computer's mouse, her phone dings with an e-mail notification.

Crossing the threshold, DIMANA cradles NATHAN closer to her and stumbles back outside.

Standing very still, staring out, DIMANA feels a breeze run through her. She looks down at NATHAN and sees the long fur on his neck move with the wind.

After setting him down gently on the balcony table, she lights a cigarette and sits in the folding chair.

Cars pass by, in quick succession, and the sound of the tarp flapping on the construction site across from the apartment building builds up with the incoming wind.

DIMANA glances at NATHAN's body and notices that his left paw is dangling off the side of the table. With the cigarette clenched between a crooked snaggletooth on the right side of her mouth, she opens her palms and tucks the stray paw under his head.

It takes her three minutes to finish the cigarette.