

HARVEY AND MYRA

Written by

Jehan Patterson

USC SCA Application Writing Sample

INT. HARVEY'S KITCHEN-DAY

A frail and slender man, HARVEY, struggles into a kitchen in his bathrobe. He shakes and shivers with each step he takes. He heads straight for the fridge but is stopped by a stunningly beautiful woman MYRA sitting at his table. She drinks from a dark red mug and places it directly in front of her, exposing an aged scars on her left bicep.

MYRA

(re: window)

Hey Harv ... That's a nice gate you put up out there-

HARVEY

I told you the next time I wanted to see you guys was at the funeral.

MYRA

I know. I know. You should really lock your doors. I just sort of waltzed in-

HARVEY

How did you find me?

MYRA

This isn't exactly the house of someone who doesn't want to be found.

HARVEY

It is when it's on the other side of the country.

MYRA

Small details. You got any coffee? It's early-

HARVEY

Myra. I know you, better than anyone else on this planet. And I know you didn't drive 500 miles just for some coffee.

MYRA

... She's dying Harv. She wants to see you.

HARVEY

She's no longer my concern.

MYRA

She wants to see her son. It'd be good for the kids to meet their uncle.

HARVEY

You've got kids now? Hm.

(re: Window)

You see those kids out there? Feels like just yesterday, they were in strollers and diapers. How quickly life moves on without you.

MYRA

I'm not here asking for your forgiveness-

HARVEY

(re: Myra's scar)

I gave you my forgiveness a long time ago. Borrowed time ain't supposed to be used for hate.

She stares at him for a beat. Then sinks into her chair.

MYRA

So that's why we haven't heard anything from you.

HARVEY

Been appreciating the days. Y'all just haven't crossed my mind.

MYRA

Aids?

HARVEY

Prostate Cancer.

Harvey leans back on to the counter and gazes out the window.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

Since I moved up here I thought I was king of the world. I mean look at this house... But it don't take long to realize how empty it is, doesn't take much longer for you to get used to it either.

(then)

I don't know what you came up from Chicago looking for Myra, but it ain't here... Not anymore.