HER END

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EXT. BARREN BEACH – DAY

A large rock drops on a sandy beach. A WOMAN (40) wipes sweat of exertion off her brow. Tattered clothes hang off her tall and underfed frame.

She drops onto the sand to catch her breath.

As she looks over the wide expanse of ocean, she pulls a small piece of jerky from her shirt pocket and chews.

She takes a deep breath, sets her jaw, and stands up.

The Woman turns away from the ocean and picks up a stick of driftwood.

In the distance, a bundle stands out against the endless sand.

Finishing a message in the sand with the driftwood, she stands back and looks over her work.

The Woman drops the stick and moves to retrieve the bundle.

She drops a leather jacket at the base of the message. She places the piece of driftwood on top of the jacket.

The Woman turns away from the bundle and marches for the ocean.

She stands over the rock looking deep into the ocean. Sadness crosses her face. Tears form in her eyes.

The Woman shakes her head and clenches her jaw. She bends down and hefts up the rock.

She marches into the lapping surf carrying the rock.

Waves push at her waist. She struggles deeper into the water.

The Woman’s head is just above the water when she lets the tears flow.

Her feet reach an underwater cliff edge. She steps off. She disappears under the surface.

Wind rustles the leather jacket to reveal "Amelia Earhart" on a nametag.

Above it, the sand message reads, "I lived, I truly lived."

THE END