

Immigrants United

By

Viktoria Bene

[vikibene96@gmail.com](mailto:vikibene96@gmail.com)

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

PANKA, Eastern European accent, teen, your average all-black attire type of gal. She wears black Doc Martens on the daily to style up the dark green high school uniform outfit. She barely wears make-up.

She scoops out her seating options around the rather tiny cafeteria. She looks left and hears a table of Chinese kids yelling in Mandarin. She looks right and witnesses the Americans hysterically laughing at some TikTok prank. She holds her head down.

Ahead there is a table of Russians copying each others' homework. As Panka glances there one of them flips her off. She rolls her eyes and exits.

EXT. BLEACHERS - DAY

Panka is hopeful and dedicated to finding seating at the bleachers until she realizes that is the local makeout spot. She groans.

She pulls her phone out and checks the world clock. We see that she has Budapest saved and that there is a nine-hour difference. The clock shows the time is 11 pm over there. She messages a contact named Zita " Miss you guys" in Hungarian.

INT. STUDENT DORM COMMON ROOM - DAY

Panka immerses herself in social media feeds when she is interrupted by a chubby man. MR. DAWSON, in his 50s, terrified of women.

MR. DAWSON

Ms. Lakatos!

PANKA

Yes, sir.

MR. DAWSON

Students are not allowed inside the dormitory during lunch break, even if the student resides at the dorms.

PANKA

Ohh.

MR. DAWSON

So... please leave! See you in history.

EXT. STUDENT DORM - DAY

Panka locks the entrance behind her and hears the warning bell ring. Her stomach growls.

PANKA

Shit.

She spies her environment and notices a vending machine afar.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

She enters with a creased bag of chips red crumbs all over her fingers as the whole classroom stares at her. The teacher shakes her head.

TEACHER

What's your name?

PANKA

Panka Lakatos.

She nods and points at the right side of the classroom towards an empty seat right by the Russians.

She walks over and sits down as they give her the death stare.

The guy in front of her passes her a sheet of paper for attendance. She signs her name and then passes it back to one of the Russians.

NIKITA, curly hair, green eyes with a standoffish attitude. He stares at her.

NIKITA

I'm gonna write down my name and you're gonna remember it, yeah?

Panka nods.

PANKA

Are you Russian?

NIKITA

None of your business.

PANKA

I'm from Hungary and I have some Russian relatives. My cousin actually speaks fluent Russian cuz his mother

is Russian too.

TEACHER

Panka! Do you mind?

PANKA

Sorry.

She looks back at Nikita but he whispers something to a fellow Russian behind him.

Panka gazes out of the windows. The sun shines bright and the palm trees stand tall. She smiles in amusement.

INT. STUDENT OFFICE - DAY

As she waits for her name to be called a Kazakh girl with an hourglass figure walks in. She has that instant charm when one radiates confidence. MELISA wears orange matte lipstick and fake eyelashes but she doesn't have a fake appearance.

The girl sits down next to Panka and opens up Instagram. Panks glances at her phone. She has fifty-three notifications on her app. Panka directs her attention elsewhere.

The girl locks her phone and stands up. The RECEPTIONIST stares at her computer.

MELISA

Is Dean Evans in?

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, sweetie. He is very busy at the moment but he will be out soon.

MELISA

Alright, for sure Mrs. Angela.

Melisa sits back and immediately turns to Panka.

MELISA

Are you new here? I'm bored. Give me some juice!

PANKA

What do you mean?

MELISA

Oh, international too. How cute.

PANKA  
Are you international?

MELISA  
Sort of. My dad is a diplomat so I've  
lived all over.

Nikita walks in. Melisa jumps up and hugs him.

MELISA  
Yo, you're back! How was Moscow?

He doesn't get a chance to answer because...

MELISA  
Did you bring me those colorful cigs?

NIKITA  
Shh!

He signals towards Mrs. Angela but she is still married to  
her computer screen.

MELISA  
But dude!

NIKITA  
Let's talk about this later. Tete-a-  
tete only.

MELISA  
Ugh, okay.

Both of them sit down. Nikita notices Panka but ignores her.  
They keep chattering as Panka zones out.

INT. DORM BEDROOM - NIGHT

Panka sits by her desk, pencils, highlighters and sticky  
notes are scattered. She is in deep concentration until her  
roommate ASHLEY, a Korean senior initiates a loud phone call.

ASHLEY  
(in Korean)  
Yes, I love you so much. I wish you  
could be here right now.

Panka looks back at her but Ashley smiles and waves.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL COURT - NIGHT

Panka carries a backpack with her headphones on. There is only one girl around. THERESE, Congolese, practices shooting the hoops.

Panka sits down on the benches and takes out a book.

THERESE

Must you do this here?

Panka doesn't pay attention to her as she has her headphones on. Therese goes up to her. She stands in her way. Panka instantly takes off the headphones.

PANKA

I'm so sorry, I didn't hear you.

THERESE

Is it necessary to do all this here?

PANKA

Why?

THERESE

Well, because I can't practice when others are here. That is why I wait until everyone leaves which usually works around 9 pm like right now. But then you came and ruined my plan so can you please leave?

PANKA

You know what?

Panka cannot take it anymore.

PANKA

No, I'm staying. All these bullshit clicks that are even more cringe than seen on the movies and the rude Russians. Ashley won't shut up on the phone either and I really need good grades so I can keep my scholarship. I'm sick of the dumbass rules and America.

THERESE

Calm down. Why are you here?

PANKA

I'm telling you Ashley is pissing me off...

THERESE

I mean, why are you in America?

PANKA

My family wants me to marry an American so we can all immigrate at some point.

THERESE

Where are you from?

PANKA

Hungary.

THERESE

I'm from Congo. It's nice to meet you, Hungary.

They shake hands.

THERESE

You'll treat me for dinner. Time is money in America. And you are going to cost me a lot of time.

Panka stares at her in confusion.

THERESE

Your American sugar daddy will reimburse you for this one day anyway.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT

Panka stands by a dorm room checking if anyone is coming. Therese exits her dorm carrying an envelope full of DOCUMENTS.

PANKA

What if Mr.Dawson catches us?

Panka is quite anxious.

THERESE

No worries, I'm a Lashwood Academy native. Mr.Dawson is the one who should be hiding from me. I have dirt on him.

PANKA  
You would snitch?

Therese grabs Panka's hands and they quickly breeze through the hallway. It is silent like a graveyard.

THERESE  
Number one rule to LA survival is to always collect dirt on people. Then they can't trap you. You are in a compromised symbiotic relationship. It's like gangster shit. Information is LA currency.

PANKA  
LA as in Lashwood Academy or Los Angeles?

Therese opens up a door at the end of the hallway that leads to a gated yard. We see cigarette buds all over the ground.

THERESE  
Number two: those two are the same thing. The city and the institution are intertwined and share the same core beliefs.

PANKA  
This is just high school.

THERESE  
You're naive to think any community you're a part of is "just something".

PANKA  
Do you smoke out here?

THERESE  
Girl, I'll be in the NBA in a few years.

They jump over the fence that leads them directly to the street.

INT. TRADITIONAL AMERICAN DINER - NIGHT

They enter in their Lashwood Academy oversized hoodies. The diner is mostly empty. Therese waves to the workers as they enter. It is established she is well-known here.

We skip to an already served BREAKFAST FOR DINNER scenario.



The food could feed itself it has such an aesthetic to it.  
Therese stuffs a handcut fry in her mouth.

PANKA

I thought athletes needed to follow a  
strict diet.

THERESE

Bullshit. Sometimes you need to feed  
your soul too. You should try it  
sometime.

PANKA

Who are you?

THERESE

This is not about me, Hungary. You  
feel rage and you're lost. Nobody  
understands you. I get it. It's  
written all over your naive face.

Therese grabs the ketchup bottle.

THERESE

Ketchup?

PANKA

No, thanks. What are all these  
documents?

She directs her attention on the ENVELOPE full of papers on  
the table.

THERESE

This is America. And I'm African. When  
I say African I mean I'm FROM Africa.

Panka seems a little uncomfortable. She doesn't want to say  
the wrong thing.

PANKA

Yeah and that's awesome.

Therese giggles.

THERESE

Not in everybody's eyes, Hungary.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Panka pays active attention to the teacher. The bell rings and they all start packing.

TEACHER

I said no packing until I'm finished.

Nikita behind her already converses and laughs with his mates. Panka hears the word "cigarette" with a Russian pronunciation. They pack up and she follows Nikita as he exits the classroom.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

He rushes to his locker. Panka pats his back to get his attention.

PANKA

Nikita!

NIKITA

What?

PANKA

Do you guys smoke?

Nikita seems frustrated.

NIKITA

If you snitch, you're done here.  
Understood?

PANKA

No, no, that's not what I'm trying to do at all! I'm dying for one. I want to buy from you.

NIKITA

Save my phone number and discuss transactions on there.

He types his number into a new contact on her phone.

PANKA

Thank you so much, you are saving my life.

He slams his locker door.

NIKITA  
Don't be so melodramatic.

He exits. Panka stands there frozen when Therese shows up behind her back.

THERESE  
Nikita, huh?

PANKA  
Why is he so mean?

THERESE  
Don't know. Don't care. Do you?

Panka remains silent. Therese analyzes her facial expression.

THERESE  
I see. Well, weed is a good place to start when it comes to that layer of LA society.

PANKA  
They smoke that too?

THERESE  
(sings)  
"Caalifornia loove"

Panka smirks.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Panka and Nikita sit on a park bench surrounded by barbeque grill stands. Panka is still in her uniform. Nikita glances at her and shakes his head.

PANKA  
What?

NIKITA  
You always draw attention to yourself.

PANKA  
Huh?

NIKITA  
All these outfits and theatrical class entrances.

PANKA

Is that why you're such an asshole to me?

NIKITA

I'm not like these influencer wannabes. I don't need to lie for status. I feel what I feel and say what I want.

He hands her four packs of cigarettes.

NIKITA

Got cash?

PANKA

Got it all here.

Nikita counts the bills.

NIKITA

Woman, this will not cut it. I can only give you two packs max.

PANKA

How is that possible? I always buy them for three bucks at home.

NIKITA

This is not post-Soviet Central Europe and its fucked economy, Panda.

PANKA

Panka.

He hands her two packs and puts away the rest.

NIKITA

Wanna' smoke one?

PANKA

I guess.

She tears the paper inside the pack like a candy wrap. He lights her cigarette. They are black silhouettes in the night sky.

PANKA

Do you ever miss Russia?

NIKITA  
I don't miss being expelled. School  
was hard as fuck.

PANKA  
I can relate to that...

NIKITA  
Not like here, you know?

PANKA  
Yeah.

A beat. He finishes his cigarette.

NIKITA  
I gotta go. I have another order to  
take care of.

PANKA  
Oh.

Nikita gets going.

NIKITA  
You'll be fine walking back to school  
by yourself, yeah?

Panka turns sour.

PANKA  
Yes. Of course.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT

Panka closes the entrance door behind herself. She tip toes  
towards her dorm when...

MR. DAWSON  
I still have PTSD from my military  
days Ms. Lakatos. I used to ease it by  
smoking. I quit two years ago. I'm  
like an airport detection dog. I can  
smell nicotine from miles away.

She starts sweating from the stress.

PANKA  
I'm sorry, sir. My Uber driver must  
have been a chain smoker.

Mr. Dawson laughs.

MR. DAWSON

Alright, Panka. This is how it's gonna go: You're in detention until at least Thanksgiving. Unless you speak up about how those Marlboro Golds magically appeared on our sacred schoolground.

She stuffs her hands into her LA hoodie's little pocket where she stuffed the two packs.

PANKA

I'll take the detention.

MR. DAWSON

Fantastic. I'll put you on cleanup duty then. Before and after school hours.

He cleans his throat.

MR. DAWSON (CONT.)

I've been getting a lot of complaints about your attentiveness and tardiness lately. Don't think I won't take more serious measures if I don't see you put in more effort!

She nods, walks to her dorm room and shuts the door.

PANKA (O.S.)

Ugh.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Panka and Therese munch on their lunch at a table away from the crowded clicks.

THERESE

You have to stop chasing dick. It will never take you far in life.

PANKA

Technically, that's my only duty here according to my family. So I guess I'm staying true to that?

THERESE

Nah. He's not even a citizen. You have

no excuse.

PANKA

I know it was stupid.

THERESE

What do you even like about him? He walks around here like a goddamn tsar.

PANKA

I feel like we share similar values.

She stares at Nikita surrounded by his Russian group at their cafeteria table. Nikita nods at Panka. She mouths "What?" to him. He points at his phone, indicating that she should check it.

THERESE

I left out rule number three which is the most important: Don't fuck this up! Being here is a privilege.

Therese stands up with her destroyed food tray and leaves Panka all to herself.

PANKA

Bye.

She takes out her phone and checks her incoming text messages. Nikita sent "Panda, did you get caught?". She replies "Meet me by the playground at 6 pm. Urgent." Panka glances back at Nikita. He nods at her. Melisa sees this exchange and she is intrigued. There's juice.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL YARD - DAY

Mr. Dawson points at the trash that's scattered on the ground. He points out the gums stuck on the tables and hands Panka the tools to take care of them.

Melisa passes by. She is especially cheerful.

MELISA

Hey.

Panka is scraping dirt from the floor. She looks up.

PANKA

Hi.

MELISA

So, I hear you're down to smoke and stuff.

PANKA

Maybe.

MELISA

I'm actually having a kickback at my place on Friday. Come!

Melisa is genuinely excited.

PANKA

You live by yourself?

MELISA

Yeah, Downtown in the Arts District. Hope you can make it!

PANKA

Wait, aren't you supposed to have guardians if we live off-campus here?

MELISA

Only on paper.

She winks at her and leaves. Panka is in aw.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - EVENING

It's sunset. Panka checks her phone. Its 6 pm sharp. She notices Nikita sitting on a swing by himself. She sits down to the swing next to him.

PANKA

You're early.

NIKITA

A lady should never wait for a gentleman.

Panka blushes.

NIKITA

What does he have on you?

PANKA

He found me entering after curfew.



NIKITA

Eesh.

PANKA

He could also smell the cigs.

NIKITA

Damn. Not good.

PANKA

I didn't rat you out if that's what you're worried about.

He gazes deeply into her eyes. Silence.

NIKITA

I know you wouldn't.

They are framed like a Pinterest perfect vintage long shot: sat on the swings with the vibrating orange sunset in the background. Also some palm trees.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL COURT - NIGHT

Therese passes the ball to Panka.

PANKA

Let's go to the gathering.

THERESE

Don't be an idiot, Hungary. If you do this your life here is over.

PANKA

How would Dawson notice? Last time I came through the front. We can leave after bed check and return during the night through the back door.

Therese shoots right into the ring.

THERESE

Don't drag me into your 90210 script.

She catches the ball and passes it to Panka.

PANKA

I don't understand.

Panka bounces the ball in front of her then passes it back to Therese.

THERESE

Whatever.

Therese catches it and instantly passes it back.

THERESE

You want fake Instagram pics with downtown lights in a 3k studio to show off? Go.

PANKA

It will be fun!

Panka throws the ball back. Therese catches it.

THERESE

Stop.Chasing.Dicks.

She shoots again but this time she misses.

INT. MELISA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Panka enters with two bags of family sized chips. The apartment is spacious with high ceilings. There are about ten people around. She is welcomed by countless amount of red cups and smoke. Drinks are spilt on the counter. The bottles are half finished.

PANKA

Hey.

MELISA

Come on over here.

Most people mingle but it seems like the Russian click including Nikita and Melisa are in their own secluded group in the corner. They pass a joint around.

Panka notices a rather handsome, dark brown messy hair man. This is FEDOR. He wears a UCLA sweatshirt.

FEDOR

Who is this?

MELISA

She's new.

FEDOR

She doesn't speak Russian?

Panka was about to interfere when...

NIKITA  
She's similar to us, man. She's from  
Hungary. Equally fucked country.

Fedor nods in agreement.

FEDOR  
Wanna' hit it?

Panka seems hesitant. They all stare at her.

PANKA  
How does it feel like? I've never had  
it before.

Everyone is in shock. They start cheering Panka on.

MELISA  
Dude, honestly, in a lot of countries  
the government makes you think it's a  
drug, but it's really not.

Nikita passes the joint to Panka.

FEDOR  
Weed cures cancer!

She observes the joint in detail like an art piece.

MELISA  
I wouldn't go that far.

She inhales.

NIKITA  
You have to agree that it aides cancer  
patients.

She cannot stop coughing.

MELISA  
There is a HUGE difference between  
"cure" and "aid".

Nikita and Fedor look at each other and burst out in  
laughter.

Melisa rolls her eyes.

MELISA  
How are you even at UCLA?

NIKITA  
He paid people off.

FEDOR  
Shut up, bro.

INT. MELISA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Panka, Nikita, Fedor and Melisa and two others sit around in a circle on the floor. There is a gigantic vodka bottle in the middle and cards flipped down beneath the bottle.

MELISA  
I would personally fuck Anthony, kill  
Fedor and marry...

FEDOR  
Fuck you!

Melisa mouths "I love you".

NIKITA  
Be cautious with your decision.

Melisa clears her throat and looks around.

MELISA  
Okay, I would marry Carolina.

The boys go insane. They are blown away by this new piece of information.

FEDOR  
I didn't know you swing both ways,  
Mel.

Fedor nudges her.

MELISA  
Unlimited sex with that Boticellesque  
Brazilian? I'd swing indefinite ways.

Panka is speechless. As Melisa glances at her she notices Panka's reaction.

MELISA  
What about you?

PANKA  
Me? I mean I'm...

She cannot find words.

PANKA

I'm not?

MELISA

Dude! Who would you pick?

Panka is relieved now but Melisa is eager to know.

PANKA

Ohh.

NIKITA

Come on, Panda.

PANKA

I don't know.

MELISA

It's just a game no pressure.

Panka assesses her environment.

PANKA

I would probably fuck Fedor, kill Nikita and marry an American citizen. I'm actually sent here on a mission to do that so, yeah.

MELISA

Wait, what?

NIKITA

You would kill me? Your dealer? Not cool, Panda.

Fedor gazes at her. He is enticed. Panka smiles at Nikita.

FEDOR

I think the game is over.

MELISA

Fedor!

They start arguing in Russian. As they conclude Melisa sighs.

FEDOR

The situation calls for SHOTS.

EXT. MELISA'S APARTMENT ROOFTOP - LATER

Panka and Nikita enter with red cups.

NIKITA

Panda, you're craaazy.

She laughs extremely loud.

PANKA

I was being honest.

NIKITA

You want an American citizen? I have some friends that are trustworthy.

PANKA

Oh yeah?

NIKITA

I can hook you up, definitely.

PANKA

Maybe.

There is tension in her voice.

NIKITA

IF, you come to require my services I do have a crucial down payment option for you.

Panka is curious.

PANKA

What is it?

NIKITA

Get me Therese.

She loses her balance.

PANKA

Therese, you mean Therese, Therese?

NIKITA

I need to find out if she's interested. We've been at the dorms together since Paleozoic LA times.

PANKA  
(sarcastically)

That's a really long time.

Panka reaches a lethargic state of mind, however the more Nikita talks the more enthusiastic he gets.

NIKITA  
She is the only girl I cannot get a read on. She ignores me. Until now I thought she was socially awkward but I can see how assertive she is with you.

PANKA  
She is... amazing, yes.

She tears up but Nikita has no idea.

We see their SILHOUETTES with the LA skyscrapers in the background as Panka chugs the bottle. We only see Nikita's back here.

INT. MELISA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Fedor sits on the couch and smokes hookah with others. Panka throws herself on the couch.

PANKA  
Do you have citizenship here?

FEDOR  
Slow down, officer. I'm legally not obligated to tell you my immigration status.

PANKA  
I "obligate" you to do it.

Fedor is intrigued.

FEDOR  
Well, in that case.

He lights up another joint and offers it to Panka. She accepts it and smokes. She coughs again.

FEDOR  
Let me get you some juice.

Fedor exits and Melisa takes his spot.

MELISA

I see you like those Russian boys.

PANKA

I guess so.

MELISA

Considering your new, you're doing pretty good for yourself. Russian college boy. I'm impressed.

PANKA

Are you Russian? You're so pretty.

Melisa is not surprised by Panka's compliment.

MELISA

Actually, I'm Kazakh.

PANKA

But you speak Russian?

MELISA

Yeah, they're very similar languages so it is very easy for me. Your language is Hungarian, right?

PANKA

Yees!

Panka is impressed by Melisa's well-roundedness.

MELISA

I've been there actually. Sick nightlife!

PANKA

Most people here think my native language is German or Russian or something.

MELISA

Well, Americans don't know about these things. It's alright.

She pours some vodka for the both of them.

PANKA

I don't have any Hungarian friends here.



MELISA  
So that's why your English is like,  
pretty good.

PANKA  
Yeah.

Beat.

PANKA  
That's why.

Melisa hands her the red cup she whispers in Panka's ears...

MELISA  
Fedor is great in bed.

Panka shrugs.

PANKA  
Have you slept with him?

MELISA  
Only once but don't worry that was a  
different Melisa. I'm crushing on  
Carolina like crazy. I'm not trying to  
impose or anything.

Panka whispers back.

PANKA  
I'm a virgin.

MELISA  
Shit. He has his stupid act and all  
but despite the facade, he's a pretty  
decent human being.

Melisa giggles and nudges Panka. Fedor returns with a massive  
gallon of OJ.

FEDOR  
You gave her more alcohol?

MELISA  
We were having girl talk. It's always  
a must.

Fedor is frustrated.

FEDOR  
She seems pretty out of it.

PANKA  
I'm fine.

FEDOR  
Lay down on the bed for a bit. Let me help you.

He helps Panka up and escorts her to the queen bed.

PANKA  
Why are you helping me?

FEDOR  
You seem completely cross-faded.

Fedor starts combing through her hair as she lays down there.

FEDOR  
Why don't you come over my dorm? We don't have to hook up or anything. Everyone is so loud here and we'll both have to leave at some point anyway.

She is half-awake.

PANKA  
Hmm. How far is that?

FEDOR  
About 20 minutes right now. It's 3 am. No LA traffic.

PANKA  
And you will let me sleep?

Fedor smirks at her.

INT. UCLA DORM ROOM - NIGHT

They both have their eyes open and they lay on separate single bed spaces. They face the ceiling.

PANKA  
I can't sleep.

FEDOR  
Look, I'm not gonna touch you unless

you ask.

Panka switches position and turns towards Fedor's side.

PANKA  
Can you like, kiss me?

FEDOR  
If we kiss it will be very hard for me  
to control myself.

PANKA  
Ohh.

FEDOR  
But I can try.

He gets out of bed and throws himself into the blanket. They  
face each other now, gazing into each others' eyes.

PANKA  
You still haven't answered my  
question.

He puts his arms around her and pulls her closer.

FEDOR  
Is this okay?

PANKA  
Yes.

FEDOR  
Is this...

He slowly touches her lips. Panka cannot resist. They  
passionately kiss. Fedor is breathless.

FEDOR  
Tell me if I should stop.

PANKA  
Why does it feel so good?

FEDOR  
It's the weed.

They keep making out.

PANKA  
Okay, just do it. But I need to get up

early so I can get back before 7.

FEDOR  
I'll set an alarm.

He grabs his phone and puts an alarm on for 6 but he doesn't change 'PM' to 'AM'.

FEDOR  
All set.

He throws his shirt on the floor, then continues kissing her.

INT. DORM BEDROOM - MORNING

Panka wakes up in an oversized UCLA shirt with messy hair and smudged makeup. Fedor is back on the other bed. She gets out of bed and gathers her belongings. When she picks her white thong up she notices it has blood on it. She sighs. She throws the thong in her bag and puts her black stretchy jeans on.

She grabs her phone and checks the time. It is 1 pm.

PANKA  
Fuck!

Fedor murmurs something.

PANKA  
You said you set an alarm!

He's half-asleep.

FEDOR  
I did.

PANKA  
It's 1 pm. I'm so fucked.

Fedor giggles.

FEDOR  
Quite literally.

PANKA  
(angry)  
You don't get it, I'm gonna be expelled.

He opens his eyes.

FEDOR

Huh?

PANKA

Mr. Dawson has his eyes on me. This is the last straw.

She opens up her phone and sees ten missed calls from Therese. Fedor gets out of bed.

FEDOR

You'll be fine.

PANKA

No, I won't be.

FEDOR

Is there anything I can do for you?

She nervously chuckles.

PANKA

Marry me? I'll pay, I swear.

FEDOR

Jesus, Panka. Was this whole thing about that?

Fedor is enraged.

PANKA

No! I'm trying to figure something out now.

FEDOR

For what it's worth, I'm undocumented, okay?

PANKA

What's that?

FEDOR

It doesn't matter. I couldn't marry you even if I wanted to. Not that I want to. But I don't have citizenship either. My mom brought me here when I was a little boy and we overstayed our visas. I cannot leave this country until the government implements a

pathway to citizenship or I marry someone too.

PANKA

Ohh. I didn't know about that. Wait, so you've never been outside of the US?

Fedor shakes his head.

PANKA

You cannot travel at all? That must be tough. I'm sorry.

FEDOR

Don't be sorry. I'm grateful for the opportunities I've been given here thanks to my mother. One day I'll travel the world.

A beat.

PANKA

You're too nice.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL OFFICE WAITING AREA - DAY

Panka closes a door labeled "Dean's Office" behind her. We can see Mr. Dawson and another man in the background. She is dressed in her uniform. Therese waits for her on the couch.

THERESE

So?

Panka holds her head down and shakes her head.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY

Panka and Therese sit on the sand in silence.

THERESE

You know, you really fucked up.

She looks at her in disappointment. Panka remains silent.

THERESE

Like for real.

PANKA

It doesn't matter.

THERESE

(yells)

Yes, it does.

PANKA

(upset)

It's not like I have my family cheering me on from home. No one cared about what I wanted.

THERESE

Hungary, do you ever stop and look at where you are?

PANKA

Yes.

THERESE

It sure as hell doesn't look like it.

PANKA

I know you have it all figured out and you're great at everything.

Panka looks away.

THERESE

Girl, don't you dare guilttrip me for helping you out here.

PANKA

That's not...

THERESE

I don't even know how you have the nerves to go there. I have given you all my spare time which I don't normally do. I utilize that time for practice and work. I give you a hand because I never had one. I had to work for my scholarship and I cannot screw up. And what do you do? Huh? You break my hand and throw it in the sewer.

PANKA

Maybe you don't understand me at all.

THERESE

Throwing away your education for some random Russian asshole. It's just... I gotta say it's pathetic.

PANKA

(outraged)

Pathetic, huh? Pathetic that no one gets me here? Pathetic that all my family cares about is that I become a golddigger? Pathetic that no one believes I'm worth anything? You're right. I'm as pathetic as it gets.

Panka gets up and cleans the sand off of herself.

PANKA

Nikita is in love with you. You should date him. Maybe a change of perspective will do you good. I certainly don't have this place all figured out like you do. At least, I'm not judgemental.

Therese stares at the sky.

PANKA

I'm gonna get an Uber, I need to pack up. My flight is tomorrow.

Therese shakes her head.

INT. DORM BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ashley is still extremely loud as she talks on the phone. Panka has all her clothing spread out on her bed and suitcases placed in the middle of the room.

Panka looks out the window.

ASHLEY

I heard what happened.

PANKA

Honestly, Dawson is kind of overexaggerating.

ASHLEY

Weed, parties, cigarettes and sex?

PANKA

Well... sort of.

ASHLEY

Once he's on you, you're done here. If you ask me, you never had a chance.



Same thing happened to my previous roomie. This place is insane, it's like a cult. You might be lucky you're getting out.

Ashley goes on her smartphone and puts her headphones in. Panka loses herself in the LA nightsky.

EXT. LAX - DAY

Panka and Fedor take her suitcase and carry-on out of a car. Cars honk. It's a busy aggressive day at the airport.

PANKA

You didn't have to do this. I'm just some high school girl you had sex with.

FEDOR

You're some high school girl I happen to really like, Panka.

PANKA

Sure.

Fedor grabs her shoulders.

FEDOR

Look at me!

She looks deeply into his eyes.

FEDOR

This meant something to me. I wish you didn't have to leave. It sucks.

Her eyes water up.

PANKA

I fucked EVERYTHING up.

She breaks down. Fedor rushes to comfort her.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

A) INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY - Panka waves at Fedor after showing her boarding pass to a lady. He waits until she is out of frame.

B) INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT - Panka looks at two giggling teen girls.

C) INT. BUDAPEST AIRPORT - DAY - Panka looks at the "All Other Passports" immigration line where she witnesses mostly people of color being interrogated by officers. She takes hers out and scans through an entrance gate with a European flag bypassing the immigration lines.

D) INT. BAGGAGE RECLAIM AREA - DAY - Panka glances at an old interracial couple waiting for their luggage and smiles to herself.

EXT. LAX - DAY

Panka takes a seat on a bench and pulls out her Marlboro Golds. She looks around her environment. A car pulls up and honks at her.

THERESE

Get in or I'll change my mind!

PANKA

Oh, thank God!

END EPISODE