

## **Script**

### **《Across The Spring》**

#### **INT. room**

A girl sits at a desk. Tired, silent.  
She slowly opens the yearbook.  
Page after page flips by—  
brightly smiling classmates.  
Award lists.  
Club group photos.  
Everyone seems to be becoming "an impressive adult."  
She stops on her own page.  
In the photo, she stands in the corner, expression stiff.  
The air grows heavy.  
She closes the yearbook. Silent. Sighs.

#### **INT. Draw & Table**

She lowered her head and pulled open the drawer.  
Inside, old stationery, hair ties, and dried-up markers were crammed haphazardly.  
She rummaged through them, searching for something.  
Finally, she found an old, worn-out photo album.  
Its cover was peeling slightly.  
She took it out and flipped it open.  
There she was as a child—wearing a ill-fitting cloak and crown, grinning widely at the camera.  
Eating ice cream. Showing off her nail polish. Lost in music. Making silly faces.  
The girl couldn't help but let out a soft laugh.  
Then, on the final page, a single photograph stood out: a little girl squatting on the floor, looking down at her birthday gift—a red nail polish.  
Her nails were painted crookedly, even smudged onto her skin.  
The girl froze.  
She quietly stared at the photo, then lifted her gaze to the window outside. Lost in thought.

#### **INT. BEDROOM-the Draw**

The girl slowly raised her head.  
She opened the drawer again.  
At the very bottom, she found an old bottle of red nail polish.  
The bottle was already worn out.  
She stared at it for a long time.  
Then she slowly unscrewed it.  
The familiar smell wafted out.  
She sat by the bed, carefully reapplying the nail polish to her nails.  
The movements were clumsy.  
The first stroke was still off.

She paused for a second.  
Suddenly, she smiled softly.  
She didn't wipe it off.  
She continued to apply.  
The red gradually covered the dull fingertips.  
The room remained quiet.  
But it seemed that it was finally not so cold anymore.

**INT. BEDROOM – Window**

The yearbook was still spread out on the table.  
But this time, she didn't look at it again.  
She just lowered her head and stared at her red nails.  
She gently clasped her hands together.  
The wind outside the window blew the curtains.  
She leaned back in the chair and slowly closed her eyes.  
For the first time, she no longer rushed to compare herself with anyone.

FADE OUT.

THE END.