

Sdfg-FGSD: CODE: 1.14.18PINK  
Sdfg-FGSD: CODE: 10.7.19BURGANDY  
Sdfg-FGSD: CODE: 3.21.20INDIGO

*"... I can see it in your eyes..."*

*"... that you never really loved me..."*

OZZY'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

// Oct. 26, 2019

You can see Daren and a whole crowd of people dancing about. The lights are dim, music is blaring, and drinks are being passed here and there. So much is going on and you feel like you want to take your eyes off Daren as he goes through the crowd; you keep them on him at all times.

He is wearing a blue blazer, a black wig, blue dress pants, and brown dress shoes. It is supposed to be a costume of IGOR by Tyler, The Creator.

Daren comes around a corner and grabs a bottle of Amsterdam. The flavor is unknown but he starts chugging that thing like it is water. He puts it down and goes back to the crowd. He yells "LETS GO" before going in.

This seems to be life for him: drinking, parties, and whatever comes after that. It is all from heartbreak and what it can do to you. Is it unethical and evil to be so loving and then the next, you hate everything and be the person you never wanted to be? Once, he proposed this idea and now, he is what he never wanted to be. A solo, rebellious, drunken man. He is only 19 but people love to say otherwise.

CUT TO:

UPSTAIRS

Daren comes wrapping around upstairs. He appears from the right and starts heading staggeringly. People come passing down as the view changes opposite of their view and make disgusted sounds when they pass.

CUT TO:

He comes around and goes straight outside that is just next to the basement entrance door.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE - NIGHT

He has his phone on him and tries to text someone. It must be a friend.

DAREN: do you believe me?

In the moments passed, Hope seems to not exist in this world. Not a scratch or an idea of who she is. From then to now, Daren has asked people who did know her about her existence. Nothing but deadbeat answers.

He staggers around until he opens the car door to sit inside and to wait out the drunkenness. It is only a matter of time to feel better and to go back home.

This is Daren: a sad, lost kid with the belief that what he went through could be easily fixed if he could talk to her about it. The problem again: she does not exist. Not here, not there, not anywhere.

It is like he went through some dream. Was it a dream? No, it cannot be. Everything is heartfelt and so warm; recent and hurting. If not, he would have known about the energy of a dream and thus, not go blacking out or drinking every night like a drunk. So, what is left is he wonders about where he went wrong in hurting the people he loved. How could anyone functional hurt the people they love? It just does not make any sense and he did with ease only to get hurt immensely back. It is karma only. What Daren does not know is where and/or how he got up that hill in the first place. It has been about a week, and he still has no idea. The memories are back but besides being killed. He remembers looking for her and that is all. Somehow, some people view him differently than before, so it only adds more to the strangeness of this past week.

Where is he? Is this the same place he grew up in? Are these the same set of people he has always known the ins and outs of? Maybe, it feels like nobody will ever know, but answers come in the appropriate timing. They always do.

CUT TO:

INT. DAREN'S ROOM - MIDNIGHT

Daren is on his bed, passed out from a long, drunken night. He did not tell his parents or anything but just existed in a moment to be back in reality. It is always the same it seems. It is always the same. It always is.

Why is everything just the same? What happened to change? Well, it exists when you want it to change and it did unintentionally. Sort of.

Daren barely gets up and checks his phone like he always does. Could it be another friend blowing him off? Could it be The Girl? Does she even exist in this new world? Does anyone else exist here? Someone that might knock him off his socks because life is so random, even someone like Faith could text him IF she exists.

He checks his phone and sees nothing interesting. Yeah, it is currently 4am. Tragic that Daren is back to his subliminal, self-harm days.

He puts it down and goes back to sleep. This is what it feels to be the wrong soul on Earth. He was never supposed to come back; let alone be in a world where he could never talk to her. He resurrected like that. Why and how?

Although it will remain a mystery for the time being, this is the beginning of Daren and how his life has always been a rom-com gone wrong.

*Krystral*

\*\*\*\*\*[PLAY "ROM-COM GONE WRONG" AT THIS POINT]\*\*\*\*\*  
// Nov. 10, 2019

CUT TO:

INT. TWO BROTHERS ROUNDHOUSE - NIGHT

Another day; another night working in the cafe. It seems like work has not changed at all.

// Everything but her has changed. No matter how many times I tell people, she is just a figment in my imagination like my own feelings are not valid. I feel it and I feel wrong.

He is seen walking about, cleaning, and talking to people who come in and out. A casual workplace with casual motion.

It is about an hour before close, so Daren makes sure he puts some things away until it officially closes. Right before taking some things away, someone comes up to order a drink.

DAMON  
Hey, man. You closed?  
DAREN  
No. We close in like 40 mins though.  
DAMON  
That is cool. What could I get?  
DAREN  
Anything. No machine is closed.  
DAMON  
Cool. Do you mind making me a cappuccino?  
DAREN  
Not at all.

He gets behind the bar to make it. It is thorough and smooth. The steaming and foaming of milk, the two shots, and the pour itself. He finishes it and hands it off to him.

DAREN (cont'd)  
Here is that. Hope you enjoy.  
DAMON  
Always got to. Life is short around here. One day you're having a blast and the next, life is all crumpled up like a raggedy piece of paper.  
DAREN  
I feel that. Really.  
DAMON  
How so?  
DAREN  
I recently d-

He stops for a second. He is close to saying he "died" but that would make everything weird and not cool. He corrects himself mid sentence.

DAREN (cont'd)  
-got out of a two year relationship. We had everything planned then, BANG. All down the drain for someone new.  
DAMON  
I'm sorry to hear, kid. How old are you?

DAREN

Nineteen.

DAMON

Shit. You have so many years to live. You ain't gotta worry about anything but you making mistakes.

DAREN

Shouldn't I watch what I'm doing?

DAMON

Look, you are young once and never again. You live a life to have many experiences so when you're older, you can look back and say 'damn, I did so much' and use those as stories. Not only that, these experiences have lessons with them. No experiences don't. So how else would you learn from a mistake? You make a mistake to learn from it afterwards.

DAREN

I could always learn from people; it's called being observational learning.

They fuck up and I learn from that.

DAMON

It's only best when you personally go through it. You learn the most like that.

DAREN

Does death count?

DAMON

Well, no. You can't learn when you're dead.

DAREN

True. Haha.

Damon takes the last sip of his drink and comes to the finale of the conversation.

DAMON

Hey kid, I got a woman to catch. She has been on my tail for quite some time, and I'm starting to think she might be the one for me. You know.. Keep your head up. Nobody is worth your pain.

DAREN

I appreciate it.

He gets up and leaves a generous tip by the side of his drink. He gestures a wave and heads off. Daren picks up the tip, puts it in his pocket, and stands there clueless as if he were told something off-putting. Nonetheless, it was just absence flooding in once more. A feeling he hates to bare.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE - NIGHT

Daren is seen waiting outside the restaurant. He drove here but it seems to be something external like he is going to meet with somebody or take a drive somewhere to get drunk. It is unsure what Daren plans or wants, for it feels like he is in the "moment" of life; an unconscious feeling that sets somebody up for the worst to come in the later parts of life. So heavily invested in the surrealism that you forget what you truly need: the essentials, the conditions, the filters, the preferences, the standards... your essence, pretty much, no? How could you ever forget the only thing that matters to yourself? Your being...

Some time passes and a car pulls up. The person yells from afar.

DRIVER

Get in.

CUT TO:

Daren comes to the passenger seat, closes the door, and the driver goes off. This feels like a drug deal.

DRIVER (cont'd)  
Explain to me what you said a week ago.  
DAREN  
What do you mean?  
DRIVER  
That you're not from here. What the fuck man?  
DAREN  
Dude, I must have been drunk and not know a single thing I wa-  
DRIVER (interrupts)  
Don't give me that bullshit, man. You can't be saying shit like that.  
DAREN  
You're confusing, you know that?  
DRIVER  
And you're broken. Shut the fuck up.  
DAREN  
Drop me off.  
DRIVER  
You're crazy. A fucking lunatic. One of those Masonic people that worship the devil. You're a lost cause. You are not from this Earth? Well, lemme tell you that I know people who come for you for your knowledge. I say book it. Leave this place and run away.

Daren gives them this shocked expression. What the fuck are they talking about?  
DAREN  
Dude, what the fuck are you talking about? I just wanted to go to the party and you're giving me this shit, Helen.

Helen. Who is Helen?

\*\*\*\*\*[PLAY "TALL BUILDINGS" AT THIS POINT]\*\*\*\*\*  
// Memory from a week ago  
CUT TO:  
SOME PARTY - NIGHT  
It feels weird to make new friends in a spot of delusion or turmoil.  
About a week ago, Daren attended a party which had bands playing and alcohol everywhere. A basement full of people mosh pitting and doing who knows what. There, he met a lovely soul named Helen who came across wonderful but not someone he could like or fall in love with. Just an ordinary girl, perhaps.

She stands about 5'6", pale-ish skin, an alt-fever ridden closet, but tragic in what she always wears. She hates convolution and loves food. She is a bit of a drinker, too. It is how they met.

Helen bumps into Daren in the dark crowd.

HELEN  
My bad.  
DAREN  
You're good, bro.  
HELEN  
Bro, do I look like a bro to you?  
DAREN  
I normally say that to anyone.

HELEN

Uh huh. Watch this.

She is holding a bottle of vodka in her right hand. She immediately swings it to her mouth to start profusely drinking. About 5-6 seconds in, she gives up and the local crowd around cheers.

HELEN (cont'd)

That's how you do it.

DAREN

God, this looks like a comedy film or indie one. Give me that shit.

He grabs the bottle and does the same thing. 5-6 seconds, goes down, and the cheers come once more.

DAREN (cont'd)

I cannot believe we are going to bond off this; I'm not even from here.

HELEN

As long as you're mellow. What do you mean by that though?

DAREN

I really don't know. I just know destiny exists.

Daren starts to blur out and drops to the ground. That was pretty much it. A small incident turned out to be a connection. It is subtly sad that most of this happens from here on out. A way of living Daren does not agree to.

CUT TO:

PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The two are seen waiting outside a lot full of cars. The party must be somewhere huge and far.

HELEN

When you said destiny, what did you mean?

DAREN

I told you, I don't remember anything. I just wanna wait for these fucks to come.

HELEN

We can just go in. Sorry for the aggression, too.

DAREN

If we get killed, it will be your fault.

CUT TO:

RANDOM HOUSE - NIGHT

Both creep inside the moving house. It is full of lights, people, drinks, and definitely more of whatever is assumed. The house did not even look like a house but more like a tall building.

The scene closes in by their sides; a soft and reminiscent feel to what a couple would do going into a random building together and would immediately lock hands or grab the male figure by the arm for protection. It is to tease that because it does not happen at all. They do not like each other; it is mutual.

As soon as they settle with a few drinks, Daren goes to the side to speak to randoms. It is like the crazy side of him trying to spill whatever he feels.

DAREN (re: DEREK)

I remember you from somewhere. Don't know where.

DEREK  
West Aurora, bro. Didn't know you knew these guys.  
DAREN  
I don't. My friend does.  
DEREK  
She yours?  
DAREN  
A friend.  
DEREK  
Damn, friendzoned.  
DAREN  
Anyways, what are you doing here in Cicero? Aren't you supposed to be at school?  
DEREK  
Yeah, but I'm on vacation right now for some shit back home.

A friend of his pulls up and dabs him up. He leaves and gets back to the conversation.

DEREK (cont'd)  
Why are you asking me? You don't seem like that guy to ask acquaintances about their lives.  
DAREN  
You're right. I am just curious.

Helen comes out the blue and pulls him aside.

HELEN  
Bro, you gotta see this.

Into another room, Helen budes in like a swat team with Daren. The scene flips and shows two people making out on the bed. They hear the noise and look at the two staring at them by the door.

RANDOM 1  
Ayo what the fuck!  
HELEN (re: DAREN)  
You see this? My fucking ex making out with my motherfucking bestfriend. You don't see shit often.  
DAREN  
I did once but it happened to me. I saw it on video, though.  
HELEN (re: RANDOM 2)  
Yeah, you like the taste of my p\*\*\*y? Eat shit, bitch.

She throws the red solo cup from her left hand to RANDOM 2; RANDOM 2 gasps and RANDOM 1 retaliates.

RANDOM 1 (re: DAREN)  
Ayo, I don't know who you are but Ima beat your ass.

He comes straight for Daren as he stands not knowing what to do. Right before a punch was thrown, Daren immediately books it to the kitchen. He gets there and tells Derek to defend him.

As soon as RANDOM 1 comes down with the menacing look on his face, Derek comes out and sumo slams the dude onto a table, bringing it and everything down with it. The surrounding crowd goes wild like a baseball game, circling with phones recording and fingers pointing.

The dude is clearly in agony. Laying on his back, he grunts from the pain and pretty much stays down there the entire time. Derek goes to Daren, gives him a handshake, and leaves the scene ultimately leaving the party.

Helen comes down to see the scenario at play. Not much of an expressive emotion but wondering where Daren went. It seems slightly urgent, almost like this is where they need not to belong.

HELEN  
Are you okay?  
DAREN  
Yeah, I'm fine.  
HELEN  
I think we should go.  
DAREN  
Agreed.

CUT TO:

\*\*\*\*\*[PLAY "TOKYO" AT THIS POINT]\*\*\*\*\*

HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Even still in the night, adventures last. The destination is to go to Chicago and possibly make no noise for anybody; just a silent journey in the maze that Chicago is.

The flooding but passing lights take control of the environmental switch from sporadic to ambient. Their faces give off such a dim and gray look but restless and full of themselves.

CUT TO:

CHICAGO

Amongst the many things they could have done, this feels the most right. Like a getaway to help him forget about the past which includes that short moment of violence in that house. How tall buildings only exist for things to go wrong or add wrong. Whatever it may be, of course.

The two are seen walking in the streets of Chicago. It seems so aimless and pointless, too, just from the way they walk. Not much is said in the beginning. They are also holding cups of hot chocolate that were purchased from a store nearby. It was then that Daren started to get personal.

HELEN  
How are you feeling?  
DAREN  
Wrong but okay.  
HELEN  
What do you mean wrong? It seems so peaceful out here.

DAREN  
I should be telling somebody about my own whereabouts and how I am, but she no longer exists.

HELEN  
I'm sorry. Who was she to you?

DAREN  
She is an ex now. We dated for a year and a half and it was amazing. Our love was something. I feel like as time goes by and not knowing what she's doing, it gives me clarity that I don't need her.

HELEN  
I feel like you have to talk to her.

DAREN

How if she doesn't exist here?

Helen stops for a second and looks at him crazily.

HELEN

How does someone not exist and not be dead?

DAREN

It is a long story. I can't really explain thoroughly but every time I mention her, nobody knows what I'm talking about. But before, I woke up on a hill. I died before. I remember being shot in the head just to wake up here or whatever here is.

HELEN

So when you said you weren't from here, you really meant it?

DAREN

Yeah, but believe what you want to believe.

HELEN

Woah, you're from another universe. I think that's cool.

DAREN

It's not when you can never know how the other person is dealing with the same pain you're going through; or that's at least what I think.

HELEN

What if we do find her in this universe? What would you do then?

DAREN

She would never know what we went through. It would be a waste of our time. She would definitely report me as crazy or whatever.

HELEN

Well, I don't want to give you so much hope. I will do my best.

They continue walking. A small pause is inserted.

HELEN (cont'd)

What is her name anyways?

DAREN

[EDIT]. [EDIT AND HER LAST NAME INCLUDED].

HELEN

Can't say I know anyone of that first or last name. But I will try.

DAREN

I just need to be away from all of that. I need-

HELEN (interrupts)

Reassurance. That is what you need. It seems like she didn't give you any of that.

DAREN

Well it's because she shot me in the fucking head. Here I am, in another universe with the same memories and shit.

It gets silent for a little. It is hard for Helen to believe this all on a whim. How could she ever know this is all true with it being true?

HELEN

You really have to show me that you're from another universe and not this one. It just doesn't make sense that you die and reappear. You're not a god as far as I know.

DAREN

I hope not. I don't think gods just want to reappear or to stay behind someone else's body to watch what the body goes through.

HELEN

Mhmm. We can always figure it out some way or another.

They keep walking to the linearity of this path.

CUT TO:

Scenes change through every now and then. It goes from a still panel to them going through a hallway in some hotel, to the garden that lays in the middle of these buildings, and almost like the back rooms if they are like that. It is to show the connection that ends up forming for the disruption of Daren's life. An existence so questionable yet she hangs like a parasite, unbeknownst of what she could get out of him. But she is not a parasite; more like a catalyst to bring out the real out of him. It feels real but this is not love. Love does not always have to be two opposite sex friends doing things by themselves or enjoying the day together. There is no condition to consider what love is and that is because the sole idea of what love should be is gathered from people who never experienced true love. True love starts from confirmation and not what you see from the outside.

So when you see two friends enjoying this reality by themselves, ask yourself why you must immediately assume they are in love.

Are you out of love that you project your missed opportunity onto others? Are you feeling hopeless and project a false narrative for you to bother yourself from loneliness?

Whatever it is, they never fall in love in this story or at all. So accept it as it is.

CUT TO:

INT. HELEN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The scene shots from an aerial look of Daren waking up on a couch. The night seemed to have taken them back to her house. She sleeps perfectly upstairs where he is taken away from the land of couches. He slowly gets up; the coffee table shows a couple of shooters and some magazines. Not much of a hangover but it almost feels like it.

CUT TO:

Daren goes upstairs to find Helen and her mentality. It is probably reassuring that he knows he is not in some other universe.

CUT TO:

He knocks on the door and immediately opens from the other side. She is getting dressed to go somewhere.

DAREN

What time is it? Where are you going, dude?

HELEN

It's 9 in the morning. A Wednesday. I have school, asshole.

DAREN

Oh fuck, so do I.

He goes downstairs to pack everything he brought over.

HELEN (from afar)

You need a ride?

DAREN

Uh yeah I do. Thanks.

The scene clips the side of the front door inside and shows both of them leaving in a hurry. It is like a collage of actions playing until the collage disappears from the event caused by opening a door.

CUT TO:

In the wildest coordinates he finds himself in, some things do not change at all. Such that The Girl still exists. In this universe. With some slightly altered memories.

CUT TO:

INT. ROUNDHOUSE CAFE - NIGHT

// December 15, 2019

Thinking everything is fine, his world starts to turn even more.

By time, school has finished so work has been more abundant for him and his friends. It almost feels like he lives here with the expense of heavy trauma that could potentially have no recovery. After all, Hope does not seem to exist here but everyone else does, fortunately.

In the middle of talking to Terra about relationships and how things are going, someone comes through the restaurant and focuses on the cafe. The way the cafe is setup is far from the entrance of the diner. You take a left immediately, and it is about a 30-40 meter walk just to get to the scent of coffee since there is a huge brewer right in front of the entrance that is inside, too.

This person wears a fluffy pink jacket with jeans that resemble the style of "boyfriend jeans" as a high rise. Her peach tattoo sticks out the most from the cropped, long sleeved shirt she wears under the jacket.

As soon as she gets close, she answers out to Daren shyly. Lost. Almost like he had been missing and she finally found him after so long.

THE GIRL  
Daren?

\*\*\*\*\*[PLAY "WISH YOU'D ASK ME" AT THIS POINT]\*\*\*\*\*

SOME RANDOM STREET - NIGHT

// December 15, 2019; right after work

The scene panels to the passenger side this whole time.

The Girl is driving with Daren in the passenger seat. It seems to give off that parent talk vibe where the child has done wrong, and the parent gives the child this long, lengthy lecture about what is right and what is wrong. Although it is not that, it is about how The Girl missed him and how he missed her. Really, he is stunned at the fact she exists here, assuming all persons he loved did not exist in this universe. So, what really is different? Just Hope never setting foot here? Or what?

THE GIRL

Did you get my text about two months ago?

DAREN

I got nothing from you.

THE GIRL

I was talking about the tweets you have sent then and who Hope was. Who is she?

DAREN

I don't recall tweeting then. I was too impaired to do so. And Hope? Some random person that is not in my life anymore.

THE GIRL

I'm sorry to hear.

DAREN

Haha it's whatever.

Cars and lights passing by make the most of the scenery and energy at play. A soft silence occurs until she abruptly kills it.

THE GIRL

I miss you.

Daren looks at her with wonder. What does she know? What was her memory of that day when he died? The riots? What does she know?

DAREN

I miss you, too.

It feels all weird but even he cannot get himself to ask her about what happened around that time. It is like he does not want to know. Does she know he died for real? Does she know this is not the real him? Was there ever a Daren before he came into this world? What is really going-

THE GIRL (interrupts)

When I texted you, it gave me a sense of emergency that I knew something was wrong beyond what I had worried about. It reminded me of our adventures, our talks, and the good times. I miss you and your mind.

DAREN

You know what they all say?

THE GIRL

What do they say?

DAREN

Exactly that.

She chuckles.

THE GIRL

We are here. Do you work tomorrow?

They arrive at her house. It starts to snow and things feel fine once more arriving at a place that he has known for so long. His safe haven.

DAREN

No. I could spend the night here. I mean I didn't bring the drink for nothing.

THE GIRL

It looks good. What is it again?

They get out of the car after pulling into the garage.

DAREN

It is some gingerbread liquor. I would assume it would be good in hot chocolate or something.

THE GIRL

It seriously does.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GIRL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Just as it has always been, the sweet entrance to her house is like a feeling of comfort that he could never come out of. It brings memories but all good. He definitely could live here his whole life if he wanted to. Not a single doubt about that.

Her cats come out to greet him in the most cat manner there is and her mom seems to be asleep from the ambience that fills up the space. Her living room, as big as ever, always feels enormous despite how accustomed he is to this house. Something about the gaping, expanding space of the living room feels more comforting than being shot in the head.

THE GIRL

I don't really have much to say besides that I'm glad you're okay.

DAREN

I always have been.

He comes in for a hug. A warming hug that means more than feelings.

DAREN (cont'd)

I don't know what-

THE GIRL

You don't have to apologize or anything.

She goes over the counter and to the cabinet above to grab them. They are Hello Kitty shot glasses. How **ironic**.

They go over to the living room and place everything on the table that has miscellaneous things that make it more homey than nothing covering the top layer. They sit down on the carpet and enjoy the liquor shot by shot over a calming conversation of catching up. You can tell how drunk they get by the sincerity of each sentence and its pragmatic value.

THE GIRL

Do you remember when the ferris wheel wasn't covering the wall?

DAREN

I do. You had it installed back in sophomore year right before you left to-

THE GIRL (interrupts)

Yeah. I know. What a weird trip I took.

DAREN

Not weird. I think it was needed. I feel like as kids, we need some sort of escape to discover ourselves a little more.

THE GIRL

But I mean I was young. I was learning and still am.

DAREN

But that's it: you will continuously learn about something regardless of how old you are. It's a good thing to start early even if it's about yourself so you can avoid all the weird stuff later.

THE GIRL

I'm not sure how I feel about that.

She takes another shot. So does Daren.

THE GIRL (cont'd)

This is good by the way.

DAREN

My friend got it for me right before I left. He told me that he would get it for me someday and it happened to be this day.

THE GIRL

He is clutch for that.

DAREN

Honestly.

They pour the glasses again and immediately take another. Daren is trying his best to keep up, but he is still not used to this continuous drinking. This cannot be a habit. Please. I mean it.

DAREN (cont'd)

I hope I can get another one soon. This is way too good.

He grabs the bottle and takes another shot.

THE GIRL

You might as well finish it.

DAREN

You think so?

THE GIRL

Yeah. I can always smoke to catch up.

He grabs the bottle once more and chugs it down. It was not bad at all.

THE GIRL

Hell yeah.

DAREN

I doubt I will get hammered for it being such a low alcohol content.

THE GIRL

The quicker; the faster you get drunk.

He looks around after setting the bottle back to the table next to them. This seems so casually produced for a movie. Just the two of them. Only them.

THE GIRL (cont'd)

You know, I always wondered what happened between us. Like why did we stop talking.

DAREN  
It was because of...

He gulps and finishes off the rest.

DAREN (cont'd)

My ex. Hope was a good person but it felt like I couldn't talk to people like you. She knows of our history, so she always thought you were bad news.

THE GIRL

I honestly get it. I feel like if I were in her shoes, I would sort of feel the same way. Just not so tyrannical.

DAREN

It was like we never got to speak to each other for so long. I just wished things were different because you are the greatest friend in my life. Like number one. Nobody gets me like you do, [EDIT].

THE GIRL

I can say the same. I am just sorry about senior year.

DAREN

You shouldn't be. I was just so cooped up about a thing that I never told you about. I felt like our history was like that in general: I don't tell you what should be told and boom, we go our separate ways.

THE GIRL

Do you mind saying what it was?

DAREN

I don't mind.

He thinks about her more. Like in a conversation, you do not necessarily think of the person you are speaking to but think of what you are going to say next or how you are going to avoid rude cues and such. Instead, he thinks about her more and more. Almost like he wants to kiss her like that one time... but he strains away from it. He knows he is drunk and avoids interrupting like a madman for the quest of dreams. A love he will never let go.

DAREN (cont'd)

I just wished you'd ask me about why you did the things you did when you came back. From your temporary trip to California, to that one guy that kept resurfacing. The weeks of us hanging out so much to doing things I didn't like at the time really left me out a lot despite how much we saw each other. Yes, I am talking about smoking or drinking then. I tried my best to not mind it because it got in our way of being close because it brought more and more people into it. I know you know we weren't dating but I really liked you and I just wanted to spend time with you and nothing else. It sounds selfish as hell.

I know.

She seemed confused but acknowledged everything perfectly. Just like she always does.

THE GIRL

I didn't know.

DAREN (cont'd)

But you did. You knew I liked you again and I always do. I even wrote you a 17-page paper of how much you mean to me; that you are my everything. I just don't know how to talk to you about the things that bother me, so there is compromise in whatever happens.

Daren does not make eye contact the entire time. He feels ashamed. He knows it is really his fault just like always.

DAREN (cont'd)

I don't ever want to lose you as a person. Sometimes, I like to think that we are not friends but more. Not dating but something that fits our condition of spiritual attachment.

She looks amazed.

DAREN (cont'd)

Sometimes, I wish you'd ask me about how I feel, too.

\*\*\*\*\* [PLAY "ALL 9 LIVES" AT THIS POINT] \*\*\*\*\*

(This is supposed to be a metaphor within a metaphor. Well, subliminal messages at their max. So, listen to this song until it ends. I want to have a visual for this as soon as this comes out. Just imagine The Girl and Daren hanging out nonstop. A montage of them binge watching Broad City on Hulu, her visiting him at work, kitchen talks, etc.)

**[VISUAL]**

ICARUS  
In every dream I have...

SURACI  
Yes, it's just us.

... but I am never yours to begin with...

\*\*\*\*\*[PLAY "JUPITER" AT THIS POINT]\*\*\*\*\*  
INT. DAREN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

The TV plays a random news station and talks about a virus that has spread within the corners of Asia. It does not seem problematic but eventually, and sorry to spoil the moment, it does.

Daren comes out of the room in a rush-like manner to the kitchen. He passes the TV without a single worry of what is to come. It is like he knows but every wrong in this world becomes too neutralized like a tornado or euthanasia.

CUT TO:

KITCHEN

He gets to the kitchen to find The Girl by the end of the table. She is eating an omelet she made herself.

THE GIRL

This is really good by the way.

Daren looks at her with confusion.

DAREN

What are you doing here? I thought you left or ran out.

THE GIRL

From you? No. How could I?

DAREN

Because I'm a horrible human.

She gets up to kiss him on the cheek..

THE GIRL

You're the least horrible human I know.

She leaves the scene as Daren wonders and smiles from the kiss.

But you have figured, right? They have gotten a thing going on and it appears to be bliss. A happy, merry-go-round of emotions whether that is subjective confusion or unreached joviality, it is something to watch from afar. Daren could have never seen it himself that he would be in this together-ship with her after long years of death, pain, and suffering and now, it is just like that? What makes it that it is so easy to be with the girl of your dreams through all or most levels of suffering? What cruel, magical idea was it that the necessary conditions to achieve your dream or wish is to simply suffer? What tragic tales subliminally let one configure a notion that the psychological component of misery must be an association of a journey taken? Where are the people talking about this and why is any of this okay?

Honestly, it brings Daren to a point of acceptance and settles on the fact that he is here. Right here. With Her. As he always wanted since 2013.

Sometimes, it is not a cyclic consequent or some enzymatic paradox of pure chaos. What happens in life happens for the reason that we are in the reason for living. It is hard to put a word after but knowing yourself, you should come up with what feels comfortable, no?

CUT TO:

THE GIRL'S HOUSE

After a long day at work, he gets to her house with open arms. He arrives like a dad coming home to children running up to him; really, they are cats. The

Girl comes around to hug him and to tell him about her day. She pulls out a bowl and gives it to him to smoke.

THE GIRL

I already have Broad City on unless you want to do something else.

DAREN

That is just fine. I need to know more about Abbi Or Ilana. The show is interesting.

THE GIRL

I had a small feeling you didn't like it.

DAREN

I just love the randomness. I like things without structure. The awareness of the uncertainty makes things more intriguing.

The Girl laughs and brings him around the living room; she grabs him by the bicep and leads him as if she is to lead him to safety.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM, TV'S POV

The TV faces the kitchen, and seeing them hop onto the couch seems too casual. They get close to cuddle and press play to continue wherever they left out. The TV plays and settles the environment.

THE GIRL

What are you thinking about?

DAREN

Not much. Just happy to be here with you.

THE GIRL

No, I mean your thoughts. Like the deep shit.

DAREN

I started on the precipice of logic and how it connects to origins and the problem with subjectivity and objectivity. I am on this tangent that everything is subjective, but I'm trying to find the perfect argument. At this point, I feel like finding an argument to that is subjective and is coined an invalid part of this whole thought process. Almost like we need to let go of logic but because I have gotten to this stage of thoughts.

THE GIRL

You ever think that maybe it is just society controlling that?

DAREN

What do you mean?

THE GIRL

Like entertaining this process to make you forget about the present or understanding the real problems. I mean from what you said, a problem doesn't feel problematic but an idea. Like why must we feel it can endanger a condition in human life?

DAREN

A problem definitely constitutes endangering some condition or the consequent of that condition. Maybe the antecedent, too. Whatever it is, it causes a disruption to prior intent. I mean I hope that is what it can be defined universally.

THE GIRL

Yeah. Like that. I love that. I really do.

She looks at him and gives him a kiss. Then the kiss turns into a makeout. It only lasts about a minute realistically.

THE GIRL (cont'd)

I'm high but I understand everything. Sometimes, I wonder why you came up with that name for your twitter.

DAREN

What username are you talking about?

THE GIRL

A-T-U Dee. Like what made you come up with that?

Daren thinks about it and realizes that it is the same from the previous universe. What could this mean? Are all Darens the same or live a structurally similar life? He does not let this inundate him and continues to prevent more worry if there is any. To him, she is just the same as before and vice versa.

DAREN

I really don't know. I guess I wanted to be anonymous.

He is too stoned to think about it formally. That is his best way of saying "being secretive when making fun of people who should get made fun of for being outrageously stupid." Long but accurate.

THE GIRL

I like it. I have this interest to know how people function and where they come up with things so spontaneously. This is one of them. I wonder how you think so sporadically. I wanna know it and learn it.

This, to Daren, feels like another way of saying "I love you" and in all honesty, it really is; to have this passion to understand someone individually feels so sincere. It is like "why, out of anybody in this world, would you want to know what goes inside my head?" and that already feels so strong. What more can you get from someone having a deep fondness for your inner thoughts or your unconscious? This is how Daren views a true love: the love for someone's mystery.

And as much Daren wants to say it, he cannot. I mean he has always had feelings for her since the day of connecting from socks to a spiritual bond. Something blocks him and whether it is time or recent relationships, he knows it is not good for now. But he does. He loves her.

Daren loves The Girl. He really does. But saying it promotes societal blends and nothing authentic. The word "love" skewed itself in the human realm and became more of the want to feel than the want to know. Although conditional and thus biased, it seems like you can only get so much from feeling than knowing since knowledge is boundless.

He continues to stare. He gives her a light kiss.

DAREN

That was warming, [EDIT]. I don't know what to say.

THE GIRL

It's okay, Daren.

She places her hand on his face. It feels more...

THE GIRL (cont'd)

I don't expect you to say anything. I just wanted you to know.

DAREN

Thank you. I hadn't known you cared so much.

THE GIRL  
Why wouldn't I? You're my friend.

The TV is still playing and some noises of Broad City get a little interruptive. The scene is still focused on them but closer.

DAREN

I know. We have known each other for so long. I-I am just overthinking I guess.  
I appreciate your words.

THE GIRL

And I appreciate you, Daren.

They make this contact to a point where someone must say "I love you" but that does not come out. It is loose and out there, yet nobody has the balls to say it. Does she love him like he does? Is it any similar to what he feels?

It is really hard to tell despite the muscle movements, eye placement, tone, choice of words, etc. etc...

But it is never hard to tell when it is certain through ulterior motives.

\*\*\*\*\*[PLAY "INTOLEWD" AT THIS POINT]\*\*\*\*\*

I don't need a sign.

// Sometime in late January 2020

HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Having the days spent so much with The Girl, Daren has spent a lot of days with his sister, too. Going on random adventures far from their town to explore other towns late at night. Whatever was 24/7 was a place to riot and to make note for future references when the days are sunny and not too cold.

In the time of October to early December, he can remember it feeling like absolute hell since his beloved lover, or so he thought, killed him and somehow transported him to another universe where nobody knows what truly happened. Besides a god or "person" that must have told him his whereabouts, then it should not be so crazy, right?

With all that said, it is definitely a sensical matter that all the drinking and being away are the means to forget about her. Has it worked? Possibly. Is he still on the lookout for her in this world? Possibly. Through the media, not a single relation has been made or connection to really make a deep dive. It is like she is truly gone. If so, why this world and not one where she does exist but is a completely different ending? Where she does not kill him but dumps him on good terms?

Whatever the situation, it has been long for him to care. Too much heartache caused him to forget about her existence and too much going out. It is living life but forgetting it, too, in the remedial senses.

He is out driving to the Northern part of his state with his sister. They are blasting music by Matt Maltese to songs from Igor by Tyler, The Creator. Even if he has forgotten, these songs are trapped in thought of her. He can live life, explore, and be in love somewhere else but deep down, she is still there.

Hope still exists.

// Thank you for all the trips, best friend (my sis and i call each other that a lot)

\*\*\*\*\*[PLAY "KRYSTAL" AT THIS POINT]\*\*\*\*\*

// February 14, 2020  
URBANA-CHAMPAIGN - DAY  
When you think things would not get worse, it sure does.

The last week of her winter break was full of unnecessary encounters and lots of... yeah. It was enough to really throw Daren off from his nature and to continue something he really thought was true and real.

Sorry to spoil the moment. It is better to say it than to experience it all over again. But stories must be told anyways, right?

CUT TO:

The scene switches to Daren in the apartment of The Girl's where she goes to school. He is waiting for after dropping her off for class. And yes, he did come all the way from his town to visit her for Valentine's day because he knew it would be more meaningful as their relationship is popping off in a good start. Despite the distance, the connection is strong. It goes from Hellos to absolutely nothing in days. Daren thinks it is just her busy nature as a college student but it is worse than you think.

He waits on the couch, watching tv in her silly apartment. It is full of pink hues and whites, too. Almost similar to her room with the exception of blues not existing.

He gets a text from her:

THE GIRL: I'm out!

DAREN: gotta show me around here when I scoop

THE GIRL: you know i will

He goes out for the keys by the coffee table in front of him and heads out straight to the door. It is as immediate as the texts.

CUT TO:

UIUC

He comes by some parking lot to see her from a distance. He drives her car and it feels so weird. The Priuses are something out of a comfort movie. She comes by really quick. She wears the same pink jacket since it is still cold outside. It is only February 14 of 2020...

THE GIRL  
Hello.  
DAREN  
Hi.

They lean in for a kiss.

DAREN (cont'd)

How was class?

THE GIRL

The usual. I just got out of my logic class and had gotten our quizzes back.

DAREN

How did you do?

As he drives, he sees people he knows. It stuns him a little but continues to go back to her place and listen to her day.

THE GIRL

I got a C and that is only because I did not study the day before.

DAREN

I never study. I don't know how anyone does and I don't mean it in a bad way. Just takes more time and I want to do everything, so I try my best to retain it when lectured the same day.

THE GIRL

I would say you have a good memory or plan to have a good memory. You're testing it to a far extreme. I like it.

After a while, they get in the small parking lot next to the building of apartments. They get out and head straight to her place.

CUT TO:

THE GIRL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Heading straight inside, the scene stills on them from the far side of the place since it is more linear than mixed or cornered. They set everything aside and go to her room to talk.

THE GIRL

Hey, can you turn around? I wanna show you something.

DAREN

Sure.

He turns around as he sits on the bed. He hears ruffling from the back as if she is going through clothes.

Some time passes and the ruffling stops.

THE GIRL

Okay, you can turn now.

He turns around and... that is all to be said. No kissing and telling.

```
cut.scene(INFORMAL("luh-st"));
set.blockTo(?);
```

LIVING ROOM - DAY

After production of energy, it became a settled environment of peace and quiet. Daren sits on the table, writing things on a **red notebook** that feels so familiar. It says "Write" on the front. The Girl is in the small kitchen, heating up a kettle she has. Nothing is really being exchanged besides looks and the background noise of the TV. Something is playing but not really sure what it is. Broad City? Rick and Morty? Anything, really.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It gets dark and a friend of hers shows up to get ready to go out. Despite the day being for couples, it is really a day to get lit. With it being a college town, a lot of parties are up and going. A Friday, too, only means the huge ones will be the target.

LEXI

How are you doing?

DAREN

Good. I have never been here or experienced a college town. It's chaotic but I love it.

LEXI

It gets like this every weekend. You get used to it after a while.

DAREN

I would if I went here.

The two are just getting ready by putting on makeup and such. The two discuss what place to go or what is open. Lexi brings up her bf being a bartender around here and being able to have a cut bill. It seems like the most reasonable spot to go if most of the drinks are cut.

Soon after, a song by Childish Gambino plays off of Lexi's phone. Specifically "The Palisades" off of Kauai.

DAREN  
No way you listen to this.  
LEXI  
I love Childish Gambino. This song is soooo good.  
DAREN  
I am like the only fan he has in Aurora.

A mistake he has made. He is a little tipsy from drinking earlier.

THE GIRL (re: DAREN)  
Um. Do you know we grew up on him?  
DAREN  
Oh yeah, we did. I am so sorry.

He relocates to Lexi.

DAREN (cont'd)  
So WE are his biggest fans. I wouldn't say it is how we met but it is how we grew our connection through his philosophy and all that he spoke about.

It is something he circulates that he forgot to implement her into his words/statement. Does it mean anything serious because he is a little off the alcohol or what? Does any of this really matter? Eh, no. Just a mistake.

CUT TO:

SOME RANDOM HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

In the events that do play out, Daren, The Girl, and Lexi are found in some house around the corner. Prior to going there, they went to the bar to pregame; the bill was totally cut and a lot of drinks were definitely drunk. Being here only makes the exception because there is no bill and there is absolutely no limit to go by.

In the quick instance of being there, so many things were being passed around from blunts, cigs, and jungle juice. It felt more than a party to him because at home, it was just one bottle and the music to cover the night. Here, it is everything you could imagine. If you wanted to, you could go upstairs and 100% find somebody doing coke. It is that kind of party.

Well dancing in the most random part of the house, Daren tries to conjure a conversation. It seems impossible really.

DAREN  
What we doing afterwards?  
THE GIRL  
You. Me. Bed.  
DAREN  
I do need a goodnight rest.  
THE GIRL  
No, the other thing.  
DAREN

Oh, right. I'm down.

Just in a split second, it feels like everything crumbles. The thoughts rush in for him to think about what it means to be human in this world and to do all the things he is doing right now. Is this a good purpose? Is this a mistake you need? Is this a mistake in general? Whatever the case is, living in the now is probably the most beneficial thought he can end off on to not go crazy about anything.

After some time, they start to head out. The funny thing is that everyone is extremely drunk. It seems like walking has to be the best option even in the cold.

CUT TO:

THE GIRL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Somehow getting home safe is more relaxing to know than how they actually got home which will be left 6ft under for now. Everyone gets back like they got off a 12 hour shift without a single break for themselves. Everyone seems to be rushing to specific locations, whereas Daren stands to watch them all disappear from the scene.

This is how it feels every time. A subtle realization every time he goes out to party: he is still alone no matter what.

CUT TO:

BATHROOM

He goes over to the bathroom to see The Girl throwing up. He tries to comfort her even when it feels like it is not working. She just coddles the toilet with her whole life. Not much is being said or if anything else is going on. Her friend comes around to support, too.

LEXI

I got this if you need to rest.

DAREN

I need to throw up too.

When realizing that, he immediately runs out the front door.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE - NIGHT

Upon showing up in the scene outside, he holds onto a beam nearby and starts hacking inside. It is disgusting but this is the lifestyle he chose. It feels so worthless to drink for sometime only to feel the worst the rest of the night and morning. It does not help anything but make you feel more unimportant about things in your life.

SOMEONE

This is why you lose the people in your life.

Daren looks around to see where that came from. Nobody. Nothing. He resumes throwing up or trying to, at least.

SOMEONE

You know, if someone actually cared, they would have watched themselves to take care of you, too.

He looks and wonders around.

DAREN  
Hello? Who is that?

Nobody. Nothing.

DAREN (cont'd)  
I don't know what you think or say, but I best believe someone cares with or without their own health but their presence aligned.

SOMEONE  
Drunk sayings are not sober thoughts. I hope someday you realize this for your own benefit and health.

He pulls out another set of liquids. After finishing, he talks again.

DAREN  
Okay. I helped. I care. They don't always need to.

SOMEONE  
But people show affection or sympathy through the worst of it all. Even in their darkest days, the light they show you provides all the signs you need to know if they care truly.

DAREN  
I don't know. This is just one instance.

SOMEONE  
Has it really? How could you ever know if someone went all out just for you to be okay? What did they go through to make sure you are feeling better? Not alone?

DAREN  
I-I don't know. I don't need to think about this.

SOMEONE  
You will. You soon will.

Daren ignores the last part and heads back inside. After that, everything just went black. To even end curiosity, he is placed in the bed to wake himself up in the morning to check everything else. That is for later as his "lifeless" body rests upon the bed. The Girl is not here, for she is possibly still throwing up. She does recover and find herself back on the bed. Nothing happens; just recovery for the both of them.

Daren has a dream. Someone watches from outside. It must be something new. It must be a sign for him to "wake up" properly.

\*\*\*\*\* [PLAY "WEDDING SINGER" AT THIS POINT] \*\*\*\*\*

CUT TO:  
INT. SOME SALON FOR A WEDDING - MIDDAY  
You can see what seems to be a mid-aged man sitting by a table alone. Nobody is really here yet. It looks like it could start any soon but really, it also

feels like everyone has vanished and he decided to stay behind for whatever reason. Maybe he awaits something.

This is Daren in his late 40s. It appears to be and he attends a wedding for a longtime friend. It is not shown who/m, but from what the inside looks, it is enough to say everyone is in good stability.

Daren wears formal wear: a white long shirt, a green tie to represent the color of the day, some well-fitted dress pants that do not run long on the bottom, and diesel shoes to fit the environment; maybe his soul.

CHEF

So, you're doing a performance for them?

OLDER DAREN

Yeah, I was invited last minute to perform. It feels awkward because I haven't seen them in a while. How do I tell him I didn't want to do this at all?

CHEF

Well, you could've said no as soon as he told you about it. It would've saved you a lot. Plus, why are you telling me this?

OLDER DAREN

I think I'm just afraid.

CHEF

To perform?

OLDER DAREN

No, to see everyone else. I'm in my 40s and I'm not married. I have no kids. I have nobody.

CHEF

Shit. I'm sorry.

OLDER DAREN

I always thought to myself that I would never contact anybody in my hometown. I guess this agreement to perform was to see how everyone else is doing. Their families. Their occupations. Their new lives. 30 years away from everything we all went through.

CHEF

I only conjure food. I'm not a therapist.

OLDER DAREN

I don't need pity. I need someone to hear me out.

CHEF

Okay.

OLDER DAREN

I think it will go well despite the emptiness I harbor. Besides, I asked for this. I just didn't think it would be worse than I thought when everyone around has what I avoided. Why must it be that hard to be okay with things I don't want but others have?

CHEF

I couldn't tell you. Are you hungry by chance?

OLDER DAREN

If the bar is open, any double bourbon would do.

The chef leaves the scene as the older Daren puts his head down and sighs. It is just another moment of relief to have something be acknowledged.

The thing about this older Daren is that he stuck to his idea that he deserves nobody as nobody deserves him. It was not any reserved ideology to stay sane or to be away from the feeling of love but because he could not understand connectability like others with their partners. There was always some disconnect that led to one downfall after the other. That disconnect was and is

the major culprit to everything because then, he was extremely emotionally unintelligent, falling for the worst scenario and taking it as the next big thing. It was black and white to him, assuming all prejudices on a psychoanalytical note and presuming that he is despised or having reluctance for true emotion. He was always 100% but even then, that 100% considered more breadcrumbs than the paper mache of a person, having forgotten what it means to be real or to be false in connection. Always, he overthought and forgot a lot about the things he truly wanted in a person and instead gave in to the feelings on the counter. "Give or take" felt more risky; more energy. That is what he strived for.

In all, he found himself to be the most lonely human in the world.

Because he didn't accept his nature, he didn't accept himself.  
All because he was too wrapped around being hurt by the person who he trusted and spiritually/divinely loved the most: The Girl.

CUT TO:

WEDDING - NIGHT

After a while, the wedding gets packed and is filled chair to chair. Everyone has families; kids and a lifelong partner. It feels so romantic but it also feels solemn. The idea of weddings and being accepted to a thought-terminating process to temporary inclinations for a permanent notion of bonding is really riveting that people accept these absurdities to their lives, knowing everything else is just as absurd as this. Even to allow a third party to be part of this bond feels more contradicting to any other tradition that people keep intact.

As soon as the environment gets more controlled, the performance is soon to start. Daren sits by a table with others he recalls from his days of being 20.

OLDER BRIAN

I have so many good memories of him. We went to school on the westside in our hometown. He really took advantage of being young to the fullest extent.

OLDER CRISTINE

And he is one of the brightest people we know. He was valedictorian, no?

OLDER DAREN (re: CRISTINE)

No. That was Vina.

Everyone looks at him only because he has been silent a majority of the time. His own words were his greetings. Nothing else to bring to the table.

BRIAN'S WIFE

Daren, right?

OLDER DAREN

Yeah, why?

Brian and the others continue to converse. It feels so one-sided here.

BRIAN'S WIFE

Oh nothing. Well, Brian spoke a lot about you. Smart, funny, and brave for the most part. His greatest memory of you is when y'all did that "mission" to egg Ryan's car.

OLDER DAREN

That was a time in our lives that is unforgettable.

BRIAN'S WIFE

Like you and his friends.

It feels personal now.

BRIAN'S WIFE (cont'd)  
I can tell you're upset.  
OLDER DAREN

If you're going to say because I'm alone or whatever, it isn't that. I'm performing up there so I'm a bit nervous.

BRIAN'S WIFE  
My apologies.  
OLDER DAREN

Don't trip. I have other things to worry about.

A clinging is heard from afar.

OLDER KYLE

Ever since he and I became buddies, it was the end of all scrutiny because boy, did we do the most dumb crap growing up. From cutting his hair in the middle of class to watching each other score the degrees we deserve, there is nothing more cherishable than brotherhood. To the good days and bad, I applaud this man and his wonderful wife for a good journey here on out.

Everyone applauds. It is too happy to be sad at the corner table.

OLDER KYLE

Without further ado, a good friend from the beyond has come down to give a performance. Not that kind but a pleasant song from the ocean.

Daren stands up awkwardly. He starts to walk to the mini stage that belongs in the middle of the tables. It is the main locus point. He gets on top and works the mic to make sure it functions properly.

OLDER DAREN

Hello. Hello. I'm Daren. I'm sure you guys remember me being the silly kid I was then. I hope everyone is doing well. Take another shot if you need.

It is quiet only to give him the silence he needs to focus.

OLDER DAREN

A word before I begin. It seems life is going well for everyone. I see old friends that haven't reached out in years with families of their own, I see those I don't recognize but only say that you have grown so much since the days of being young and dumb, I see acquaintances that I would have never guessed were or became friends with him outside of high school, and I see others with a name I can conjure if you gave me more time to ponder. My point comes across as bold and fortunate: that despite the challenges we all went through, we all managed to find ourselves in this bubble all over again. The world is absolutely huge and still rotating. Who would have thought our singularities would converge at this very moment? Who would have guessed that I am to be speaking in front of everyone that I ran away from?

It is more quiet than quiet.

OLDER DAREN (cont'd)  
Regardless, I am happy to be here. Especially to see those I loved long ago with partners of their own.

He makes eye contact with a table afar from his. The scene cuts to The Girl and her husband and two children. It is horrible to witness something like this that you think would spend eternity with them only for it to be a fluke in space. They are soulmates but in this universe...

OLDER DAREN (cont'd)  
Anyways, the song: "Wedding Singer" by Matt Maltese.

The song begins to play. It feels more like karaoke than him doing a cover of the song. He starts to sing as everyone resumes to dining in. It is just more background music to fill the space inbetween the wedding. Some people gather in front to dance a little or people shout in the midst of conversation like it is a concert.

Eventually, the performance ends, everyone applauds, and he goes back to his table. He is greeted with congratulations for his performance.

OLDER MICHAEL  
I didn't know you could sing.  
OLDER DAREN  
I didn't know until I ran away back in 2020.  
OLDER MICHAEL  
Oh, you.  
OLDER DAREN  
Absolutely.

He sits down and the piano man goes back to his regular hour of playing background music.

OLDER MICHAEL  
So, Daren. Is there anyone special in your life?  
OLDER DAREN  
Nobody is worth my time.  
OLDER MICHAEL  
Oh, c'mon. When was the last time you were talking to someone? There has to be that special person in your life.

Daren turns to see if he is feeling another drink in him. This conversation is pretty much an incentive to drink more.

OLDER DAREN  
About 5 years ago. I met up with someone on a blind date. He was cool until I found out he was married to some woman and has a whole family. Ever since, I just resumed my false obligation to stay lonely. Before that, some woman from the area I stay in. She runs like I do, writes, and reads a lot of books. I thought she was really someone I could spend most of my time with. Our talks were never dead or corny. Something unconjurable. We knew nothing was planned; it just happened and we went along with it. It was beautiful.

OLDER MICHAEL  
What happened to her?

OLDER DAREN  
She's gay. The entire time I was falling for her, she thought we were becoming real best friends. I ended up confessing my feelings; it made her feel like that is what every guy she tries to befriend does. She commented on the whole

"opposite sexes can never be friends" and well, I just grew feelings because I  
guess...

OLDER MICHAEL (completes sentence)

You were alone? And that being alone in some friendship makes you feel not  
alone, thus growing feelings. I'm sorry, man.

OLDER DAREN

It's fine. We still talk every now and then. She is trying to move to Europe  
now. I heard that from another friend, not from her.

Daren gets up.

OLDER DAREN (cont'd)

I'ma get another drink. You want something?

OLDER MICAHEL

Something bubbly.

CUT TO:

BAR

Daren walks over to the bar. There are two people by the farther right side.  
Daren leans to get the attention of the bartender.

BARTENDER

Another round of bourbon?

OLDER DAREN

Make that a triple instead of a double. Also a good prosecco for my friend.

BARTENDER

Gotcha.

Daren turns 180 to view the rest of the people gathering for each other and to  
the newlyweds. It is beautiful to admire the scenery of people from long ago  
coming together in a moment like this, especially where they all grew up. It  
just does not feel real from the loneliness produced from conversation.

Wanting to know of his sad life is just another portrait anybody else can hang:  
it is there to memorialize but nothing too special since everyone is passing by  
it every single minute. Just another human that came across their lives for  
some temporary value.

Daren comes back with the drinks and finds everyone missing. He sets Michael's  
drink down and starts sipping his drink immediately. He then sees them dancing  
with the bride. As much as he would join, it probably feels best to stay  
behind. He then sees The Girl dancing along with her husband. It is still soul  
crushing to this old age he admits.

Just another story in some other world. Just another bystander somewhere. In a  
sad universe far from here...

\*\*\*\*\* [PLAY "CURL UP & DIE" AT THIS POINT] \*\*\*\*\*

CUT TO:

INT. THE GIRL'S ROOM - MORNING

Daren finds himself still on the bed after the rough night. He does not try to get up as he challenges the frame of nonexistence for a while; The Girl is not there but somewhere in the living room. He can hear her speak of things that do not sound good to start with. At this point, it is best for him to stay behind.

It is just her and Lexi speaking about love and how it changed their whole directory of life. Although he was not awake to hear it if it were brought up, his name was never mentioned anywhere. It is safe to say he is not much of what he thought he was or is in her life. From the whole trying to know her in many ways, the little crushes in middle school, to finally hearing "I love you" from her just for it to be all a dream but a subliminal manner of the world proving that she has remorse for him,

it was all a lie.

Maybe, she never loved him; maybe, she never cared. A lot can be presented to show the holes in his thinking of her emotions, but as of now, it is best to keep oneself away from trouble if there are that many holes. How can you fix something or try to get closure when there is too much to converse on? A lot of potholes break the journey; and it is already broken. Been from the start of this "thing" they were trying. Trying? Impossible. Impossible. Impossible.

But that is okay. Daren knows his life currently goes in a direction unheard of. Nobody knows of his struggle of Hope, so why would it matter to anyone if he were to say a thing about this? It is just another failed relationship in his book. The longest rom-com gone wrong.

CUT TO:

// A week later

BRYAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

A week has gone and Daren visits Bryan, his cousin, about this whole scenario. He tells him about how whole life is a fraud, stolen from whatever the likes of the higher powers want from him. He feels robbed, lost, and invisible to ever share his emotions. He can only trust him with almost anything because he, too, shares like mentalities. It sounds selfish but it is for everyone's best interest.

DAREN

I need to check something.

BRYAN

That is...?

He goes on his phone to go through stories on Snapchat. The motive is unclear but he feels certain that something is off.

DAREN

I knew it.

He turns the phone to Bryan to show him the exact location where he threw up from. It is a story of someone walking through the same set of apartments that Daren stayed in. The thing about it shows a set of flowers, the same ones he gave to The Girl, right outside the door.

As he thought of then, it becomes more clear now. This was never supposed to be some love story or a regathering of their old candle. When two people truly want each other, they prove it in every other way than saying it because only words can feel so much before it is either forgotten or left without promise.

Where he did not prove much either, The Girl knew he was not much for her, too. It was not love ever and whatever happened in this universe could have had a factor to this trajectory. Was it any exact to what he experienced in middle school? The little distances from each other in high school but always coming back regardless? Even so, this only proves a lot because they are adults: you have to be more conscious and honest about yourself, for you have developed way more and can comprehend on a deeper level than a kid would. So, it means more to say that an adult that is not truly honest with themself is someone you should not be with.

Let alone, even come close to one.

She was right anyways.

CUT TO:

// Another week later, sometime early March of 2020.

DAREN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Daren is seen laying on his bed with Helen right next to him. Of course, plenty of feet away. This is not some rebound part of the story or anything. It is just a vent session about love or why it exists.

The scene portrays most of it in aerial view with some clips peering from the angles to emphasize meaning in conversation.

DAREN

I don't understand why it continues like this.

HELEN

Your love life? Oh buddy. It gets worse!

DAREN

Don't tempt me with a last word.

HELEN

Sorry.

DAREN

I'm joking. There isn't anything more surprising than a recurrence. I wonder what it feels to live the same experience over and over. I need a blank slate.

HELEN

Well, all of that just sounds like running away from your problems. Wouldn't you want to fix it before it becomes a greater problem in your later future?

DAREN

I mean yeah. I would hope to figure it out. I'm just blatantly upset and wanna escape now. That is my mind running on blue fumes.

HELEN

I understand. You need to let go but the best choice is to feel it all out.

DAREN

Feel it all out... I don't think I can.

Daren turns to his side to face her. Just to emphasize a word.

DAREN (cont'd)

I understand what you want me to do but I have felt so much in so little time that I think I have fully done that. I might have not expressed it in actions but I have in words or dreams, I guess.

He turns back to face the ceiling.

DAREN (cont'd)

I don't know where all this energy goes but I wouldn't want it on anyone I dislike: to feel every bit of your soul crushing under a slow pressure on all sides just to be consumed either way in this pressure. I don't know. Just a treadmill running without a person on it; functionless.

She only turns her head towards him and then back to the ceiling.

HELEN

I suppose. You should really talk about this though. Everywhere you go. Regardless, it shouldn't be bottled up. And maybe, you can talk about other things you might have forgotten in your lifetime. This can help with further problems in your past. Let this be your catalyst to saving you.

Daren wonders what she means by "saving you" like any of these potential resolutions can save himself. Does it really occur that resolving all individual problems can recover the soul and being of the person? Does this only constitute such conclusion? What else could it bring and how more/less meaningful can it be to someone?

DAREN

I am really losing myself, Helen. The way I question my own existence; from everything to now, I feel at a loss of hope. I can't be saved if I am already dead. Not here but there. I feel like it was meant to happen anyways. My death in whatever plane of existence was necessary to comfort the problem. Even if I was the problem, too, it became less of what it shouldn't have been.

Helen turns to him. She turns back and wonders with the air in the room. She seems too stunned to speak because maybe that was the truth needed to realize he is from another universe. Nobody can really speak so down on their death but this is a passive ideal that feels essential like the universe created this order for everything else to go back in paradigm.

HELEN

So you are from another place. I'm sorry.

DAREN

I don't know how that was enough to convince you. I think I need a breather.

HELEN

We can go to Woodmans.

DAREN

Even this late is okay for you?

HELEN

Sam runs won't stop a pretty lady like me.

DAREN

Run it up, then.

HELEN

Okay, Mr. Universe.

\*\*\*\*\* [PLAY "HUMAN REMAINS" AT THIS POINT] \*\*\*\*\*

UNIVERSE 25/Rt-2

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Taking a stroll back to the prior universe, the body of The Kid was left untouched. In better news, the buildings around were near demolished after some sort of explosive. What was the reason? Was anybody killed? Did Hope make it out alive? Who was responsible for this attack?

Anyways, it seems oddly unimportant to research. The biggest pointer is how everything was just left to wither. The body of The Kid encompasses the totality of the damage induced over the years and how it was meant to be destroyed. The blood is dried up by now and everything looks like it could be tipped over by a single gust of wind.

A couple of footsteps are heard from a distance. Rubble is soon heard being kicked around to make way.

ENOCH

So, this is where it happened.

EON

Intriguing. I had no idea it had to be done here.

ENOCH

It wasn't planned. Just done out of spite.

EON

As in...?

ENOCH

It was done by her; not by us.

EON

Gotcha. I am surprised no intervention was needed. I wonder what he did to make her that upset to execute his timely death. Also, would this not change the directory of his travels?

ENOCH

He seems to be very far from here.

These two people walk over to stumble on the body of The Kid.

Rotten. Dry. Decomposing like a tree.

EON

Ew. I have seen far worse but this. The work of a mortal is just quite horrid as divine work.

ENOCH

Indeed. I need not more information.

EON

We need better security. Who knew mortals can be as devious as this. They blow up the buildings around after this death just to hide the body.

Eon gets down to examine the body.

EON

Where have they gone by chance?

ENOCH

Far. That Hope girl lives in Texas. The youngsters who orchestrated these bombings disappeared.

EON

Were they not sent by our command?

ENOCH

Your command, Eon.

EON

Oh, right. Where have they gone?

ENOCH

You are not of good service to your soldiers. They have relocated themselves to other parts of the universes He created. His bounty gets higher.

EON

That is my occupation.

ENOCH

Sometimes you need not less but more directory of your obligations.

EON

Pardon me. Are we not on the same team?

After arguing like idiots, some rubble falls apart. They both look over to the direction and slowly investigate as they become shadows on the ground to conceal their existence. They stumble across a human and follow along to witness what this person has to say.

THE GIRL

I wish we could've known each other more. The problem of us departing to return was more of a headache than heartache. You are a good soul and something I truly cherish.

She has a set of flowers on her right hand. She dropped them almost like she dropped those in front of her doorstep in the other universe.

THE GIRL (cont'd)

I would've done a lot to prevent this, but I haven't had a clue of the situation. You were so stuck in that relationship that it made you clueless to the people who actually cared about you. It made you clueless of your parents. It made you clueless to me. I tried to be there in every moment we had because nobody stuck around like you did. Despite our differences senior year, we still talked amongst the stars. Whatever and wherever you are, I am here if you want to look again.

She turns around and starts to walk away. It was almost heartwarming to hear that in this universe, she cares more than the one he traveled to. It felt necessary to be departed one last time that this was to appoint a new direction in life. Moving on sucks but this was his last one to start somewhere new whether for her or him. Even in death, there is a reminiscent feeling to these waking moments in this universe. People do not really care to put a finger on the reasons but to only care about the emotions along the way. From (0,0,0) to wherever it last found itself, being human was always a lighted category near death and after death. Especially with The Girl, it was mainly her specialty.

What life could have been with her if he had not died from the reigns of humans.

The two gods emerge from the ground in pure animation. They notice the flowers and look back to make sure she is far from their sighting.

EON

I know of her. She played a role in His life. She was not to make contact at all.

ENOCH

For what it seemed. She is just another anomaly like him.

EON

Her existence in His life made it all too known about the divine. His chaotic destruction made a pivotal point in every universe that aligned their friendship beyond. She was there to create havoc.

ENOCH

Like she did in the one where His conscience went. She dumped him horribly.

EON

But it is not Him. He tricked us, remember?

ENOCH

Suraci told us... I still cannot trust him.

EON

I do. I cannot care for his origins. If he wants to change for the better, I support it. We are gods; not mortals.

ENOCH

Even so, he saw everything Icarus said or did.

EON

Enough for us to uncover. By the way, it was his word to come back here. We felt it was not crucial, but we still ended up here.

ENOCH

Err. We can leave now.

EON

Absolutely.

The two leave the scenery as it is. The side panel of the flowers on the ground as a partial bit of The Kid is shown can say whatever you want. Whether it is a subliminal correlation to the universe Daren resides in (specifically the one in this chapter), it speaks volumes that no matter where you go, there are going to be several similarities such that nothing goes out of order in this string of universes that now exist.

Despite the suddenness of events that took place in this universe to make it more supernatural than reality, everyone seems to have forgotten who The Kid is. They pose whether he left for good as it was something he mentioned a lot in his downtime that "staying in this hometown makes you more toxic" or "nothing will ever grow in this area" if you were to say in it. Rather than looking, they forgot who he is in general. Except for The Girl, she was always looking even when things got rough. It was only this universe where she always felt the same way. No other universe produced a more empathetic version of her. How everything he could have had was more aligned with death than love.

In the distance, you see the two vanish in a quick beam that, too, disappeared quickly. The scene turns 360 to also show The Girl from a very far distance. Parallel? No. Absolutely not.

\*\*\*\*\*[PLAY "SOMEBODY I DON'T KNOW THE NAME OF" AT THIS POINT]\*\*\*\*\*

// Middle of March 2020; a couple days before the pandemic

SOME RANDOM PARTY - NIGHT

So, she was always here; just with another name.

Along the crowd of people in this small house, you see Daren and Helen by one side of the wall. Helen has a red solo cup and Daren has nothing. He did not want to come out because he fears about a virus globally spreading and feared he would contract it here with this many people.

HELEN

You gotta drink something.

DAREN

I'm good. I had some vodka lemonade earlier. I don't need more.

HELEN

Well then, I will have more for myself.

She departs since the liquor is in another room. Daren finds himself alone in a crowd of people he should not be around: the same group of humans who gather to drink, to party, to lose something true about humanity. It feels all so redundant as they constantly question their existence and fallible manners just to find themselves in a gray area of drunkenness and absence of sentience. What is there to solve without a general conscience that accepts sentience? When you lose it, it does not have the idea of what "feel" or "feelings" are. You are senseless to parts by millions of compounds that hinder your human ability to seek what is better for you.

It does not help at all and to see it much over and over does not help to want to be around this any longer. It was never a plan to continue going out; it was just shadow work to forget somebody he...

Somebody he does not know the name of.

Helen still has not come back and triggers Daren to look for her. He goes one by one, not trying to shove people but to maneuver around them. After a while, he finds her at the end of the room conversing with a group of people she recognized. They are holding it better than he ever could; so he decides not to interrupt and gather this loneliness for however long. It is not some kink but rather, enjoys the self-company and self-thoughts in a sea of people.

He turns around and bumps into somebody that held two cups in her hands. They drop and spill but miss both of them to not get them soaked.

DAREN

Oh shit, I am sorry.

Without glancing at her face, something felt so odd at this very moment. The same ominous wind that passed by him when he first met Hope. And before it goes on, yes, this is what you think it is.

She turns her face to him and looks at him with this look. She is pissed.

ROSALINA

What the fuck, dude. Now you have to get me new ones.

DAREN

So-sorry. Do I know you?

They stare at each other for a short second but it feels so long.

ROSALINA (emphasis on the "I")

Do I know you?

DAREN

I guess not if you're asking the same thing.

ROSALINA (acting)

I could say that I have seen you around West. Daren, is it?

DAREN

Yeah. What do you know of me?

ROSALINA

That you're a freak. Anyways, come with me to get new drinks since you wanna be a freak right now.

She grabs him by the left wrist and takes him to the room with all the liquor. Helen glances from afar and notices Daren. She comes over to interrupt for a reason.

HELEN

Daren?

DAREN

Helen.

ROSALINA

Is this your new girlfriend? God, you move on so fast.

They both look confused. Daren persists even if it is bad timing.

DAREN

What do you mean?

ROSALINA

Wow. Can't even remember us.

She hands him two red solo cups. She takes him again but his left wrists to take him outside. Helen watches them leave with worry.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

They head out by the backyard. She takes him to a nearby bench for a conversation that would unfold a lot of new things he did not know he had done in this universe.

ROSALINA

We dated long ago, asshole.

She takes one of the solo cups and starts sipping. She feels so at ease; calm; generated. What is going on?

DAREN

We did?

ROSALINA

I don't know why you're acting like you forgot. I wasn't that bad and neither were you.

DAREN

Right, [EDIT]

ROSALINA

You think that is my name, too? Jesus, you're a freak!

DAREN

I'm sorry. A lot has happened since. Tell me more.

ROSALINA

It was the start of your senior year when we met. We got along like any other people who find each other interesting and started dating one month after.

September 25 of 2017. I remember that one girl tried to get in the way but I prevailed. You took me over her when you two dated for so long.

*"So maybe it makes sense why she pulled an awful move like that..."*

ROSALINA (cont'd)

... but we only dated for a few months. You had left for college and I couldn't handle it. I broke up with you and that was it. We sort of stayed in contact but only for external reasons.

DAREN

I am sorry I had to leave. I guess I wanted to pursue something other than Aurora.

ROSALINA

Just like you said two years ago. I'm not mad about it. I'm glad you found someone better.

DAREN

She's not my girlfriend. I'm not dating anyone.

ROSALINA

Coo. Well, neither am I. But there is a lot I want to focus on before I ever want to date again. The psychology program at the school I attend is a little rigorous. Hence, all the time I need for myself.

She takes another sip.

DAREN

I'm glad you're doing so much better.

ROSALINA

Yet, you haven't said my name at all. Do you know me, Daren?

DAREN

I wish I did. I wish I stayed for you.

ROSALINA

Freak. Everything occurs for a reason even if it is some dragon spewing fire at a village, killing many, innocent lives.

DAREN

Weird take but I understand.

ROSALINA

I'm Rosalina since your brain is all messed up from whatever.

She takes out her hand to give him a handshake. He responds back and both shake with good morals. This means more than anything. Although she does not have the memories or horrible knowledge of their relationship in the other universe, this feels like another way to restart all over.

Yet... this is not what it should be. It should not be in any means to give it another chance because it would only mean...

DAREN

I think I have to get back to my friend.

ROSALINA

Is this too nervy for you?

DAREN

No no. Not at all. I just...

Before finishing, a police siren is heard nearby. It freaks Daren out. Rosalina has a plan.

ROSALINA

I don't want to be gay but..

She grabs his wrist once more and takes him out to the farther back of the yard. They make their way into the side of this garage and head out the house in another direction. It almost feels like a movie the way she guides him to safety even when he is capable of escaping; no drug is bound by him.

They exit the neighborhood, as it seems, and find themselves in the middle of the road near the high school they once attended. It is seen in the background. They reminisce.

DAREN

I remember a lot here. I was always so shy for some reason.

ROSALINA

I liked that you. You kept to yourself even when things should have sent an alarm.

DAREN

As in?

ROSALINA

I didn't intend to make you jealous but things occurred for it to seem like it.

I never wanted that yet you stayed frozen. I couldn't say it was a good thing then nor now. I guess you weren't bothered by anything especially being tickled when I tried years ago.

DAREN

Haha. What can I say? I was way too prone to sentience that made me more acceptable to sanity. I understood a lot was not meant to be mad at and if so, I think asking your partner is more vital than keeping it in. I asked you and you told me the same thing then.

Daren is getting his memories from this universe.

DAREN (cont'd)

Now that I can remember, you were horrible: you never shared your food whenever we went out.

He slightly does the friendly tap on the shoulder. She looks over with happiness.

ROSALINA

You never wanted to cuddle because you got too hot.

DAREN

You always farted in my car during the winter time.

They start laughing and enjoy each other's presence. It feels all too fake that she is not about to kill him or to send him in another universe that would be way worse than this. But now, it is all too real and everything feels where it should be, that the two can recoup and be friends.

DAREN

Are we still friends?

ROSALINA

Of course, dude. Despite those old memories that I tend to look back on time after time, I do appreciate you coming into my life.

DAREN

You're saying that like I am leaving after this.

ROSALINA

You're still my friend regardless. You know what I mean, Mr. Philosopher.

DAREN

Haha. So are you. I wonder what the world will bring. I can't say something crazy could occur at any moment because this breaks all standards of crazy.

She looks at him all weird but accepts it.

DAREN (cont'd)  
I appreciate you, Rose.  
ROSALINA  
What a freak.

They start walking off to leave the school in the background. It is kind of them to metaphorically say "we have left the old shit but still appreciate the beauty it produced." It is how a lot of things old and new should be: appreciated for what it was cost and the journey it took to get where you are now. Although ridged or broken, who else was able to fix when needed? The two in every relationship that ever existed and they did willingly.

This moment is something to recall in every lost time that in every broken situation, you were still able to fix it with or without intent. You are the construction of your path whether you want to proceed or not.

CUT TO:  
From afar as the panel changes to someone's side (lower torso), hE watches them leave and go back to the party.

\*\*\*\*\*[PLAY "WHEN YOU WASH YOUR HAIR" AT THIS POINT]\*\*\*\*\*

// August 5, 2020

CUT TO:

#### THE HILLS - SUNSET

Eventually, things have to come to an end. All stories do and everybody knows that it is the best to cope with everything that exists; for it to stop existing and clouding the mind if in an obsessive, fanatical journey of creating more and more of whatever.

You see Daren walking towards the top of the hill. Whether it is something he needs to come to terms with or just the general overview of this place takes his heart to the edge of the universe, there is something so special about the hills that can never be let go. Some places hold dear conditions and values that nobody else can empathize with or truly comprehend the scale of the individual's feelings, but some places hold meanings beyond the grasp of human emotions and how far someone can truly think in the region of the unknown.

Daren goes to the boulder laying next to the tree from the top of the hill. It almost feels too similar to point out that...

#### DAREN

I wonder why I woke up here. I look around and it is nothing but vegetation. This hill brings the greatest view to this amazing sunset and I'm sure of the sunrise, too, if I felt the need to look at the horizon.

There are people coming and going. He can hear footsteps from behind but does not bother to look behind.

#### DAREN

I wonder why I woke up here. There are people with families enjoying the peace and ambience of nature. This tree alone stands tall despite the unaccompanied attention: it has objective beauty and the universe ahead.

Eventually, the sound of footsteps stops. Daren looks behind and notices how everyone is just about gone. In such an instant, he gets off the rock and looks beyond.

Nobody was ever here to begin. He turns to the sunset frantically.

#### DAREN

I wonder why I woke up here. Nobody exists but me when I am here. Do I have a purpose here? Do I claim royalties from these I don't know? Who is responsible for this? Am I dreaming right now? God, I hope not.

CUT TO:

He heads a little down to an area where there is more vegetation. It seems to be tall grass and some other trees that act like a boarder if you will. One can say it is a ring; the other might permit a trap. This is not according to any perspective and its arbitrary one.

Daren dances around and acts like an explorer, wondering whether this is a dream and not caring about what happens next. Well, of course he should.

He checks below where the road resides: cars are going by. So, it cannot be a dream; maybe, he is just hallucinating.

#### DAREN

I wonder why I woke up here. The damage I caused, the aftermath I still feel, the people I can never forgive. Even if I repent, it would not change a single

thing. Religious folk tell the tale that repenting would cure all sin; without knowledge, what good would it do to anyone? I am stuck in pain that I feel even when I thought I fixed it. But it wasn't her. It wasn't the same Hope or [EDIT] that-

You can stop now.

Daren turns around. A figure that looks identical to him. Who is he? What does he want? Is he responsible for the hallucinations if one is to call them that? What is going on? Should you know, reader?

DAREN

Who the fuck are you?

SURACI

If only you could remember.

DAREN

What? Are you me? What is going on?

SURACI

I don't need you to freak out. I just want to help.

DAREN

Who are you and what do you want?

SURACI

You say you wonder about this, you wonder about that. I think it is time.

DAREN

I don't get it. I don't get you. Who are you?

SURACI

I am Suraci. I am god. I know this sounds crazy but you have to listen to me.

We don't have much time.

DAREN

What do you mean? What is going on?

SURACI

I swear you ask way more questions than other ones.

Daren is confused. What is truly going on? What more weird things need to exist for Daren's life to be fixed? At this point, the thought of it being a dream is back, so he starts to pinch himself. Nothing, of course.

DAREN

Other ones? What do you mean?

SURACI

Get ready because I am going to show you answers. Tired of repenting? Well, here ya go.

Suraci throws a wand at him. It feels oddly similar like he has held it before. Whatever this is, it is real. Like real real. He went through a universal jump, a pandemic, and now this? How much worse can it get from here? What are the next steps to take to relieve himself from the pain? Will these be the next steps or considerably the next ones to help him get over something overbearing?

DAREN

What... So...

*To be continued...*