

...bec a use the in t e rnet

Sdfg-FGSD: CODE: 2.14.13WHITE
Sdfg-FGSD: CODE: 6.30.13ORANGE
Sdfg-FGSD: CODE: 12.10.13SIXTY
Sdfg-FGSD: CODE: 3.28.14RED
Sdfg-FGSD: CODE: 3.14.15NINETY-TWO
Sdfg-FGSD: CODE: 2.24.16TEN
Sdfg-FGSD: CODE: 9.25.17TWENTY-FIVE
Sdfg-FGSD: CODE: 1.14.18INFRARED
Sdfg-FGSD: CODE: 10.7.19BLUE
Sdfg-FGSD: CODE: 3.21.20PURPLE
Sdfg-FGSD: CODE: 10.6.21ULTRAVIOLET

```
Set: Break(0);  
cut.Page(xx);  
Boolean i, i0;  
Set: NEW(max[i]::min[i0]);  
Accord.system.in;  
// turn to appendix for more information  
dial.in(NEW)  
{  
Set: Line(RAND(i));  
return(Line);  
}  
dial.in(OLD)  
{  
return(/0);  
}  
return()::
```

[VISUAL]

... but I can ...

EXT. JEWEL MIDDLE SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

// June 4, 2014

The final day of school arrives. A collective of kids come out the backend of the school as buses wait for them to hop in.

The collaboration of sounds almost feels like how organized hell is because kids are the backbone of being a nuisance; chatting, laughter, screaming, whatever you can think of because they are so infatuated with the smell of summer and whatever freedom they will experience within a short three months.

In the midst of this chaotic crowd, one kid stands out most: his hardened walk and stiff posture makes him more credible than any other kid because who can trust someone psychologically undeveloped? He walks along the crowd to find his bus which happens to be on the other side of this u-shaped sidewalk/parking lot. He gets there alone but before hopping in, he looks back.

Just a crowd of kids in this compact linear vision.

Although it seems sad that his last day ends abruptly, he is not sad at all. Something feels off but he knows it could be the way he ended it: not talking to anyone at all.

His life in middle school was rather quick: a short 6th grade playing video games a majority of the time, a smooth 7th grade that inherited more growth from a weird summer, and an 8th grade that introduced him to lots of new people. Yet, today was a day to be away from those people. Does he hate them? Absolutely not. The days where you are most vulnerable, he takes pride in concealing himself to avoid being taken advantage of. It is something he learned from previous experiences; mainly seeing his friends being taken advantage of because kids just do not know better. Although he is one, it takes one to understand the other, so it is safe to say his intuition is best at understanding the prowesses and/or undecided nature of kids.

Was he always this way? Certainly not. He came about rhetoric and ideology in the year 2012 after an incident he faced alone. Something about static in his head and how it would not go away for two months. Rather, it was an echo that picked at everything said, done, or exerted. Because of this, it made him more aware of the things his peers would not notice despite how subliminal or discrete it was. Like catching Freudian slips or the abnormalities in society that people still find common (appropriating cultural trends that devalue its meaning, conspiracies that have ties to any forms of hate, or the ruthless shitposing of memes that deal with tyrannical figures that in time will make them seem less evil).

SOME KID

So, are you going to go in?

EVE

Yeah, I'm sorry.

Eve hops in without a second thought. His life in the bus only matters whenever he is in and should with other aspects, too. You cannot worry if you are not immersed in a specific setting because you are not a variable but imaginary to it.

Walking down the aisle, he finds a spot for him to sit. He watches from the window to look outside: a kid and some tall girl that he knows from cross country and track. Eve is not too familiar of him but that girl: some lengthy pale person that loves to get into people's lives for the risk of "love."

"... love."

He looked away as they were about to disperse. He sees more kids walking down the aisle, trying to find seats. Nobody really goes to him at first but that is not a testament to his social skills. He enjoys peace and quiet. It is better off that way to be honest.

CUT TO:

EXT. EVE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Still bright and sunny, Eve walks to his house without the worry of what could come. High school is around the corner but it should not mean much to a boy so shallow about a lot of things. He could care less about the next hot thing or what is popping. It is all a conglomerate of society's downfall, so participating would only mean he would fall down some way or another.

INT. EVE'S HOUSE

He gets inside and heads straight to the kitchen table where the computer is located. He hops in and starts tweeting about some shit. Twitter is like the place to mess around even if you are public about it.

"Thats why yo mom dead" - @evegarcia115

Something out of the blue but explains what Eve could be concealing. Or not. It is something random but could mean anything. However, that is the point: could randomness entail meaning even if it is just random?

Regardless, that is his nature. Chaotic? Yeah, but so is everything.

Right?

...*identity*...

***** [PLAY SONG "CRAWL" AT THIS POINT] *****

// January 15, 2015

INT. EVE'S ROOM

[VISUAL]

Upon entering the scene, the screen follows with "A YEAR LATER.. ISH.." to note a future skip. Eve is present on the side of the bed, doing his homework. A new follow up of the paperwork scattered details how unorganized he can be. A book of Geometry (for enjoyment and challenge) on the far right, sets of his grid paper of barely finished problems, coffee in an old, orange Dunkin cup, his phone that goes off showing notifications of people sending him messages but is not shown fully, and a red book that reads "DESTINY."

In reality, it probably is not much to pay attention since he is just another high school student going through the motions of homework and lifestyle. It feels more granular in nature when one thinks about the environment of people nowadays in development: one grows without conscience, then thinks to know his/her conscience, and finally develops that conscience.

He writes and writes until a notification pops on his phone. A person by the name of ANDREA texted him about a person she knows. Something of a breakup that does not seem to interest him.

ANDREA: did you hear about [EDIT] and Lily?

EVE: no. what happened?

ANDREA: he broke up with her after years of pushing and pulling

EVE: good for her [LAUGHING FACE EMOJI]

The severity of the situation does not seem to breach friendships even if the other fucks around.

ANDREA: you have no heart dude

"She forgot the comma. Haha"

EVE: wouldnt we be better off in peace than something taking up our time

A small pause occurs. Then she responds.

ANDREA: yeah i guess so

EVE: i hope they find peace somewhere in the weeds

ANDREA: you gotta stop growing

He puts his phone down to signify his uninterested mood in this situation. Although he loves to talk to anyone about anything, relationships seem to be the most unappealing. He could never understand why kids put themselves in situations they are not mentally and emotionally capable of.

He gets up and heads out the room.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

He walks out his room and down the hallway.

CUT TO:

KITCHEN - NIGHT

He enters the kitchen (being so close or technically connected to the living room) and looks around. He forgot that his parents bought a sandwich for him earlier in the day; they went out of town for a thing they did not really discuss. He opens the fridge to see the sandwich still intact, hoping it was not eaten by one of his siblings. He sets it to the table and opens it like a long, lost treasure, ready to unveil its utmost kept secrets and jewelry. He takes a bite and leaves it there for the entirety of the time. Something about being here feels so weird like this is something he will do for a while until it becomes mundane.

A thought that generally passes by in a year of someone's life: what things one continues to do until it gets overridden for something new or better. It is a weird but recursive action that occurs in humans that they find what fits them best as long as it is within the boundaries of what people know and feel. Being or doing something out of social nature makes you the outlier nobody wants to be; you are outcasted and thrown in a bin of social views that make you unintentionally authentic.

That authenticity shows itself years later.

CUT TO:

// Feb. 24, 2015

WEST AURORA HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A month in the new semester, this day acts more natural than most. Only because it is the birthday of someone he knows: Emma. A cool looking girl that spends most of her time learning any language and instrument she can get her hands on. Although their origin story is a little rough, they always kept in touch as philosophy is their biggest passion that they share.

Looking down the hallway, you can see Eve walking with Emma. They talk more about "nonsense".

EVE

And you say that it means something?

EMMA

Should it not? Why do we live? What do we pursue? Meaning is embedded in everything despite how much we want to live without it, for it is the sole reason we continue to live. Without it, it would be that we are nothing and nothing is already saturated as it is.

EVE

Right, but that too has meaning. Only to say you're wrong on that but agree on your statement about meaning being everywhere. I think I just take it as a quantum physicist approach where it only exists when we give it the reality it has; from empiricism, I mean.

EMMA
I get that and I realize-

Upon walking and talking, they stumble into the class they both share but get interrupted with a loud sound coming from the room. The teacher is housing chickens for the season as she does per year. The sound came from someone dropping a set of textbooks onto the floor. They look into the room and see someone they know.

TYLER
I didn't do it.

SIENNA
Then who did?

STEPHANIE
How about we all calm down and just look at the board. Ms. Cassetto won't like this arguing before her class starts.

TYLER
I am trying to let her know who is in the wrong. I didn't do it.

SIENNA
What? Make him do all the crap he did?

Imagine a bunch of nerds fighting over nerd things. Tyler was not much of a nerd, but these classes do inhibit the traditional nerd talk and verbiage that create so much tension for no reason.

EVE
It's Emma's birthday by the way.

TYLER
Happy birthday, but I am not going to let this slide.

SIENNA
Neither will I, asswipe.

STEPHANIE
Okay then. I'll sit.

They all sit. The teacher comes in and sees more than the textbooks on the ground. Despite their conversation being about something else, they have forgotten to recover the books on the ground. Although it is not seen as a huge problem, the teacher always points out the considered white elephant in the room to teach some random lesson about why "incompetence ruins the surrounding" or something along the lines.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST AURORA - DAY

After hours of classes and a quick track conditioning to end the day, Eve is shown waiting inside the school for his ride. He does this often as he gets ready for the upcoming season and well, being young permits one to get rides. Until he grows older, he is stuck in this small position.

Some kids walk around or wait just like him. Some get their rides earlier or even much later than him. Some noise about some dude getting cheated on is heard; laughter follows and Eve looks behind. Just a group of kids being loud.

He continues to look at his phone to be distracted from everything. He is pretty much glued to it to keep in touch with the virtual world.

It is such a scary thing to attain this reality. The endless possibilities that exist in the function of living make everything so frustrating because the amount of focus you ponder is hard to control. Even then, shutting your mind is by far the hardest thing you can do. So as of now, he resides in something to remove him from thinking about anything crucial. Crucial. Crucial?

A kid comes by and goes to Eve. It is a longtime friend.

DIEGO

Hey, what's up.

EVE

What's up.

They dap each other up. They know the deal.

DIEGO

Practice?

EVE

Yeah. It was okay. A few miles and some strides. Why did you stay after school?

DIEGO

I had some things to take care of.

EVE

Haha. Good to see you.

They have known each other since the 4th grade from Sunday school. Religion seems to be a relevant thing in Eve's life even when he does not pertain to anything. He just exists.

EVE (cont'd)

I heard about Lily.

DIEGO

Yeah. She's doing okay.

EVE

When did this start?

DIEGO

A week ago.

EVE

Haha. I wonder what that other guy thinks about. Besides, isn't she talking to that Eddie guy, too?

DIEGO

Yeah, but I don't mind. I think it works as long as it can. We are young anyway.

EVE

Right. We are young but shouldn't pertain to older ideologies.

DIEGO

What do you mean?

EVE

Nothing. I hope it goes well.

Eve sees his mom's car show up. He daps him up one more time and says "peace" to end the conversation. He leaves and goes straight to the car. Something about leaving without a good end makes this whole scene feel more ominous than it should. It is not about how Eve wants things to be but almost like it should. Nothing is personal; just natural.

CUT TO:

***** [PLAY SONG "WORLDSTAR" AT THIS POINT] *****

// A year later; sometime in April 2016

INT. CAFETERIA - MORNING

Somewhere in the weeds of life, a skip in time occurs. A look into Eve's sophomore year. Although things seem a little different, everything seems to be in place.

Immediately panning in, you see someone smack someone with the hardest force you can ever imagine. It is straight out of a Worldstar video as someone yells out "WORLD STAR" in the crowd that starts to swallow the event. Eve sits from afar but close enough to see everything go down. Everyone starts to stand up to get a better view of the fight that now goes on. He stands, too, and starts to get closer to the crowd.

"How obvious."

Being short can always be problematic but luckily not for him as a gap pierces through so a better view can be taken.

DUDE 1

IMA BEAT YO ASS

DUDE 2

FUCK YOU

Even while fighting, they still have air to yell out shit. It is always best to conserve as much energy as you can to fight longer. That is expected, right?

ARTURO

Dang. I swear we get like 5 fights a day.

EVE

This was the only one of the week.

LIONEL

Yeah, it was.

JOEL

I wonder why they think it is so necessary. It is too early for this.

EVE

Yeah, "10 in the morning" early. Like why..

After a while, the fight ends with the security guards pulling them apart and dispersing everyone else to sit down or to go away. It is like this every time something attracts a crowd this mid.

The boys sit back down to their table and continue eating. It was like none of that ever happened. Despite the low frequency, it seems like they are just used to it.

ARTURO

How long do you think they will be gone?

JOEL

I say an in-school suspension. All day in the Nexus.

EVE

I never understand how that keeps anyone from fighting more. I feel like that entices it more especially if they are in the same place together.

LIONEL

Yeah. Being away from school or away from learning has nothing to do with personal beef.

ARTURO

So two weeks?

EVE

Sure. Maybe give them a Saturday school while you're at it.

They wrap up the conversation and continue with their lunches. Nobody else seems to acknowledge how fast the fight went; then again, it was just the first of this week. It can be expected that another one is bound to occur at any moment.

CUT TO:

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE - EVENING

Despite the wild event of today, it does not stop Eve from seeing a good friend of his. Their odd friendship was just the start of it all in his life: from meeting at some weird carnival thing back in middle school to the many deep talks, the two only got closer and closer. It is like he can pull up to her house at any point in time and her mom would just be okay with it. She is even okay despite the amount of homework or stuff she has to do. Eve is just another part of her life just like she is to him. The thing that really makes it arbitrary is how there is no love or any romantic energy behind anything. It seems weird but there is nothing ever wrong with being friends with the opposite gender. Unless you make it weird.

[VISUAL]

You can see her and him sitting by the kitchen table with food her mom made. Eve just got out of practice but came straight here. Of course, he showered there. Emma dons a navy blue sweatshirt and some pants. Casual.

EMMA

How was practice?

EVE

Good. We have this huge meet coming up and it is really all I'm thinking about.

EMMA (looks around and then down to the food)

That's good. What events are you running?

EVE

1600 and 800. I'm hoping to PR in both. It is time to go under 5 minutes in the mile and under 2:10 in the 800.

EMMA

You seem to really enjoy it. I was doing badminton for a while but ended up not going due to the boredom I got from it.

EVE

It seems much more fun than running around in circles.

EMMA

You think hitting a plastic ball over a net over and over for 10 minutes until it hits the ground is better? Oh boy, do I have something to tell you...

EVE (as he chews)

Okay, absurdist.

EMMA

You started it. And cover your mouth, weirdo.

Eve takes a napkin, wipes his mouth, and throws it at her. She does not flinch but slightly backs up.

EMMA

You can do better.

EVE

Okay.

He takes another bite of the food and grabs her by the hand to take her outside. It feels like snow would be involved from the way he threw something at her, but it is April. No snow would occur at this time.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE - EVENING

He takes her outside and there lays a couple of water guns. The idea is already set from here. She lets go and starts running away from him.

EMMA (fades from distance)

I have homework to do so make it quick!

EVE

Ima make it last as long as I want!

He goes on this great chase to play with water at a time like this. Thinking this would hurt him or strain his energy for the meet coming up, he does not care. Figuring that Emma is an amazing friend, he is open to anything with her even if it means marring his running career (which is not that serious to ruin).

He runs around the corner to enter the front of the house. She is not to be seen anywhere. Yet, he sees a trail of wet spots leading to the open grass area that exists in this neighborhood. She must have run there knowing the area is huge from him to cover.

He runs there to find her in the middle yet still far from the entrance of this field. He walks slowly and begins to pick up the pace as he gets closer. She does not seem to move a bit.

He gets to a point where he slows down and finds himself a couple of feet away from her. No intention to make her wet. Just the open field and them.

EMMA

So, are you gonna shoot me?

EVE

I was but you weren't moving.

EMMA

Do I need to run to make myself a target?

EVE

No. Absolutely not.

EMMA

Then do it.

EVE

This seems weird.

Nothing feels right about this moment. Instead he drops the water gun. He looks at her with this wariness. It is not love or some great connection. It is unexplainable. He gets closer. Closer. And closer.

EVE (cont'd)

Would you be okay if I-

EMMA (interrupts)

Just do it.

He leans in for a kiss; they lock lips and it feels dimensional. A kiss that feels like a lifetime. Where the middle of the field was open to a large grid of grass was nothing but the origin point of authenticity and compassion. Something fluttered at that moment. Eve might not be capable of love but knowing that this could be that moment makes it possible. What does not click is how his best friend can turn into a "lover".

Okay, this is too much of a lie at this moment.

The thing is that Eve has never planned for any of this to happen. It was just destiny. A moment in two people's lives where they hang out and get to know each other so well that it envelopes to a next level and so on. What could potentially make it worse is if she had feelings all along. Knowing Eve, he tends to not want to change things. He keeps them as they are and likes it that way. It is a way to stay comfortable at its peak.

Only asking to kiss was just necessary and that is another thing to the idea of change.

CUT TO:

***** [PLAY SONG "DIAL UP" AT THIS POINT] *****

// Summer of 2016; specifically in August before school starts

[VISUAL]

EMMA

I don't know what we can do.

EVE

I do.

He gets up from a bench they were sitting on. He stands up and holds out his hand to her.

EVE

Just like last time.

She grabs onto his hand, and he starts to walk with her to another part of the downtown.

They go by buildings, flowers, parking lots, and then the final stop: a taco joint.

It does not remark as romantic whatsoever but it is a place they go a lot.

EMMA

Why are we here?

EVE

I'm kind of hungry. We can talk about it over food.

CUT TO

INT. TAQUERIA DE AURORA - EVENING

After getting a table, they sit down and Eve starts looking at the menu immediately.

EMMA

So...?

He does not acknowledge it. He still wanders.

EMMA (cont'd)

Are you avoiding my question from earlier?

EVE

No. I just don't know how to respond to it.

The scene panels from the front of the table, staring them down in perfect unison. The curtains behind lay low but still show sunlight peeking through. Weirdly enough, some things fall down from behind the curtains. Spiders, perhaps. You can slightly hear them.

"Fall..."

"Remember..."

"Why try..."

"Hold me..."

It is almost like nobody can see them. Neither Eve or Emma bats an eye when these little critters fall right next to them. It is almost like it is necessary for anyone not to see them exist. Whether it is an illusion or something from the Twilight Zone, it feels too surreal to happen at a moment like this. The world should be focused on Eve and Emma; not the spiders.

EVE

I think you're right though: we should cut this.

EMMA

I mean, we can wait until I come back.

EVE

I haven't properly asked you out. We made it work as it is. Like are we even ready formally?

EMMA

Eve?

EVE

What?

EMMA

Wait for me.

EVE

I don't think I can do that. We are not dating. I just wanna stay how we were before.

EMMA

But we made it work as it is. That is what you said. I think it is our way of things. You know: authentic.

EVE

Right. And making it our own, we can end this thing on our own accord.

Eve gets up and leaves the scene. She stays and watches him leave abruptly. Even when the conversation had no hostility in it, something must have been said prior that made him upset or over-thought the whole situation.

Does he love her? Does she love him? Is there any real connection of this level of romanticism that conjured from these two?

Whatever the cost, the loss/gain is foreseen. Eve must have known that her departure would cause massive repercussions in this sudden relationship that spanned over five months. Not long enough to make him feel worthy to stay.

So, what does he want?

CUT TO:

***** [PLAY SONG "THE WORST GUYS" AT THIS POINT] *****

// March 2017; a special time

WEST AURORA - MORNING

After a year of events and people coming around, Eve still finds himself in similar positions. Although Emma has gone to travel for a year, Eve has not really thought about it too much. He just lives and goes.

You can see him walking down the hallway heading to his next class. It is AP LANG: a boring but interesting class since it is his first time in an advanced English class. He always thought it would be like Perks of Being A Wallflower where being mystique and quirky was some manner of showing intellect but really, it is more so of actually trying and participating in discourse when it comes to it.

CUT TO:

CLASSROOM - MORNING

He goes inside to find a fully lit room. A lot of faces that make it less comfortable to speak but more comfortable to be in. He finds his desk, sits, and starts to prepare for a small quiz they have today. Somebody sits next to him, already looking over a sheet from a prior day.

ERICK

Why do we always do this?

EVE

Why don't we?

ERICK (confused; RE: vocab list)

Time. What the fuck you looking at?

Erick is weird but smart. Something about him strikes as violent but ambitious. The kind of ambition that Youtubers promote and agree with. Like "I'm trendy and I matter" kind of way. It is weird but not the cool way.

EVE

The same vocab list you have.

ERICK

You wrote a shit load on that. Look at mine.

Instead of showing the same list, he slides his notebook that reads "CARRICK IS A FAGGOT". It is almost as funny as it should be but that is how the two are. They make this class full of laughs and jokes that make it worthwhile.

// Despite what he grew up to be (a domestic abuser), he was a pretty okay person to be around when it was okay.

CUT TO:

INT. EVE'S ROOM - NIGHT

The day was quick: it went from school to his room in a second. He had not much to do despite the occasional practice from track.

This year was going well. Trips to regional meets to PRs back to back. It was like another one of those seasons where you know you can keep progressing even if you feel like you are at your limit.

You can see him in his room, but there lies another person. A girl. Nothing romantic but another casual moment with a good friend of his.

RILEY

You always get like this when you don't know what to do.

EVE

I mean what can I do? Say yes? Tell her that I'm waiting for something that shouldn't be? She is my best friend and that is all I-

RILEY

But you kissed her. You even asked.

EVE

I know... it was like it needed to happen... I couldn't help myself. The intuition was there. Like there was something that told me to do so.

RILEY

You. It was you.

EVE

Even so, I wouldn't expect us to resume that feeling. I like her. I could... no. I mean I love everyone. But she has a kind of love I could never share with anyone else.

RILEY

You couldn't commit. That's all and that is, too, perfectly normal. But leading her on like that isn't something you should do. It ruins people. Imagine how she will feel when she gets back. She probably doesn't want to be your friend anymore.

EVE

We hardly text. None of us have brought up the situation since then. We took it as it was and moved on, I guess.

RILEY

Maybe you need to be more honest next time. More verbal, too. I thought communication was your thing.

EVE

Right. Yet, I don't know what I still want.

He lays down and stares at the ceiling. She gets up and picks up a water bottle nearby. She drinks off it and places it aside once done. She looks at him from the far side of the bed.

RILEY/EMMA

You really gotta figure it out, Eve.

He snaps up in confusion. Though he thought he heard Emma, he gets up and looks around.

EVE

I might be losing my mind over something I can't figure out.

RILEY

And that's love.

EVE

Strange that "love" can make you feel delusional.

RILEY

I was in "love" once. I thought I had gone crazy because he ignored me during the relationship. Eventually, we knew we had broken up and that was that. Later on, he just exists.

EVE

Oh yeah, that guy. He went on to date Lily, Taylor, and the other people. It was funny how y'all just connected in some way.

RILEY

Yeah, I guess. At least it brought us all closer to figure what kind of person he is.

EVE

Haha. That must have been riveting.

RILEY

Truly was.

She looks at her watch that she wears on her right wrist. It is getting late knowing they have spoken for hours without realizing the hour of the day.

RILEY (cont'd)

I think I have to head home.

EVE

I gotchu.

They both get up and walk towards the door of his room.

CUT TO:

They leave his room, head down the hallway, and make a turn to the front entrance of his house.

CUT TO:

EXT. EVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

They walk out in a formal fashion. She talks, they throw hand gestures, and head into his mom's temporary car that was given since her car has been in the shop for a while. A 2015 Chevy Malibu to be exact.

They get inside and look away from each other. Nothing personal. Just physics. He starts the car and heads out the driveway.

CUT TO:

// Next day

SOME PARK - DAY

[VISUAL]

The day starts off warm and collected. You see Eve laying down over a blanket that sits on top of the grass. Nobody is around but you can tell somebody is there with him. Nothing personal or romantic, again.

Somebody comes around. It is a dude that he met this year. Nothing is special about him besides how he likes Eve and knows that he knows it, too.

They met at some cafe while Eve went to get some early caffeine. Both stumbled upon each other and found each other attractive. Although Eve is not big on relationships, he could not help to keep him away. So, they hang every once in a while but still be detached to make it platonic. Sounds familiar, no?

JULIAN

Why do you never talk?

EVE

I can make noise like a bee. Bzz bzz.

JULIAN

Not like that. I feel like you don't have much to say.

EVE

Like?

JULIAN

Anything.

He turns to his side to look at Eve.

JULIAN (cont'd)

Tell me something you like to do when nobody's around.

EVE

Hmm. I like to clip my toenails in a precise manner so I avoid ingrown toenails.

JULIAN

Okay... something more interesting. Who do you like?

EVE

Nobody...

JULIAN

Well, that's a bummer. I was hoping you would say "me".

EVE

I think you're cute. I just don't date.

JULIAN

Did someone break your heart, loverboy?

EVE

No. I just messed something up and it is something I think about time to time.
I won't be able to see her until this August. We talk still but she keeps a distance farther from actual distance.

JULIAN (turns back to his back)

Sounds rough. I'm sorry.

EVE

You're good. I'm just reminiscing about an event that could have gone the other way.

JULIAN

It seems like you're in love.

EVE

Why does everyone keep saying that?

He gets up but is still sitting.

EVE (agitated)

I think I know what love is like.

JULIAN

Tell me, hun.

EVE

It's... a wild ride on a busy street: you know you can injure yourself and others, but you risk it all for the thrill.

JULIAN

Sounds like spaghetti to me.

EVE

I can't even say what it is. I have never been in love. I don't really know how it truly feels like. I guess I am spiritually running away from it; I know I don't need it.

JULIAN

And what makes you say that?

EVE

Just feel like I'm okay with myself. No hard feelings.

JULIAN

Then what about me?

EVE

You're my friend, J. You always have been.

They get back to looking at the clouds. Soft, slow, and minimal. Something tells that it is meant to be the way things are like destiny is in full fruition. Maybe these events are meant to pan out the way they are for the later time.

CUT TO:

***** [PLAY SONG "SHADOWS" AT THIS POINT] *****

// October 7, 2017

INT. WALMART - DAY

[VISUAL]

Months pass and so do feelings. You see Emma and Eve walking together in Walmart as a conventional thing. No hard feelings. Just the connection they somewhat still have.

Her arrival was subtle: she comes back and forgives him. He forgives, too, and they kick it off normally. It feels like nothing changed as if they had not kissed in the first place. Although, there exists some tension. Romantic? Infatuation? Whatever it is, they are still close friends.

EVE

You never really told me about him.

EMMA

Art? We met when I was away. He is a good guy.

EVE

That's great.

It was not supposed to sound passive-aggressive.

EVE (cont'd)

How do you deal with long distance?

EMMA

It is not as bad as it sounds. We talk whenever we can. Facetime exists, too.

EVE

What a great tool to have. You guys seem good together.

Relatively, their relationship would end soon because the dude ends up finding someone else. Despite making rules that she should not be around Eve, it just did not matter at this time..

EVE (cont'd)

How are you though?

EMMA

I'm good. I think I have thought less about our situation as time went on.

She can be blunt but she is soft about it.

EMMA (cont'd)

I hope you know we can still be friends.

EVE

I know it would have been the opposite if you hadn't said yes to hanging out today.

EMMA

I mean it's Walmart. I think of it as our place. Plus I don't see us ever growing apart. We have been friends far too long.

6th grade to 11th. Five years does not sound too long but to them, it is. Even when she talks in a way that makes them feel like they are together, Eve does not bother to respond to it.

EVE

I'm glad we can agree on that.

They make a sharp turn to some aisle. It is kitchen appliances.

EMMA

I still can't forget we managed to put a box of condoms into a blender years ago.

EVE

We can try again.

Magically, Eve pulls out a box of condoms from the side. It happened to be nearby as if the choice of safe sex and blending drinks were a conundrum.

EMMA

What a coincidence. It is like they wanted us to do this.

EVE

And we can do it many more times after.

Eve tries to pry open a blender but finds trouble to open it. It seems almost stuck. After a few nudges, he gives up realizing they must have glued all of the appliances because of people who like to put things in them. Like them...

EMMA

It's like they knew we would come back just to try this.

EVE

Fuck. I wanted this to happen so bad.

He throws the condoms to the side, and they depart the aisle immediately. They continue to walk around endlessly from smelling tires to looking at themselves in the mirrors. It feels more like a date but also to make amends. This is nothing but to rekindle the fire that first started when they first met.

MEMORY:

EXT. JEWEL MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Going back in time, many kids are running around and going to and fro as the middle school had an event for all grades. A carnival as they called it when there were a few bouncy houses, a water station where an actual fire truck situated itself for it, and other activities. They happened to be both outside and inside making the whole location a fun house. It is like every kids' dream existing in a school and its backyard.

Anyways, in line were a bunch of kids to this individual trampoline. There, Eve was in line, too, and in front was Riley and her boyfriend at the time. That same dude who went on a thrill of girlfriends.

TRINITY

Hey, you. Are you in line?

EVE

Am I not in line?

TRINITY

You don't have to be a dick about it.

Right beside her was Emma. She looked innocent and frail. A small person that wanted to know whether she would get in the ride faster. She looked at Eve with this evil eye but got softer as he spoke to her friend more. Eventually, she got to say some words, too.

EVE

I'm sorry.

EMMA (re: EVE)

I'm Emma.

EVE

Hi. Hello.

TRINITY

I'm still here.

EVE

And I said I'm sorry.

EMMA

Who are you with?

EVE

Nobody. I saw this from inside and thought to be in line to try it out.

EMMA

It looks fun but I know every kid's dream is to be here and to try out everything.

EVE

We are kids. But this does seem lame.

EMMA

Let's go find something more amusing.

Without hesitation, they leave Trinity to the line by herself. She looks in awe because someone they barely met ended up stealing Emma as the new friend. Now exactly in all time but just that temporary moment.

This, back then, was a way to show you wanted to date someone. At least that is what kids their age thought.

Emma and Eve go around to check every station that exists. They save the best for last where they got wet from the shower show the firefighters put on.

It got so normalized to meet each other on the spot and kindle a flame of a good friendship. It was then they grew up to be so random and spontaneous. Going to random parks, stores, and trails, they grew up to know each other more than they know themselves. The part of growing is to know yourself, so you can figure out what is best for you and your ongoing path. What sucks is that people tend to forget themselves over the mundane trends they fall into whether it be fashion, friend groups, or what genre of music you listen to. It becomes so sub-focused on these little things that they forget their own experiences and how much it means to them. A loss of meaning equals a loss of self-exchanging. You become a part of something created by others; you become someone else. Then, you realize late and start in a place of crises and fall out of the pattern you thought you would hold. Yet, this exists for those that consciously subject themselves to reality more often than those that do not. It is not wrong to unconsciously accept what is not you, but it is not right to be aware of how late you stayed on. It is almost a curse and rather, have it be ignorance to secure that blind bliss many desire.

Sorry.

But originally, Eve felt like this was the greatest thing to ever happen to him without even thinking about his own feelings. Whether he needed to or to not,

it was a fluctuation of events that led to this origin point which he admires. Prior to being dumber than the 6th grader he was, maybe that appreciation of being "dumb" stood for something more than people ignoring their idiocies.

Again, whatever that means.

****Out of Memory****

// The next month; November 14, 2017

INT. WEST AURORA, CAFETERIA - MORNING

Eve is shown sitting by the table with his set of friends that happened to be in this period of this year. Across from him is a table of people a year younger than him. Cyrus, a good friend of his that would go to each other's houses to mess around, sits there and amongst them is that one boy who dated practically everyone. Funny enough, he is dating this one girl that has relations with Lily and the girl he dated from sophomore year. It is almost like he cannot get away from his past.

A girl named Lesly, in the same class as Cyrus, who enjoys her time reading, going on the hills to watch sunsets, and knowing more about Tyler, The Creator.

EVE

That guy is still with that girl?

DIEGO

I don't know why you care.

EVE

Dude dates someone every other year. Can he get a break?

DIEGO

That's not your life. Live your own.

EVE

I do. I just feel worried about him. He has to be messed in the brain to go through all those breakups. I mean your shit with Lily was messy.

DIEGO

Nah. I just didn't like her seeing other people when I thought it was okay.

EVE

Sorry to bring that up by the way. I just wonder how he thinks love works like that. I know his definition of love is skewed as fuck.

DIEGO

Whatever you think.

EVE

But love is meant for one person. Like what kind of love does he think this is?

***** [PLAY SONG "WHAT KIND OF LOVE" AT THIS POINT] *****

EVE (cont'd)

It feels wrong.

DIEGO

Why don't you tell him yourself?

EVE

Fine, I will.

He gets up from his seat unexpectedly as nobody thought he would tell someone his personal opinion.

He goes over to the table and says his hellos.

EVE

What's up, guys.

CYRUS

My boi.

EVE (re: [EDIT])

Anyways, I just wanted to tell you how I think you to date every other year is bullshit. You have no idea how crippling it is to your mental health. You could be wasting your time until it is too late.

[EDIT]

What the fuck, man?

LESLY

Eve?

EVE

A word of advice: find yourself before you find someone else.

LESLY

Huh? Are you okay?

Eve walks off without goodbyes. He goes back to his table and shows off to Diego since he did not think he would do it. Eve is one to do things without hesitation as it is part of the experience. You can never know the value of it until it is done.

I mean, right?

CUT TO:

INT. EVE'S ROOM - MIDNIGHT

Lost in the dark of night, Eve finds himself up with trouble to go to sleep. Something keeps his mind at bay.

The thing is: he does not know what he plans to do after high school. The time has come by so quickly that nothing was truly planned. He knows himself and has an interest in the math field but has no idea what optimizes his benefits and options. Whether he wants to go into it, there is another idea: running away. It is not because he wants to leave everything else behind or start anew, but adding that to his list of experiences and more would add so much to a journal or book.

[VISUAL]

Eve finds himself laying on the ground crying about this. He wears a tan shirt and basketball shorts. Something feels off but does not, too. His phone, right beside him, lights up. It is Emma. The texts are unknown but come to light when he picks up his phone to see what she has sent.

EMMA: he broke up with me. like just now

EVE: that blows. he always gave me a wrong impression

EMMA: the one boy i met during my week in cali was better than him

EVE: you only say that because you can

EMMA: maybe, you could have been better than both

Eve stops to read it more carefully. She really sent that.

EVE: what is this? what are you doing?

EMMA: i'm sorry, dude. i'm joking-ish. i'm just upset. i felt it coming too

EVE: understandable. either way, i think you need to focus on this last year as we are trying to get it over with. after, we can travel as much as we can to more random stores

EMMA: would you even be here when that happens? would i still be here when that happens?

EVE: fuck, i forgot about college. where do you plan to go?

EMMA: i thought about going back to cali but i figure staying here would be nice

EVE: we can go together and terrorize the ducks that always exist in college campuses

EMMA: i would enjoy that

EVE: i do plan on traveling for as long as i want. something about being away from home sounds cool. i'm tired of the people here. i wanna be mysterious and cool coming to A-town a few years down like whaaaaaat heeeey hellllllo

EMMA: now why does this scream not you? eve, you have so many opportunities here in illinois and the amount of friends here will miss you. i will miss you [SAD FACE EMOJI]

Knowing the circumstance, he understands that it could only be her, from all of his friends, that would miss him.

EVE: i will, too

He sets his phone aside and continues to wander the branches of reality. Really, he wanders a life he already knows: his own. Something so certain that even chaos cannot fathom. But it is that certainty that allows him to choose the spontaneous route every time. At least from what has not been seen.

He grabs his phone one more time.

EVE: ima head to bed. feel better

EMMA: thanks, eve. goodnight

Then he gets another text from someone else.

LESLY: i was going to tell you earlier but got caught up with things. i don't know why it was okay to say any of that

EVE: knowing a guy like him, i think i was just looking out

LESLY: to be in love with someone?

EVE: he was too surrounded by infatuation for so long. don't you think you would want someone who at least knows what he is doing? maybe i'm helping you, too, bro

LESLY: i appreciate it but i think we got it from here

He reads it and lays his phone down. Another spiral. Something feels off like nothing will go well in that route she takes with him. Lesly has been a good friend of his for a couple of years since Cyrus would hold a lot of mini parties and have met from there. She was with this guy that nearly ruined her vision of relationships, but this one could finalize that from the way he hardly knows how to handle anything.

Hope it goes well.

CUT TO:

// Next month; December 29, 2017

JEWEL OSCO - SUNSET

You see Eve walking around the store looking for things to buy. He went off alone for self-company time since there were things he needed to buy.

Sometimes, being by yourself can be the greatest time: no other conversation, no pacing of your walk, no confusion of direction, and everything else that deals with human complexity. Company is great but solitude is better. Yet, this is what Eve thinks. The preferences come and go but some things stay the same.

He comes by an aisle and sees a couple looking at bread. He comes by next to them because of something he wants to see.

They notice him and talk to each other about something. Then, they talk to him.

WIFE

Are you lost?

EVE

No. I'm looking at bread.

HUSBAND

So are we.

EVE

Nice.

He tries to ignore them. They continue to bother him.

WIFE

You look like someone who needs people.

EVE

No, I'm good.

HUSBAND

We are in this thing if you are interested. Something tells me that you're humble.

EVE

I'm pretty sure you would flip those sentences around.

The husband hands him an empty business card. Eve looks at it with confusion.

EVE (cont'd)

There's nothing on it.

WIFE

You will figure it out.

They both leave the scene and commit to a bag of bread before leaving. This leaves Eve stumbled as he was given an item with no information. Who were these people and why would they want him to join them into something unknown? It was only the start of events getting weirder and weirder.

CUT TO:

He gets to the checkout and scans everything rather quickly. The worker notices but does not think it is anything bad. Eve finishes the transaction, puts the remaining stuff in a bag, and leaves. Jewel Osco cookies were bought and a few loaves of bread. He still fiends for self-made sandwiches at home with a small cup of coffee from Nestle. Yes, the instant one.

add.scene(OAKLAND[aurora]);

CUT TO:

// August 8, 2018

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

After a long day of saying his goodbyes, his last trip ended up at Emma's place. He parked his car on the side to make things a little bit easier, almost like a scene from a movie.

You can see both of them on the sidewalk which sits close to his car. They talked for minutes but even that felt like hours. Something about this makes it more meaningful than any of the conversations they have had. This sets the bar high but that is what one would think to further exceed something more.

EMMA

You know you can't go.

EVE

I don't have to but I will. Something is calling me out there. I will eventually be back for a short time.

EMMA

Eve.

EVE

Emma. You're gonna be three hours away anyways. What if I end up somewhere closer?

EMMA

True, but you need to promise me that we will always be friends.

EVE

Why make promises on things that are already set in stone?

She starts to tear up. She rushes for a hug. Nothing can feel any lighter than this. She releases and they stand there.

EVE

I will see you again.

EMMA

Me too.

The silence fits in perfectly. The idea of what to do next is a testament to their emotions. What is best? A kiss? Whatever, Eve is different than before. Maybe there is tension to that but in the time standing, nothing happens.

CUT TO:

***** [PLAY SONG "TELEGRAPH AVE" AT THIS POINT] *****

[VISUAL]

He heads inside, shuts the door, coughs, and turns on the radio. A song by Childish Gambino starts to play. He sings along. You get the gist of it.

In the rearview mirror, she appears fragile but tall, watching him disappear into the darkness of the neighborhood. The light that comes from her house stands out which makes her more visible than the mailboxes in front of these houses.

This is not supposed to entail the end of a friendship or anything of that matter. It is merely a sign that even when you want to flee from people or those who have had this shadowed love for you, they truly do love you in a meaning that exists solely for them. She looks despite him leaving and still does until the last bit of his car is seen. What nobody knows is that she does hold a specific feeling for him that extends beyond human emotions. What bubble

makes it any better if you are the only one to hold it? It shrinks, it shrivels, it transforms, and it can disappear without the right initiative.

But a kiss can hold it, right?

CUT TO:

ROAD - EARLY EARLY MORNING

Several hours of driving and constant bops on the aux, Eve finds himself in the middle of nowhere but still driving. There were no plans or a single thought of a destination. Just drive and figure it out.

He has one leg up since he has not taken a break. He knows he can but avoids it to find this unknown destination faster. He hopes to find something open than a gas station or Walmart. Kwik Trip has made its rounds, but it is not for the faint of heart.

After driving some more, he sees what looks like a diner. He hopes that it can be a place to stop by and to relax. Also, figure out some sort of plan but still randomized.

CUT TO:

He pulls up to the parking lot, parks, and heads in immediately to eat.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - EARLY MORNING

He goes in and finds a place to sit. Of course, it has to be on the bar section of the diner. It has unique colors to that of a Waffle House but is not. He sees some people inside but not many to make him spooked since he is some outsider.

CAROL

Hello, honey. I'm Carol. What drink would you like to start with?

EVE

Water and a shot of vodka.

CAROL

Are you even old enough? You seem a little too young to be out here alone.

She leaves the scene to retrieve the drinks. You would think an ID would be necessary but guessing that this place is out nowhere, people straight up hook you up. She comes around with a glass of water and a shot.

CAROL

Here. Let me know when you're ready to order.

EVE

Thanks.

Even he was surprised to obtain a shot underage. He still slams it and lets it digest before taking a sip of water.

Suddenly, a group of people (really three) come through the diner. Some of them look friendly but also do not look to pick a fight. They seem mediocre at best: dressed in darker colors like the typical goth kid in your local high school. They find a place next to Eve and make it home. They look over to him and wonder what he is up to.

JASON

You look lonely, kid.

RACHAEL

Yeah, but we got you.

The waiter comes to them, and they order a shit load of shots.

JASON

I'm Jason.

RACHAEL

Rachael.

EVE

Eve. Who are yall?

JASON

Yall?! You from the south?

RACHAEL

Haha, we are from another state. Decided that living in our home state was low level. Somehow, we found ourselves here and look: someone else to add to the group.

EVE

Maybe. I'm trying to find a place to stay. I'm broke but got something to keep me going.

JASON

I'm guessing you left home for the same reason?

EVE

No. I needed a change of scenery. Also, I couldn't see myself growing there.

RACHAEL

We have an RV if you want to tag along.

The waiter comes out with four shots. Each for the three and one for Eve.

EVE

I can think about it. I appreciate the hospitality.

JASON

To Eve and our hopeless travels!

All salute the shots and down they go. It feels so much like a fucking movie here. Fucking cornballs.

EVE (re: CRYSTAL)

You haven't said a thing.

RACHAEL

She's normally quiet when new people are around.

CRYSTAL

I'm Crystal but give it time.

EVE

Understood.

Time goes on and their little moment makes skips to show the time they are having with each other. It is not said what or how things came to be, but it is really just the "go with the flow" kind of thing, especially making spontaneous decisions to find a meaning in growing.

Being told to "stop growing" really emphasizes the life of Eve. Through thick and thin, he challenges the values of people and continues to face off meanings to be his own authentic self. Although corny ass fuck, he permits to living life without biases. Hard? Yes, but somehow, he manages to do so.

Maybe it is just an Eve thing.

CUT TO:

INT. GROUP'S RV - LATE MORNING

After leaving the diner, they all head into the RV and drink up a storm. The results end in them barely waking up and common headaches at the level of 6 in the pain scale. Two of them get up and the other two stay asleep: Eve and Rachael are the ones that got up.

Eve goes into the lil kitchen; he fell asleep in the room area with Jason hanging from the side drunk and probably will not wake up for another few hours from the amount of alcohol they consumed. He sees Rachael sitting by the table that extends outwards. Crystal is on the passenger seat knocked out.

Apparently, she finds it more comfortable than laying flat on any surface whether it be a bed or couch. Some say she thinks sleeping upwards helps with your "inner balance." Something a hippie would probably recite.

RACHAEL

Coffee?

EVE

That would be nice.

He sits down across from her. She slides a cup and pours coffee from a pot. She fills it 3 quarters of the way if he wants to put sugar or cream into his coffee. Boston style coffee has been his favorite lately, but he leaves it black.

RACHAEL

So, where are you from and why did you "escape"?

EVE

I didn't run away. This is my way of growing. Like someone choosing college over trade school because they think they belong in an institute amongst people alike.

RACHAEL

Interesting. So you wanted to desert yourself to be with people you agree with?

EVE

I think there are more people like me than just living in my town who must find them or look around like a savage. So yes because it heightens my possibility of finding people alike.

RACHAEL

I guess your hypothesis worked.

EVE

What makes you think we are alike?

RACHAEL

You like to travel, you're open minded, and you don't take no as an answer.

EVE

I take NOs seriously but sometimes, they are meant to be. You literally don't know me. We had a few conversations of trust, personality, and reason. That is not the full extent of any human if you believe so.

RACHAEL

So then what about Emma?

EVE

I spoke about her, huh... You know, it is not even relevant to our conversation. What makes a human be is their ability to adapt, think, assign, and dissolve. For you to tell me that 'I like to travel' doesn't spill enough information because it could mean anything in the scope of people. Everyone likes to travel, so am I anybody you want to assign?

RACHAEL

No, I'm just saying that-

EVE (interrupts)

Do I remind you of someone? I feel like we tend to just assign someone new from someone old to make things easier for themselves. What experience is more comfortable and flexible without reminiscing about similar events? It is that. I'm someone you had in your life.

RACHAEL

Eve, what the fuck.

She gets up and leaves the scene, preferably walking to the bedroom where Jason is still sound asleep. The scene sits on Eve perpendicular to the table. Dramatized energy for a grown person but a reasonable one. Eve can be blunt but even that, that is him trying to show who he is. He does not want to be mistaken for someone else and to prove it was to be a dickhead. Sometimes, it is all about performing a show to display your humanism. And yes, being human can mean being an asshole, too. Whatever it takes for our ego to side with reason.

Crystal suddenly wakes up from the passenger seat, turns to see the way down the room, and then turns to Eve sitting alone with his coffee. She gets up to talk to him; she gets by the table, in, and looks at him.

CRYSTAL

I was awoken by the footsteps of someone fragile.

EVE

You heard everything?

CRYSTAL

Kind of. I get why you want to be that way in order to prove her wrong. There are so many ways you can prove anyone wrong without showing hostility.

EVE

I wasn't trying to be hostile. There were no intentions of that. Just me saying what I was worried of being set to. I have a small problem with people thinking I'm someone from their past.

CRYSTAL

Has anyone ever done that to you?

EVE

No, but I'm afraid someone I know does that to me. She likes to compare her exes to me yet we never dated.

CRYSTAL

You're afraid of someone you once had a thing with who compares you to someone she actually dated. Even when it didn't work, she probably did see you as someone before and after.

EVE

You think so?

CRYSTAL

Girls do it all the time. It is a way to remove ourselves from situations we already dealt with. I think you should know that.

EVE

I do but finding the dichotomy of complex systems only makes it harder. How are you able to tell what is good or worse in a quality of a person if the other portrays that quality in that good or bad way but is seen differently? Someone can do one good thing but another can see it as bad and vice versa. These can be factors of looks, intellect, and all of these other things. For me being weak and dumb, what I did is absolutely engrained in her head forever but anyone that does the same, in this age group who is not weak and dumb to clarify, can be a blessing or nothing to her. Then again, she grows and there is no good cont-

CRYSTAL (interrupts)

You need to stop.

She grabs his hands to stop them from waving around. Eve can overthink sometimes. That is one of those episodes.

CRYSTAL (cont'd)

You love her, don't you?

EVE

Not this again... everyone tells me this whenever I tell them this problem or another problem about her.

He lets go slowly.

EVE (cont'd)

Do you really think I do? I have never been in love or dated anyone before. She was my first kiss. I am still a virgin!

CRYSTAL

There can be things you can focus on to improve that desire, but I think right now is to focus on whether you love her or not. From that story last night, it seemed like you enjoyed spending every time with her. The moment you get to her house, you feel immediately better. It sounds more than just an authentic friendship you wanted to keep; it was more like someone you wanted for life.

CUT TO:

***** [PLAY SONG "SWEATPANTS" AT THIS POINT] *****

// A year later; September 2019

FARMER'S MARKET - DAY

Untimely, a year passes. Eve traveled much more, had his last hurrah with Crystal and the rest early this year, and now moves on to the next place. Something about being in the mid-East makes everything the same, so it gets less exciting traveling in the bouts of the area. So, he takes a turn to the West Coast: Washington State.

You see him walking through a farmer's market. Hella hoes and hella stores. Eve has changed a bit but that is normal human behavior. Going from humble to more of a fluid gesture. Being gay is more cool here than any other place, so being who he is feels more comfortable and open. He wears a cropped top, ripped jeans, and Birks. Straight up from a gay flick.

He walks over to a stand and asks the person about what they sell. It looks like a bunch of makeshift jewelry and freelance art. So progressive!

EVE

And all of this is handmade?

CHRIS

Yes, and the art, too.

EVE

Creative. Abstract. What powers your gears to create all of this?

CHRIS

Passion for various art forms. I guess growing up in a semi-gypsy household, I got so used to seeing everything around me and found influence in everything new. The jewelry was something I learned years ago and decided to put a twist in it.

EVE

Let me guess... the sea?

CHRIS

You're the smartest person here!

The jewelry has oceanic entities like shells or sand-like textures. All made for surfers if you are a surfer.

Chris is a tall white man. Lean, cool mustache, and organic.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Have I seen you before? Do you go to Crescent?

EVE

Can't say I have. I don't go to bars often.

CHRIS

You should come out sometime.

He goes back to bring out a piece of paper. He writes his number and hands it to Eve.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Here.

EVE

Thanks. I will message you when I can.

Eve leaves from embarrassment because who knows people can be so bold. Despite him running away from commitment, nothing stops him from having little things here and there. He would normally stop when it got too deep or in the sense of emotions. Nothing bothers him more than actually wanting to give something new a try.

After walking away and heading back "home", he looks at the piece of paper given to him. You would expect a number with a small message like "xoxo" or "call me." No. Nothing. It is blank. He recalls seeing him write something, but there is no ink. No signs of a print to the paper, too. Just nothing.

CUT TO:

DINER - MIDNIGHT

[VISUAL]

Sun, moon, light, dark, or whatever. He is seen by the corner table with a few of his friends he made here in the time being. Rico, Chris (another one),

Mychal, Edry, and Julia. There are more but he considers these guys the bros. Yes, even Julia being that she is the girlfriend of Rico.

They sit amongst each other, laughing about the comedic shit that goes on in life: drugs, memes, and other random shit like jaywalking on a busy street and not giving a fuck. Somehow, it gets a little serious.

RICO

And I said under my breath 'DICKHEAD' and turned around as soon as I said it. I almost died; I swear.

EVE

Do you like it there even if people like that keep coming around?

RICO

Yeah, I don't mind. The money makes up for it I guess.

JULIA

Either role we play, we make enough to satisfy our losses in that hellhole.

MYCHAL

It's not so bad when you're cracking it with the homies. Am I right?

He dabs up Edry.

EDRY

Yeah, it takes time to adjust to it. As long as we are heard by the managers, I think we can do our jobs well.

JULIA (in between his sentence)

Forreal!

EVE

Sounds like y'all have a good time every time. I would like to work there but I think I might be leaving soon.

EDRY

Why so soon? You're a good soul to be around.

RICO

You make me laugh more than a lot of people I know.

CHRIS (re: the others)

If he has places to be, let him.

EVE

It's just that I keep a repetitive search and move because I'm trying to learn as much as I can about the places I go.

MYCHAL

What might be that reason if I ask?

EVE

A lot of stuff, really.

EDRY

Like..?

EVE

Although it's not the reason I left, I had a falling out with someone and I'm trying to understand it more. That's all. I mean we still talk every now and then, but I feel like we are growing apart from each other every other year.

CHRIS

How long have you known this person?

EVE

Years. Since 2012. I mean we were friends and all but.. I really don't wanna talk about this. Lets talk about... family... no, I mean...

Sometimes sparks inside of him. A new feeling that makes him anxious about things he unconsciously or consciously avoids.

EVE (cont'd)

Give me a minute.

Eve steps out and heads to the restrooms. From the table to the restroom, it feels like the longest trip ever. The thought or convolution of these emotions made time into a strand longer than what it was before. What could it be? And why do feelings promote thoughts that make time longer than it should?

CUT TO:

RESTROOM

He steps inside and finds himself looking in the mirror. Something feels off putting. The sensation of feeling multiple emotions is more inundating than a conversation about someone who has not really been brought up. Then again, some soft touches on things that do light him on fire bring him closer to reality than he can ever be.

As you grow, you tend to get closer to yourself even if you have stayed inside your head all these years. There are just things that do not fully come out

until something as small as a bee gets brought up. It is like you do not realize what you have lost until it is gone.

Family, friends, even relationships. Well, a "romantic" relationship.

CUT TO:

DINER, TABLE - MIDNIGHT

He comes back around and sits in his spot. Normally, these friends would ask "what's up" immediately to clear the room. They continue eating their food in silence until it gets let out from awkwardness.

EDRY

You good man?

EVE

I'm not sure. I guess I'm starting to realize things late.

EDRY

You sure you aint miss home?

EVE

I wouldn't call it that.

RICO

Then what?

EVE

I think I'ma just go. I have stuff to do anyway.

CHRIS

Emma, was it?

There is not a world in which any of these people could know but it eventually gets led out. The source: delusion. But it sets something off. Eve is not happy but unhappy of how sometimes the world can get small. And smaller. And smaller. And smaller. And smal-

EVE (bangs the table)

ENOUGH.

They all look at him with a surprised look. He looks around to see them stare at him with loss of friendship as if being his friend was a mistake. Eve makes one last look around and leaves the scene for them to turn to their food and continue eating. It is almost like it never happened but did. The diner crew

happens to be so used to this since they were unphased or took any protocol/action to figure out what happened.

CUT TO

EXT. DINER - MIDNIGHT

Eve storms off and heads into his car. It feels safer there than everybody asking about his love life when in reality, he does not really have one.

To quantify love is to measure each and every moment one has made a significant value in both parties lives. Looking at Eve and Emma, they have plenty of moments sharing the raw connection they conjured from the 6th grade to their senior year. Even when they talk here and there, it makes it seem like it still goes; there is still that organic feeling whenever they share an opinion or converse over trivial moods. Something about them can be seen as love but really, it is way much more than anyone can ever process.

Hello? Can you hear me?

***** [PLAY SONG "3005" AT THIS POINT] *****

// August 2020; yeah, another year later.

INT. SOME HOUSE - GOLDEN HOUR

Another year, another state. This time, Eve finds himself planted down South of the West Coast. Somewhere in Southern California making it worthwhile.

You see amongst the crowd of people dancing, vibing, and enjoying the time here. A semi-huge party where you can come in, party inside or the backyard, and do whatever you want. It really does seem like those frat houses where any real estate is a place to set up beer pong to get more wasted.

A beach places itself nearby, so you know people have taken every bit of opportunity to take advantage of it.

Anyways, people shift to and fro. Eve gets off the dance floor to retrieve another drink. What must it be? He favors dark liquor like whiskey or rum. What must it be?

He goes to the table full of bottles and cans. Someone sticks out particularly. Someone he knows from an unknown place. A really dark place.. Eve grabs this person and drags her aside. She has sunken eyes and dark clothing on. She seems okay but a loss of light.

EVE

What the fuck are you doing here?

CHER

Eve?

EVE

Remember what they said... You could be killed if they saw us here together.

CHER

This wasn't on purpose.

EVE

You live states away.

CHER

We live in the same state. So I will ask you this, what are you doing here?

EVE

I live here... for now. And it is nice. Plus the next thing is nearby so it makes it convenient.

CHER

Same. I live here too. But please, let me get back to the party. None of this should be mentioned. You know the protocol.

EVE

I do but I don't know if I can return the favor if anything happens.

CHER

I saved your life. I expect something similar.

EVE

Nobody wanted it.. I just.. Things are..

He stumbles through his words. Would he return a favor that big? Saving one's life is by far a huge deal and not having that same energy if anything massive to occur is unfair. But why? What happened?

CHER (interrupts)

Just stop it. Go grab a drink and get the fuck outta here. I don't want anything wrong to happen. Sorry we got intersected at the wrong time but seriously, live your life. I had to deal with some consequences and that's all. Plus, nobody's gonna know we are here. I made sure of it before I got here. I always do and I hope you do wherever you go.

EVE

Sorry. I just miss you.

CHER

So do I but we have to live and to be amongst them like we always had. Just continue doing you.

She grabs a nearby bottle and pours two shots for the both of them.

CHER

Let's do this and go on our merry way. This will be the first time we meet each other, okay?

EVE

Okay.

They down the shots and immediately go opposite ways to avoid each other. A sad story of friends that can never see each other from something unknown...

... as of now...

CUT TO:

REGIONAL PARK - DAY

Days of drinking equal days of resting, enjoying nature. He is seen with a friend of his. Really, a fuck buddy. They do not really talk much except the occasional "let's meet up." It feels wrong but they know what they are getting themselves into. It was spoken into existence and literally, yet some days feel wrong as if there should be a stronger connection than just fucking.

The reason is that they normally start their hangouts in public areas like a couple. The park, a cafe, the mall, etc. where any couple would go. It feels right but wrong, you know?

Sitting on a picnic table, they share food with each other; stuff he made and stuff she made. It is too couple-like, yet there is refusal to it.

EVE

I see you're into perogies now. Where do you get them here?

GIANNA

A local market across my place. They had some fire sale going on so I had to.

EVE

Nice. Imagine if we had grits with that.

GIANNA

It is barely 12. Breakfast is over, fatso.

EVE

Maybe I just want to mix as much food as I can.

GIANNA

Something a fat person would say.

EVE

Says the one eating and talking at the same time.

She spits out her food on the grass.

EVE (cont'd)

You're still cute anyways.

GIANNA

Fuck off.

They continue eating the food on the table. It seems bittersweet to not acknowledge their "relationship" and to admit they are together; almost like nature put it by force.

No matter where Eve goes, he is never alone only because he finds the people that usually match him. It brings comfort, reliability, and trust. Knowing the same kind of people that value the greater things exist makes life easier. Gianna is that, Cher, Rachael, Rico, Mychal, and so on. People who brighten the same stay together. A pack of light to make others lighter.

What is different about him and Gianna is the weird energy when things go North. "Oh, let's watch that movie you want to see" or "come over to cuddle and fall asleep" emits this heavy relationship everyone wants, but every time it goes South, they never want to acknowledge the sweetness that comes from it. They act like the day never happened and repeat once more.

CUT TO:

INT. GIANNA'S PLACE - NIGHT

[VISUAL]

You see them on her couch that faces the tv. A show named "The Orville" plays in the middle of their own show. You can hardly see it, but you can understand what is happening.

Yes, they are making out. The feeling is intense and the next base is bound to happen at any moment. The ruffling of the couch makes a noise similar to the bed shaking. Ironic.

Eventually, it ends and they continue watching the show. Their eyes connect every time it ends in a horrible but loving fashion. They are meant to be

lovers, but nobody wants to say anything. That is their fate: a lover's bond with no real ideal of commitment. Like going into an aisle just to not want anything from there, but you had to go in this aisle whether to avoid interaction or because you have no clue why you are there.

GIANNA

So, when are we going back to the beach? I bought some swimsuits that would be ideal for the moment.

EVE

Tomorrow. We can go tomorrow.

GIANNA

You know. You never told me about what you do for work.

EVE

I am a freelancer.

GIANNA

That's not enough.

EVE

Because it isn't. I just do things, get money, and live a peaceful life.

GIANNA (rests head to look at ceiling)

Ugh, you're so fucking boring.

EVE

My bad. Ima bring drinks tomorrow.

GIANNA (re: EVE)

Do those Jameson cans. The ginger and lime ones hit.

EVE

They are the only things I would have thought bringing. Whiskey in the brisk sun and warm water correspond to each other well.

GIANNA

So do our genitals.

She leans in to kiss him and take his closest hand as she gets up to take him to the other room. The scene stares toward the hallway as they vanish into the room. Everybody knows what will happen and everybody knows what could happen. It is not rocket science: it is sex.

Besides the whole gist, figuring out what can come out of this even in the most desperate motives can mean revealing the deepest emotions that could exist in a human.

CUT TO:

//(cont'd); a silent view of Eve and Gianna by the sand, enjoying each other's time

SOME BEACH IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA - DAY

Whether it means being honest, open, or humble to one's admittance, it means being human. Although they have committed treason to normalcy, it is what Eve looks for: making the worst of everything that exists. Being authentic, you know? How best can you achieve that in a constantly constructive world?

As hard it seems, no thought of construction should be mandated; just existing. It works more of the time when two people find that equation like Eve and Gianna. It could be another form of love but that cannot be mandated unless stated. It is only purity and courtesy. What comes out can only mean the purest of something unseen in humans: being your absolute self. How could it be so pure when people try hard to be themselves? How hard is it when it is only one thought to one action away?

Bias, filter, and execution. Bias prevails and never does your nature. Simply put, you are bound by the gust of breath. What walks leaves a deeper footprint that makes some influence anywhere you end up. Like potholes that stay because companies are too lazy or too broke to fill it but even once removed, it leaves a blotch noticeable to all with eyes. Just that alone makes some viable change in something.

Variables, functions, and arbitrary coefficients.

[VISUAL]

CUT TO:

***** [PLAY SONG "3005 (BEACH PICNIC VERSION) - SECRET TRACK)" AT THIS POINT]

// change in time: similar beach, another year later; May 2021

INDIANA DUNES - NEAR SUNSET

The scene cuts immediately to a new beach: similar stature, similar bodies, similar waves. This time, this is a new girl. Her name is Liz - a friend he made while moving closer to home. They met somewhere in the depot of lost souls (the backroads) in some diner like the one he went to when he first moved away. Like similar tales, they clicked through similar backgrounds and similar ideals.

Yeah, similar similar similar.

The beach scene is supposed to resemble a shift in behavior, that he has given up the search for what is alike. Rather, he searches for what is different to explore the value of humanity. To find the same in everyone only gets you so far which in reality is too little.

Was it something that happened between then and now that shifted his view and if so, what was it?

Eventually, Gianna and him broke off as he stated he needed to move far once move. She could not handle the far distance so a "breakup" was mandatory. Did they ever confess their feelings? Never but it made everything flow passively. He left and she stayed where he built a palace; only for him to go back near home to start all over.

It was then some events came to fruition: the acknowledgment of his old friends' upbringings to understanding a little more about that one guy's relationship with Lesly. Sure, he never likes to get into people's business but this felt more than obligatory to do so. It is part of analyzing which is an inevitable factor in Eve's life.

While discovering, they broke up just around the same time he and Gianna did in Oct. 2020 like officially. They had their ups and downs, but this one was the last straw. She ended up seeking a new guy where he was left to recover on his own, figuring out what he did so wrong for her to leave him that fast. He later got into horrible decisions like going to parties and making friends with people who did not value his words or worth but made use of his energy that he needed for himself. They were of no direction or guide to him but slightly parasitic, grabbing him and benefiting from his scope of life. It was never like this when they met: a stone-cold but goody-two-shoes kid, similar to Eve, that wanted nothing but love. In return, it ruined him into a new person who likes to drink and to make fake friends.

The point in this analysis is you can never make a full blown abstract in how everything you conjure with a person is exactly how it will be onward. People change from what you start with and as they grow up, it changes even more with the experience both parties endure.

But why does any of that matter to Eve? At first, it seems like a throwback to what Eve said to them years ago, knowing their relationship was doomed from the start. That kid falls in love immediately and so did she and when that usually happens, everything else is forgotten. Nobody cares about each other but the feeling or thought. When the kid thought he loved her, it was really in love with the feeling or the concept of love itself.

It happens way too often: infatuation with what someone feels rather than the actual person. It becomes a skewed lifestyle where everybody forgets what it means to be a human being or thinking for each other.

Obsession over the meta. People lose track of reality because of the things they think they have control over. Although you can control what you feel or think, it becomes the easiest manner to romanticize. Just like everything else. Why do you think everything romanticized has always been a motive or outcome/ideology and never the one in between (the person him/herself)?

Anyways...

EVE

She was a friend but hearing that, I stopped speaking to her.

LIZ

I thought you didn't like the guy?

EVE

He grew on me like honey in tea.

LIZ

Tea sounds good. Let's get out of here.

EVE

Sure.

CUT TO:

INT. SOME CABIN - BLUE HOUR

Into the woods and inside the cabin, the two are found with a friend group that never really got to know each other beforehand, so everyone just sits there with willingness but awkward energy. They surround the kitchen island that sits perfectly in the middle where the drinks and snacks are found. A perfect place to chat and to actually get to know each other.

Amongst their small talk and other conversations, some get too deep like it tends to. There is always someone who likes to push ideology or thought into a corner unbeknown to the surface of humanity.

BREANNA

So let's determine forever is a thing, what will you take or make forever?

LIZ

Anything delicious. Why not food?

JOEY

I don't really know besides our essentials.

ALONDRA

Women and only women. It would make the world much better.

EVE (re: BREANNA)

Love. I guess.

BREANNA (re: EVE)

Why love? It seems temporarily existing even if immortality is a thing. Nobody can find the everlasting flame of love with someone or something to the boundless string of time. We would all get bored.

EVE

Doesn't that prove you can never fully love anyone? If we just hypothetically say we can't because of a realistic thought, then you're admitting to a false livelihood or perception of what you can or cannot do. I don't care what anyone thinks because they are not me: I could and possibly will love someone or something to the end of time.

BREANNA

But you obviously don't know that. You can think it at first but after eons and eons with that person, you can find yourself in one or a million experiences that make you fall out of love.

EVE

Or I can find myself with one or a million more reasons to love them. It is really just perception at this point. I know I would if I know I can.

ALONDRA

'If you can' which is just conditional.

EVE

Just because it won't happen doesn't mean I can't. The antecedent-

LIZ

Eve. We get it. Go take a shot.

EVE

Right. I'm sorry.

It was not in a rude manner. Liz knows how Eve can give so much response to a question that can have so many avenues. She is saving him from the loss of energy over things that should not matter.

Eve has spent countless days wondering where he sits wrong in the plane of love. If x equals this, why can it not be y of this? Because the world does not revolve around anyone and make wishes upon wishes. Although he knows what cannot or can happen, there is always that little part in everyone that desires an experience catered to all.

EVE (after taking shot) (re: ALONDRA)

but I can.

ALONDRA

Cool.

After taking the shot, everyone separates. Not to disregard anyone's point but to be where they were prior to gathering. It feels like a carnival, picking rides for the amusement of the environment. People look to and fro to notice where they displace themselves: some in the living room on the couch, the basement that is half visible from upstairs, the hallway that intertwines every room in the first floor, the kitchen that lights up the whole house, etc.. Then again, there are not a whole lot of people (about 8), but you get the gist of it. Many more rooms to occupy but the lesser to pick to enjoy.

Some time passes by and you see Eve sitting down by the hallway, looking at the painting across from him. It feels like a sad, still image of a boy wondering where he went wrong. Could it be from the question earlier? Could it be that he thinks he could or could not achieve loving someone forever and ever? Obviously not possible but if he had the chance, would he? If so, who?

Liz comes down the hallway towards the screen. She gets to the other side of the wall and sits across from him. She talks to him about the event that occurred earlier.

LIZ

I'm glad I can get you away from that a while ago. I know you still think about her.

EVE

Clearly. I feel like I would have so many opportunities without the thought of her. I realized why I can't be in love if I never wanted a romantic relationship to begin with.

LIZ

And that's fine. You realize so early in life but even then, that can be a burden. You might have escaped years of trauma if such a relationship happened because who knows how a kid can comprehend the end of it all. You were young. You knew that a lot of things weren't meant for you. Yes, you were spiritually grown but everyone young is still psychologically underdeveloped. Emotions, feelings, you know?

EVE

I think that's what it was. I wanted that to be clear a lot. I know I kissed her. I know I still talk to her. I know I do all of these things yet, I am burdened with the idea of wanting to be original. If that's stopping me, should I just tell her that?

LIZ

No, because none of it would be real. The truth in people comes in time and through thorough passenging. What occurs develops to a newfound feeling and dwells to... oh my god. You might be in love.

EVE

That's what I'm trying to get at, too. What if I do? It's such a bad paradox. I messed it up but how could I ever recover that moment?

LIZ

It was years ago. I wouldn't say she forgot it but knows your unconscious intentions. I also doubt she thinks you're the same: young and dumb.

EVE

I won't know until I do something.

LIZ

Absolutely.

She gets up and holds out her hand to get him to rise. He looks up, takes her hand, and walks down the hallway.

LIZ (cont'd)

Let's go. The bonfire might be up and they're probably waiting for us. We can talk more there.

EVE

Thank you.

LIZ

Just know I'm always here for you like you're always here for me.

They leave the scene; it leaves to capture the absence of trust. People will believe people when it happens, so saying it will not poke the brain or heart. It just stays afloat in the sea of consciousness, waiting to be taken by the nature of action; a supernatural free fall in water despite the pressure and buoyancy.

CUT TO:

CABIN, OUTSIDE - NIGHT

The scene finds itself on a still frame of the bonfire and everyone surrounding it. The fire emits a bright and chaotic light as the people enjoy an eccentric and ordered conversation amongst each other. The night can be shallow but never the people. Regardless of the accounts taken prior, everyone seems to enjoy each other, too. There is something about revealing personal information or some deeper part about yourself that gets people closer to another. It makes them feel more...

human.

***** [PLAY SONG "PLAYING AROUND BEFORE THE PARTY STARTS" AT THIS POINT]

// The start of the story: August 2022, a little after coming back home

INT. JACQUI'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

[VISUAL]

To another but last yearly jump, Eve finds himself back home in [DATA REDACTED] where everything holds itself together still. Friends, families, and even the neighbors. Never brought out but a glimpse of what is stable figuratively.

You see him on the piano in the living space. His friend, Jacqui, watches close by and analyzes his performances. You can hear people conversing in the background; they did not bother to join where the sounds swallow the entirety of the house, so the kitchen was nice enough to still be a part of it.

JACQUI

The way you play the piano is smooth.

EVE (quietly)

Just listen.

After playing the song by Ricky Eat Acid, he cut immediately into the next one (a song by Childish Gambino). The transition from a 7 second pause was decent enough to get straight to the point; the swap of energy was drastic: something so melancholy to a sinister one. It developed a strange sensation to the whole room where the piano is placed. Although she did not think of it too much or the people in the other spaces, it felt more than natural to do so. Hence, smooth.

JACQUI

Where did you learn how to play? You could've been one of us.

EVE

I don't need validation for my hobbies from anyone else.

JACQUI

Damn. Fair for my last word. But you really could've helped a lot throughout the music and choir program. We were always in need of anyone then.

EVE

If I could go back eight years ago just to tell myself to play for West, my younger self would've fought me. No cap.

JACQUI

Haha you're so unserious. I can never tell when you're being real or not.

EVE

I can never tell either. I'm a torn up testament, abiding to zero notions.

He gets up and looks around. He looks at her for clarification.

EVE (cont'd)

So, when is this party starting again?

JACQUI

Soon. Let's go where everybody wants to be. They didn't get the full display of your performance.

EVE

As long as they understood the feeling, that's enough for me.

She gets up, too, and both head out the space to go enter the crowd of friends who came early. Really, a pregame session for the close ones. Always need one before the party starts.

CUT TO:

KITCHEN - NIGHT

They come in the middle of a conversation the group has had for a while now. Nothing suspicious but it feels mandatory to at least come in spirit, giving the initial "YOO" to foreshadow the energy that would soon come. It is not certain when the party will start but from the looks of it, this little pregame session has occurred for maybe an hour or two. The actual party can start at any moment.

DEREK

Shot time!

EVERYONE

NO!

Derek goes around pouring shots for everyone. Eve does not look the slightest pleased because going straight into without a beer or seltzer feels wrong.

Everyone gathers around, puts up the shot, and yells "ANOTHER ONE!" to signify that obvious. They all take the shots and put away their shot cups. Everyone starts to disperse.

Someone comes up to Eve to tell him something.

DYLAN

So, when did you learn to play the piano?

CUT TO:

***** [PLAY SONG "THE PARTY" AT THIS POINT] *****

BASEMENT - NIGHT

[VISUAL]

The party is in full rage mode: people passing bottles, groups everywhere, some people slumped by a railing or the stairs, someone on the pool floating and drunk as shit, and all of the above. Who thought Jacqui would throw a massive rager at the end of summer?

The party feels louder and louder the more you go into it. Something about noiseless bumping sounds more relaxing than the speakers jamming in your ears. Songs from Lil Durk, G Herbo, Lil Reese, and the rest of your Chicago classics reside in the whole of the party.

There is really no direction to what should or should not happen. The problem lies in why parties exist: to have fun and to risk anything because it is "just" a party: whatever happens will be thrown along the sentence of "it's just a party; what do you expect?" as normalcy prevails in this environment.

The thing takes part in what people want, desire, and consider. The human mind finds itself to be so chaotic but linear to exist in pleasure; hedonistic in nature because who would not want to feel good for themselves?

Eve is found in a small group with a red solo cup in his left hand, enduring the conversations at hand. Talks about what happened after high school, who changed the most, who works where, and all of this non-existential shit that produces existentialism. Where Eve finds himself is in the middle of a bunch of shit he did not really ask for. He left because he wanted to and not to get a degree or some fancy million dollar car to show off.

It was always a matter of time to do so and the perfect timing was his senior year. What drove him was nothing but to learn the world around him. Everything he learned was not enough, and it made reality in his hometown mundane as sand in a kid's playground: it was not placed for the right reasons. Then again, nothing exists for the right reasons.

TYLER

So, what do you do now?

EVE

Exist I guess.

TYLER

I swear you haven't changed one bit. You're still the same kid I knew that ran around like a bitch.

EVE

Excuse me?

TYLER

You heard me.

EVE

I don't have time for this.

Eve leaves the group. Nobody seems to notice what happened or what could have happened. It is a party, right?

CUT TO:

KITCHEN

Eve finds himself in an array of bottles and cups. A barrel of Fireball sits on the edge of the table and someone is found below it, passed out. Eve goes to open the fridge to find something to snack out. A bagel looks directly at him as soon as he opened it. He grabs it and starts snacking on it. No bites; left just for him.

He turns around and sees Jacqui going through a puddle of some liquid on the floor. She looks unpleasant at the sight of shit everywhere around her.

JACQUI

Alright, everyone.

She pauses to make herself clear.

JACQUI

GET THE FUCK OUTTA MY HOUSE.

Everyone stops what he/she is doing. A moment of silence breaks the rhythmic flow that kept going on for hours. People look distraught and confused. It is not until people start leaving and saying shit about her attitude. A trail of people line towards the door; it is truly a sad sight to see everyone gather and disperse for something so unfair. You get there like it is not in your manners to be at least decent of how you treat people's places.

EVE

Why did you do that?

JACQUI

You see the shit people are doing.

She starts turning on the lights to reveal more of the land dump the people created. How disgusting people share when they are all together. Maybe, people are inherently evil ONLY when in collectives.

EVE

Yeah, you're right. Tyler was about to fight me for some odd reason.

JACQUI

Men. You should know how they are.

EVE

Hmm.

She leaves the scene to get trash bags upstairs. He continues to eat his bagel while looking around at the place. It does not feel real or anything he wanted. He feels more than glad it is over because parties do not honne a sense of relief to him. It is nothing but a bunch of people aiming to achieve the same goal of drunkenness. What good can come out of that?

CUT TO:

EXT. JACQUI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

After figuring out what to do, he leaves the place to go do something at this time. It is 3am and quiet.

You see him and Jacqui talk before he departs.

JACQUI

Can I come?

EVE

I think you have more important things to do than be weird like me.

JACQUI

Why are you so hardened? What happened to you out there?

EVE

I ran away, Jacqui.

JACQUI

I know but what did you see?

EVE

Stuff. Life. People.

He turns around to recollect his thoughts.

EVE (cont'd)

I have to go.

JACQUI

You know: I will listen to whatever you have to say. You can't bubble it up and think it is okay to leave it in storage. You're human: you're supposed to talk.

EVE

Maybe, I'm a human that doesn't want to.

JACQUI

People care about you, Eve. You need to believe in them. You need to trust yourself.

EVE

Thanks, Jacqui.

He leaves without a proper goodbye. Something about this feels more off than it should. Although she showed gratitude to his past, it does not feel all too real in the moment. Curiosity is not a big determiner to someone's sympathy. Just a way to understand something in their own heads whether clear or not.

A false narrative, perhaps, is one thing he tries to avoid.

***** [PLAY SONG "NO EXIT" AT THIS POINT] *****

CUT TO:

ROAD - NIGHT

You see Eve sitting on the hood of his car. He looks over the roads, railways, and everything else passing by. The sky does not seem to care much about how his mood persists; there is a burning passion of balance that overwhelms the area he is in. The buildings around make the scene feel less tangible to emotions despite the carelessness of cars passing by.

[VISUAL]

Nothing feels right at this moment. Eve hates himself. He hates his hometown. He hates wanting to continue. He only came back because he had to; not because he wanted to. Could he run away again and never return? Sure. The purpose was to discover and to run away from the dull ideologies that existed here.

It is just the same old bullshit.

He gets off just to take off his shoes. He goes around his car to open the trunk just to throw them in there. This is not a moment to ground. It just feels more comfortable this way.

He gets back on the hood and goes back to watching everything.

Meaning. Meaningful. People are so caught up in wanting to define everything. Even when it is full of meaning, people decide there should be more. What kind of a gain or loss do you feel when you place more than there already is? It is exactly as it should be and not what it ought to be.

Should. Ought. The same thing, right? Or are we falling back again?

Eve wants to discover but that does not require meaning. Meaning comes from assignment; not discovery. People like to dress it with sugar because it makes everything feel better. To know that 1+1 equals 2 or that someone is gay makes everything a talk for tomorrow. The sorrow of outcomes to be in a position where meaning exists to be a contemporary condition does not fit well with him.

It only matters because you want it to matter or because they do. You do not have a choice in saying it does or does not because somewhere or someone already has a thought into it. It makes living feel like hell just so people can gather and discuss the same thing over and over again. Boring. Mundane. A nullified thought. But what more do you want?

Eve is not even the slightest surprised that he finds himself alone here.

He pulls out his phone to look if he received any messages. Earlier, he texted a long time friend about something they share in hopes to converse about such a topic.

Nothing, too.

He puts it back into his pocket. He wonders more. What more could he think about?

Even looking around, he finds nothing to align himself with in the sense to vent. Regarding trust, he feels alone but that is how anyone feels when disappearing just to say "I'm back!" in four years. Although, he did not do any of that.

Eventually, he gets off the hood and back inside his car.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The scene panels to the front of the car. It turns on and immediately pulls out for the parking spot. The destination is unknown but the plan is not.

CUT TO:

FIELD - NIGHT

You see Eve planted in the middle of a field, watching the stars above float and dwindle in time. The street lights perfect the ambience needed and the light to preview the moment he is finding himself in: suicide. It feels wrong

in every aspect, but knowing it would stop the way he thinks or feels is more than sufficient in everyone's regards.

The accountability takes place for the horrors he imagined. He is just trying to reach something that could never exist in a constant, narrating world. It is full of it no matter where you go.

You can take the "peach" out of peaches but never the taste; you can be nothing in a world of everything but never the being. Unless you...

Eve reaches in his pocket from his coat and finds a pill bottle. It was never there when he left the house to go to Jacqui's. It was stolen there. A thought conjured during the party that made him more concrete into his thoughts. Somehow, it poses a paradox even if he thinks it would help this situation. Death should not be seen as an answer to escape the fractal part of philosophy or the complexities of the conscience. Sometimes, the unknown can be known despite the many years humans contribute to this problem.

Eve then

dafsd

Dfas d e hn jlk nm nksiklll s

Slowly

Dnaiwhywhlk

A n d

Why odi o yuu car e

faD e s

Colw ateter a cold awtwe o l cowater colad

I nto

T he

Aby s s

Kjds qwo nd er wofenr edwondwer

Jasal;aocmwceimcegthdsarenu

Jio w w h wh wuy hwywyh why wyh yh

Semaningleselessnesslminlesmnmineslnmnflensml

Jlkmse hw jkl

***** [PLAY SONG "DEATH BY NUMBERS" AT THIS POINT] *****

[VISUAL]

***** [PLAY SONG "FLIGHT OF THE NAVIGATOR" AT THIS POINT] *****

CUT TO:

HOSPITAL - MORNING

Slowly fading into the room, you see Eve laying on a hospital bed, a monitor that regularly checks his vitals, and a tray of food on the left side for him to eat whenever he wakes up from his "slumber".

He does not wake up immediately into the panel but slowly closing in further, he wakes up, inattentive to the food or to the color of the room. Mundane. Boring. The same ordeal.

He looks around with closed eyes to emit the subtle depression. He might be sad. He might be happy. He is just trying to understand why it did not work. He was not original enough...

A doctor comes in with a set of paperwork. How amazing.

DOCTOR

We came as soon as your vitals came up.

EVE

How did you find me?

DOCTOR

You had your phone on you. Your parents said you wouldn't respond to their calls, so they issued an emergency that signaled from your phone.

EVE

The future is great, isn't it?

DOCTOR

Don't be ashamed. You have a lot to live for.

The doctor puts down the paperwork on the side to not make it the figure of attention. She leaves and props the door open.

He looks around to find his phone and sees it next to the tray of food. Chicken, mashed potatoes, a yogurt cup, and oatmeal. Such a strange array of food to eat after a failed attempt.

CUT TO:

PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Even dealing with the fact that his life was on the line, he still precedes to go out and to do things. He was let out but with a prescription of Zoloft and a regulated schedule with a therapist.

He was invited to hang with a group of people that like to go out and to skate amongst the stillness of night. Something he likes to do.

He stands against the concrete that blocks the fall 40 ft in the air.

HENRY

So, what's your thing?

EVE

Who? Me? I don't skate.

HENRY

No, your band.

Eve forgot to take off his hospital band.

HENRY (cont'd)

May I ask what happened?

EVE

Got sick. That's all.

HENRY

You feel any better?

EVE (sarcastic)
1000%.

HENRY

You don't have to be a hardass. I get it: life happens but being honest is the least you can do.

EVE

Are you friends with them or are you playing the lone game, too?

HENRY

Hmm. I see.

Eve does not feel any contempt to be interested in anything here. Just shallowness despite what occurred. But that is life, right? Nobody cares until you say something and even not to state your business, there is still that remorseless soul hanging about for the fun of it.

Nobody cares. That is all.

HENRY (cont'd)

I remember a friend of mine killing himself a year ago. He was happy and outgoing. Was going to school to be a nurse. Then, boom. Found in his room. Lifeless.

EVE
I'm sorry.

HENRY

The thing is, you can never help anyone until it is visible, but most people conceal their pain. That is the hardest part of living when you could never know when someone you love is going through something because he or she is ashamed or doesn't trust anyone else with their feelings. Whether society made it that way or because we learn that humans are horrible people, it is honestly a quick gateway to seeing the other side. But I don't care, right?

EVE
I didn't say that.

HENRY

No, but you thought it.

Henry turns his body towards him to give him his full attention.

HENRY (cont'd)

I don't know who you are, kid, but there are people who care even when you think they don't. You just have to ask them. Talk to them. Communicate. How else would I know what to feed you when you're hungry?

EVE

Bad analogy; you just give. That little thing inside you. It answers for you. I'm sure it's the least you can do.

Eve gets off the wall and walks away from Henry. He looks confused but is everyone not?

CUT TO:

// Next Morning

INT. EVE'S ROOM - MORNING

You see Eve sleeping on the bed he recollected every bit of experience in his growing age. Not to say he is not growing still but the pivotal parts for the majority of his time spent here.

He does not move a single bit; static dreams that keep him at bay. There are moments where he would wake up in a frantic from a dream so horrible that would possess him the entire day. Dreams unspeakable that he turns himself off because he knows that one conversation would turn into a lecture why dreams suck. Nobody likes that for the most part even when he tries to get his point across. Like "dreams entail the unconscious and how successful it is to reach the conscience more frequently" or "we repeat dreams to remind ourselves what or who we are deep down as a manner of loving ourselves or that we care what we were then." It developed into a psychological basis that life has become more behavioral than it was conceptual. Maybe everything he learned then has become applicable to the now; that every deontological/consequential experience has become more ontological perception.

"What could have been" is your "what is and why," right?

[VISUAL]

As the scene panels away, he slowly wakes up and looks around to see the stuff around him. It all feels surreal the way he acts the same he did yesterday at the hospital. A thought comes across that hopes it was all a dream but it was not. It all happened. It wholeheartedly happened.

He picks up his phone from the side. He goes through some notifications and sees someone has texted him about things.

SAM: i heard you were in townz

He immediately responds.

EVE: no, i'm in Oceania dancing with the vibe

SAM: asshole, i see your car parked at your home

He gets up to check the window. He sees her standing outside with an Arizona Rx energy drink on her left hand and her phone on the other; she waves to signal that she saw him peek through. He runs out the room and outside to wonder why she is waiting for him at a time like this.

CUT TO:

EXT. EVE'S HOUSE - MORNING

EVE

What are you doing outside my house?

SAM (walking to him)

You make it aware when you're in town. I had to stop by and wonder what's going on in your weird head.

EVE

I'm okay. I swear.

SAM (walks past him to enter inside)

Says the suicidal one.

EVE (re: inside)

This is not a laughing matter, Sam.

CUT TO:

INSIDE - MORNING

She walks through like she owns the place. Before sitting down, she places the Arizona can to a couch closer to him to signify where he might sit. She finds herself comfortably on the couch next to the tv. Eve closes the door and enters. He sits down, picks up the can, shakes it, and opens it. Before taking a sip, she answers.

SAM

Eve Eve Eve. You're just that guy.

EVE

What do you want? Last time we spoke was fucking high school.

SAM

So? We are still friends, right? And as good friends, we don't need constant communication to be like this.

EVE

Yeah, but-

SAM (interrupts)

But? Your head was always in originality or whatever. Being real is that. I'm being real by seeing you in this abstract way. So what's up? Where have YOU fucking been these past four years?

EVE

Gone. I don't need to tell everyone my business.

SAM

But you told them. The ones you hardly knew. How does that make sense?

EVE

You wouldn't know if I did or not. You're making this harder on yourself.

SAM

Eve, I am sorry for being blunt but seriously, where were you? I don't mean to be rude. I just want honesty.

EVE

Gone like I said. I ran away. That is all you need to know.

SAM

Sorry.

She looks around and then back to him like a sad puppy.

SAM

You know we care.

EVE

Everyone just says that. You care, I care, we care but it doesn't mean a single thing. Whether in my hometown or away, I wasn't close to finding the comfort I yearn for.

SAM

Eve.

EVE

Sam. The problem lies in what you want to think but that narrative can't be placed onto someone that doesn't believe in the same thing. I never really understood why people cared for each other the way they do until something bad

happens. Then it becomes a series of apologies only for the person to leave. It happens every time and I saw it growing up. You only ever apologize when you care at the last minute.

SAM

What are you trying to say?

EVE

I don't need your company or anyone else's right now. Yeah, I tried to end my life, but I think I needed it to figure out myself. It is not about you or them.

SAM

You really changed.

She gets up and precedes go hug Eve. Eve gets the door for her and watches her leave without a sound. Something about this does not feel right, but he knows it is for the better. Even in times of darkness, the traveler needs not a third party but only him/herself to really find his/her way out. Only then, it means something more than finding that meaning. Or at least that is what he thinks.

CUT TO:

EVE'S ROOM - NIGHT

After long hours of contemplating why people are searching for honesty, he finds himself in the stillness of his room. The wall decorates itself with posters and the many blankets that, indeed, cover the warmth he yearns. He lays staring at the ceiling and does not mind what could be on his phone. He just likes to do this whenever he can.

He rolls over and checks it. More notifications from people who "care" about him like "Why?" or "Are you okay?" questions. He puts it down and goes back to thinking.

It is not that he regrets people's self-decision to have empathy or to show gratitude for his presence somewhere in their lives. He considers the thought that being a selfless being comes with a cost or some condition such that it only displays itself whenever something goes wrong. As in, nobody truly cares about you at any moment; nobody ever cares when you are happy or succeeding in life. The "I'm proud of you" lectures only matter because you have accomplished a goal but that consequent thought is to appeal to the goal and not you. It feels bittersweet because you know it will be forgotten over time. When you do something wrong, it feels like a sugarcoat to your continuous life. With life, that is you, supposing that you are living a wondrous lifestyle. Only then, it matters when people do care but only do they show it when you failed or fucked up. It is like you need to fuck up in order to truly feel someone's sympathy towards yourself.

How fucked up.

***** [PLAY SONG "ZEALOTS OF STOCKHOLM" AT THIS POINT] *****

CUT TO:

THERAPY - DAY

// The next day

You see Eve sitting by the couch close to his therapist. It has already been an hour for the first session, but he asked to get another hour because talking like this feels more comfortable than speaking to someone he kno- wow.

In light of the conversation about where he has been or what he has done, it sparked a lot of debate and why or how it all came to be. You know: the traditional "you experienced this as a child, therefore you will experience this later in life" speech.

He seems slouched but enough to give her his full attention.

THERAPIST

So you don't mind telling me why it all began?

EVE

Why? As in why I left?

THERAPIST

That would be part of it.

EVE

Well, I didn't find growth here. I felt like despite knowing everyone and everything, I was really alone and inside my head all the time. I think you get so comfortable with something or someone, and they have this fixed image of you that no matter what you do, you can't distort it.

THERAPIST

What do you mean by that?

EVE

I was always a "deep thinker" or whatever they call it nowadays. I never really got outside of that boot to really tread with life; I just wanted to pursue more and more with why I am the way I was.

THERAPIST

And where did that lead you? Away from people who cared, right? What do you miss when you're away from those who love you?

EVE

I don't know. Memories?

THERAPIST

Sure but there is always more. Whenever people get close to each other, it is because they understand the relations they have with each other whether spoken or not. There is a good connection that exists that allows us to be more than what we conceal.

EVE

Do you think I didn't have good relations with those that cared about me? And because of that, I hid myself for so long that I didn't bother to open up and therefore, my reason for leaving was that? To make it easier for myself?

THERAPIST

I'm not assuming things that happened to you. I am trying to help you get to a destination of your character. A resolve to why you are the way you are.

EVE

Yeah. I suppose.

THERAPIST

I'm a therapist. I'm supposed to help you figure out your behaviors and emotions.

EVE

Thanks, I guess.

She looks at her watch. Time is up.

THERAPIST

The second hour passed. Anything else you need to clear up?

EVE

No, not really.

THERAPIST

Your prescription should continue for another year. If you ever need to up it, talk to me before telling anyone else over there.

EVE

Cool. Thanks.

Eve leaves the room and finds himself staring at the hallway of this place. It is so cold. It does not feel right but he knows this is best for him. It helps to talk to someone who understands what he might know about himself.

CUT TO:

// Later at night

BAR - NIGHT

[VISUAL]

You find Eve sitting by the bar. An old-fashioned tends to be his drink of choice. He occasionally sips from it and goes on his phone most of the time to pass the time. Whatever that is. Or why.

Going to the bar alone feels weird but stylish in some manner that knowing nobody knows you, yet you come to enjoy the moment for yourself. Whether it be a club, bar, or any place where you sit at the bar section, there is some expectation of wanting a conversation. Eve does not want to but something about today feels like a talkative day. Wanting an extra hour with a therapist you barely met says a whole lot.

There are two people next him on the left side: a woman about the same age as him and potentially her boyfriend. From the looks of it, she seems uninterested because he is not making any conversation. Eve overheard some points but it is not really all that. Maybe it is a first date or a final one because this motherfucker is a cornball, talking about "the greatest movie is The Wolf on Wall Street" or "creatine is the best supplement for working out."

They stay silent for a while until he leaves to head to the restroom. She turns to Eve and looks at his drink. Then, him.

AUTUMN

You.

Eve turns to her slowly.

EVE

Me.

AUTUMN

You look so lonely.

EVE

Maybe because I am.

AUTUMN

Why are you babysitting your drink?

EVE

I'm not here to get drunk.

AUTUMN

It's a bar: you're supposed to get drunk.

EVE

Not me. One drink and I'm gone.

AUTUMN (sticks out her hand)

Haha. I'm Autumn.

EVE (slowly sticks out his)

Eve.

AUTUMN

What do you like about this place? I'll tell you my opinion: it's rustic,
homey, and boring.

EVE

I can say the same thing- Isn't that your boyfriend?

AUTUMN

Oh him? No. Just on a second date with this fool. He thinks things are kicking
off but really, it's not.

EVE

You should let him know, so he doesn't go around telling every one of his
friends that you two are something.

AUTUMN

I will soon. He should know a little, especially from today.

EVE

Yeah, I figured.

AUTUMN

You have such big ears, huh?

EVE

Only when I need to.

He takes a sip from his drink. She does, too. It looks like a mojito since it
is in that special cup everyone puts mojitos in.

AUTUMN

I'm gonna go for a smoke break. You should come and join.

EVE

I don't smoke but I'll come.

They both get up from their seats and leave the area. Eve left a \$20 to signify
that he is done and probably will not come back for another.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT OF BAR - NIGHT

Both exiting the place, she immediately pulls out a green Marlboro pack, takes
out two cigs, and hands the other to him. He takes it despite the dislike of
smoking. It just happens to fit this scenario where you cannot deny somebody's
offer of a cig.

She lights it up, lights up his, and continues to talk more.

AUTUMN

You know. I feel like I do this just to feel something. Whether you see me as a bad person because of that or the later half, I am really just lost in this world.

EVE

Isn't everyone? I understand your thoughts. We can't really know what we want until we experience it. It sounds so evil to put ourselves in wrong situations to learn what we like, don't like, or never want to experience.

AUTUMN

You think making mistakes is the meaning of life?

EVE

No. I think we are just looking for something wrong to learn later what's right; a catalyst to being a good person.

AUTUMN

Would that mean I'm a good person?

EVE

Unless you think the product comes out good, yes. Unless you think your actions are wrong, no.

AUTUMN

That contradicts each other, Eve.

EVE

Yeah, I know.

They continue to smoke more but Eve puts out his after like 2-4 puffs. It is not rehabilitating. It feels wrong, now.

AUTUMN

I like talking to you. We should get out of here before he finds me.

EVE (looks back) (looks back)

I see him walking around trying to find you. Let's go before I get my ass beat.

They both dart off into the wilderness of the city. Young, dumb, and knowing what they are getting themselves into, it is like an answer to their argument. Although never stated, it sinks in for the moment they are about to have.

A life of thrill. A life of movement. A life with meaning, perhaps.

CUT TO:

***** [PLAY SONG "URN" AT THIS POINT] *****

SOMEWHERE IN ILLINOIS - MIDNIGHT

[VISUAL]

Passing space and time, contradictions and tautologies, morals and logic, and the moon and the stars, the two seem to have the time of their life. Escaping a moment of subtly to a moment of pure rush sure gets the thought of being free out. Nobody really thinks to feel the way they do in a sporadic way. It feels natural even when the motive was not. Feeling lost can mean anything but for the wrong reasons, it sure feels a whole lot organic. Not to endorse feeling lost or doing wrong to get this rush, but it does come from that. Everybody should have a general grasp of what is right or wrong whether you think it in some Kantian manner or Capitalistic perspective, but knowing either two and clashing them together to exist outside of these worldviews can only mean one thing: authenticity. Well, that is what Eve hopes for.

You can see them running through the city and acting a fool to what comes to them. From crossing the street wildly or running through open parks to get up on stage and start singing random songs, something about this screams "love" or something like that. Well, it never is. Eve is not here to fall in love or to catch feelings even when he should. During the whole time, they both know they are here for the moment to feel less alone or less lost in whatever direction they were in. Even then, they know this is the last time they will see each other. Nobody is dying. They understood the assignment and did not need more of each other to complete it.

Again, just two young, dumb adults feeling less alone in a world of company.

It feels rather strange to even accept the offer from one stranger to another. Whether it meant something or not, it happened. Maybe that is just the meaning and should be left rather than tethered into a million reasons why they are in love or will fall in love.

Not everything is about love, reader. The need to romanticize everything is a sign that-

CUT TO:

EVE'S ROOM - MORNING

After a long night, Eve wakes up alone in bed. The sheets suggest Autumn might have slept over from the rugged sheets that drape over the side of the bed. And yes, Eve still has his shirt on.

He slowly gets up to look around as if someone is here. Nobody. He goes over to pick up his phone like the usual. Some notifications but nothing crucial. It is a manner of habit that peculiarly looks at what is most autonomous when someone wakes up. Breathing: yeah. Registering colors: yep. Picking up your phone: absolutely. The culture that defines technology as a disturbance has become more forgotten where the action of something so new to people's lives will never. It feels more than odd to realize that people will pick up habits whenever introduced formally and embedded into human life. It seems blatantly obvious where what intervenes with life is somehow a routine or a daily habit

somewhere in your words, thoughts, actions, or beliefs. To figure that out solely based on a simple scene makes the scenario feel like some aphorism. It is strange but it is human.

Eve goes to text someone. Autumn? No.

EVE: hi

He texts a familiar being.

EVE: i know you leave in a couple of days and i havent really responded to your texts recently. a lot has happened. i wish to tell you through phone but it seems dull

Eve is an in-person person where he senses a more real connection upon conversation or interaction of whatever sorts.

She texts back immediately.

EMMA: youre good. i heard through some friends what happened. you know i would have been there for you, eve. i dont want to navigate life without knowing you have done something bad to yourself

EVE: i didnt want to intervene especially the whole moving away thing. You have a lot on your mind right now; this shouldnt be another thing added to your list

EMMA: you need to forget about what people think and to remember what people feel

He places his phone down to digest her message.

"Forget what people think; remember what people feel."

A hard pill to swallow. Something humans tend to do: think, think, and think that we forget what it means to be alive. Although everyone is shrouded by thought, the worst that can happen is never knowing what you can feel. Whatever outcome, the greatest gift that everyone can experience is emotion. Happy. Melancholy. Pain. Guilt. Remorse. Manic. And so on. It is a wide scope of things that anyone can feel and despite whether you wanted that response or got the worst end of it, there is that ball of emotions that you can feel. Because then, it is just a reminder of you being you. The real you, perhaps.

CUT TO:

***** [PLAY SONG "PINK TOES" AT THIS POINT] *****

BACKYARD, GAZEBO - MORNING

[VISUAL]

You see Eve sitting outside under the gazebo. He sits away from view of the neighbor's that is prevalently open. An orange Dunkin cup is brought outside that marks a nostalgic reminder.

He is on his phone; something he does too much that keeps him away from the beauty around him. Although it is not a major part, so much information is brought through the phone.

Eve is tweeting about things that do not really matter. Stuff about "what ends are means" or "what means are ends" as a manner to define meaning or purpose entirely. It is not much of a problem anymore but it still lingers.

Never does it find itself to understand what meaning is. What is the meaning? Why does action commit to meaning? The whole notion revolves around being original that wanting to assign some event without the supposed given is such an impossible task. You can go around and do anything to prevent what it could mean only for it to be that meaning for it.

After a storm of tweets, he puts his phone down and embraces the summer radiance. Warm, saturated, and collected. The fall is among him and he does not feel a bit worried knowing it is usually where things go wrong.

He gets a text. He ignores it. He gets up and walks off the scene as it stills into the surrounding of the gazebo

CUT TO:

GROCERY - DAY

After spending the morning doing what Eve does, he finds himself at a grocery store to gather essentials: Arizona Rx Energy. The usual. It is probably one of his favorite drinks besides coffee. An everyday thing to complete the day.

Walking upon the aisle, he notices a few people as they make a lot of sound through combined conversations. Nothing really sticks out but a woman about his height. It is not sure if she is taller or exactly the same due to distance.

He gets closer to pick out a loaf of bread. It is gluten-free even though he does not have a problem eating gluten.

GUY 1

Holy shit, no way!

GIRL 2

Bro, that shit would've hit.

He looks over and sees that she is not much into the conversation. Maybe something happened. Maybe something did not and he is assuming for the worst.

Although it is necessary to potentially save her from the boredom, he does not make the move knowing the consequences of a whole group situation. It is not like he cares what they are to think but the overwhelming sensation is now considerable.

He grabs what he needs and leaves, hoping she finds peace somewhere in herself and who she surrounds herself with.

He goes around the other aisle and stops to think about his thoughts. Whether it was the right or wrong thing to intervene, he knows people deserve maximum output from minimum input. Whatever that means.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER BAR - NIGHT

Despite his journeys, he continuously goes out to recollect everything. He might not be in the right mindset and looking for alternatives, whether in small quantities, that do not provide the benefit he needs, he exists thoroughly well with what conditions do fit well. It is just a hobby, right? To go out and to live within the moment. It might be another sign of something he misses. Maybe he wants to run away again.

He sits alone but of course, people crowd themselves close to him. A person hops into a chair next to him. This always fucking happens.

DUDE (re: BARTENDER)

You need a shot, bro?

EVE

No, I'm good.

DUDE (re: EVE)

My bad. Looking out for the homies.

Eve did not really get what he meant by that since they do not know each other. He turns to him and realizes it is one of his homies. Diego.

Eve gets out of chair and goes in for a dap up and half hug. A guy thing, you know?

EVE

I didn't recognize you from your voice.

DIEGO

That is what four years can do to you whenever you're gone.

EVE

My bad. I had shit on my mind. I needed to do something about it.

DIEGO

You're good. I didn't think I would see you here.

EVE

It's the Taphouse. Everyone from West goes here at some point.

DIEGO

I saw a lot of people from our class.

EVE

Right. It is a hotspot for a flashback.

DIEGO

Well, we have to take a shot.

EVE

I would but I have something to do in a few hours. A lot of hours from now.

DIEGO

Like?

EVE

Emma is leaving for good. I want to see her before she leaves.

DIEGO

You're still tripped up about her? It has been forever. You need to let her go.

EVE

It's not like that. We are just friends. I mean, wouldn't you want to be there for your friend's last day?

DIEGO

I would when I know it.

Eve looks away to understand that he really told none of his friends about him leaving except Emma. It feels weird to accept this reality of missing out four years of his friends, family, and everything else. There is potentially nothing you can do to reserve or to make any amends. It happened and therefore, you need to embrace what comes of it.

EVE (re: DIEGO)

I'm sorry. I just didn't think anyone else would care.

DIEGO

Except her? Who else would provide the same energy she gave you? The boys. Joel, Arturo, Edgar, and us are so much closer than before. We even added more people to our group.

EVE

And I missed out on all of that. You guys are really something.

DIEGO

It's not too late, bro.

EVE

I know. I hope we can all catch up soon.

DIEGO

Eventually.

The bartender comes out with two shots. They immediately bring them up and down them. This is brotherhood on another level as nothing feels different. Just two bros rekindling something that went missing.

DIEGO (cont'd)

Fuck, but as I was saying, why her?

EVE

I feel as if she understands me more than anyone. I feel more than obligated to see her one last time as she has done to me when I left. Whether an obligation or not, I want to see her. I need to.

DIEGO

People change. She probably doesn't feel the same as she did then.

EVE

Maybe, it is not about that. All I know is that I messed up and need to clear things up.

DIEGO

I'm trying to help you. She doesn't need your reassurance or some hope for you to crush.

EVE

Degs, maybe you just don't know. But right now, I need to be left alone.

DIEGO

Sorry. You enjoy whatever happens.

They dab up one last time, and he leaves back to the group he came with. Some random set of people that he has never seen. He goes back to finishing his drink, leaves \$30, and heads out. It feels more than normal to do this the way he exits out with ease

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

He comes out and looks around. He steps aside and goes on his phone.

EVE: how are you feeling rn

EMMA: i feel scared. i don't know how you did this without feeling scared

EVE: i was scared too but i knew what i kind of wanted. i accepted my decision without even realizing the outcome

EMMA: did you also feel lost?

EVE: as in?

EMMA: like you're only doing this because you know you have no sense of purpose around you

EVE: but we all do, i hope. i didnt really think about it that much so it wasnt a rampant thought

EMMA: but i still feel lost, eve

EVE: and you shouldnt because you know what you want. you know what youre gonna experience and you know whats best for you. its why you're doing it; you accepted it. if not, you wouldnt have bought the ticket to begin with

The texts end there because he knows he has to go.

He goes to the parking lot to enter his car. He gets in, starts the cars, and heads out. The thing is he does not go back home to rest a little before her departure. He ends up roaming around the town to reminisce about the good times he had here. Whether with her or the things he wishes he did not miss, it is to encapsulate the wholeness of his hometown. Running away made him feel more mature and not because of the people but the experience he shoved himself into. It is not to say she will not understand what maturity is or what you could learn more about yourself, but it is knowledge you will grasp and hold forever on. That knowledge will forever shape the person you are through and out of life. As your legacy continues, so does your knowledge which derives itself from your willingness to excite curiosity or some challenge. And where you think it all goes away, Earth will be that computer to hold all of those moments willingly. The oldest computer and a subtle blessing..

CUT TO:

***** [PLAY SONG "EARTH: THE OLDEST COMPUTER" AT THIS POINT] *****

EXT. AIRPORT - MIDNIGHT/MORNING

Late night cruising comes to a stop at 4am. It is about an hour before she arrives at the airport. Eve understands the outcome. He just does not know what to do or to say. Even if there is something to say, why is it any necessary now if it will not matter after? For instance: pouring out your emotions only to

find out they feel the same way, yet they are moving away. What does it serve? Honesty without desired consequence? Sure, you might have opened up but it becomes nullified since feelings promote the future, such that the feeling goes accordingly and directly to the event. Yet, it does not in this case. So why should it matter anyways?

Eve finds a parking spot and sits in his car. His eyes and surroundings look tired and empty. Something about being up from then to now only makes this decision meaningful. It is supposed to occur like this: wake up, do something all day, and stay up to see your friend for the last time.

While sitting, he notices people coming out with balloons and large posters. It must have been a reunion of some sorts. It feels warm. It feels human.

[VISUAL]

He looks out once more and feels a breeze squeeze in. A weird sensation that has never occurred to him: a fictitious moment where he sees everything in front of him. A moment hard to dictate from reality to fiction.

What he sees is a scenario of him and his family coming out to each other. It must have been a moment where his mom or dad came back from a trip to their country of origin. The feeling was intense because there has not been a good time and place where they were all together: him, his brother, his sister, and parents. It feels whole, human, and intense. A returning emotion of what it means to be a family.

He looks stunned the entire time almost like he got shot or jumped into a pool to survive a wave of rounds.

He snaps out of it. It must be the lack of sleep he is experiencing. Some texts flood through. It is Emma.

EMMA: i'm here. my flight leaves soon.

EVE: i thought it was later

EMMA: 5:15 is when it departs

EVE: shit

Eve looks at the time: 4:30. The time in the Twilight Zone goes by without a noise. It just happens and next thing you know, you are 60 years old.

He immediately gets out and starts walking fast to the entrance of the terminal she is supposed to be.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT - MIDNIGHT/MORNING

He walks in almost strangely but in a timely manner. There are no excuses to let go of this moment. He continues to keep walking and goes through every

checkpoint. Although he is not boarding a plane, he bought one just to go through the terminal. Maybe, he bought it just to leave with her.

He walks path after path to notice Emma waiting for her plane to start in-boarding. He gets to her before all of that ever occurs.

[VISUAL]

EVE

I'm here.

EMMA

Eve!

She gets up to hug him. Something about this timing or the writing itself feels quick. What is the rush?

EVE

I kind of lost track of time as I waited in my car. I swear I saw something out my car window.

EMMA

Did you sleep at all today?

EVE

No. I just needed to feel the moment before I got here. It's good to see you.
How are you?

EMMA

The same as before: scared.

EVE

You are going to have fun. I mean [EDIT] is a fun state. Isn't it warm all year round? You won't ever have to worry about the cold anymore.

EMMA

Right. I don't think it's just that which I'm worried about.

EVE

Then what is it?

EMMA

Losing you, Eve.

He looks at her with a half-surprised look. It feels odd to notice that she does care about him. For once, he is not thinking about her thoughts or what she could think about any of this. It is just pure emotions but what could that entail?

EVE

Emma, we have been friends since the 6th grade. There is no losing me anywhere.

EMMA

After being here so long and losing the friends that mean the most to you, it gets more problematic when you move out of state.

EVE

I wouldn't be here if you lost me down the old road. I wouldn't be here if I had known we would lose our connection down the new one.

She smiles. She pauses for a while. Emotions let her speak.

EMMA

I want to know what happened to us. You know: romantically.

EVE

Emma, I don't know how to respond to that.

EMMA

But you should. I mean we had moments and we were always there. It couldn't just mean anything. It had to.

EVE

Why does it need to mean anything? We had prefaced it once. We don't need to do it again.

EMMA

Eve, you just don't understand, do you?

EVE

Help me understand.

They both sit down. The time is near departure. What more is there to be said?

EMMA

You. Me. Our moments. A lot of connections that built to these moments filled conditions that made sense to me. I can't be going crazy but..

EVE

But what?

EMMA

This.. us.. It had to be love.

Eve stops for a moment. The word "love" does not sound right for the case he has run away from this talk for so long. Everyday from their first time meeting to now circulates back. Were they really in love? Was it their own love? What is love and why does it matter?

EMMA (cont'd)

But I want to figure that out with you.

EVE

Every now and then, I look back at our time; the talks to our hangouts. I can see why you would see it. At first, I didn't really think too much about it.

Then when I "ran away," it felt like I was missing something. Someone. Talks about where I went wrong or what I needed to do was everywhere I went. I met so many cool people and asked them their opinions. They all said it was love. But how can it be love if we never said it to each other? I mean, do you love me?

She looks away from him; then back to him.

EMMA

That is what I'm trying to figure out. I can't say I have fully felt it, but I was in love once. And now that you said all of that, do you love me?

EVE

I am on the same page as you. All these conversations made me think I was. For the most part, I thought it but never felt it. Again, I have never been in love. So, how am I supposed to know?

EMMA

What is the regression to love? How does one know they are in love?

EVE

If both parties know it, then it exists somewhere both which they have fostered. I think.

EMMA

I believe that yet we are in contingencies that allow none of that to exist.

They both look down. The check-in lady announces the first part for departure: first class and all. They both get up. The looking around makes everything a little awkward.

EMMA (cont'd)

I think I understand more for ourselves.

EVE

What could that be?

EMMA

Maybe, the fact we had similar instances where love roamed in the air for us to find, it wasn't natural. We experienced what could have been limerence. Because people thought we were, we assumed to take that position.

EVE

As in, our narratives were set by others that didn't see us as us. Just two long, lost lovers to satisfy their version of love. Almost like a projection and we "lived" in it without absolute denial but more confusion.

EMMA

We were warped in their ideas that these conditions met meant that we were. But as you said, authenticity. What people do experience is totally out of our control and can't be based on our own reality. We are meant to live on our own and to accept what we want.

EVE

And that everyone else exhumed the same conditions, only that makes it worse: to plaster the same ideals onto everyone they spoke to. Everybody was the same in their eyes. Everybody is not somebody to them. "Everybody is everybody" is so wrong.

EMMA

We are all individuals seeking our own truths, our own beliefs, and our own experiences. Luckily, I met someone who believed in that and I apologize for letting it be a setback to myself when I knew you are your own being.

EVE

It was long ago. Even if I knew what I wanted, I should not have been a dick about it. What I wanted was the experience and that sounds shitty but I truly did. Love, in my book, doesn't sound like what we had.

EMMA

Love doesn't sound like that either in mine. Love never happened in the past.

EVE

Forget what people think; remember what you feel.

EMMA

Are you trying to forge my words?

EVE (laughs)

No.

The lady announces for the regular boarding. Emma grabs her things. It is time.

EVE (cont'd)

So, where do we go from here?

EMMA

The same as usual: authentic.

EVE

Sick.

She looks to the entrance.

EVE (cont'd)

Just know I'm going to miss you, Emma.

EMMA (turns around)

So am I, Eve.

They go for one more hug. No tension is present nor the need to kiss each other. It is all mutual and respectful.

EVE

Call me if you ever feel lost.

EMMA

I think I have been found from today's experience.

She starts to leave. Eve watches the entire time as she boards into the plane. The moment is fleeting and so is he. Whether this was a good or bad outcome, the feeling he feels is real. Something human that, again, sets a reminder to who he is: a man of authenticity.

This is a reminder that not everything is what it seems. So many contextual inputs come from outer views that distort what someone truly thinks or feels. The problem that someone believes it because they hear it so much does not necessarily mean it is true. One is neither supposed to be or supposed to listen when it comes to figuring out what one wants; subjectively, it is all based on what you think fits right, canceling all that exists ear to ear.

Now, is that a problem? Absolutely not but to achieve what Eve wanted was necessarily the case to omit everything he experienced to fully understand his autonomy, his instincts, and his true self; pure willingness of any situation. *A priori* as one would denote, despite it being a concept, is truly where all boundaries cease; nothing is truly limited to be wrong or to be right when all experiences of condition are present.

And that, he gets to experience that with her: both authentic humans to find meaning in each other for the most organic meaning to be. Whether it was something he has looked for his whole life... holy shit.

In the moment of standing and watching her board the plane, he feels something. A revelation that sparks what could have been long ago. Even when he suggests that they could have prevented the potentiality of never speaking to each other again if they had dated and failed, this feeling should not be this overwhelming.

He still watches but now with a heavy heart that maybe her moving might be the last time he will see her, and for the first time he feels something deep inside: love, it is.

So, was he wrong all along?

***** [PLAY SONG "LIFE: THE BIGGEST TROLL" AT THIS POINT] *****

[VISUAL]

The end;