

MY DELAWARE EXISTENCE

Written
By
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FADE IN

1 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT 1

A young boy, nineteen, is being handcuffed on a sidewalk, next to his parked car and the police cruiser. A second police officer is monitoring the cuffing. The boy has shaggy hair and is unshaven. He has honest eyes, and politely helps the officer put him in the backseat.

We follow CLOSE on the police car as it starts moving.

2 INT. POLICE CAR (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER 2

The boy in the backseat is ERIC. He watches the night city pass by from the window.

ERIC

Have you seen The Dark Knight?

FEMALE OFFICER

Yes.

ERIC

You know the scene where the Joker has his head out of the back window of the cop car?

FEMALE OFFICER

Yeah?

ERIC

That wouldn't work, would it?

A beat.

FEMALE OFFICER

I guess not.

3 INT. POLICE STATION - LATER 3

Eric sits uncuffed in a plastic chair. The policewoman sits with her back to him, filling out paper work.

ERIC

You know, I think people only think about fate when something bad happens.

FEMALE OFFICER

How so?

ERIC

Well, I could trace my steps back a thousand ways, and only one path leads to me sitting here. That happens to be the path I took.

The officer instructs Eric on how to use the massive Breathalyzer machine.

FEMALE OFFICER

Don't burp. Otherwise we'll have to wait another twenty minutes for the machine to warm up. When I say so, blow as hard as you can for as long as you can.

4 INT. POLICE STATION - LATER 4

Eric again sits, while the officer writes at a desk. He is visibly bored, and is curiously touching official documents stapled to a board at his side.

ERIC

Remember when you said I couldn't go to the bathroom unless I was close to peeing myself?

FEMALE OFFICER

Yeah?

5 INT. POLICE STATION - LATER 5

Eric walks out of a jail cell, buckling his belt.

6 INT. STATION HALLWAY - LATER 6

He and the officer walk down a hallway into a long narrow room with windows at both sides.

7 INT. PROCESSING ROOM - LATER 7

A jock officer leans at the doorway. The female officer rolls a small baggie of marijuana in her hands.

FEMALE OFFICER

Man this really smells.

JOCK OFFICER
 Just toss that. I think they'd
 laugh at you if you put that
 through evidence.

Eric turns to the man, a disgusted and insulted expression on his face.

8 INT. ERIC'S BEDROOM - MORNING 8

Eric awakes in his bed. His wild hair is frizzy and out of control. He rolls onto his back.

FLASHBACK TO:

9 EXT. PARK - DAY 9

Eric and a cute girl walk past a stone wall alongside a small creek. They are very affectionate. Her name is BRENDA, and she is Eric's recent ex-girlfriend. She takes pictures of him, the trees, the sky, their feet in the cold water.

BACK TO PRESENT

10 INT. ERIC'S BEDROOM - MORNING 10

Eric is still in bed, daydreaming. The early sun creates a haze in the dusty room. The digital clock reads eleven twenty-one.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Eric walks in only his boxer briefs down the hallway of his house.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

He enters the bathroom and leans on the sink. He stares deeply into his own eyes in the reflection of the mirror.

INT. HOUSE - LATER

Eric staggers down the carpeted steps, now dressed, his hair pulled back. He leans on the railing at the bottom of the stairs. His mother approaches from the kitchen and stands in the doorway.

MOTHER

You got in late? Where were you?

Eric shrugs, sucks his teeth, turns his back on her and puts his phone to his ear.

ERIC

Yeah. Coffee? Alright, come pick me up.

11 INT. BOOKSTORE - AFTERNOON

11

Eric sits with a large coffee cup across from a girl with dark brown wavy hair. She is wearing a puffy jacket with a faux-fur hood. This is SAM.

SAM

So a guy sent me a picture of something odd.

ERIC

His penis?

SAM

How'd you know?

ERIC

Lucky guess.

SAM

What should I do?

ERIC

Run and never look back.

SAM

Just like that? You didn't even think about it.

ERIC

I didn't have to. If he sits around all day taking pictures of his dick and sending them out thinking he's being charismatic, then something is wrong. Now when taking a picture of your junk, do you get it erect or just go for it?

SAM

So, what exactly do you do all day?

ERIC

I don't know. Normal things.

SAM

Go to the bank? Buy toothpaste?

ERIC

What? Is that normal to you? I mean, hell, just because I'm not working two jobs doesn't mean I'm some kind of oddity. You don't measure what you do by the shitty job you work, do you?

SAM

So you just... float around?

ERIC

Well yeah. I guess. Why don't you?

SAM

I don't know. I've just always had a job.

ERIC

Yeah, you've worked two jobs ever since I met you. Why? Your dad pays your rent. Where's this money going?

SAM

I don't know. My dad gets on my ass if I'm not working two jobs.

ERIC

That's crazy! You work like you're on welfare. You're nineteen. Enjoy life a little bit. You've got plenty of time to miserably work your ass off at a job, or jobs, that you hate.

SAM

I just feel like I have to be active or something. Or else I'm not progressing. I can't imagine living the way you do. Freely. Wandering.

ERIC

Well I mean honestly, are you progressing? You've changed majors weekly since you got into college. Community college. You don't have a clue what you actually want to do.

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

On your current path you're going to trudge through college blindly in any possible direction, until you can, best case scenario, get a mid-level hospital job and spend the next decade paying off student loans.

SAM

I do feel like I'm going down a pre-determined path. But what's the alternative? Piss away the next five years? Then where will I be? Maybe I'll enjoy myself, but I'll be exactly where I am now, just with five less years.

ERIC

Don't you see a problem with that thinking? You're treating life like a race, with a finish line. Is it really worth living life in a boring, unhappy, get-to-the-finish-line way? Enjoying the next five years shouldn't be a side note. It's the only note! I mean hell, man. This is Delaware. We're getting sucked in. I'm fighting, kicking and screaming. Running from responsibility as fast as I can, because if I man up and meet my responsibilities, then it'll mean my responsibilities are here. In Delaware. And I just cannot accept that fact. Not yet. Not at age twenty. I'll give up and work a nine to five when I'm thirty and depressed. Not now. This place sucks. It saps you of any enthusiasm for anything out of the ordinary. Even Wayne's World made fun of us. Wayne's World.

12

INT. BOOKSTORE - LATER

12

Sam and Eric stroll leisurely through the aisles of the bookstore. Glancing at covers, occasionally pulling one out, examining it, then shoving it back into its slot.

SAM

So what are you up to tonight?

ERIC

Think I'm going to party with Andrew and Dennis'.

SAM

Fun fun. Don't you say all of their parties are the same?

ERIC

Yeah, they are. At every point since I've known them, the parties we have are the same. You know? There's been like five different parties in the past six years, but each one of them has happened seventy something times.

SAM

Yeah, I know what that's like.

ERIC

Probably end up sucking down light beer in a murky basement. That's always fun. Hope I don't see Sara.

SAM

Why?

ERIC

I've had the "feelings" talk five times and she still doesn't get it.

SAM

What's the "feelings" talk?

ERIC

You know. "I just don't feel that way about you." "It's not you, it's me." That kind of nonsense.

SAM

Ahh. I do know that one.

ERIC

And if I leave any wiggle room, she wiggles right to it. Hears what she wants to hear.

SAM

Must be hard being a love god.

ERIC

Ha! I don't remember Zeus having these problems.

SAM
He had like thirty illegitimate
kids. You want that?

ERIC
No. Although the lightning bolts
would be nice.

13 INT. SAM'S CAR - LATER

13

SAM
Alright, dude.

Eric opens the door, turns and smiles.

ERIC
I'll give you a call, let you know
how amazing it is. Remember, you're
my go to text gal if things get
awkward.

SAM
Likewise!

Eric turns and walks toward his house. Sam speeds off in her
small white sedan.

14 INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

14

Eric pushes through the door. Immediately to his right, his
brother JOHN types on a computer. He turns to look at Eric.
He is unshaven, wearing a sweater with a collar popped out.
He has a mullet.

JOHN
Hey bro.

ERIC
Hey. What's going on?

JOHN
End-game raid. Big things.

ERIC
Sweet. Where's mom?

JOHN
Upstairs. I think she wants to talk
to you.

ERIC
Of course.

JOHN
Cops called.

ERIC
Shit! You couldn't have started
with that? Priorities!

JOHN
Hey bro! I mentioned the raid,
didn't I?

Eric trudges past him, and runs up the stairs. He sneaks by his mother's open door and walks down the hall into his room. His cat rolls over on his bed, stretching and meows.

ERIC
Hey baby.

He sits on the edge of the bed and rubs her belly. He sighs and rummages through the nick knacks on his dresser. He lifts a small square picture of a smiling girl. She is tan, has full cheeks and a curly hair cut. He sighs, and smiles slightly. His phone vibrates loudly in his pocket. He pulls it out, and slides it open.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Allo oui?

DENNIS
Yo dude.

ERIC
What's going on, man?

DENNIS
You still down for tonight?

ERIC
Yeah, how's my ride looking?

DENNIS
I can swing by at six thirty.

ERIC
That works.

DENNIS
Alright, later kid.

ERIC
Later.

He tosses the picture back onto the dresser. He turns and exits his room.

Back downstairs he sits on the couch and turns on the TV. He switches it to the Colbert Report. John approaches the couch and stands behind it.

ERIC (CONT'D)

What are you doing tonight?

JOHN

Hanging out with Brit.

ERIC

When are you going to realize she's a bitch?

JOHN

I've known that. But she's okay to hang out with most of the time. She's a decent friend. Just loves drama. How are you doing?

ERIC

Me? I'm fine.

15 INT. DENNIS' CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

15

DENNIS

Ready to get fucked up?

ERIC

Keystone light?

DENNIS

Yeah man!

ERIC

Oh great. I'm so ready!

16 INT. DENNIS' HOUSE - LATER

16

Eric follows Dennis into a very worn house. The carpet is a brownish green color and very dirty. The walls are dull, and littered with small posters of bands and pictures of marijuana leaves. A bong sits plainly on the glass coffee table, surrounded by Sports Illustrated magazines. A tall and skinny kid runs out of a back room. He is pale, with a mop of blonde curls under a backwards Orioles hat. This is ANDREW.

ANDREW

What's up player?

Eric bursts into a large smile, and slaps his hand.

ERIC

Nothing much man, what's going on with you? Besides the cheating thing?

ANDREW

Oh man. I got caught big-time in that. Lindsay is pissed.

He places his palms together in a prayer-like position.

ERIC

Beyond repair?

ANDREW

No way. But it's gonna take a lot of bending over.

ERIC

I see. Your girl coming?

ANDREW

The Puerto Rican? Oh yeah. I'm not gonna let a little girlfriend trouble get in the way.

Eric laughs and they walk into the kitchen. There is no table. Newspapers are strewn around the floor. Dennis pulls a sleeve of red cups out of its plastic.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

What time's it starting?

DENNIS

Around ten. What's your situation Robbins?

ERIC

Fuck if I know. Certainly seems to be over for the last time.

DENNIS

Shit man. You cool with that?

ERIC

I guess. I mean, it was getting bad anyway. She's totally different now. Trying to impersonate a new group of friends. I wouldn't like this new person even if we didn't break up.

DENNIS
I get that. I get that.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

17 INT. BASEMENT - LATER

17

The basement is packed with hip Newark, DE college students. Beer pong is being played on a long thin table in the back. A chubby guy with long hair is controlling the iPod, which is hooked up to a speaker system. Eric is in the corner, holding his beer close to his chest. He is with a small circle of people.

He's talking about DMT, the dream drug, with Pat, a small spaced out hippie, straight out of The Allman Brothers.

PAT
It's like crystallized dreams, man.

ERIC
Where does it come from?

He takes a joint from Pat, and takes a hit.

PAT
It's in everything! That's what the government doesn't want you to know. You can find it in grass, in tree bark. All you have to do is know how to extract it?

ERIC
Do you?

PAT
No.

They laugh hysterically.

ERIC
We have to find some.

PAT
I am so down. Someone knows where it is.

ERIC
DMT. I've got my eyes out.

18 INT. BASEMENT - LATER 18

Now there is a small girl standing in front of Eric. She has brown dreadlocks, pulled back and under a green bandana. She has a hoop nose ring. This is BECCA.

ERIC
So you go to UD?

BECCA
Yeah. I hate it though.

She smiles deeply at him. He tilts his head, and studies her. Their eyes are locked.

19 INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER 19

Eric and Becca are sitting on stools near the beer pong table. She turns to him and smiles.

BECCA
Would you like some acid?

ERIC
I would love some.

They laugh together, and she hands him a small brown rectangle. It has a half line in the center, dividing two linked tabs. She places an identical gel tab in her mouth. He brings his cupped palm to his mouth and drops it in. He stares at her while sucking the tab away.

20 INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER 20

The party now swirls slowly. The colors leave blurred trails. Bodies gyrate methodically in a mass arrangement. Eric and Becca are grasped together tightly in the mass. They dance much like swimming amidst the party. They meet in a passionate kiss. His right hand gently grasps her cheek, his left on her hip.

21 EXT. NEWARK STREET - NIGHT 21

Becca pulls Eric down a sidewalk. She is excited, he is laughing.

BECCA
D.P. Doughs!

She releases his hand and starts at a run down the street. Eric follows, laughing. The two run together.

She tries to open the door to a college town pizza place before slowing down, and slides past the entrance. Eric leaps in before she comes around behind him. They stare up at the sign.

22

EXT. PLAYGROUND - LATER

22

Eric and Becca swing slowly on a pair of chain link playground swings. Eric is finishing what is left of a small stromboli. Becca is smoking a blunt. She passes it to Eric.

ERIC

Where does she go?

BECCA

I don't know. Where does a homeless bag lady go?

ERIC

I have no clue. Is she homeless? I hear she's a duPont. She's crazy rich. But all she does is wander around with her bags.

BECCA

And her duct tape shoes.

ERIC

How could I forget? I'd love to follow her one day. All the way. See where her day starts. And ends. I could make a documentary about her. Finally letting the world of Wilmington in on her secrets. It'd become a Delaware legend.

BECCA

But then we'd lose our one true mystery.

ERIC

You'd rather not know?

BECCA

It's kind of fun, isn't it?

ERIC

Yeah. I guess it is.

23

EXT. STREET - LATER

23

Becca is leading Eric through Newark.

BECCA

I don't know, I guess when I socialize, it's more about doing. Like I go dancing, hiking, or something.

ERIC

So it's about the activity, and the talking comes with it.

BECCA

Yeah! I'm not a sit and talk person.

ERIC

I'm the exact opposite. I'm a sitter. And a talker. For hours.

BECCA

We can sit somewhere.

ERIC

No no! This is great.

24 INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS 24

They enter into a four story parking complex.

BECCA

Let's go up!

ERIC

I'm following you.

25 INT. STAIRWELL - LATER 25

They circle around and around a series of staircases.

26 EXT. ROOF - LATER 26

The final staircase gives way to beautiful night view of the city. They walk across the empty parking level to the side looking out on the city.

BECCA

Beautiful!

She climbs up onto the railing, and sits on it with one leg on each side. Eric hops up onto one, and clutches it with both hands.

ERIC
Wow. High.

BECCA
Afraid of heights?

ERIC
Deathly. I'm sweating.

BECCA
Oh! I read about this guy, who can have you overcome your fears. And he says all you have to do is slap yourself while doing what scares you. Try it!

Eric starts lightly slapping himself.

ERIC
Still scared!

He hops back down, and peers over the ledge with both feet on the ground.

ERIC (CONT'D)
This is better. Solid ground.

They enjoy the quiet breeze for a moment.

Something catches Eric's eye.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I can't help but stare at that computer monitor.

He points to the computer inside a window office of a large bank building.

ERIC (CONT'D)
It's the only sign of life in that building. I wonder who uses it.

BECCA
I think his name is... Fred.

ERIC
It's definitely a man.

BECCA
Tall?

ERIC
Tall. Maybe six foot.

BECCA

Mustache.

ERIC

Yeah. A thick one. Chestnut brown, matching his hair. He's just going grey.

BECCA

Married?

ERIC

Hmm. Maybe he was. But he has a new girlfriend. A midlife crisis situation.

BECCA

Yeah. His daughter doesn't approve, either.

ERIC

No. Absolutely not.

BECCA

Is his wife pretty? Blonde?

ERIC

Yes. Pretty in a cougar kind of way. She's always wearing yoga pants.

BECCA

Definitely has fake boobs.

ERIC

Definitely. Lips too.

BECCA

Big. And his daughter goes out dancing at nights, Fred doesn't know.

ERIC

No, because he has trouble relating to people.

They share a laugh. She turns and stares off into the night. He watches her.

27 INT. BUS - LATER 27

They ride a Dart bus through Wilmington. Becca is sleeping with her head on Eric's shoulder. He has his head rested against the glass of the window. He watches the city pass by.

28 INT. DARKNESS - THE NEXT DAY 28

ERIC
Coffee!

29 INT. BOOKSTORE - LATER 29

Eric eases his aching body into his chair. Sam smiles curiously at him.

SAM
Fun night I see.

ERIC
Yeah.

SAM
Clearly not the same party.

ERIC
No. That was something different.

SAM
Jesus, how much did you have to drink?

ERIC
Oh, not that much. It must be all that acid I took.

SAM
Christ. No good time goes unpunished. Brenda is fuming. Apparently someone saw you hooking up with some chick and told her.

ERIC
Are you serious? God. I wish she'd make up her fucking mind.

SAM
Would you get back together with her?

ERIC

I don't know. Part of me wants her to call. But I don't know how much of that is the loving side or the hating side. I'd probably just want it for the satisfaction. I do hate her. I wish she'd give me some closure.

SAM

What do you mean?

ERIC

Well, she wants me. She wants to keep me close, so she can get high and flirt around, but if she gets shot down and lonely, she's got me to come back to. The part of me that loves her is almost okay with that, just to be close to her. But the rest of me, the sane part, says "fuck that!". If she could man up and give me something, an explanation of why she hates me, or just an adult conversation, I could get on with my life one way or the other. But this damned if I do damned if I don't bullshit has got to stop.

SAM

Sounds like she clearly still has a thing for you.

ERIC

Oh yeah, it's obvious. But her way of showing it is trying to fight me. It's moments like that, that convinces me she hates every part of me. But when she threatens to fight a girl I'm talking to, it convinces me that she still feels something. Something other than anger anyway.

SAM

What did you do to her anyway?

ERIC

I have no idea. Our relationship was very up and down. But when the time came, it was her that pulled the plug.

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

Especially the way it went down, it should be me that's pissed.

Sam checks her phone periodically. Eric stares around, examining every girl who passes.

SAM

Did I tell you my nosebleed story?

ERIC

What? I guess not...

SAM

Well I'm making out with this guy.

ERIC

Who?

SAM

His name's Chris.

ERIC

Is this the picture guy?

SAM

Yes...

ERIC

No, Sam! You're better than that. Go on.

SAM

Right in the middle of it, my nose starts bleeding. It got on him.

ERIC

Oh my god! What did you do?

SAM

I freaked out and said it was my lip!

ERIC

As you wiped your nose?

SAM

Pretty much!

ERIC

Oh man. This is going in the book. Even for you, this is bad.

SAM

I know!

ERIC
I'm going to make a movie about
your dating life someday.

SAM
That would be an epic movie.

30 EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - DAY 30

Eric and Sam walk from the Barnes and Noble and cross the adjacent parking lot to the Concord Mall.

31 INT. CONCORD MALL - MOMENTS LATER 31

Eric and Sam walk through the mall. They pass a smirking girl. Eric watches her as they pass. Sam doesn't notice.

ERIC
That was Caitlin Ross.

SAM
What?

ERIC
She looked at you.

SAM
Did I see her?

ERIC
I don't know. How should I know
that?

Sam, visibly upset, looks back to try and see Caitlin.

SAM
I feel bad.

ERIC
Why? You don't have to say "Hi" to
every fringe acquaintance you see.
Normal people don't do that.

SAM
So what, you just walk right past
people from high school?

ERIC
All the time. Blow right past them.
I was at Capriotti's just the other
day. This kid Marcus was working
there.

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

We were real good friends in like eighth grade. As he was handing me my order, our eyes met and I could see this vague recognition in his face. I didn't say a word. Just walked out.

SAM

That's horrible. Would it kill you to say hi?

ERIC

No, wouldn't kill me. I wouldn't blow them off if they said hey. But I just don't feel any need to have a little nothing conversation with every person from our graduating class. Delaware isn't all that big, and very few of us got out. We're bound to bump into eachother again.

32

INT. WET SEAL - CONTINUOUS

32

Sam approaches the counter of a trashy clothing store. She is returning a black vest. Eric stands behind her and glances around the store. He then glares at a picture of a vaguely hippie girl playing a guitar with a grungy blonde haired man behind her. Sam turns to look at him and smiles.

SAM

Are you as uncomfortable as you look?

ERIC

Yep. Is it that obvious?

SAM

Yes. Very much so.

ERIC

I was just thinking... if you wanted to look like that, would you really shop here to accomplish it? I know people like that. I lived that. And not once did anyone come here to a shitty mall shop with a neon sign.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I feel like what I'm saying is going right over your head.

SAM

I feel like it's going in this ear.
But it's just going right out this
one.

33 EXT. OUTSIDE ERIC'S HOUSE - LATER 33

Eric is getting out of Sam's car.

SAM

See you, man.

ERIC

Later, girl.

He sighs, examining the outside of his house.

34 INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - LATER 34

Eric enters somberly. His brother passes him and gets ready to go out.

JOHN

Let's go to Brew.

ERIC

Okay.

John pushes the door open and exits. Eric, lifted slightly follows.

35 EXT. CAFE - LATER 35

John and Eric enter Brew Haha, the local indie cafe.

They sit across from one another at a small square table, drinking lattes and eating sandwiches.

JOHN

Well it's been like eight dates.

ERIC

So?

JOHN

Come on, over here! By date three
you're thinking about when it's
gonna happen.

ERIC
Maybe, but you can't expect it.

JOHN
If it doesn't this time, I'm
thinking there's problems.

ERIC
That's an awful outlook! Maybe she
just takes awhile?

A small bell on the cafe door jingles as it opens, and again as it closes. Eric looks slightly past his brother to see a face he recognizes. An extremely thin girl enters. She is pale, has short brown hair, wears an interesting T shirt, straight legged jeans, and gold slippers. This is MONA. She glances at Eric and flicks an eyebrow. She glides to the counter and orders a triple espresso.

Eric smiles at the back of her head, and struggles to take his eye off her. He turns slowly back to John.

JOHN
Shane and Mel think she's a virgin.

ERIC
Like that's such a bad thing?

JOHN
That'd be really bad!

ERIC
It'd be weird, I'll give you that.

A short girl with golden hair sits at the adjacent table, and turns her chair to speak to John. This is LIZZY. Eric smiles and nods, pretending to be engaged in their conversation. His eyes wander. Suddenly, a loud noise snaps Eric back to awareness.

MONA
Eric!

Eric looks to Mona with a start. She giggles, and waves. He smiles. She waves him over. He picks up his drink, and walks over to a pair of plush leather couches. He sits on the one across from her. She is excited and jittery.

MONA (CONT'D)
Hey stranger.

ERIC
Mona, how have you been?

MONA

I've been really good. I live in Philly now. I do modeling, when I can.

ERIC

Oh wow. How's that going?

MONA

Cool. It's really cool. Although I don't exactly know when the next paycheck is coming.

ERIC

Yeah. I understand that more than you can know.

MONA

Jeez. What happened, why didn't we keep in touch?

ERIC

I don't know. I kinda thought you hated me in high school.

MONA

I kinda did.

36

INT. CAFE - MOMENTS LATER

36

Eric and Mona laugh loudly. They continue their conversation.

ERIC

I am so sorry for that! I didn't even really know you when I said it.

MONA

It's okay. But at them time I was like 'Who is this guy? And why is he saying these things about me?'

Mona checks her phone.

MONA (CONT'D)

Well, good sir. I must be off. It was great seeing you again. We're totally hanging out soon.

ERIC

Yeah, I'd love to.

MONA

Here, let me give you my number.

ERIC

Yeah, let me give you mine too. I hate calling people.

MONA

No. The point of this is that you call me.

ERIC

Ha, you're not even going to let me give you mine? You're putting the ball directly in my court?

She nods, laughs, and hands him the slip of paper, and she picks up her oversized purse and walks out of the cafe. Eric laughs to himself, and takes a gulp from his oversized mug.

FADE TO BLACK.

DENNIS

Yo kid. Party?

ERIC

I'm down.

FADE IN:

37 INT. DENNIS' HOUSE - NIGHT

37

Eric stands in the kitchen of Dennis' house. He is drinking out of a red cup and talking to friends.

ERIC

I don't care how Lady GaGa dresses, it's just pop. If you close your eyes you'd swear it's Britney Spears on the comeback.

YUPPIE COLLEGE GIRL

Excuse me? Pop is music crafted to appeal to teenagers. A bland watered-down version of Rock'n'Roll.

ERIC

Hello girl I've never met. That perfectly describes what I'm talking about.

YUPPIE COLLEGE GIRL

That is not Lady GaGa. Maybe you should do a little research before trying to sound musically educated.

Eric pauses, takes a breath and smiles.

ERIC

My guess is you're an uppity second year college student, healthily on her high horse, possibly after taking a music as art course, or a boyfriend who did, and now you're keeping parties in check on Lady GaGa's behalf. But anyway, GaGa is just the next in the line of Wal Mart products being fed to the eager masses, which upon my first baseless judging of you, is exactly the thing you should be against. Maybe that's the strong determination to correct strangers at parties on their musical opinions. Like a musical metaphor for a self-hating Jew. You're a self-hating pop fan. It doesn't matter how kooky she dresses. She's just the next Christina Aguilera.

YUPPIE COLLEGE GIRL

You know me all too well. I bid you adieu!

ERIC

Au revoir! Les bénédictions sur vos aventures de trois-piecer!

38

EXT. DENNIS' HOUSE - LATER

38

A sullen looking hipster in a striped blue sweater approaches Eric who is laughing and smoking a blunt with Dennis and Andrew.

YUPPIE BOYFRIEND

Hey, man, what you said in there wasn't cool.

ERIC

(excitedly)

Is this the obligatory boyfriend tell off? Are you George McFly? Am I Biff?

39 INT. DENNIS' HOUSE - LATER

39

Eric, Andrew, and two girls sit at the kitchen table late in the night. They're drinking cans of beer and talking. The red headed girl, MEG was once a former item with Eric.

MEG

Come have coffee with me Thursday
where I can hear all your bitter
perspectives on life.

ERIC

Is that how you think of me?

MEG

Am I wrong?

ERIC

Fair enough.

ANDREW

So when do you leave?

ERIC

Looking like August ninth.

MEG

Leave? Where to?

ERIC

Well. I'm running from real life
commitment. And I'll be heading up
north. To a sort of hippie commune
in upstate New York.

MEG

So judging you right now.

ERIC

Shut up.

Eric smiles at Meg, then looks down at the table.

40 INT. DENNIS' HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

40

Eric is walking through the hallway from the bathroom, when Andrew excitedly approaches.

ANDREW

Trying to burn?

ERIC

Yeah, alright.

41 EXT. ANDREW'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

41

Andrew and Eric sit in the parked car out front of Dennis' house, smoking a joint.

ANDREW

So you believe we came from stardust?

ERIC

Well you keep trying to simplify it to sound silly. But yeah. There was a wet rock, floating around. A couple of hundred million years later here we are. Darwin, baby.

ANDREW

That's crazy man. So we're just here, then we die and that's it?

ERIC

Yeah. We're animals, no different. Give a dolphin five fingers and a couple million years later he'd have 3-D movies too.

ANDREW

I can't believe we just happened. Like an accident. Life is too perfect.

ERIC

Is it though? I mean, a lot of imperfect life had to die, and a lot will still die. The perfect ones are the ones that were good enough to make it. The perfection is just an illusion.

ANDREW

What's so crazy about God?

ERIC

Well do you believe in the supernatural in any other areas of your life? Ghosts? Zombies? Aliens?

ANDREW

No.

ERIC

And it seems most religious conservatives don't.

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

So why denounce all magic, but believe in a wizard? It doesn't make sense. Not consistent. The way I look at it, evolution is a jigsaw puzzle. Sure a lot of pieces are missing, but the pieces we do have fit perfectly. Religion is more like a vague poem. Everyone interprets something different.

ANDREW

You've always got an analogy.

ERIC

Why thank you.

ANDREW

I have to believe in God. Something. Otherwise it all seems so pointless.

ERIC

Why? Can't you just enjoy life for what it is?

ANDREW

Are you enjoying it?

ERIC

I want to be.

Eric and Andrew get out of the car and walk through the lawn toward the house, two girls are leaving the party, one cute and thin with curly hair hugs Eric, the other a curvy hippie girl hugs him and kisses him on the cheek.

42 INT. DENNIS' HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

42

Eric collapses on a dirty couch in the living room. He sighs heavily and rubs his eyes.

ERIC

I want to be.

FLASHBACK TO:

43 INT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY

43

The cute girl from Eric's daydreams, Brenda, is driving a car on a country road lined with farms. The afternoon sun of shining brightly on a warm orange day. Eric is in the passenger seat. They are smiling at one another.

BACK TO PRESENT

44 INT. DENNIS' HOUSE - NIGHT 44

Eric is on the couch. He rolls onto his side and stares straight ahead. He sighs, and seems to be fighting tears.

45 INT. DENNIS' HOUSE - MORNING 45

Eric stumbles and drags himself into the bathroom. A moment later he slides out and opens Dennis' door. Dennis is wearing only boxers and socks and sprawled out on his bed.

ERIC

Hey!

He struggles to come to.

DENNIS

Huh?

ERIC

Would you mind giving me a ride
back up?

46 INT. DENNIS' CAR (MOVING) - LATER 46

Eric gazes out the window peacefully. Light flickers through the beams of an overhead bridge, glistening warmly across his face.

47 EXT. BELLEFONTE CAFE - LATER 47

Eric hops out of the car in front of a small building decorated with a spinning windmill in the front yard and a large sunflower painted on the side of the building. Mona is sitting at a small circular table on the patio. She is wearing glasses and smoking a cigarette. She waves to Eric and whistles. He smiles and walks to her and sits down.

MONA

Good sir! How are you on this
glorious day?

ERIC

I am well! And it is glorious.

MONA

Please join me for a caffeinated
libation.

ERIC
Don't mind if I do.

A clearly stoned waiter comes out and rests a small notepad on the hip of his dingy, tight jeans.

WAITER
What are you having?

ERIC
I'll just start with a latte.

The waiter sniffs, closes his notepad without writing anything in it, and walks off.

ERIC (CONT'D)
(sarcastically)
Nice guy.

MONA
So tell me a story! Who is Eric Robbins? I don't even know anymore.

ERIC
Wow. That's a big question.

MONA
You can just give me the highlights.

ERIC
Well. I'm not sure that's easier. Me and Brenda went Splitsville.

MONA
No way! You guys were the Brandywine power couple!

ERIC
Eh, looking back, we were pretty dysfunctional. Kids, who didn't quite yet know how to make things work.

MONA
That's not true. I knew you guys. You had something going. I always thought of you as the boyfriend I always wanted.

The two share a long silent moment, staring into each other. The ragged waiter finds this the perfect moment to return with the drinks.

WAITER
Here's your latte.

ERIC
Thanks.

WAITER
Want anything else?

ERIC
No, I think I'm good for now.

The waiter walks away. But the moment has passed. Mona is texting on her phone. Eric watches her. She reaches deeply into her purse and pulls out another cigarette. She speaks as she lights it.

MONA
So, do you want to go to this party later?

ERIC
What's going on?

MONA
This guy I know invited me and some friends to a dance party. Apparently it's someone's birthday.

ERIC
Sure, I got nothing going on.

MONA
Well, gee! It's nice to know you'll consider it!

48 INT. MONA'S CAR (MOVING) - LATER

48

Eric stares out the window. City street lamps glisten in the wet fog that is clinging to the air. Eric notices a bottle of prescription pills in the cupholder. He picks them up.

ERIC
(sarcastically)
Headaches?

MONA
I've realized that all I have to do is lie to my therapist, or tell a crazy story and he gives me the good shit. I'm going to sell that.
(MORE)

MONA (CONT'D)
 Some upper class honor roll
 students would go crazy over that
 shit.

Eric nods.

49 EXT. WILMINGTON STREET - NIGHT

49

Eric and Mona walk around behind a decrepit looking building,
 and climb a long flight of black metal fire escape stairs.
 Mona knocks on a rickety door covered in painted hand prints.

VOICE
 Hello?

MONA
 Hey, it's me.

The doors creaks open to reveal a thin, pale girl with a
 curly bob haircut and a Monroe piercing. This is LEAH.

LEAH
 Come on in dahling.

MONA
 Why thank you, my lovely.

50 INT. CITY APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

50

Inside the first door is a decrepit porch, with clothing
 scraps, paint cans, books, blankets, and a bicycle. They walk
 through another door into the apartment. Two other girls are
 sitting inside. One is wearing a loose flannel shirt,
 dangling low to reveal her bra and her breast. The girls are
 drinking wine, and a man is playing Guitar Hero. Another man,
 fat and emo, appears in the doorway behind Eric.

FAT GUY
 'Scuse me.

Eric shrugs and clears a path. The man walks past. Eric
 lingers in the doorway, slightly uncomfortable.

LEAH
 Alright, you ready?

MONA
 Yeah. How much do we want?

STRUNG OUT FLANNEL GIRL
 Enough for all of us.

LEAH
Alright, one two three, four,
five...six and seven. Alright.

MONA
So, like four grams?

LEAH
Sounds good.

MONA
Alright, who's coming with me.

FAT GUY
I'll come.

Mona picks her jacket up and slips it on right after taking it off.

MONA
Alright, we'll be back.

They step out the first door, pulling it closed behind them. Eric turns his gaze to the guy playing Guitar Hero, then Leah.

RACHEL
Are they going to be okay?

LEAH
Yeah, he has his knife.

LEAH (CONT'D)
Come in. You hungry? We don't have
much?

ERIC
Sure, I could eat.

LEAH
We have Ramen or PB and J's.

ERIC
I'll take some Ramen.

Eric walks into the room towards a thin, hallway-like kitchen. He examines the coffee table as he passes it. It's covered in pills, marijuana stems and dust, and slight lines of cocaine, straws, and a razor blade.

51 INT. KITCHEN - LATER

51

Eric stands, leaning back on the counter. A tall, chubby, stylish girl stirs a pot of boiling noodles. She is RACHEL.

RACHEL

It's not as crazy as it sounds!

Eric laughs. His phone buzzes in his pocket. He pulls it out. The name on the screen is "VOLDEMORT". He frowns at it, and seems puzzled. He stuffs it back into his pocket. Rachel spoons the Ramen into two bowls. They carry the bowls into the next room, where a girl and a guy are playing Guitar Hero and giggling. Another girl is getting dressed in the closet, and talking to a girl leaning up against the closet door. Eric and Rachel sit in recliners side by side.

LEAH

So how do you know Mona?

ERIC

Well, we hated eachother in high school. But after talking to eachother at a few parties after we graduated, we sort of realized we didn't really have a reason. And we've been friends since then.

LEAH

That's amazing.

She laughs as she begins crushing pink pills with a credit card.

LEAH (CONT'D)

Yeah, she can be like that.

She snorts a line of the powder. After brining her head back up, she rubs her nose.

LEAH (CONT'D)

Rachel, my armpit hair is getting so fierce.

RACHEL

Really? Let me see!

She pulls back the flannel sleeve to reveal a small tuft of black hair.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Yeah, girl! That's hot!

LEAH
I know! I love it.

Eric tugs awkwardly at the frayed denim on his knee. Leah looks towards him.

LEAH (CONT'D)
Do you want some of this?

ERIC
Oh no thanks.

LEAH
Do you do drugs? I just realized I'm crushing up xanies without even knowing anything about you. I'm sorry, I don't want to freak you out.

ERIC
Oh no, it's cool. I'm not straight edged or anything.

LEAH
So, you're sure you don't want some? Come on. It's good. Fun...

ERIC
Alright, I'll do a little.

LEAH
That-a-boy! I like a little hair on the chest of my men.

Eric does a line of the pink powder, and his eyes roll back into his head. He rubs at his nose and sniffs.

ERIC
Really burns going down, huh?

LEAH
Yeah, isn't it amazing?

Eric watches Leah crush up more pills, with an odd sense of curiosity after this statement.

52

INT. PORCH - LATER

52

Twenty-five minutes later, Eric is slumped on a couch next to a passed out hipster girl. Leah is sitting on a stool across the dark porch. Rachel is sitting on the armrest of a beat-up recliner, with a hipster girl sitting in it, playing a ukulele.

LEAH

He's so gay. Perfectly fabulous. I love him so much. He's so different than Jason, the lumberjack.

ERIC

Who we talking about?

RACHEL

These two guys we hang out with. Chrissy is in love with Jason.

53

INT. CITY APARTMENT - LATER

53

Eric sits in a daze. Rachel taps him on the shoulder and passes him a small joint. He takes it and takes a puff. Leah enters from the porch. She's hanging up the phone.

LEAH

They lost the money and there's no coke.

HIPSTER GIRL

What?!

LEAH

I have no idea. He was yelling in the background, and Mona was saying something about getting ripped off.

RACHEL

Oh shit. We shouldn't have sent her... she's so ditzy.

LEAH

She said she's done this before.

ERIC

Is she okay?

LEAH

I don't know. She didn't say.

RACHEL

Shit.

The group is increasingly concerned with the lack of pending cocaine. Eric is more concerned with Mona's well being.

54

INT. CITY APARTMENT - LATER

54

Eric sits and watches a hipster girl play Guitar Hero with her Spanish boyfriend. He turns to Leah.

ERIC

So what was Mona doing?

LEAH

What do you mean?

ERIC

What did she go to do?

LEAH

She was trying to score some coke. She said she'd done it before.

ERIC

Done what?

LEAH

Got it, off the street. She said she'd just ask someone.

ERIC

Sounds like a good way to get stabbed.

Mona bursts through the rickety door, exasperated. The thick guy with girl pants is a few steps behind.

MONA

Son of a bitch!

LEAH

What happened?

MONA

We gave the guy the money, and he went into his building to get it. And he wasn't coming out. So the neighbors brought us inside to wait for him.

FAT GUY

That fuckin' guy! I shoulda stabbed him!

Eric approaches Mona who is frantically stuffing things into her purse.

ERIC

Are you okay?

MONA

Yeah. I should've gone alone.

LEAH

Look, let's just go to this party,
and we'll do coke tomorrow.

55 INT. MONA'S CAR (MOVING) - LATER 55

Mona is wearing crooked glasses, her driving glasses.

MONA

I should have went alone. I
would've got it if he wasn't there.

Eric watches her.

56 EXT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT 56

Eric and Mona get out of her small red Honda SUV. The car
behind them has Leah, Rachel, and the others.

57 INT. HOUSE PARTY - MOMENTS LATER 57

The group enters the small house. Loud music is playing, and
just steps inside the door is a long beer pong table. The
party is a definite hipster gathering. Ironic mustaches,
Cosby-esque sweaters, tight pants, interesting hair cuts.
Mona disappears into the crowd, kissing cheeks and hugging
various party goers. Eric is handed a can of PBR light beer.
He sips it awkwardly while scanning the party. Not his scene.
He wanders through the house, observing people. A stocky but
intimidating guy approaches him.

TOUGH GUY

Hey man.

ERIC

Hi there.

TOUGH GUY

So you're friends with Mona?

ERIC

Yeah.

TOUGH GUY

How do you know her?

ERIC

Oh, we went to high school together. We actually sort of hated each other.

TOUGH GUY

Yeah, she can be like that.

Eric raises an eyebrow to the guy, who is gazing at Mona, who is dancing with Leah in the kitchen.

58

INT. HOUSE PARTY - MOMENTS LATER

58

A dance party has evolved in the center of the kitchen. Eric sits and drinks at a table in the back. He sits with Rachel.

RACHEL

Not much of a dancer?

ERIC

No. Hell no. Maybe after a few more of these.

RACHEL

So we'll just stay the awkward kids sitting in the shadows at the dance party.

ERIC

There's a quiet elegance to that, don't you think?

RACHEL

Oh yes.

ERIC

We could start a club. I bet there's a million like us.

RACHEL

Who go unrepresented. Chastised. Ashamed.

ERIC

We practically owe it to them.

They share a laugh. And in that moment, Eric begins to wonder, if maybe Rachel is the girl he should be going home with. The girls continue to dance without a care in the world. The tough guy leans against a wall drinking a beer begrudgingly. He watches Mona dance.

59 INT. HOUSE PARTY - LATER 59

Mona is sitting in a big recliner in the living room. Her and some others are talking. Eric walks in and sits on the arm of her chair.

MONA
Hello my love.

ERIC
Hello.

He puts his arm around her.

60 INT. HOUSE PARTY - LATER 60

Eric is with Leah, Rachel, and the others as they are walking out the door.

LEAH
Where's Mona?

RACHEL
I'm sure she's coming.

Eric turns and sees her and the tough guy in a heated discussion.

ERIC
Yeah. She'll be right out.

61 INT. MONA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER 61

Eric and Mona are driving to the next party.

62 EXT. WILMINGTON STREET - NIGHT 62

Eric and Mona walk through a parking lot toward a large skyscraper city building.

MONA
Wow, I'm pretty drunk.

ERIC
Yeah, I didn't notice it until just now.

63 INT. COLLEGE PARTY - MOMENTS LATER

63

Eric and Mona enter a large student apartment. It is packed to the brim. There is beer pong in the center, a large mass of people in the kitchen, and bits of collective conversations dispersed through the all-too swanky apartment. These aren't grungy hipsters. These are faux-bohemian rich kids.

MONA

I'll be right back. I'm gonna get us some beers.

ERIC

Uh, alright.

She disappears into the mass of people. He is now alone. Without knowing anyone at the party, he does what all awkward party goers do. The only safe socially acceptable thing. He stands by the beer pong table and pretends to be interested. Oohing and ahing at each throw. He scans around for Mona periodically. She has been gone a strangely long time.

After a few beats, she emerges, grabs Eric's hand and pulls him out the front door.

64 EXT. WILMINGTON STREET - CONTINUOUS

64

ERIC

What's up?

MONA

I almost got into a fight with some kid!

ERIC

What happened?

65 INT. MONA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

65

MONA

I was trying to sell these.

She holds the bottle of pills from earlier.

MONA (CONT'D)

And some douchebag says "You're into the hard shit!" And starts harassing me. Before I know it, we're screaming at each other, and like ten people are trying to separate us.

66 INT. MONA'S CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS 66

They ride silently in the car for a few beats. Eric studies Mona.

MONA

I don't feel like going back to Leah's. Want to go back to my parents?

ERIC

Sure.

MONA

Let's get some hotdogs or something.

ERIC

Okay, sounds good.

67 INT. WAWA - LATER 67

They stand at the register. Mona smacks down a pack of Camels and a handful of Laffy Taffys, along with their hotdogs in plastic to go containers. She pays mostly in change. They walk out of WaWa holding bags.

68 INT. MONA'S HOUSE - EVENING 68

Mona pushes open the door to her house. Eric follows her in. They walk through her parents modest, artsy house.

69 INT. MONA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 69

They enter her room. It's a large refinished section of basement. The TV is an old fashioned one, bolted up in the corner, almost touching the ceiling. Antique typewriters are stacked against the wall. She has a small single bed covered in quilts. Bags of used prescription pill bottles lay around. There must be hundreds of them.

ERIC

I like what you've done with the place.

They slump down on a rickety old couch from the seventies. They pull out the gas station hot dogs and load them with ketchup, mustard, and relish. She grabs her iPod which is plugged into speakers.

MONA

What do you want to listen to?

ERIC

I've been on a James Brown kick lately.

MONA

James Brown, coming right up.

Eric examines the pill bottles, the typewriters, some oil paintings. She sits down next to him. They eat.

MONA (CONT'D)

This was such a good idea. I was starving. Even if it is for a greasy WaWa hot dog.

ERIC

They're delicious as long as you don't think about them.

MONA

Want to make some tea? I have some pot stems.

ERIC

You make tea out of those?

MONA

Yeah. You just boil them in milk and add sugar. It's good.

ERIC

Yeah, alright.

70

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

70

Mona is boiling a tea pot full of milk. She places green stems into a tea ball and drops it in the pot. While waiting for the pot to boil, they lean at opposite ends of the stove, smiling at each other.

MONA

So you and Brenda, how did it end?

ERIC

Slowly. Weirdly. And bitterly. Little changes started springing up.

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

Like she'd get a funky haircut, and I'd say: 'I didn't know you were going to cut your hair.' And she'd snap back: 'I don't need to tell you everything!' That was a sign. And other, little, seemingly innocuous things. Like I'd call her, and she wouldn't answer. Then she'd call me back like a minute later. Which in and of itself is nothing. But it ended up happening everytime I called, and this was a girl who used to wait by the phone for my calls. In my fucked up jealous brain I imagined her leaving a room full of loud dudes so she could get somewhere quiet and pretend to be at home. And at my worst I figured it was so she could get the cock out of her mouth before calling me back. But, in hindsight, it was probably just a control thing, you know? She had one foot out the door, and would rather be calling me than me calling her.

MONA

That's pretty Freudian. Any chance you're applying an overly intelligent line of reasoning to stupid, fickle, emotionally unstable suburban girls?

ERIC

Oh definitely. I tend to overanalyze pretty much everything. It's just how my brain works. Even though I consider just about every one dumb, I don't like to brush off behavior as simply 'dumb'. I always try to break it down and figure out why logically someone does something. When usually, there is no logic.

71

INT. MONA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

71

Back in her room, they sip the intoxicating tea. Eric nods and laughs after his first sip. She sits on the floor, reaching into her purse. She pulls out a credit card, a baggie, and a bit of straw. Out of the baggie, she pulls a few pink pills out and lays them on a small tray.

She crushes them using the card, which she then uses to scrape them into lines. She sets herself up with four small lines of pink powder.

MONA
Want some?

ERIC
No thanks.

MONA
Come on!

ERIC
Maybe later.

She takes the straw and snorts a line. She comes up and wipes her nose.

MONA
That's good going down.

She does another. This time coming up, she's snuffles heavily, and aggressively wipes at her nose.

MONA (CONT'D)
James Brown was a good choice.

'King Heroin' plays on the iPod.

She scrapes the two remaining lines into one long line.

MONA (CONT'D)
Oh man. This is gonna be badass.

Eric sits with his elbows on his knees, watching her.

She does the long line, and comes back up with a whimper and a groan. She sits for a moment, in a daze. Then she looks to Eric, eyes watery and glazed.

MONA (CONT'D)
I think I have a drug problem.

ERIC
You could just...stop.

She ponders this deeply for a moment. She then laughs.

MONA
Yeah, but drugs are fun.

Eric smiles, with a hint of sadness in his eyes. He knows, in that moment she is gone. She has made her choice.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

72 INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - MORNING 72

Eric awakens slowly. He is under the covers up to his eye. He does a push up out of bed, and pulls the hair out of his mouth.

SAM (O.S.)
You got a job?

73 INT. BEDROOM - DAY 73

Eric is in a towel. He is still dripping wet from the shower, pacing around his room talking.

ERIC
Yeah.

74 INT. SAM'S CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS 74

Sam is driving and talking.

SAM
Why the change? What spurred this on?

75 INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 75

ERIC
Mona. Watching her. I do not want to end up like that.

76 INT. SAM'S CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS 76

SAM
Doesn't she work at Urban Outfitters?

77 INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 77

ERIC

That's not the point. I have to get out of Delaware. And it's gonna be easier to do with some money in my pocket.

78 INT. SAM'S CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS 78

SAM

Where's the job?

79 INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 79

ERIC

Brew Haha.

80 INT. SAM'S CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS 80

SAM

Another cafe?

81 INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 81

ERIC

Well when they ask you to list job experience, and you list five barista jobs, it makes it a little hard to break out of.

CUT TO:

82 INT. BREW HAHA - DAY 82

Eric stands behind the counter wearing a staff shirt and a knitted hat.

SAM (O.S.)

When do you start?

ERIC (O.S.)

Few hours.

He is working the coffee bar with BRETT. Brett is a neo-greaser type. He has slicked pompadour hair, a flannel shirt, skin tight black jeans, and black leather boots with large silver buckles.

BRETT
 Ever work with an espresso machine
 before.

Eric nods, confidently.

BRETT (CONT'D)
 Oh. Well. Want to get high?

ERIC
 Sure.

83 EXT. BACK ALLEY - LATER

83

Eric and Brett smoke a joint together. They're bundled up in
 the dry cold.

BRETT
 So what's your story? You've got
 that woe-is-me poet kind of vibe
 going on.

ERIC
 (amused)
 Not too far off. I'm a writer, I
 guess. I say that, but I haven't
 actually written anything.

BRETT
 Well, when exactly do you become an
 artist?

ERIC
 Yeah! Exactly. I feel like a
 writer. I like writing, and I'm
 constantly doing it. I just,
 haven't completed something yet.

BRETT
 It'll come.

ERIC
 Thanks.

A beat.

BRETT
 Do you play any frisbee?

ERIC
 Not really. My brother is always
 trying to get me to throw it
 around.

BRETT

I play league, and my team is
always looking for new people.

ERIC

Ultimate frisbee?

BRETT

Yeah. It's a lot of fun. You should
check it out.

ERIC

Yeah, maybe I will.

84 INT. BREW HAHA - LATER

84

Eric and Brett come in from the back exit. Their eyes are red and glassy. A female barista, LINDSAY, is working the register. She gives Brett and exaggerated shrug.

BRETT

What? There's like two customers.

He pulls out the espresso basket, and starts making the line of drinks that have accumulated. Eric walks past the awkward situation and goes into the back to do dishes.

85 INT. BREW HAHA - LATER

85

Eric leans on the counter and Brett is sitting on the prep station.

BRETT

So then my roommate just up and
moves out. No notice. I'd ask my
girlfriend to move in with me, but
things aren't exactly going well
there. I don't know what I'm going
to do.

We hold on Eric's bored face, half buried behind his crossed arms, leaning on the counter. Brett stares off in the background.

86 EXT. WILMINGTON STREET - NIGHT

86

Eric is walking home in the dark, wet city night. He is talking on the phone to Sam.

ERIC

First day was good. The guy who trained me was pretty cool.

SAM

So, the life of the worker bee. Maybe it *is* for the reluctant rebel after all?

ERIC

(sarcastically)

Yeah! You know I was thinking about buying a Corolla, you know, those are fine automobiles. And I really think this a good real estate market. Buy now, as it were. With a fixed mortgage, I could be living comfortably in twenty-odd years.

Eric continues to walk down the sidewalk. He looks up a stoop at the door of a small building.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Alright, I'm here.

Without breaking stride he leaps up the steps in a single bound. The door opens, and Sam's face emerges, she is still holding the phone to her ear.

87

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

87

Sam opens the door and walks in, Eric is entering her apartment for the first time. He looks around.

ERIC

I like it. I like what you've done with the place.

Eric slumps onto Sam's couch. He crosses his legs and plays with the dog that is excitedly sniffing him.

SAM

Jack! Down!

ERIC

Oh, he's okay. Aren't you? But what's with his sweater?

SAM

You think it's gay, don't you?

Eric shrugs.

SAM (CONT'D)
It's cute! Het get's cold.

ERIC
Hey, I'm not judging. Just a
curious party.

Sam pulls two beers out of the fridge. She hands one to Eric.
He cracks it open and takes a sip.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Ever listen to Tom Waits?

SAM
Not really. My dad does.

ERIC
Melvin? I wouldn't expect that.

SAM
Yeah. Why?

ERIC
I don't know. I just don't get him.

SAM
Seems like a culture thing. Mid-
Westerners love him.

ERIC
But is it really a credit to the
music if you have to be hammered on
bourbon and eating in a mid-West
diner to appreciate? First time I
heard Stairway to Heaven, I got it.
I didn't need help.

SAM
It's like if you say you don't like
techno, and people say 'Do more
ecstasy'.

ERIC
Yeah! Is it the music you like, or
the ecstasy? Highway traffic would
sound cool when you're fucking
high!

They laugh. A beat.

SAM
Ready to go?

ERIC

Yeah.

Eric pushes the dog off his lap, and he finishes his beer. They walk out of sight.

88 INT. KITCHEN - THE NEXT DAY 88

Eric sits and sips a cup of coffee. He is still in pajama bottoms and a ratty T shirt.

FLASHBACK TO:

89 INT. BEDROOM - DAY 89

Eric and Brenda are in bed together. He is between her legs under the sheets.

ERIC

You have the most amazing vagina!

He emerges from the blankets. She giggles, and they meet in a passionate kiss.

ERIC (CONT'D)

It's like neon pink.

BACK TO PRESENT

90 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING 90

Eric laughs to himself. He has a quiet moment of contemplation. His mother enters the kitchen and pours herself a cup of coffee.

MOTHER

Another late night?

Eric hesitates, staring into his cup. Eventually he sighs and nods.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

This is out of control.

Eric shrugs.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

You can't just come and go as you please. Not in my house. This is my house!

Eric finally looks up from his coffee.

ERIC

What's happening right now? Why are you trying to pick a fight?

MOTHER

Picking a fight? You come act like you have free reign over the house. You sleep until noon, and you're out all night.

ERIC

I'm not in high school anymore. And I've got a job. So what? That's not the problem anymore? Change your tune? But yeah, you do need a tune. So now, all of the sudden my social life is a problem.

MOTHER

You have no responsibility.

ERIC

I'm fucking nineteen!

MOTHER

Yeah, and I think it's time you launched off.

A beat. Eric scoffs in disbelief.

91 INT. BREW HAHA - DAY

91

Eric storms into the cafe and approaches Brett, who is lazily working the cash register.

ERIC

Hey. You still looking for a roommate?

BRETT

(surprised)

Yeah.

ERIC

Alright. I'll get my stuff.

Eric storms off. Brett is left in a daze.

BRETT

He doesn't even know where the apartment is.

The customer Brett is declaring this to can only shrug.

92 INT. BRETT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

92

Brett pushes the door of his apartment open, keys jangling in his hand.

BRETT
So this is it.

ERIC
Oh. I like what you've done with
the place.

It's a bohemian apartment. Hard wood floors, avant garde art on the walls, wine bottles.

BRETT
You're down the hall on the right.

Eric nods and carries his two suitcases into the back room.

BRETT (CONT'D)
Get settled in. My girlfriend is
coming over to cook some dinner in
a bit.

ERIC
Great. I want to thank you again.
This is perfect.

BRETT
Don't worry about it. You're
helping me.

Eric gets into his new room. It's small, oddly shaped, with a very high bed. He loves it. His smile spans ear to ear.

93 INT. KITCHEN - LATER

93

Eric and Brett are seated at the bar-style kitchen counter in the kitchen area. SPENCE, Brett's girlfriend, is short and cute, with blonde hair and a quirky disposition. She is slicing carrots on a wooden cutting board. Jazz is playing on the radio.

She is in the middle of making a point.

SPENCE
No, no. I'm serious. I absolutely
believe in ghosts.

BRETT
You're serious? You never told me
that. Ghost ghosts?

SPENCE
Yes.

BRETT
That's ridiculous. Eric!

ERIC
I don't know, man. As an atheist, I
don't believe that ghosts are
possible in any way shape or form.
But put me in a dark house, I hear
a strange noise, and I just don't
know.

BRETT
Not you too!

Later in the conversation, now eating and after finishing a
bottle of red wine.

BRETT (CONT'D)
Don't wear 'em.

ERIC
You never wear shorts?

BRETT
Never.

ERIC
Spence.

SPENCE
I guess I never really thought
about it. But no, I've never seen
him wear shorts.

BRETT
They're just big underwear.

ERIC
(flabbergasted)
What?

Even more wine later.

BRETT
Well it works like this. Infants
have a really crude understanding
of how eyes look.
(MORE)

BRETT (CONT'D)

They just see big black spots, and the rest of the face is an, I don't know, afterthought.

ERIC

Okay.

BRETT

So when you're in that half awake paralyzed sleep state, some misfire in your brain projects that infantile face, you see big black eyes, and without using much brain power just sort of skips over the rest of the face.

ERIC

Creating that big eyed, slits for nose and mouth alien cliché?

BRETT

Exactly. So you're paralyzed in semiconsciousness, and seeing what you perceive to be an alien face, and there you go. Ninety percent of alien abductions, explained away. Science.

ERIC

I like what you're saying. But there's no way in hell we're alone in the universe.

BRETT

Oh no doubt. But that stereotypical 'Gray', it's just a brain misfire.

ERIC

Funny you say that. Because I was reading about out of body experiences, and it's the same thing. The part of your brain that understands where you exist in space, you know, so you don't walk into a wall or something, occasionally it just hiccups, so you lose sense of where your body is. And you feel like you're somewhere else, even though you vaguely know your body is over there. That's why you never gain new knowledge.

SPENCE

That's true. People always say something like 'I was in my bed, but I felt like I was on the other side of the room! Whoa, dude!'

ERIC

Haha. Yeah. I mean if they somehow overheard a conversation that was down the street or something, then we could talk about strange. But it's always trivial.

They are now smoking a joint.

SPENCE

Well what about past lives?

Eric and Brett let out a simultaneous groan. Like 'Oh here we go!'

SPENCE (CONT'D)

No, what?

ERIC

I don't buy it. Look at how many stupid people there are in the world.

SPENCE

And?

ERIC

Well, I'd wager that they're the majority. High school dropouts, uneducated, Bush voting.

SPENCE

What's your point?

ERIC

My point is. Everyone who gets a past life regression always finds out they were King of Singapore, or an aboriginal priestess of something. It's never, you were a plumber in Brooklyn who died of diabetes. But if we're all being reborn, then we should all have been fat dumb people in past lives, seeing as how there are billions of them, and they die all the time. There have only been so many kings.

BRETT

Yeah, I'm with Eric on this one. In the history of the world, there have been a hundred billion fucking slaves. But no one I know who believes in past lives has ever said 'Yeah, I was a slave.'

Now smoking out of a small glass pipe, the conversation is staggering on. Spence is now seen in the background, half sleeping on the couch.

ERIC

What do you think about time travel?

BRETT

(very serious)

Tell me everything you know.

ERIC

Well, like, if time travel is ever possible. Ever in human history potentially invented. It already exists. It exists right now, and always has.

BRETT

We might not have it...

ERIC

Right. But they do. And they're here. They've been here. And they'll come back here.

BRETT

Holy shit.

94

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

94

Eric throws himself on his bed. In the doorway, Brett is carrying Spence, and trying to open his own adjacent door.

BRETT

Night buddy.

ERIC

Night man.

95 INT. BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

95

Brett is adjusting his shirt, standing in Eric's doorway. He does a whisper-yell to wake him up.

BRETT
Sweetheart!

ERIC
Hm?

Eric rolls over, groggily.

BRETT
Work. Let's do it!

ERIC
Fuck.

96 INT. BREW HAHA - MORNING

96

Eric is slumped against the espresso machine. Brett is standing by the register. Eric has his phone to his ear.

FEMALE OFFICER (V.O.)
Mr. Robbins, I apologize but I just realized I forgot to do your fingerprints. So we'll need you to come back down to the office--

Eric hangs up and lays his phone onto the counter.

BRETT
What's wrong with you all of the sudden?

ERIC
Day's starting to get away from me, you know?

BRETT
What do you mean?

ERIC
I dunno. I'm annoyed, so either everything is annoying me more, or more annoying things are happening. Like when I drink water, it splashes me in the face when I set the glass down. That wasn't there before...

BRETT

Yeah, I know that. You just gotta reset. Go back to sleep, and try again.

ERIC

That sounds about right.

CUSTOMER

Excuse me.

BRETT

We'll be right with you.

ERIC

I was done. You got anything?

BRETT

No..

ERIC

Shit.

BRETT

What can we get for you?

97

INT. BREW HAHA - DAY

97

Eric stares longingly at a girl, tall, dark blonde hair, she is playing guitar to herself on a large couch.

BRETT

When are you going to ask her out?

ERIC

It's not like that.

BRETT

What's it like then?

ERIC

I don't know. I've known her casually for a bit. But our relationship doesn't feel all that sexual. Like, we never flirt. I think that's just how she is. Super innocent. But every now and then, I just kind of go "Oh, hey. You?" But then nothing happens. Just for a second, that window opens. But then it's back to business as usual. If it ever turned romantic, I think I'd be in love with her.

BRETT
Ah. Like sliding doors.

ERIC
What?

BRETT
Hmm?

ERIC
Sliding doors?

BRETT
Sure.

ERIC
Wait what? Is that a reference to something?

BRETT
I don't know. I made it up.

Awkward beat.

ERIC
How's Spence?

BRETT
It's been getting harder. We're arguing more than we ever have. But I do want to make it work. I love her. And I don't think there's anything unfixable here.

ERIC
What does she think?

BRETT
I don't know what she's thinking.

ERIC
Seemed fine last night.

BRETT
Yeah, but that's because you were there. She wouldn't say anything in public.

Eric nods. He knows that feeling.

98 INT. CAFE - LATER

98

Eric is staring at the guitar-girl longingly. He watches her smile and she sings one of her songs to herself. He turns to Brett, who is making a latte for a customer.

BRETT

So every so often, I have these dreams. They usually involve sex, and right at the moment of climax, the orgasm feeling is so visceral. And I wake up, and I'm covered in come.

ERIC

A wet dream.

BRETT

I don't know. That sounds so adolescent. This is more like masturbation, but auto pilot. REM masturbation.

Beat.

BRETT (CONT'D)

So the other night... I woke up mid-dream-sex with a raging hard on, and I immediately jerked off. It was one of the most satisfying things I've ever experienced. No amount of porn can give an arousal like that. Because just a second earlier, as far as I knew, I was actually having sex. I woke up and finished the job. I was conscious to enjoy my dream orgasm.

Brett has stopped helping the customer to listen to the story, and ponder the logistics. He finishes his thought, turns to the customer, who is appalled.

ERIC

That'll be three-fifty.

99 EXT. BREW HAHA - AFTERNOON

99

Eric and Brett are zipping up their jackets. It's late fall in Philadelphia. Eric pulls on a brown beanie. They begin walking down a stone sidewalk. Brett lights a cigarette. They walk and talk down South Street.

BRETT

I think Vincent from Collateral.

ERIC

No way. He got killed by a cab driver.

BRETT

Who then?

ERIC

Well, superhuman hitmen aside?

BRETT

Obviously.

ERIC

Alright, well Leon is out then. Chigurh comes to mind. He wins in the end. And other than a few scratches, he walks away clean.

BRETT

Okay. But we never really see him in it with somebody. Who knows how he'd do in a shootout? He pretty much just stalks around for two hours. Take away his element of surprise and he'd go down.

ERIC

His element of surprise isn't an accident.

BRETT

You think Vincent would let that lug sneak up on him?

Eric shrugs.

ERIC

For my money though, I think Val Kilmer in Heat would stand a chance.

BRETT

Jules Winfield.

ERIC

No way. Being badass only gets you shot. He woulda been shot six times in the middle of that speech of his if he was up against anything with balls.

BRETT

Ah Jong?

ERIC

Okay! Here we go! We said no
superhumans. Might as well say...
Leon!

They arrive at their apartment. SPENCE is sitting on the stoop. She is pretty and blonde. She wears large dark sunglasses on her forehead. Eric grimaces at Brett, who nods.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I'm just gonna run to the store.

BRETT

No, it's cool.

ERIC

Nope.

Eric dodges the awkward situation. He smiles at Spence as he walks by, they share a nod and silent 'hey'. Brett pulls his set of keys from his pocket.

BRETT

Want to come in?

SPENCE

Sure.

100 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

100

Brett flicks on the light and drops his keys on the kitchen island counter.

SPENCE

Hey look. I'm sorry.

BRETT

I know. It's okay.

101 INT. BOOKSTORE - CONTINUOUS

101

Eric wanders the aisles of a bookstore, latte in hand. He spots the guitar girl. Her name is ANNA. And she will be the end of Eric. He casually wanders up next to her. She is reading a Festus and Mercury picture book. He stands, facing the bookshelf, and inches awkwardly close to her. Only when his shoulder is literally touching her's does she notice. She is six foot one, and gorgeous. She is curvy, and wears loose clothing.

ANNA
Oh hello there.

Eric acts surprised.

ERIC
Hmm? Oh hello. Come here often?

102 INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 102

Brett and Spence are having a somewhat heated discussion.

SPENCE
I don't understand why you can't
just be more open with me.

BRETT
Because you're asking for it based
on a hunch. I am open with you! And
you ask for more, and I honestly
don't know what to do differently.

103 INT. BOOKSTORE - CONTINUOUS 103

Eric and Anna are now sitting on plush couches across from
eachother. They are flirting and laughing.

104 INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 104

Brett and Spence are now yelling at eachother.

FADE TO:

105 INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY 105

ERIC
So you don't watch any other type
of movies?

ANNA
Nope. Only comedies.

ERIC
Why?

ANNA
I want to be happy. I think that
most people don't even really try.
They don't do things to make
themselves happier.

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

So, I want to be as happy as possible at all times.

ERIC

But watching a sad movie might make you sad, but it's not your sadness.

ANNA

I don't think so. If you're sad, it's probably because it's reflecting on something inside you.

ERIC

No way! That's insane. I cried like a girl when Wilson floated away from Tom Hanks. But I had nothing to do with that. I've never lost a volleyball. It wasn't my sadness.

ANNA

I thought that was funny.

ERIC

Are you serious? I was bawling.

ANNA

I was laughing! It was silly.

ERIC

Besides, I feel pretty good after a movie cry. Crying makes you feel better. And if you're not actually sad, then it's all better. Plus, as a movie nerd, I like it because it means the movie earned it, and I'm watching a good movie. So there's that. But what about sad songs? I bet not all of your songs are happy.

ANNA

No, but that's how I deal with my shit. I write about it, and it helps me work through it. Do you do that with your writing?

ERIC

Yeah, I guess so. Most times I never know what I end up with. It feels good to write about it, but I don't know what it is you know? It's like pseudo-poetry but without any form of rhythm.

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

Sort of like Shakespeare, it's like half poetry, half story. Except mine never really goes anywhere.

ANNA

Well at least you have something. I think it's important to have an emotional outlet like that.

ERIC

Yeah. Do you get nervous? I guess that's such a cliché question.

ANNA

No, it's not. And yeah, I do. I'm still pretty new at performing. Until recently my music was just for me. I'm going to be playing an open mic at Brew Haha soon.

ERIC

Oh really? When?

ANNA

Um, Saturday? It starts at seven thirty.

ERIC

Oh cool. I'll be working.

ANNA

Great. Maybe we could hang out after?

ERIC

Yeah! What do you have in mind?

ANNA

I don't know. Want to watch a movie?

ERIC

Sure! I'll find something you'll enjoy.

ANNA

It has to be Anna-Appropriate.

ERIC

Ha! I'll find a middle-ground.

106 INT. BREW HAHA - THE NEXT DAY

106

Eric and Brett are working the counter.

BRETT

Shit man, that's great!

ERIC

Yeah, I mean we've hung out before, but never one on one. And she made it seem like this was a new thing. So I put two and two together. She felt the need to make plans this time. What's different? This is a date! This isn't just an Oh-I'll-see-you-around type of hangout. This is a premeditated plan to hang out.

BRETT

That's big. Actual plans. That's an upgrade, for sure.

ERIC

But you know, I'm hoping she's deeper than she lets on.

BRETT

How so?

ERIC

She's got this childish disposition. And she'd admit it. It's kind of her thing. It comes across in her songs. She thinks that we should all be as happy as possible. So what that leaves her with is a sort of self induced airy, ditziness. And I'm hoping there's a deeper, intellectual emotional side to her.

BRETT

I have to imagine --

ERIC

-- yeah but have you seen it? Ever?

BRETT

No. I guess not. Give it time though.

Eric turns and stares off.

107 INT. DARK ROOM - EVENING (DREAM)

107

Eric sits across from Brenda. Her hair is now chopped up, with pink streaks in it. She has a labret piercing.

BRENDA

Do you hate me?

ERIC

Yes. But only because I loved you so much.

A beat.

ERIC (CONT'D)

You're not even sorry. You say you are, but I don't believe that for a second. You just --

108 INT. BREW HAHA - MOMENTS LATER

108

Eric is snapped out of his daydream by a slap on the arm from Brett. He motions to the door.

BRETT

Anna's here.

ERIC

Hmm? Oh.

Anna walks into the cafe, carrying her guitar case and swaying as she walks, without a care in the world. She waves to Eric and speaks loudly, with an exaggerated tone.

ANNA

HEY.

ERIC

(imitating her)

HEY.

ANNA

WHAT'S UP?

ERIC

Not a whole lot. What's going on?

ANNA

Nothing. Gonna practice.

ERIC

Let me make you a drink.

ANNA

Okay.

ERIC

What do you want?

ANNA

A hot chocolate. Extra chocolate.

Eric laughs.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I don't drink coffee!

ERIC

Extra chocolate hot chocolate.
Coming right up.

A montage of Eric making her drink while smiling at her. Studying her. She's playing her songs. They laugh and flirt from their sides of the counter.

109

EXT. TROLLEY SQUARE - NIGHT

109

Eric and Brett are walking home in the brisk night.

ERIC

I wish flirting with a girl you're actually interested in wasn't such work. I'm a God when I'm around girls I have no interest in.

BRETT

Always seems to happen like that. You're just more comfortable. And being yourself makes you more attractive. And then the chubby girl you just wanted to be friends with, falls for you, and you have an explosive situation on your hands.

ERIC

It's a curse. Being more at home with fat girls. Because I do like having female friends. I think I always need at least one platonic chick pal. And if I'm not into them, they'll fall for me. If I'm into them, I'm probably not going to be their friend.

110 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 110

The boys enter their apartment. Their apartment is now partially decorated. It's artsy and bohemian. There are framed movie posters on the wall of ADVENTURELAND, (500) DAYS OF SUMMER, and GARDEN STATE. Hipster hats are strewn about. Eric's cat now roams the apartment. There's a chalkboard on the fridge that currently reads "Cause fuck'em! That's why!" They resign to their separate rooms.

111 INT. ERIC'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 111

Eric stretches out on his bed. He lays on his back with one hand behind his head.

112 INT. ERIC'S IMAGINATION 112

Eric is sitting across from Brenda again, interrogation style.

BRENDA

Hi.

ERIC

Yup.

BRENDA

How are you?

ERIC

(short and deliberate)

I'm fine.

BRENDA

Really?

ERIC

(angry)

Yeah, is there a reason you wanted to see me?

BRENDA

Yes. I wanted to talk?

ERIC

Like I did, months ago?

BRENDA

Don't be like that.

ERIC

No I will. This isn't how it works. You can't dangle reconciliation in front of me, to keep me close, just in case you can't get laid at the raves you go to.

BRENDA

That's not at all how this is.

ERIC

Oh no? Then tell me how it actually is. Because that's how it feels. You don't give a fuck about me, until you see me talking to another, and maybe just maybe finding a connection with someone. Then you swoop out of nowhere to sabotage that, but preying on my feelings for you. And for that, you are a disgusting person. And you need to work on your very serious self esteem issues. You are a broken human being. You have been since I met you. And I am no longer interested in fixing you.

Brenda crosses her arms and turns to stare out the window, licking her teeth to combat the tears forming in her eyes.

113 INT. ERIC'S ROOM - NIGHT

113

Eric is still lying with his hand behind his head. He doesn't seem to get any satisfaction from his fantasies of finally confronting Brenda.

114 EXT. PARK - MORNING

114

Frisbee practice. Eric meets the team. They're all throwing the disc around, standing in a large circle.

BRETT

Hey guys, this is Eric. He's our new teammate.

Various muttered hello's and hey's. A muscular guy with a beard walks up and shakes Eric's hand.

FRISBEE CAPTAIN

Hey Eric. My name's Jeff.

ERIC
Nice to meet you.

JEFF
Have you ever played ultimate?

ERIC
No, but I've played soccer and
football. It's similar right?

JEFF
Yeah, kind of. It's got rules like
soccer or rugby. You can't run with
the disc, and the idea is to catch
it in the endzone.

ERIC
I think I can wrap my head around
that.

Jeff laughs.

JEFF
Yeah, you'll be fine. You look
fast. Have you ever thrown a
frisbee?

ERIC
Yeah. I throw it around with my bro
from time to time.

JEFF
Alright, so we won't make you
handler just yet. You could be our
deep threat. We're gonna do some
drills today.

ERIC
Sounds good.

115 EXT. TROLLEY SQUARE - DAY

115

Eric and Sam walk through the city, drinking Starbucks.

SAM
I love that we're neighbors now.

ERIC
I know.

Later on they sit on a stoop and watch the pedestrians pass.
Sam is eating a bag of candy. She shakes a handful into
Eric's palm.

SAM

Red 40 always was my favorite artificial color.

ERIC

I was always partial to Blue 6.

SAM

When are you leaving?

ERIC

I'm not sure. I guess I just have to get my license and buy a plane ticket.

SAM

Are you waiting for something?

ERIC

I'm not sure. I think I'm waiting for this moment where I feel ready. Like a switch is going to flip. But maybe it won't. I just have to do it. Doubt and all.

They are walking again, down a sunny city street.

SAM

I like what you said about dolphins.

ERIC

The 3-D movies?

SAM

Yeah. I like that. I wonder what they would think of land.

ERIC

Probably like we think of lakes. You know, the world is mostly ocean, so they'd visit the little land bits. Maybe like we go to the beach and tan. They'd sit in the shallow water while their kids go "walking" on the sand. Whoa.

SAM

Whoa.

116 INT. BREW HAHA - AFTERNOON

116

Eric is coming into work from the back entrance. Brett is already at the register.

BRETT

Hey babe.

Eric walks right past him to the espresso machine, and takes a moment to settle into his perfect casual leaning pose. He nods, and looks to Brett.

INT. BREW HAHA - LATER

They're extremely slumped and bored. Brett, at the register is dropping a plastic spool and picking it up when it bounces off the counter. The type of thing you occupy your hands with without realizing. But suddenly he drops it from a higher distance, and when it lands it spins back and forth. Eric notices.

ERIC

Well that's a game changer.

They've found their entertainment for the shift.

INT. BREW HAHA - LATER

A close up view of a cappuccino being made. Grinding the beans, tamping them into the basket, locking it into the machine, measuring the milk, frothing it, pouring the shot and milk into the cup. Then the mug sliding across the counter into the hands of the customer.

117 INT. BREW HAHA - NIGHT

117

Anna walks to the counter swaying awkwardly as she lugs her heavy guitar case at her side.

ANNA

HEY.

Eric looks up from counting money to meet her gaze. He lights up.

ERIC

Hey! How are you? I'm excited to see you play.

ANNA

Aw, thanks. I'm a little nervous,
my throat's been acting up.

ERIC

Oh, don't worry about it. I'm sure
you'll be great.

She gives a nod, sending her long hair flying. She walks away
to set up her guitar and ukulele.

ERIC (CONT'D)

She's the cutest.

Brett is washing dishes in the back room, and calls out:

BRETT

Gay!

Eric laughs to himself and continues counting money.

118

INT. BREW HAHA - LATER

118

The coffee shop is dead slow. Eric and Brett assume their
usual slacker stances. They are people watching the mingling
crowd across the cafe. Anna is on a couch tuning her guitar,
and an unusually animated character is talking her ear off.
His laugh is loud and grating, as if he smoked a pack of
cigarettes to wash down the pack of cigars he smoked.

ERIC

Who's that guy?

BRETT

Who?

ERIC

Eightball Eddie over there. Dude's
four grams of coke in.

BRETT

Don't know. Never seen the guy. He
sure is a lively one isn't he?

ERIC

Yeah. And he's staring at her like
he's going to eat her.

BRETT

You should cut in, before he does.

ERIC

Nah. I don't like competing for attention.

BRETT

I'm sensing a rant coming.

ERIC

Not unless you want it.

A beat. Brett pauses and thinks.

BRETT

Give it to me.

ERIC

I don't like competing for attention. I think if we're going to be together then we should be the center of eachother's attention, you know? I shouldn't have to follow her around to keep myself on her mind.

BRETT

Come on. You got-to-play-the-game. If a girl's playing hard to get, and you just say 'Fuck it!' Because you'd rather not have to chase, you're gonna lose her.

ERIC

Probably, and I bet I have lost a bunch of girls that way. But I don't want to play games. I don't want to have to chase. Half the time I can absolutely tell the girl wants me to pursue. Like right now, Anna is absolutely sneaking glances.

Brett stops, and slowly turns to look. He is extremely awkward and obvious, and Anna is in fact watching them. She meets his stare and quickly looks away, going back into her frantic conversation with Eightball Eddie.

ERIC (CONT'D)

But that's not the point. Of course she wants me to walk over and talk to her. But that's just not what I do. I like it to be natural. It should be natural. A natural progression.

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

And then once it evolves to a certain point, boom, you're there. And not once did I have to be that all-too obvious charlatan who is clearly hitting on the girl. You see that guy ten times a day.

BRETT

I hate that guy.

ERIC

Exactly. I do too! And I don't want to be him. But the sad fact is: that dude gets laid. And honestly, if I have to choose between being that guy and having sex tonight versus being me and jacking off, I'll take me and Redtube.

A beat.

BRETT

It's an interesting point. Go fucking talk to her.

119

INT. BREW HAHA - LATER

119

Eric strolls over pretty awkwardly and sits on the arm of the couch Anna is sitting on. She lights up at the sight of him.

ANNA

Hey!

ERIC

Hey. I'm so excited to finally get to see you play.

ANNA

What songs should I do?

ERIC

Play the hits!

ANNA

They're all hits!

Brett watches them laugh. He is visibly proud.

Eightball Eddie sits, put out of the now one on one conversation. He watches them with wide eyes, waiting for his chance to jump back in.

120

INT. BREW HAHA - LATER

120

Anna is now playing her guitar on a small pseudo-stage. She is singing "Kiss Me On a Chair", one of her songs, about a boy so short that he'd need a chair to stand on just to kiss her.

ANNA

Hey everybody. Thanks so much for coming to my first show! This is a happy little love song, pun intended. It's about a boy who is here tonight, you know who you are! And a problem we would have if we ever fell in love.

Applause.

ANNA (CONT'D)

(singing)

Last summer I heard someone say you liked me. I wondered just how wonderful it'd be. But now I've had some time. With you on my mind. And I think you and I. Could be You and Me. And I don't care how awkward it'll be. That I'm six foot one and you're maybe five foot three.

Brett raises and eyebrow at the last line. He begins scanning the crowd. It consists of mostly women, a few tall men, and an oblivious looking Eric.

ANNA (CONT'D)

(singing)

You can kiss me on a chair. You can kiss me in the stairwell. I can get down on my knees. You can kiss me from a tree. There are plenty of hills. And you might think that I. Am above you. But I don't care. You can kiss me on a chair.

121

INT. BREW HAHA - LATER

121

Eric is sitting in his seat while Anna mingles, and the next performer is preparing. After a bit she walks over to Eric, and stands by him casually.

ANNA

I'll be back to pull up a chair,
but I'm gonna go --

ERIC
 (reassuring)
 Go mingle! Go do your thing.

She laughs giddily. He watches her walk away, then smiles to himself. He can barely contain it.

122 INT. BREW HAHA - LATER 122

Anna is now sitting next to Eric while eating an ice cream cone. They're watching a strange, experimental performance. Every now and then she hands him the ice cream. He takes a few licks and hands it back. They occasionally swap sly smiles.

123 INT. BREW HAHA - LATER 123

Eric is about to walk back to the counter, Anna stops the conversation with Eightball Eddie and grabs Eric's hand.

A P.O.V. CLOSE UP of their hands.

ANNA
 Hey, will you come with me? I don't want to ride back alone.

ERIC
 Sure. Let me just see if I can get off work a little early.

Eric walks away from her to the counter and Brett. Brett is leaning against the espresso machine, Eric meets him halfway and leans on the counter.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 Dude, major development.

BRETT
 (whispering)
 The song?

ERIC
 (whispering)
 No. Now she's telling me what she's going to do. Like checking in with me. "I'll be right back." "I'm just going over here." kind of stuff. Like she came with me and doesn't want to leave me hanging. It's like she thinks she's with me.

BRETT
(whispering)
Oh look at that. That's sweet.

ERIC
(whispering)
I know. That's a big sign. Wait.
What about the song?

BRETT
(whispering)
You mean you didn't notice?

ERIC
(whispering)
Notice what?

BRETT
(whispering)
It's a song about a short guy.
We're the only short guys in here.
And I barely know the girl.

A beat. He's thinking about it. Remembering the lyrics.

ERIC
(whispering)
No way.

BRETT
(whispering)
Fucking way.

ERIC
(whispering)
She asked me to keep her company.
Can I leave an hour early?

BRETT
(whispering)
Ask Lindsay, she's covering for
you.

Eric leans all the way over the counter.

ERIC
(whispering)
Hey! Lindsay! Hey!

LINDSAY
What!?

ERIC
 (whispering)
 Can I leave early?

LINDSAY
 What!?

ERIC
 (whispering)
 It's for a girl!

LINDSAY
 Oh Anna? That song is so cute.

ERIC
 (whispering)
 What? No! It doesn't matter about
 the song. Can I?

LINDSAY
 Yeah, go ahead. But you owe me.

ERIC
 (whispering)
 Thank you! I love you!

Eric walks back to Anna. She is being verbally assaulted by Eightball Eddie, who is throwing praises at her, faster than she can react. Eric sits down next to her coolly.

EIGHTBALL EDDIE
 (in his scratchy, hoarse
 voice)
 You were fantastic! Just great.

ANNA
 My voice was getting a little
 groggy up there.

EIGHTBALL EDDIE
 Oh you were just great! You were so
 confident.

ANNA
 I'm still getting used to it. I
 feel weird making eye contact with
 people.

EIGHTBALL EDDIE
 Oh, I go whole shows without
 looking at the crowd once! It's
 terrifying.

ANNA
 Especially when I'm singing things
 like "I love you!". I'm worried
 about singing it at someone.

Eric takes note of this comment.

124 INT. BREW HAHA - LATER

124

She is packing up her things.

ERIC
 What can I do?

ANNA
 You can put my guitar in the case.

ERIC
 On it!

He does.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 I am kicking ass. What next?

ANNA
 Um, put the extra CDs in my purse.

ERIC
 Done.

He does.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 What next?

ANNA
 I think we're ready.

ERIC
 Cool.

They walk out together. Eric is carrying her guitar case.

125 EXT. BREW HAHA - NIGHT

125

They approach her car. A beat-up 1990 Lincoln Town Car. She
 unlocks her door.

ERIC
 Sweet ride!

126 INT. LINCOLN (MOVING) - NIGHT

126

ERIC
Where we headed?

ANNA
Want to get some food?

ERIC
Sure.

ANNA
How about that diner on Philly
Pike?

ERIC
Oh, Eveready? Yeah, that place is
great.

ANNA
I don't really know the way from
here though.

ERIC
We'll figure it out.

ANNA
Yeah, we'll be fine. Getting lost
is fun.

ERIC
Yeah. I don't mind getting lost
with you.

127 INT. EVEREADY DINER - NIGHT

127

They're sitting in a booth eating sandwiches and french
fries. Eric glances at a mounted TV showing the news.

ERIC
I don't know what it is about TV's
in restaurants. I can't hear what
they're saying, and I know I don't
care about the weather, but I can't
help but look.

ERIC (CONT'D)
You were really great tonight, by
the way. I don't know what the song
is called, but you did this awesome
guitar lick.

ANNA

I know which one you're talking about. It's not really a lick. More of a slide. That's my Introduction Song.

ERIC

Yeah. Well it's an awesome slide, then.

A montage of them talking and laughing over dinner. The waitress brings out a banana split and two spoons, which they eat together.

128 EXT. WILMINGTON STREET - NIGHT

128

Eric and Anna sit in her car outside Eric's apartment building. They're holding to-go boxes with their sandwiches in them.

ERIC

You want to come inside?

ANNA

Sure.

129 INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

129

Eric pushes open the door and pulls his key out of the knob. He flicks on the light.

ERIC

This is it.

ANNA

Oh, I like what you've done with the place.

Eric turns to her, surprised. He grins broadly.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Can I leave this in your fridge?

She holds up the to-go box.

ERIC

Of course.

He sits on the couch. Anna joins him after closing the fridge door. Eric smiles at her.

ANNA

What are you thinking?

ERIC

Were you in marching band in high school?

Anna is silent. She can't contain a smile.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I knew it!

ANNA

It wasn't really marching band. I was in jazz band, and this Japanese school invited us over to compete in a marching band thing. So we made one up. Free trip to Japan! You would have done it.

ERIC

Such a nerd.

ANNA

Well you're kind of a nerd.

ERIC

Oh, I'm absolutely a nerd. But marching band?

ANNA

We were so bad. When we got there, it was embarrassing to see how professional they were. We'd only been practicing for like a week before we went. But they were so happy to have us.

ERIC

I wonder what you were like back then.

ANNA

I was a goodie-two shoes.

ERIC

Still are.

She laughs and ignores the comment.

ANNA

I got good grades. I never partied or anything like that. What were you like?

ERIC

I was smart. Maybe too smart for my own good. School wasn't for me. I was bored. I smoked a lot of pot, skipped class, and slept when I actually showed up. We had an art high school near me, and I wonder how much different my life would have been had I gone there. I would've been excited to learn and go to class.

ANNA

I think you turned out okay.

She nudges him with her foot. He laughs and grabs the foot, massaging it slightly.

ERIC

What's the weirdest thing about you?

ANNA

Well. I listen to these tapes of a married couple, who channel these spirit guides. They're these seven entities who refer to themselves as 'Abraham'.

Eric is shocked slightly.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I was terrified of telling my last boyfriend that. I thought he'd think I was crazy. But I'm not ashamed of it anymore. Whether it's real or not, the message is beautiful. So it doesn't matter.

ERIC

Hmm. That's not too crazy. Just a little.

They laugh. Eric lays his head back on the couch and stares at her.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

130

INT. APARTMENT - THE NEXT DAY

130

Eric walks from the bedroom hallway into the kitchen. Brett is sitting at the kitchen counter eating breakfast. Eric walks to the coffee pot and pours a cup. He turns to Brett with a massive grin. He points to his facial hair. A five o'clock shadow of a goatee.

BRETT

Nice goat.

ERIC

I'm going for the Dom Cobb.

BRETT

Oh nice.

ERIC

Hey guess what. Guess what.

BRETT

The song?

ERIC

No. Had a great night.

BRETT

What happened?

ERIC

She left her sandwich here.

BRETT

And?

ERIC

What and?! That's it!

BRETT

So you don't care about that song,
but a sandwich is a great night?

ERIC

Don't you see? She left it here, in
our fridge. She's not going to
swing by to pick it up! And I'm
sure as shit not bringing it to
her. That sandwich is a
declaration! She is saying that she
wants to come back!

BRETT

Can we at least talk about the
song?

ERIC

Oh enough with the song!

BRETT

She was clearly declaring her love to you.

ERIC

I'm not convinced. The timeline doesn't add up.

BRETT

Explain.

ERIC

It says "Last summer, I heard you liked me." I met her in August. And I didn't have any kind of feeling about her until at least October. And even then, it was barely a feeling. More like a passing thought that maybe we could be more than friends. I never really said anything to anyone other than my brother and my friend Dave, who she only sort of knows. So unless someone made a wild assumption, that was eerily accurate, there's no way she could know. And I didn't see her from November to like April. I can't imagine she was thinking about me all that time. And writing songs about me! I see the weirdness of it. Some things do add up, but the jury is still out.

BRETT

People have been convicted and sentenced to death with less evidence. The jury is in!

ERIC

Well, either way, things are going great now. She wants to hang out after Lindsay's pajama party tonight. She said we can watch movies, and we'll already be in our pajamas. You going to that?

BRETT

I don't know. Me and Spence were going to go together. But now I don't know.

ERIC
How are you guys?

BRETT
No clue. We argued for an hour
about me leaving dirty laundry at
her place.

ERIC
Oh boy.

BRETT
It's to the point where what we're
arguing about is never the real
issue. We're each walking on
eggshells, trying to avoid the next
big blow up.

ERIC
You're not going to like this.

BRETT
No.

ERIC
I'm just spit balling here.

BRETT
Don't say it. We've been together
for years. It's not that easy. I
want to make this work.

ERIC
Just come to this party with me.
Without Spence. You'll have a good
time.

131 EXT. DECK - NIGHT

131

A party has spilled out onto the back deck of a house. Christmas lights brighten the dance party. Everyone is wearing pajamas. Eric is standing in the midst of the party, alone. He is looking for someone, while holding a red cup. Brett stumbles up to Eric, belligerently drunk, hair disheveled.

BRETT
(screaming)
I'm having a great time!

ERIC
Good. That's good. You need to have
some fun.

BRETT
(screaming)
Any sign of Anna?

Eric looks around, worried someone may have overheard.

ERIC
No sign yet.

BRETT
(screaming)
I'm gonna dance!

ERIC
Okay, take it easy!

Brett gets lost into the dance party, arms raised and shouting. Eric goes back to nervously scanning the crowd. He is waiting. Periodically, he checks his cell phone.

Suddenly, a familiar voice hits Eric. He jolts.

BECCA
Well, well, well.

Eric turns. His excitement instantly turns to surprise. Not who he was expecting.

ERIC
Oh hello.

BECCA
I haven't seen you around.

ERIC
Yeah, I moved into Wilmington. I don't make it down to Newark much. Not that I mind, really.

BECCA
Hey! That's my digs you're talking about.

ERIC
Apologies to the second cesspool of Delaware. Newark is Claymont with fashion sense.

BECCA
How so?!

ERIC

Ehh, it's full of those ghetto white girls, who don't know they're ghetto, and make fun of ghetto people. With the straightened hair, leather knee high boots over black jeans. The type who played volleyball in high school and watch movies about Channing Tatum coming home from the war.

BECCA

You're quite the asshole aren't you? It's fantastic. I love it.

ERIC

Thanks. So why didn't I hear from you?

BECCA

I'm a girl of mystery. I can't be caught calling people. Why didn't you call me?

ERIC

I hate cell phones. I don't call anyone. Not even the pizza guy.

BECCA

Quite the couple we'd make.

ERIC

It's perfect. One of us drops the other off, and in three months we'll bump into eachother at a party.

BECCA

Marital bliss. So how do you like the Wilmington hipster intellectuals with their fedoras and expensive teas? Better than slumming it with us mall trash hussies?

ERIC

Absolutely. I'm pretty uncomfortable right now, to tell you the truth. I feel like if I stand next to you I'll get mistaken for someone from the Jersey Shore.

BECCA
 (faux-offended)
 You fucking dick! Dance with me?
 This song is bumping.

She pulls Eric to the center of the dancing. The other dancers are suddenly a blur, only Becca matters.

Brett sees Eric and starts cheering. They are dancing aggressively and sexually. All sound is being washed out.

Suddenly, over Becca's shoulder Eric spots Anna, dressed top to bottom in plaid pajamas, and carrying a teddy bear. Suddenly, everything snaps back to clarity.

ERIC
 (shaken)
 Uh, I'm going to go, get a drink.

He pushes his way out of the mob and walks over to the keg. He takes a deep breath.

CUT TO:

132 INT. HOUSE PARTY - MOMENTS LATER

132

Eric is inside chugging a beer from a red cup. He's in the kitchen with a few other guys.

GUY
 Let's do shots!

ERIC
 Fuck yes!

From above, we look down on a circle of shotglasses. The guys all raise and down them, slamming the glasses down after.

GUY
 Whew!

ERIC
 Let's do another!

Above again. This time, the circle of shots is almost twice as big. All together they chant ONE, TWO, THREE! Down the glasses go, we pan up to Eric and Brett, who has joined in on this round. They're both quite drunk by this point.

BRETT
 Guess who's here.

ERIC
I know, man. Almost got caught in
the cookie jar.

BRETT
What?

ERIC
(laughs)
I don't know!

133 EXT. DECK - CONTINUOUS

133

Both Eric and Brett burst out of the house and slide straight into the dancing. Eric finds his way right to Anna.

ANNA
Hey!

ERIC
Hi!

They dance together for a few moments. Then, disaster strikes.

An older woman, thirty something, with short blonde hair grabs Eric by the shoulders and pushes him against the wall and begins kissing him. In his drunken state, he is helpless and cannot free himself. He gives in and the two make out aggressively. Within a few seconds, the shock fades and the dance party continues. Anna dances awkwardly, sneaking looks at the two of them. She is obviously hurt.

134 EXT. DECK - LATER

134

The party is winding down. People are saying their goodbyes and departing. Brett is hanging off the shoulder of a pretty girl. It was her party, and he is staying. Eric and the woman, JOANNE, are stumbling arm in arm. Brett grabs Eric's shoulder.

BRETT
Hey man, have a good night.

He cracks a smile. Eric begins laughing.

ERIC
It's not what I wanted.

Brett is also laughing now.

BRETT
Have a good night.

ERIC
It's now what I wanted.

They're dying from laughter.

135 EXT. WILMINGTON STREET - NIGHT 135

Eric and Joanne are stumbling together down the city street. They're giggling. They stop at a twenty four hour pharmacy. Eric goes in alone.

136 INT. DRUG STORE - CONTINUOUS 136

We follow Eric through the aisles of the store. He exits the aisle to the back counter where people pick up their prescriptions. He walks up to the small wall of condoms. For a moment he stands on wobbly legs. Overwhelmed by colorful boxes promising a variety of sexual bliss.

CLOSE on Eric's face. His eyes are glazed over. He's lost.

A small, shlubby looking Spanish man walks up beside him. A tall thin man stands opposite. The Spanish man mumbles and grabs a box of magnum condoms. Eric turns and gives him a skeptical smile. They have an awkward beat. The man walks off. Eric turns to the other guy.

ERIC
Think he's gonna circle back and
get regular ones?

Eric then laughs to himself.

137 EXT. WILMINGTON STREET - MOMENTS LATER 137

Eric walks out with a white plastic bag in his hand. Joanne is sitting on the curb giggling.

ERIC
(slurring)
Let's go.

138 EXT. WILMINGTON STREET - LATER 138

They're stumbling down the street again.

JOANNE
But my apartment is that way.

ERIC
Mine is this way.

A beat.

139 INT. APARTMENT - LATER 139

The apartment is dark and empty. Laughs and quiet music comes from an open door. It's the only source of light, even faint, in the place.

140 INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 140

Eric and Joanne lay next to each other in bed. They've just had sex. They share small kisses between smiles.

JOANNE
Ugh. I'm old enough to be your mom.

Eric laughs.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
How old are you?

He just smiles and keeps looking at her.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
Are you twenty one?

Eric shakes his head: no.

She buries her face in the pillow and exhales.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
Ahh. You remind me of the boy I went to prom with. He was shy, and cute. We were best friends.

ERIC
You went to prom with a friend?
Ugh! One of those people.

JOANNE
What! He was sweet. It was cute. We had fun.

ERIC
Were you in marching band too?

JOANNE

So?

Eric laughs to himself.

141 INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

141

Joanne has gathered her things and is mostly dressed. She scratches Eric's curly hair while he lays face down, sleeping. She sneaks out of the bedroom, then the apartment. The slam of the front door awakens Eric slightly.

He groans and rolls over.

ERIC

Oh my god.

He throws the covers off and jumps out of bed. He stumbles into the bathroom in only his boxers.

142 INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

142

Brett is naked with his head in the toilet. He grumbles something and waves Eric away. Eric staggers past him and falls into the bathtub. He begins vomiting everywhere.

We slowly pan out of the bathroom with the two of them throwing up.

143 INT. APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

143

Brett is on the couch in pajamas. He's eating Goldfish and watching TV. Eric is at the kitchen counter, also in pajamas, eating cereal. They both look disheveled, as if they'd just woken up.

Brett is turning a goldfish cracker in his fingers and examining it.

BRETT

Hmm. Remember that gimmick when they put the smiles on the goldfish? It was all over the commercials and on the box. I guess that's here to stay.

ERIC

I can't believe I. I can't believe. Me and Joanne.

BRETT

Yeah, what happened there?

ERIC

I was supposed to leave with Anna.

BRETT

Oh no! Is that what you meant? Last night you said "Not what I wanted." And I had no idea what you were talking about.

ERIC

Yeah! I was too drunk to stop myself. Anna was right there. I'm sure she saw.

Brett laughs.

BRETT

Everybody saw.

ERIC

Oh god. It's over. That's it. The dream is dead.

BRETT

Don't worry. You can spin this. Just play up the drunk mistake angle.

ERIC

No, that won't work. She doesn't drink.

BRETT

Uh oh.

Eric gets up to put the jug of milk away. He opens the fridge.

CLOSE ON the leftovers container. Her name is signed in marker onto the lid.

CLOSE ON Eric. He's leaning on the fridge door. He sighs.

144

INT. BREW HAHA - EVENING

144

Eric, Brett, and Lindsay are working. Eric is pacing behind the counter.

ERIC
She hasn't been in. All day. She
always visits.

LINDSAY
That doesn't mean anything.

ERIC
You think?

A beat.

LINDSAY
No. It totally does.

ERIC
Oh, Jesus.

BRETT
She'll come. Maybe she's just
hungover, like everyone else.

ERIC
She doesn't drink!

BRETT
Oh yeah.

LINDSAY
So what happened, man?

ERIC
Oh, a clusterfuck of epic
proportions. Becca, this girl I was
into showed up, I'm dancing with
her. Then Anna appears out of
nowhere. I go to dance with her and
BAM! I don't remember much of how
it started. But the rest of the
party I'm up against a wall with a
vicious cougar clawing at my
throat.

LINDSAY
She didn't just grab you. There has
to be more to it than that.

ERIC
I don't think so. We were dancing
in the middle together for a second
remember?

LINDSAY
Yeah, I think. I was drunk too.

ERIC

And then it must've just happened. I don't remember anything after me and you were dancing, then Anna showed up.

LINDSAY

Man. Maybe you're right. She knew what she wanted! Go her.

ERIC

And now what? Who is she? Do I have a problem brewing?

BRETT

No. She's embarrassed I think. She works up the street with Kenny. She does reception at that massage place.

ERIC

Have you talked to her?

BRETT

Just a little. She came in right before you got here.

ERIC

What'd she say?

BRETT

Just "That's why I don't drink."

ERIC

Okay. Good. So that takes care of that. But now Anna. She's still not here. She visits every day.

145 EXT. PARK - DAY

145

Eric and Brett are stretching before frisbee. Eric is still in disbelief.

ERIC

Do you think she'll show up?

BRETT

I don't know. Why don't you go see her?

ERIC

I can't do that! I'm the perpetrator. I need to be forgiven!

146 EXT. PARK - LATER 146

A frisbee game is under way. Jeff is in command, leading his team down the field, and shouting instructions like "Stack!" and "Force flick!".

147 EXT. PARK - AFTERNOON 147

The game is over, and the guys are getting dressed right on the field. Jeff is sitting cross legged looking at an upside down frisbee.

JEFF

Do you know how many beers you get
can in a frisbee?

BRETT

Like cans? Ten maybe?

JEFF

No, like poured into the frisbee.

ERIC

Two?

JEFF

Five and three quarters. If you do
it right, you get a nice meniscus.
Is that the word I'm looking for?
Meniscus.

BRETT

No I think that's in your knee.

ERIC

Yeah, that's like a ligament, or
something.

JEFF

Well you get a bubble, anyway. A
curve. It's pretty cool.

148 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 148

Eric is sitting in a chair in his apartment. He's shaking his head. Brett is in the background on the couch, with his arm around Spence.

ERIC

Should I call? What would I say?
Should I acknowledge it?

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

I mean, really, she doesn't have any reason to be mad.

SPENCE

How do you figure that??

ERIC

Well, I'm sure she is mad. But I didn't cheat on her. I'm not with her. I'm not about to be with her. I bet she wouldn't openly be mad at me. I don't think she thinks she's entitled to be mad. Does that make sense?

BRETT

No.

ERIC

We haven't even kissed! We've never been openly romantic in any way.

A beat.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Should I call?

149 INT. BREW HAHA - THE NEXT DAY

149

Eric is pacing behind the counter. Brett is working the cash register for a long line of annoyed and impatient customers.

ERIC

I should call.

Brett stops ringing the customer in. He turns to Eric, ignoring the massive line.

BRETT

(calmly)

Then call.

ERIC

Okay. I'm gonna call.

150 INT. BACK ALLEY - LATER

150

Eric is staring at his phone. He finds Anna P. in the contacts list. He stares at it for what seems like an eternity.

151 INT. BREW HAHA - LATER

151

Eric emerges from the back room. Brett is leaning on the register.

BRETT

And?

ERIC

I texted.

BRETT

Ugh! You pussy.

ERIC

What? It's the twenty first century! Texting is in, grandpa!

BRETT

What'd you say?

ERIC

Hey.

A beat.

BRETT

For real? Yeah, that'll really break the ice.

152 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

152

Eric is sitting on the couch watching TV. His phone is vibrating in his pocket. He pulls it out.

It's a text from Anna reading:

Hey :) How are you?

153 EXT. PARK - DAY

153

Back on the frisbee field. Eric, Brett, and a few teammates are having a pregame catch.

BRETT

Did she ever text back?

ERIC

Yeah.

BRETT

Anything of note?

ERIC
 No. Just small talk. It's terrible.
 It's like we'll just skirt the
 issue, and live the rest of our
 lives as fringe friends.

BRETT
 It's been two days.

ERIC
 I know.

A beat.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 It's not her responses that worry
 me. It's mine. I, the talker, the
 writer, took thirty minutes to
 respond "I've been good, and you?"

154 EXT. PARK - LATER

154

The game is underway now. Eric races down the field, catches a pass, then let's it rip to a teammate. It's fast paced and frantic. Their team scores, and high fives go all around. The other team is forced to walk down the field to the other endzone, giving the scoring team a breather. Eric is facing the players, while Brett is looking the opposite direction.

BRETT
 Hey Eric.

ERIC
 Hmm?

BRETT
 Look who it is.

Eric turns, and is taken by amazement.

Anna is walking towards the field. She's carrying a guitar case. She's wearing a tank top and shorts.

ERIC
 She's here.

BRETT
 Maybe coincidence? Maybe she likes
 to play frisbee.

Eric turns and smiles. Brett pats him on the shoulder.

ERIC
Give me a second.

JEFF
Substitution!

Eric walks off the field and towards her. She sets her guitar down. Eric looks dumbfounded.

ERIC
Hey...

ANNA
HEY.

Eric can only laugh.

ERIC
Um, well. We've got a game. But could you just wait? And maybe after... Or better yet, why don't you play with us? Lindsay is the only girl and she needs someone to matchup with.

After a moment.

ANNA
Okay.

155 EXT. PARK - MOMENTS LATER

155

The six foot one Anna is playing defense against the four foot eleven Lindsay. Lindsay can barely see past her, and is struggling to find a throwing lane not blocked by Anna's tree-like limbs.

LINDSAY
This isn't fair!

156 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

156

Eric pushes open the door, revealing a fight between Brett and Spence. They stop at the sight of Eric. Spence walks into the kitchen with her hand on her forehead. She's breathing heavily. Brett is sitting on the couch with his hands crossed.

Eric, hesitant to take another step into this storm, waits in the doorway. He looks to Brett, who shrugs.

SPENCE

It's okay. I was just leaving.

She storms out. Brett doesn't even call out to her.

ERIC

Was that what it looked like?

BRETT

Exactly what it looked like.

ERIC

Yeah. I was just hoping for the off chance.

BRETT

How'd things go with Anna?

ERIC

I'm seeing her later.

Brett nods.

BRETT

Win one for me. I could use it, even vicariously.

Eric smiles, and walks into his bedroom.

157 INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

157

Eric grabs his phone from his dresser. He checks it and sees a missed call. He listens to the voicemail while gathering some things.

POLICE (V.O.)

Mr. Robbins, we have recently become aware of a filing error. It seems we need your--

Eric pushes a button and with a beep, the message is deleted.

VOICEMAIL (V.O.)

You have no new messages in your mailbox. To--

Eric hangs up and stuffs the phone into his pocket.

158 INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

158

Eric and Anna are laying on her bed with a laptop between them. They are watching The Life Aquatic with Steve Zissou.

ANNA
So wait. What's going on?

ERIC
(laughing)
What do you mean? Nothing's
happened yet.

ANNA
I'm a little slow! Help me.

ERIC
He's going to go kill the shark
that killed his partner.

ANNA
Is that his son?

ERIC
We don't know yet. But we're
supposed to think it.

159 INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM - LATER

159

ANNA
But what about consciousness?

ERIC
I don't believe that there's a
difference.

ANNA
Of course there is!

ERIC
I don't think so. I don't think
there's any difference between the
brain and the mind. The "mind" is
just what happens when the brain is
turned on.

ANNA
Your brain is always on.

ERIC
Yeah, but when you're dreaming,
you're not really in control.
You're not you. You're just
watching a movie about you. With
your memories.

ANNA

You just got to watch What the Bleep.

ERIC

Oh, cause that'll change me?

ANNA

Maybe! It changed me. That's the moment I became me. I used to be normal. I watched regular movies.

ERIC

Oh, so that's what ruined you.

ANNA

Shut up! But I used to watch movies. I tried drinking, but I didn't like the taste. I was normal. And I wasn't super happy, and I had bad dreams. Then I saw What the Bleep. Now I try to be as happy as possible, always. I don't want to be bummed out by anything. Especially not movies.

ERIC

But are you really happy if you have to consciously force yourself to feel it? If an emotion isn't natural, how real is it?

A beat.

ERIC (CONT'D)

It's like, a person I once talked to explained to me that they forced themselves to laugh. Because if they didn't laugh, they'd cry. And my only thought was that you may be making laughing noises, but it's not the same thing. You're not fooling yourself. People around you may think you're having a good time, but are you?

ANNA

So what are you saying? That you should be okay with being sad?

ERIC

No. No, not really. But that sadness is natural, especially when a circumstance calls for it. Take it as it comes. Don't hide from it.

A beat.

ANNA

Why didn't you call me?

ERIC

I guess I didn't know if you wanted me to. That and I don't like phones.

ANNA

It's not just phones. You won't really start a conversation with someone. I think you're kind of introverted. But if someone starts talking to you, you're all into it. You get excited and animated.

ERIC

So basically you're saying I'm quiet unless I'm talking?

ANNA

(laughing)

No.

ERIC

I know what you mean.

ANNA

You do?

ERIC

Yeah.

Anna rolls onto her side. Eric turns to face her. They stare into each other's eyes for a moment.

ANNA

You can spend the night if you want.

ERIC

I'd like that.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

160 INT. BREW HAHA - MORNING

160

Eric is working, with Anna standing in line.

ANNA
Everyone calls you Bro.

ERIC
You can too if you like.

ANNA
That'd be like incest.

Eric squints at her suspiciously.

She takes her tea and walks to the condiment station to add milk and honey. Brett has been wiping tables. He was watching them. He sees his chance and approaches Anna.

BRETT
Hey.

ANNA
Oh hey! How are you?

BRETT
I'm good. I have a question for you.

ANNA
Okay. What is it?

Brett pauses for a beat.

BRETT
Is that song about Eric?

She stops and appears uncomfortable.

ANNA
Uh, I don't know..

BRETT
Come on. You can tell me.

ANNA
Um.

BRETT
Was the person in the song playing frisbee the other day?

ANNA
Maybe?

BRETT

Maybe.

161 INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

161

Eric and Anna are again in bed together. This time cuddled side by side. Their arms are linked. She is reading a book to him.

ANNA

So Mercury planted his meat ball
and watered it every day. Eric what
do you see?

Eric smiles and points at the page.

ERIC

I see the cows dancing. Festus is
watering a shoe. And that tree has
hands.

ANNA

Very good.

She turns the page.

BRETT (V.O.)

So when are you going to make your
move?

ERIC (V.O.)

I'm going to. It just never feels
right. Like last night.

BRETT (V.O.)

What about it?

ERIC (V.O.)

Well we read her favorite
children's book. And it was so
sweet. But it wasn't exactly an
open invitation.

BRETT (V.O.)

Well maybe not when she's reading
Peter Rabbit. But there's got to be
a moment.

162 INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM - LATER

162

She's playing with a strand of his hair. Gently stroking his arm with a single finger.

He's holding her fingers, examining the callouses on her tips from playing the guitar.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

163 EXT. BASEBALL DIAMOND - AFTERNOON

163

Brett and Eric are sitting in the dugout of a run down baseball field. They're drinking cans of beer.

ERIC

To be honest I don't know where we are. Or what we are. I mean, I think this is a romantic relationship. Right?

BRETT

Seems so.

ERIC

When I'm not with her, it seems completely obvious. Of course this is romantic. We spend a lot of time together. She wants me spending the night. She says things like "other guys I've dated", you know? As if she's including me in that.

BRETT

I hear you.

ERIC

You know what she said a few days ago?

BRETT

What's that?

ERIC

She said she wants to call me "Bro", but that would be incest. Incest!

BRETT

So obviously she think it's sexual. That is what incest is. After all.

ERIC

I feel like I should just kiss her and see what happens.

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

Would we be spending this much time together if she didn't want that?

BRETT

I don't think so.

ERIC

But, in the moment, it just never feels like the right time...

A beat.

BRETT

I think I'm going to break up with Spencer.

ERIC

(unsurprised)

Really?

BRETT

Yeah. It's time. How long are we going to be miserable?

ERIC

Yeah. It seems like it's been all bad lately.

BRETT

I think she's seeing someone else.

ERIC

No.

BRETT

I think so.

ERIC

Fuck. I'm sorry.

BRETT

Jealousy is my least favorite feeling in the world. And as soon as I feel it I wonder if the attraction is worth it in the first place.

ERIC

Anna's got another show tonight. Why don't you invite her? See if there's a last chance?

A beat.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Think it's worth it?

BRETT
I don't know. It'd be worth it if
it worked.

ERIC
Well that's no way to think. You've
got no way to know that. Might as
well try.

BRETT
Yeah, alright.

164 EXT. HIP CAFE - NIGHT

164

Brett and Spence are dressed in their hipster best, and walk toward the entrance to a small but very cool night cafe. It seems oddly out of place on a boring and quiet row of darkened shops.

BRETT
Don't say that.

SPENCE
It's true.

BRETT
Just don't fucking say it.

SPENCE
It's fucking true.

BRETT
You know what, you don't have to be
such a fucking cunt.

He has clearly crossed a line.

SPENCE
(appalled)
You god damned cocksucker.

BRETT
What did you say? The fuck did you
say? That's it. We're over!

Brett storms off. He's walking hard down the sidewalk. His boots smack the pavement. Before he knows it, he's three blocks down and one over. He examines the buildings.

BRETT (CONT'D)
Where the fuck am I?

165 INT. HIP CAFE - CONTINUOUS 165

Eric is at the counter. A massive man of unrecognizable race has both hands on the table in intimidating fashion. He has a black bandana on.

ERIC
I'll take a cappuccino.

The man grunts and begins making it.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Geez.

Anna is on a small stage tuning her guitar.

Eric leans on the counter and turns to watch Anna.

His phone rings. He takes it out and puts it to his ear.

166 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 166

BRETT
I'm lost!

Brett is standing in the middle of what appears to be an abandoned warehouse district.

167 INT. HIP CAFE - CONTINUOUS 167

ERIC
What? Aren't you coming?

168 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS 168

BRETT
Can you come find me?

169 EXT. STREET - LATER 169

Eric is wandering around a dark neighborhood.

ERIC
Marco!

170 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS 170

BRETT
Polo!

171 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS 171

ERIC
Nothing.

172 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS 172

BRETT
(singing)
No-body knows, the trouble I feel!

173 INT. HIP CAFE - LATER 173

Eric walks back into the cafe with Brett, who is clearly dejected.

The large, aboriginal looking barista calls out:

INTIMIDATING BARISTA
Hey man! Your drink's ready!

ERIC
Oh shit, I'm sorry.

Eric grabs his drink and sits down at a table with Brett.

ERIC (CONT'D)
You okay?

BRETT
Yeah. I mean, I knew it was coming. I just feel like women fall right into these traps. And it makes me wonder who's worse, the predatory men who set these traps or the happily ignorant women who pretend not to notice the notice the trap while jumping head first into them.

ERIC
You sound like me. Seems like you're pretty sure she's cheating.

BRETT
I guess I don't know. It's just an easy explanation.
(MORE)

BRETT (CONT'D)
Maybe it's just so I don't have to
look at myself for the problem.

A beat.

The cafe is lively, with a cool young crowd drinking espresso
and talking over a bland acoustic singer songwriter. Anna is
sitting next to the stage selling her CDs.

BRETT (CONT'D)
I think I'm gonna go.

ERIC
Home?

BRETT
Yeah. I've got some ice cream in
the freezer.

ERIC
Don't be that guy! Don't go into
the light!

BRETT
It's coming. I'll have to dig out
my James Blunt CD.

ERIC
Oh boy. This is bad.

BRETT
Say bye to Anna. Tell her I loved
her show.

ERIC
Okay. I think I'm going to *tell*
her.

BRETT
Tell her?

ERIC
Using a very specific word.

BRETT
Oh boy. That's bad. You finally
lost your mind.

ERIC
Well, I've had my mind for a long
time, and that hasn't been working
so well. Maybe a little insanity
suits me.

BRETT
 Good luck. I'll have some ice cream
 for you just in case.

ERIC
 (laughs)
 Okay. I'll see you.

Anna is now on stage. She starts her song Kiss Me On A Chair.
 Brett gets up from the table and walks out.

174 INT. HIP CAFE - LATER

174

Eric walks up to Anna after her show.

ERIC
 Hey.

ANNA
 Hey.

ERIC
 I want to talk to you. Whenever
 you're free.

ANNA
 (laughs)
 Like now?

She notices the dead serious expression on his face.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 Or do you mean free free?

ERIC
 Free free.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 Okay.

175 INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

175

Eric and Anna sit on the edge of her bed. She seems nervous
 about the coming conversation.

He takes a deep breath.

ERIC
 I was planning on leaving soon. But
 then I started thinking.
 (MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

I want to be with you, and I'm
struggling with the realization
that if I go, that might not
happen. Anna, I'm love with you.

A long, uncomfortable pause.

ANNA

Oh, Eric. I'm sorr--

Suddenly, as if a trap door let out under Eric, he begins to drop into a deep dark pit. He slowly but helplessly falls, gazing up at Anna, while she stares down at him from the bed. A cacophony of Eric's theories and rants overtakes him.

Back in reality: she calmly and apologetically explains. He listens with glazed over eyes, and a blank but faintly sad expression. He nods every so often.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I just think that for me, where I'm
at in my life, I just can't--

Eric continues falling, the opening of the pit becoming a further and further glimmer of light.

Back in reality:

ANNA (CONT'D)

I can understand if you hate me. I
really like you as a friend, and I
want to continue being friends. But
if you ever want to talk, just let
me know.

Eric nods, tears in his eyes.

176 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 176

Eric walks silently through the cold night. His arms crossed.

177 INT. APARTMENT - LATER 177

Eric walks into his apartment. Brett is in pajamas, eating ice cream, he's watching TV. He turns excitedly to Eric. Who simply shakes his head: no.

Brett extends his hand, offering a tub of ice cream with a spoon sticking out of it.

Eric takes it and slumps down onto the couch next to him.

178

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

178

Brett and Eric are in the exact same position on the couch. Same clothes, now eating cereal, TV still on. As if they haven't even thought about moving.

ERIC

I forced finality. Which I knew going in. After this, we would have a conclusion. But now, with hindsight I realize I forced finality to the negative.

BRETT

Think it'd be better just to not know?

ERIC

Maybe. Maybe I'd leave, go to this commune, and always have the what if in the back of my mind. Something to go to sleep thinking about

A beat.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Now I don't even have that.

They zone out into whatever they're watching. A medieval movie with two knights fighting.

BRETT

Is Harry Potter cool?

ERIC

I don't know! It was cool when it first came out. The books. Then it was nerdy when the movies first came out. Then the movies got good and it's cool again, I guess.

BRETT

Good, because I kinda like it.

ERIC

Me too!

BRETT

But something tells me I shouldn't.

ERIC

Me too!

179 INT. APARTMENT - LATER

179

Same positions.

BRETT
The time turner.

ERIC
The time turner!

BRETT
What the fuck?

ERIC
I don't know!

A beat.

ERIC (CONT'D)
My issue is why the fuck didn't
Dumbledore do anything for six
years? Ron can't take two steps out
his room without stumbling over
some massive clue, but fucking
Albus saunters around for nearly a
decade in his silk slippers,
letting dozens of students die.

BRETT
He's clearly powerful.

ERIC
Clearly! And Voldemort was on the
back of some dude's head, in his
own school! And nothing. The
instant he knew Voldemort was still
alive he should've teamed up with
Mad Eye or something and led a
blind quest to kill him. He
would've learned about the
horcruxes years earlier.

BRETT
I'm glad he's dead.

ERIC
Well don't be a jerk.

BRETT
Sorry.

On the TV a knight knocks the sword from the hands of the
other.

BRETT (CONT'D)
Expeliamus!

Then the knights kills the other.

ERIC
Avada Kadevera!

BRETT
Nice. Disarmed and dead.

ERIC
Nice.

A beat.

BRETT
Did you eat all the Goldfish?

ERIC
Yeah.

BRETT
Why?

ERIC
I don't know... I wasn't hungry. I even starting eating faster once I decided to finish them. Just to get through it.

A beat.

BRETT
Thinking about standing up in a few minutes. Do you want something while I'm mobile?

ERIC
Hmm, wow. Big decision. Maybe a banana?

BRETT
I'm thinking about some string cheese.

ERIC
We have string cheese?

BRETT
Yup.

ERIC
The kind that's two cheese swirled?

BRETT

Yup.

ERIC

Oh my god. Maybe that.

BRETT

Alright, here we go.

ERIC

Good luck.

Brett stands up with a groan. His joint pop after a big stretch.

He slowly limps over to the fridge.

BRETT

Decision time.

ERIC

Banana. I'm gonna go with the banana. Maybe the vitamins will counteract the atrophy.

Brett returns and tosses the banana.

BRETT

I think Mercury's in retrograde.

ERIC

This banana's about to be in retrograde.

BRETT

I ate a plantain once, and haven't trusted a banana since.

180 INT. BREW HAHA - AFTERNOON

180

Eric is sitting on a cooler, behind the pastry case section of the barista counter, completely invisible to customers. A strategic choice. Brett is slumped on a stool by the register. They both have vacant eyes.

A customer approaches the register.

CUSTOMER

Can I have a triple soy vanilla latte with sugar-free whip?

Brett slowly turns to face the customer. If looks could kill...

181 INT. BREW HAHA - LATER 181

Eric is sitting at a table, amongst the sparse customers. Either on break, or just no longer trying to hide his lack of enthusiasm.

182 INT. ERIC'S IMAGINATION 182

He's sitting in the familiar dark room across Brenda, who is under an interrogation light.

Her eyes are full of tears.

BRENDA

Please!

ERIC

No! I don't need your apology. And I don't want it!

BRENDA

I'm sorry! I know I was immature.

ERIC

I've moved on. It's time for you to.

183 INT. BREW HAHA - CONTINUOUS 183

He's tearing up sugar packets and tossing them. He starts to grin.

SPLIT SCREEN:

Reality and fantasy are now happening simultaneously.

184 INT. ERIC'S IMAGINATION 184

ERIC

I'm leaving. There's someone I need to talk to.

BRENDA

Talk to me!

He stands up, and walks off into the darkness.

185 INT. BREW HAHA - CONTINUOUS

185

Anna appears next to his table. His imagination vanishes. He doesn't look up.

ERIC

Hey.

ANNA

How you doing?

He shrugs.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Want to talk about it?

He finally meets her gaze.

ERIC

Actually, yeah. Some things just aren't sitting right with me.

ANNA

Okay.

186 EXT. PARK - LATER

186

They sit as far apart on the bench as possible.

ERIC

So, this past month, and all this time we've spent together. What was it to you?

ANNA

What was it to me?

A beat.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I don't know. I guess it was getting to know you better.

ERIC

That's it?

ANNA

I guess.

ERIC

And if I said I didn't believe you?

ANNA

I want to make sure that I'm honest.

ERIC

Be sure that you do.

ANNA

I do like you. I do have feelings for you. But I can't not tell you, I have feelings for someone else too.

Eric just shakes his head.

ANNA (CONT'D)

And I couldn't enter into something with you, if I couldn't be fully committed.

ERIC

So basically, liking him is enough for you to not even be willing to take a chance on me?

ANNA

I'm so sorry. But it just wouldn't be fair. To either of us.

ERIC

Okay. And if it were he who was here, now, saying what I'm saying to you, would you be telling him about me?

ANNA

What is that you want? A relationship? Because I can't give that to you.

ERIC

I want you to be honest with me.

ANNA

Honest. Okay, honest.

ERIC

It bothers me you have to remind yourself! I don't believe for a second you were looking for a friend when I was sleeping in your bed. Who is it you have feelings for?

ANNA

Ryan.

ERIC

(after thinking)
Eight Ball Eddie?!

ANNA

Who?

ERIC

Why?

ANNA

He's been really supportive of my music. And the way he plays his, he's so passionate. I don't know. I guess it's the bad boy thing?

ERIC

How is he bad? Because he smokes cigarettes?! He's a fucking Mormon!

ANNA

What do you want? A relationship?

ERIC

I just want to wake up, and offer to get breakfast while you sleep in. And I want you to ask me to bring you back a poppy seed muffin.

ANNA

That's not what I want. Not right now.

A beat.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Is there something I can give you? Something other than that?

ERIC

Like what?

ANNA

I don't know. Anything.

ERIC

(offended)
No.

ANNA

I'm sorry.

ERIC

Me too.

187 INT. DENNIS' HOUSE - NIGHT

187

Eric is standing with a red cup in another of Dennis' parties. He is bored but faking it. He looks around as if waiting for something. We pull back to reveal someone is animatedly talking to him. It's Pat.

PAT

So I said fuck that shit! And I bailed!

Eric slowly snaps back to reality.

ERIC

Oh, that's crazy dude.

PAT

I know, right? But you've moved, must be freeing, right?

ERIC

I don't know. I've been moving around so much lately. I thought it would be more cathartic, leaving all my junk behind. I have boxes everywhere. My mom's, my dad's, my new apartment. Boxes of magazines, books. I went through a phase where I collected gargoyle statues, and I have boxes of those too. Stuff I don't want and don't need. But it's stuff I'm not totally comfortable throwing away or having strewn out all over the country. Boxes of dusty nick knacks from the past twenty years of life, and now I'm leaving the only town I've ever known with a hundred dollars and a single bag.

PAT

It sounds like a life I want to live, man. Whatever's clever. It takes balls. Big ups.

ERIC

Thanks.

A big burly guy storms up to Pat holding a brown paper bag. He interrupts the silence.

GUY

I got it, man! Let's smoke this
shit!

PAT

Aw dude, DMT! Come on E-Robb, we've
been talking about this for years,
let's do it. A going away present!

ERIC

(perked up)

Alright! Let's see what it's all
about.

188 INT. BASEMENT - LATER

188

The three of them, plus another are sitting in a circle,
taking turns smoking from a pipe. Eric is next.

PAT

Alright, dude. You might lose
awareness, so if you start to drop
the pipe, I'll be here to catch it.

ERIC

I'm ready.

Pat lights the pipe, and Eric inhales deeply. He takes two
puffs and hands off the pipe. He holds the smoke in. As he
exhales, colors swirl.

He is sent into a visual onslaught of women, lights, colors,
and strange mystical images.

189 EXT. DENNIS' HOUSE - LATER

189

Eric his sweating heavily. From his vision, we are still in a
swirling world of hallucination.

He staggers to a small garden in the backyard of the house
and vomits.

190 INT. DENNIS' HOUSE - LATER

190

Eric is sitting on the couch, completely stone faced, smoking
a joint by himself. The party is still going on around him.

The cops burst in the front door with flashlights. The
partiers scramble. Eric remains seated. Calm.

He snuffs the blunt on the armrest of the couch, and slowly places it between the cushions. He stares at the floor and accepts his fate.

191 INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - NIGHT 191

Eric is being led down the station hallway in handcuffs by the same female officer as before.

192 INT. POLICE STATION - LATER 192

Eric's inked fingers are pressed onto a form. They finally got his prints.

193 INT. POLICE STATION - LATER 193

Eric is sitting back in the holding room chair. His female officer is doing paper work with her back to him.

FEMALE OFFICER

Seriously Eric. You seem like a smart kid. Why are you doing this to yourself?

ERIC

Would you believe me if I said it was all about a girl?

FEMALE OFFICER

Is it?

ERIC

I don't know. I guess I went through a pretty bad breakup with my high school sweetheart. Maybe it changed me.

FEMALE OFFICER

And you're waiting for an apology?

ERIC

Yeah, I guess so.

FEMALE OFFICER

You can't do that. I waited for an apology for years after being dumped. I got a two sentence e-mail six years later. And my heart started racing. The real apologies aren't dramatic like you want them to be.

(MORE)

FEMALE OFFICER (CONT'D)

You've got to get out of your own head and off this path. If you ever do get closure, it's going to be a short phone call or even a text. And you have to be ready for that. And thankful if it comes at all.

This hits Eric hard. He sits in silence for what feels like an hour.

ERIC

Remember when we talked about fate?

FEMALE OFFICER

Yeah.

ERIC

Could this be it? Me here, with you, again?

She turns to face him.

FEMALE OFFICER

This is just life. Small, boring, and ongoing life.

ERIC

What's your name?

FEMALE OFFICER

I'm Jane.

ERIC

Jane. I'm glad it was you.

194 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

194

Eric is standing in the kitchen with his bags packed and stacked neatly by the door. A backpack, a briefcase, and his messenger bag. He and Brett are sharing a goodbye.

BRETT

So you're actually going to this commune thing?

ERIC

Yeah. It's time for a dramatic change. There's nothing here for me anymore. How about you?

BRETT

I've got a pocket full of peanut M&Ms and I'm standing right on the edge. Tell me this isn't about Anna.

ERIC

I can't deny it doesn't have something to do with her. Women complain about there being no good men out there, but you know how many times I've seen the good guy get passed over for the asshole? It's cliché at this point.

BRETT

Will it be different at this place?

ERIC

I don't know. The predictability of predictable people... Well, it just can't be predicted. Here's to hoping.

They embrace.

BRETT

I'll take care of your cat until you land.

ERIC

Thank you. You've been an amazing friend.

195 INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - MORNING

195

Eric is hugging his mother.

ERIC

Alright, I'm just about ready.

MOTHER

You don't have to leave. I have these for you.

She places a stack of savings bonds in his hands.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

It's about two thousand. I want you to use these to get your license back.

ERIC
Thanks, mom.

196 INT. BANK - LATER 196

We see hands trading the bonds for cash.

197 EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON 197

The sunset is burning a bright red sky. We see an empty highway heading to the horizon.

ERIC (V.O.)
Well I just wouldn't be me if I didn't burn every bridge I'd ever crossed. So I must accept my predictability in that I yet again let them burn with a passive disposition and a bored expression. I leave behind my friends, my family, my cat. And I do so with some regret, but mostly contempt. I leave behind my life, and what would have been my future. I do *that* with nothing but contempt. I leave behind everything. My entire existence.

Eric walks into frame wearing a large backpack, sunglasses, and carrying a briefcase. He has his thumb out to hitchhike.

ERIC (V.O.)
My fucking Delaware existence.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END