

***the actual screenplay.***

*written by miles millikan*

KEY TERMS:

1. white boy (w-EYE-t , B-oi) - N, *Origin 2020*, one who identifies as a man and also has societally identified “white” skin. who has begun noticing, and therefore become obsessed over, race and wondering how different bodies interact with each other.
  2. crazy (kr-AYE-zee) - N, *Origin unknown*, could mean literally anything you want it to mean; what you say when you’re not sure what else to say, [see also; *fuck, true, damn, facts*]
- 

***white text over black background:***

*this story begins in late November of 2020*

**1, e xt. beach - day**

*there's this **white boy** sitting on a beach.*

*all we see is his eyes closed, head tilted down*

*he opens his eyes, slowly*

*they're tired. they're high, they're tired.*

*his gaze is at his hand resting on the sand, he digs his fingers down, wiggles them around*

*he brings his head up while doing this*

*his knees are to his chest. he's in a big yellow sweater and black sweatpants*

*sees some seagulls sitting on the shore of the water to his left*

*above the seagulls, a plane comes in and lands on the runway of an airport directly across from the beach*

*the white boy watches it land.*

*hears something to his right,*

*a 6 year-old **mexican boy** runs up to the water, screaming, enacting some action movie*

*his **mexican dad** jogs up behind him*

*the mexican boy runs into the water, still with his shirt and clothes on*

**MEXICAN DAD**

*(exhausted but loud dad energy)*

*mijo....*

*the mexican boy turns and clutches his heart as though he's been shot*

**MEXICAN BOY**

*(a death plea)*

*(also something he overheard and hasn't stopped saying)*

*el último momento....*

*and falls backwards into the water.*

*the mexican dad sighs.*

*the white boy smiles*

*a plane takes off from the airport runway, its booming engine vibrating the whole beach*

*while this happens, the father and the white boy look at each other*

*the white boy smiles*

*but he doesn't mean it*

*the father doesn't reciprocate, it's like he didn't even see the smile*

*the father just looks back over the water, then immediately goes onto his phone, shaking his head and muttering to himself*

*the white boy looks back out to the water*

*the mexican boy screams and leaps from the water like a great whale breaching*

#### MEXICAN BOY

#### EL ÚLTIMO MOMENTO!!!! EL ÚLTIMO MOMENTO!!!!!!

*it's peaceful*

*the white boy takes a breath*

*his face goes lower into his knees*

*he sees a plane coming in to land*

*he looks to the runway*

*he sees a plane gearing up to take off*

*his eyes go back and forth,*

*he's in one of those optical illusions where it looks like two things in the distance are gonna collide even though they aren't*

*the plane on the runway starts pulling forward*

*the plane landing lands*

*and t-bones the plane on the runway*

*the two of them e.....xplo d e*

a huge fireball is breathed into air  
the white boy opens his eye just a little more  
tilts his head up just a bit

a shock wave soars across the water like an anime  
and a half second later the shattering boom is heard

mexican boy sinks into the water trying to protect  
white boy is slapped onto his back  
we don't see the mexican father.

the mexican boy slowly peaks his head out of the water  
we see his eyes drip into crying eyes  
he comes out of the water, running to his father

MEXICAN BOY

(crying)

papaaaaaa papaaaaa

he runs to his father, who picks him up over his shoulder  
it's.....unclear if the dad even saw the explosion.

*but how could he not?*

*but....*

*he really doesn't seem like he did*

*they're mumbling something to each other,*

*mexican boy crying and sniffing, but calming down*

*they disappear.*

*there's no one else on the beach but the white boy  
he looks back out.*

*the planes are too far away to hear  
so it's the sound of the waves  
but the sight of flaming wreckage*

*there's a heat wave coming off the water now  
so the whole runway is distorted  
the whole thing looking ablaze.....  
but he doesn't hear it....*

*we see the fire reflected in the white boy's tired eyes  
his lips are parted.*

## **2, ext. apartment porch - day**

**white boy** walks up to his apartment doorstep  
*there's an amazon package-envelope outside  
while getting his keys from his pocket, he picks it up to inspect  
opens the door, still looking at it*

## **3, int. apartment stairwell - day**

*opens into the apartment stairwell and sees **white landlord** standing on top of a ladder toiling with the  
fire alarm....which is currently going off*

*how did i not hear that before?*

*white landlord is wearing your standard white KN-95 mask.  
the white boy's not wearing a mask.*

WHITE BOY

hey scott!

WHITE LANDLORD

*(noticing him)*

oh hey man! yeah, it just keeps buggin' out // so I'm trynna re-install its circuitry back into the building to try and factory reset it hopefully that should

WHITE

*(can't hear him at all)*

what? it's....

WHITE LANDLORD

*(now only speaking to the fire alarm)*

ya know though, if it doesn't -- which, it hasn't before --ya know, it's alright uhhh i'll just have to give a call out to a buddy of mine who lives in beacon hill who.....

*the white boy, without a shared goodbye, walks up the stairs passed his landlord  
the landlord just keeps talking to the fire alarm as he continues re-wiring it*

*the white boy walks passed the second-level apartment, up to the third level*

*white landlord's birdsong through the walls*

*he leaves the package on the doorstep:*

*there's a welcome matt and a little plush sunflower-scarecrow in a potter on the doorstep*

*he goes back down to the second level and opens the door without needing to unlock it*

**4, int. main apartment - entrance - day**

**white boy** enters his apartment, slips off his shoes, puts them in a huge pile by the door

he's staring at the shoes

he's thinking about the plane crash.....

*the.... t h ee...fi re a l aa rr m?*

WHITE ROOMMATE

*(from somewhere off)*

yo, you wanna see some gross shit!

white boy turns his head

CUT TO:

**5, int. main apartment - kitchen - day**

*a plate of spaghetti and red sauce, with a mountain of whipped cream on top*

**white boy** and **white roommate** are standing side by side looking at the piece

WHITE BOY

why would you do that

WHITE ROOMMATE

i don't know....

*a silence*

WHITE ROOMMATE

do you want it?

WHITE BOY

*(still in a bit of shock)*

no



CUT TO:

**6, int. main apartment - living room - day**

**white boy** is sitting in the corner of his really comfy couch looking out the window, forking whipped cream spaghetti into his mouth

*it's mindless*

WHITE ROOMMATE

how was the beach?

*we see white roommate sitting on the other end of the couch, on his phone  
did i.....?*

*or how long has he been sitting.....?*

WHITE BOY

cool

WHITE ROOMMATE

cool

WHITE BOY

....

yeah, like

....

crazy....

WHITE ROOMMATE

*(still on his phone)*

crazy?

WHITE BOY

*(he sounds anxious? why is he anxious?)*

yeah like

a plane got blown up like crazy

*no response.*

WHITE BOY

yeah

and it was weird these two planes like collided on the like runway

WHITE ROOMMATE

oh woah seriously

WHITE BOY

*(he's really high)*

yeah and this kid saw it

it was just me and this kid and his dad on the beach

WHITE ROOMMATE

woah!

WHITE BOY

yeah it was crazy

WHITE ROOMMATE

*(putting his phone away)*

*(like he's unconsciously now quickly processing all the words that were said to him)*

did it like....wait like two *planes* crashing into each other? like crashed into each other?

WHITE BOY

yes, full-on a plane crash

like one plane coming into land and

fully running into another one that was like, rearing to take off i think....

WHITE ROOMMATE

holy shit!

hahahahaha

were people dead?

WHITE BOY

yeah! i me-

-an

yeah

definitely

i mean, a plane - ? flying in?

yeah

i imagine it was two full planes

*silence*

*cuts back and forth between the two, empty*

*in one of the cuts, the white boy is now smoking a joint,*

*he passes it to his roommate*

WHITE BOY

yeah shit's crazy

WHITE ROOMMATE

*(isn't holding the joint)*

i can't believe you got to see two planes literally blow up

WHITE BOY

*(has the joint in his mouth again)*

literally blow up

WHITE ROOMMATE

literally

CUT TO:

7, ext. marsh - day

close on **white boy's** face, now lying in grass, staring at the sky

WHITE BOY

*(softly)*

shit's crazy

WHITE ROOMMATE

what?

his **white roommate** is lying next to him,  
in this grass too

WHITE BOY

*(kind of a saying to him now)*

shit's crazy

WHITE ROOMMATE

*(kind of enjoys it)*

damn.

haha!

*(kinda laughs with it)*

shit's fucking crazy.

TITLE CARD.

**8, ext. marsh - day**

**white boy** is lying exactly how he was  
he turns his head  
his roommate is gone.  
hard to tell if he's shocked by this or not  
everything's just sort of accepted

his phone buzzes  
he looks at it, a number he doesn't know  
answers it

WHITE BOY  
hello?

the operator speaks mandarin to him  
he hangs up  
does the thing where you just look at your phone for a sec

looking into the needle  
he dislikes this...

drops his phone face up next to his head  
he glances at it  
flips it over  
he grunts  
sits up

a **white marsh frequenter** is standing in front of him.  
some white guy in his late 40's. kinda chubby, glasses, flannel and blue jeans. has a walking stick

he's just standing there.

WHITE BOY  
yo

WHITE MARSH FREQUENTER

you lost?

WHITE BOY

no? are you?

WHITE MARSH FREQUENTER

ohno not in this marsh,  
been comin' here for probably 12 years now

WHITE BOY

here here?

WHITE MARSH FREQUENTER

yes sir, take my dog up here everyday, her name is Caramel.  
that's "Care-UH-mel" like yer' thinkin' of how to finish the word halfway through  
UH-mel...  
yes sir, living up in that old little place up the yarn, real cramped with the two of us  
so the space out here is real good for her....  
and honestly it ain't too bad for me neither heh ehe

WHITE BOY

where's the  
dog? where's your dog?

WHITE MARSH FREQUENTER

oh, sure, she's around....if you don't let her feel like she can wander around on her own then she  
starts to go nuts, clawing at her leash,  
yeah, gets herself real dirty that way....

WHITE BOY

so....she's....

*the frequenter's dog suddenly runs up to the white boy  
just the friendliest dog ever,  
just immediate sniffing and kisses*

WHITE MARSH FREQUENTER

ahh yes sir, always comin' 'round when you least expect it  
but! she can't come back if you don't let her go, isn't that right?

*(dog voice)*

isn't that right?

*the dog now starts paying attention and sniffing and loving her owner*

WHITE MARSH FREQUENTER

*(continuing to use the dog voice)*

isn't that right? you taught me that, yes sir

yes sir you did

*the white marsh frequenter attaches his dog's leash and they begin to just leave  
we watch the white boy watch them go*

WHITE MARSH FREQUENTER

doin' all that writhing and wriggling trynna get out free, huh?

yeah, i know how much you love being out there on your own

*(almost out of ear shot)*

but what do you see, huh?

you come close to gettin' it?

to the big bite?

CHOMP.

hahahaha, s'pose i'll never know  
that's what letting ya go means, i s'pose.

**9, int. main apartment - living room - day**

*white boy is burning off the end of a just-rolled joint in front of his face  
just looking at it*

WHITE MARSH FREQUENTER (O.S.)  
so what about you? you hear about that plane crash?

*white boy turns his head towards the voice  
we hear his voice but his lips don't move*

WHITE BOY (O.S.)  
what?

CUT TO:

**10, ext. marsh - day**

*right where we were  
the white marsh frequenter is on his knees rubbing his dog*

WHITE BOY  
what?

WHITE MARSH FREQUENTER  
the plane crash over at the airport?

WHITE BOY  
oh....  
yeah no  
i was at the beach when it happened i actually  
saw it



WHITE MARSH FREQUENTER

no foolin'!

Constitution Beach right ovuh there?

WHITE BOY

yeah, constitution

yeah

WHITE MARSH FREQUENTER

well **gosh**

glad you made it out of there.

heard it got real bloody,

like outta some horrible film

WHITE BOY

yeah

i couldn't really see cause i was far back i

just saw the fire and smoke, really...

the boom of the explosion was really scary though

WHITE MARSH FREQUENTER

gosh

makes me think about my sister yeah

she actually passed from a similar kind of freak –

a cruise ship went down that she was on so it's not a plane crash but

she was a performer, a dancer on one of them.....

some weakened area unseen by the crew burst open

whole thing didn't have proper life vests.....

loads died

yeah it's the shock that's the worst part.

the fact that,

ya know i just thought this person was coming back.

ya know,

people go into surgery you know and you get yer emotional affairs in order....knowing that....

yeah

i can only think about all the families...

all the phonecalls.....

WHITE BOY

wow

thanks for sharing that

i'm sorry about your sister

WHITE MARSH FREQUENTER

ah it's alright.

t's become a sea stone in me now.

just a part of the past...

on 'past' we

CUT TO:

**11, ext. beach - day**

*white boy's profile, looking out*

*we hear waves*

*we see the airport.....*

*the wreckage is still there,*

*there are news teams and lots of yellow tape around a no longer flaming wreck site*

*the carcasses of the planes haven't moved,*

*but there's something polished about the destruction now.*

*something 'on display'*

*a moment here,*

*and then:*

BLACK DATE

but that's just mommy shit....

*the white boy turns his head*

CUT TO:

**12, ext. beach - evening**

*sitting next to him, we now see, is his **black date***

*a girl, 20*

*they're both on a blanket*

*with a pipe of weed and a lighter,*

*an open container of Trader Joe's dark chocolate peanut butter cups,*

*and a carton of strawberries and chocolate hummus*

*it's unbelievably chill.....*

BLACK DATE

just going back home....weird

finding out that this girl who she thought i was....

the girl she feels like she *raised*, ya know?

i like

it's not even that i don't *feel* like her anymore

it's that i actually like,

*hate* that person now....hahaha you know?

and i definitely still *feel* her in me,

that's like, also the problem,

like i know it is me...

i'm just really actively trying to grow away from that

ya know?

WHITE BOY

like what are you -

BLACK DATE

just like immaturity, young...  
like ways of reacting to shit, idk  
things i valued  
the kinds of people i valued  
the kinds of things i tolerated, you know?

WHITE BOY

yeah

BLACK DATE

and when my mom's like  
*idea* of who i *am*  
is wrapped around *those* parts of me.....  
the parts of me i now *really* wanna grow up from.....  
yeah, i don't know  
i came out here and suddenly everything i did in high school feels like  
fake  
like someone acting in a movie  
feels like oh my god  
like i was doing so much shit i did not wanna be doin'  
and why the fuck did i let myself do so much stuff that i just simply did not like doing, you  
know?  
it just feels like it's not me

WHITE BOY

wow!

sorry wow

that was so well said....

yeah that sounds like growing up to me

yeah

i really relate

i really relate!

i think....i don't know, i think covid might've done that to everyone  
gave everyone an excuse to leave things behind....

which is cool it just....

it also feels like we're in the gray period....

....

damn you just articulated that really well i'm kinda starstruck hahahaha

*she laughs too.*

*we hear the waves as they laugh.*

*a lot of quick little cuts of each of them laughing*

BLACK DATE

it's real though!

WHITE BOY

no totally, it's real!

.....it's real

*these shots don't have their own sound, just the sound of the waves and the previous conversations end:*

*-black date smoking the bowl*

*-white boy blowing smoke out*

*-black date shaking her head back and forth to music, smile on*

WHITE BOY

*(all overlaid)*

i experienced such a sense of difference

in what reality *felt* like....before and after....growing up

something shifted so tangibly in me,

like a train-track shifting

that how i was before now feels actually contrary to my very *existence* now

that i *ever* actually was this

to have lived like that,

BLACK DATE

*(still overlaid)*

i don't know,

i think it's a paradox, but

i don't think i could be this person now

without *having* been that person before

even if it *feels* like "i would never do any of those things now"....

like, yeah! duh, it's because we *did* them

we lived

and found out, NOPE.

that's not me hahahaha

but yeah, in theory it's beautiful

it's just weird in the body

*On "body" we cut back to black date sitting, looking out at the water*

*she thumps on her chest two times with her fist*

*she looks at white boy*

*they both smile, laugh for some reason*

WHITE BOY

isn't that crazy?!?! we just have this body

BLACK DATE

don't even get me started

WHITE BODY

like that *feels?* and can like –

*he waves his hands and arms around in spirals*

WHITE BODY

move and like *carry* us?! if i want to go somewhere it can just – take me there!!

on "take" white boy begins walking,  
there's a sense of his legs taking him

BLACK DATE  
yooo you're freakin'  
you're right though

WHITE BOY (O.S.)  
i'm just saying it's crazy!!!

*black date stays looking out.  
buries her face in her knees a little bit*

BLACK DATE  
it's crazy

BLACK DATE (O.S.)  
WOAHH!!!!

CUT TO:

**13, ext. beach - night**

*black date is standing holding binoculars to her eyes  
she's wearing a thick sports jacket and beanie now  
it's slightly darker*

BLACK DATE  
Look at this!!!

*white boy walks over  
also has a beanie on now*

*takes the binoculars*

*we see the wreckage through their lenses  
news teams surround the burnt planes  
several reporters are talking into cameras,  
trucks that are slowly removing the debris are also there*

WHITE BOY

damn

BLACK DATE

it's cool getting to look that close  
looks like it was really bad

WHITE BOY

i saw it happen, actually

*hands the binoculars back*

WHITE BOY

it was bad, yeah

BLACK DATE

wait, you SAW it???

WHITE BOY

yeah

one of them flew in and landed

and like

that other one was already on the runway, like

getting ready to take off, i imagine

and the first one just like

went right into the side of it.....



yeah  
they went spiraling...  
this HUGE fireball went up and  
this shockwave, i've never heard a shockwave like that it was like  
it blew me on my fuckin' ass is what it did hahaha it literally knocked me over

BLACK DATE

dude  
holy SHIT  
holy shit  
was it  
scary? was it awesome?

WHITE BOY

was it awesome?

BLACK DATE

i don't know i like watch a lot of videos  
like car crash compilations?  
do you know those?

WHITE BOY

*(literally walking out of frame with disbelief)*

oh my god what the fuck!!!!

BLACK DATE

do you know those???

WHITE BOY

of course i do that's CRAZY

BLACK DATE

what do you MEAN it's crazy???

WHITE BOY

crazy like i don't KNOW  
i can't believe you watch those!!

BLACK DATE

do you?

WHITE BOY

yes! that's why it's crazy! i've never - !

BLACK DATE

WHAT THE FUCK HAHAHA

WHITE BOY

i don't know!!

i mean it doesn't feel like....good! i don't know hahaha  
it's just like....

yeah of course it was kinda awesome these like two planes exploded in front of me

it was so CRAZY

but also really scary, you know?

i -

yeah no i saw like over a hundred people's last moments that's scary

yeah that part makes me like

DAMN like feel horrible for even saying it was cool because it was SCARY like

i take flights all the time!

BLACK DATE

yeah

yeah

i don't know

we're traumatized so much i feel like it's better

*(binoculars up)*

like maybe it's a survival tactic, being transfixed by it

WHITE BOY

damn.

...

but

do you feel that way –

i mean *i* don't feel that way about police brutality videos, you know?

*binoculars down*

*black date looks at him like "wut?"*

WHITE BOY

that sounded weird

i wasn't trying to like, prove something like that

*"i don't feel that way about –"*

like that's just obvious....

....

i was just noticing that i don't

i don't look up those kinds of...videos in the same way as like  
car crashes or like, explosions

BLACK DATE

boy stop

....

damn

white boys.....

*she looks back out through the binoculars*

*white boy feels very embarrassed and uncomfortable*

WHITE BOY

was that weird?

BLACK DATE

yeah

just weird though,

that wasn't like

harmful

*hands binoculars back*

BLACK DATE

just don't know why you brought that up

...or

i guess i *do* know why you brought it up and that's weird hahaha

yeah

WHITE BOY

yeah....sorry

i'm definitely gonna reflect on this

BLACK DATE

no you did nooooot just tell me you need to **reflect** on this

WHITE BOY

what? that's -

i think that it's really important to - reflect

was that weird?

BLACK DATE

*(funny and also ridiculous)*

i literally just want you to drop it!!!!

*the both laugh*

WHITE BOY (O.S.)  
okay dropped! dropped!

*this line and their laughing overlays rapid close up shots of:  
where the waves meet the sand,  
a little hermit crab crawling  
the airport lights reflected off the water  
the corner of their picnic blanket folded onto itself*

BLACK DATE  
your cute points are wearing thin man, damn

WHITE BOY  
...  
i have cute points?

BLACK DATE  
not many!  
but yeah

WHITE BOY  
that's  
sweet  
i think you're cute, too

BLACK DATE  
yeah but have i lost any of my cute points?

WHITE BOY  
you did  
bring chocolate hummus

BLACK DATE

wow i cannot bELIEVE you just came for me like that chocolate hummus is great

WHITE BOY

just on principle alone, it's a weird thing!

BLACK DATE

you're a weird thing

*they both look out at the waves.*

WHITE BOY

....

so then,

what do you wanna do?

BLACK DATE

*(chuckles)*

....

what do you wanna do?

*he looks over to her*

*looks back out*

CUT TO:

**14, int. main apartment - bedroom - morning**

*white boy is sitting in a chair by his window with a somewhat-smoked joint in his mouth, unlit*

*he's not wearing a shirt*

*we still hear the waves*

*he's dreamy,*

*or tired  
but not high yet.*

*he picks up a lighter offscreen and lights the joint  
when the lighter flicks, the sound of the waves cuts out  
replaced by the sound of an early morning bedroom  
a garbage truck backing up on the street down below.*

*he lights the joint and takes a hit  
we hear the sound of shuffling fabric,  
the boy looks to his bed,  
it's not entirely clear if there's someone else in it or not,  
lumpy comforter*

*back to the boy, hitting the joint  
he taps it into an offscreen ashtray and gets up  
for a moment, we also see that he's not wearing any pants....  
we see his butt is what i'm saying heehee*

**15, int. main apartment - hallway - morning**

***white boy** opens the door from his room and we track him for a moment  
he slows and then stops as he passes his living room  
.....  
he's very confused by something...*

*there's....a dog.....  
sitting.....ummmmm, there's a small dog sitting in his living room, about 20 feet away from him  
middle of the living room....  
little dog...  
it's not very bright outside yet, so it's kind of hard to see*

WHITE BOY  
nah nah nah nah

*he keeps looking at it  
squints  
it doesn't move  
he walks a little closer  
it is definitely a dog*

WHITE BOY  
no way, that's –  
that's a fucking dog

*it still isn't moving, just looking at him*

WHITE BOY  
you're a dog!  
why are you in my – ?  
what?

*still looking  
he slowly starts to approach the dog  
the dog hears something.  
looks somewhere else.*

*the boy stops*

*it ZIPS away!!!  
around the white boy!!!! down the hallway*

*the white boy turns to watch it go  
we hear its scuttling toenails on the hardwood floors*



.....

*the white boy cautiously walks after it*

**16, int. main apartment - kitchen - morning**

**white boy** walks down the hallway, glances into the bathroom, walks out into the kitchen

*it's empty*

*he nods to himself, "a'ight. weird. very weird"*

*comes to stillness, deep breath*

WHITE BOY

okay

*then, in rapid succession:*

*a THUD*

*he flinches and gasps*

*we look to the window – it appears as if we see some sort of black bird? falling out of view? did a bird just slam into the window?*

*the white boy is confused*

*the white roommate's door (which is located in the kitchen) is opened and **white roommate** is half-asleep in the doorway*

*a pause.*

WHITE BOY

hey....

WHITE ROOMMATE

*(incoherent)*

pfshaba

nevahhhhh gonna let it happen,

*(yawning)*

ain't neeeever gonna let it happen

*(he starts walking to the bathroom)*

even if i wanted, i couldn't, ya know? all i think about day and night is

who's it gonna be?

but ya know?

maMA!

*(he closes the bathroom door)*

*(a sink turns on and the mumbling continues)*

*white boy remains.*

*he's tired again*

*he tears a banana off a bunch*

*starts hesitantly peeling it, turns around*

*walks down the hallway, still naked, eating a banana*

MATCH CUT TO:

**17, ext. neighborhood - sidewalk - day**

**white boy** is walking down the sidewalk, eating the same banana

finishes it, tosses it in a garbage bag left out on the sidewalk to be picked up

his phone rings,

he keeps walking and looks at it,

puts it up to his ear

WHITE BOY

hello?

OPERATOR

*(a robot)*

- this is an urgent message from the FCC Collection Unit. We have attempted to contact you  
several times now about your most recent -

*white boy hangs up,  
looks down*

*there's a little bee on the sidewalk,  
and it's really sunny.*

*the white boy kneels down,  
the little bee is pulsating*

*white boy looks to his left,  
sees an almost empty plastic water bottle sitting by the trashbag  
he grabs it,  
kneels back over the bee.  
he tries pouring a little next to the bee to give it water*

*but too much spills out,  
and just kinda washes it away.....*

*the white boy gasps,*

WHITE BOY  
oh my god!

*he looks up*

*there's a **mexican boy (2)** standing in front of him,  
looking at him  
it's not the same one as before  
maybe a year and a half older*

*the mexican boy (2) looks around  
as though he's just realized he's not sure where he is  
he jogs off*

*white boy watches him  
looks around*

*um  
that was weird?  
that was weird....right?*

*he looks back down at the bee,  
now on its side,  
not pulsating anymore*

*the white boy's eyes*

CUT TO:

*the huge fireball erupting from the planes.*

CUT BACK:

*white boy's eyes.  
white boy looks and stands up*

*stands there for a sec.  
he walks to his right, we follow him  
and see him open the door to a convenience corner store  
there's people sitting in the window scratching lottery tickets  
as he opens the door we cut with the sound of the door's bell*

CUT TO:

**18, int. corner store - morning**

*the **white boy** is next in line at the counter with a protein bar, a bag of takis, and a tub of yogurt*

*the person who was paying finishes and leaves*  
*the white boy starts to take a step forward when*  
*a **white and speedy man** walks through the front door and goes straight to the counter*  
*the white boy doesn't make a deal out of it, just stops and watches*

WHITE AND SPEEDY MAN

hey uhh papi could i get uh  
4 of the 32's and uh  
yeah the 32's  
yeah, could i get 4 of 'em,  
yeah  
and 2 of the midnight scratchers  
the leprechauns  
the leprechauns  
yeah  
and, oh hey one of the uh  
what is that, the top left  
with the leaves  
the one with the *leaves*, darling  
yeah that one...  
yeah just one of those  
it's lucky today!

*as the **indian worker** is getting the scratchers*  
*the white and speedy man snuffles, wipes his nose, looks around*  
*he glances at the white boy*  
*notices that the white boy is staring at him*  
*he stares back.*

WHITE AND SPEEDY MAN

what?

WHITE BOY

*(shaking his head)*

oh, nothing sorry i was just staring off, sorry

*the indian worker behind the register puts the scratchers on the counter*

WHITE AND SPEEDY MAN

you were starin' right fuckin' at me

you weren't?

*he starts walking towards white boy*

WHITE BOY

no no, honestly, i seriously was just....staring....out, it wasn't at you

*he's way too close.*

WHITE AND SPEEDY MAN

don't stare at people, honey

that shit'll get you killed

*white and speedy man places a crumpled up ten dollars on the counter,  
takes the scratchers and walks off*

*white boy watches him walk to the designated corner and sit down to start scratching his lottery tickets*

*white boy's eyes drift down*

INDIAN WORKER (O.S.)

hey boss.

WHITE BOY

*(immediately polite and walking out of frame)*

hey! yeah what's goin' on ma -

CUT TO:

**19, ext. boston public garden - morning**

*shots of the grass,  
through the leaves of the trees,  
sparkling from sunlight  
the sounds of birds*

**white boy** is walking through the park

*:)*

*he just walks through the park for a second*

*then,*

*he sees something, something catches his eye*

*walks to the foot of the pond that's at the center of the park*

*squints,*

*puts his right hand up and catches a frisbee that flew in from over the water*

*we see, across the pond*

**white girl friend**, having just thrown the frisbee flashing peace signs and posing  
*and*

**white boy friend**, who is doing a cartwheel in the background

*white boy smiles,*

*winds up,*

*and launches the frisbee back over the water.*

*we follow it,*

*it soars over the pond*

*and gets caught! by a hand on the other side,*

*white boy's hand.*

*he brings the frisbee to his face, inspecting it*

WHITE BOY

bold of you

*he turns and throws it to white girl friend who catches it*

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

well, you *did* catch it

*white boy friend is lying on his back on the grass*

WHITE BOY FRIEND

*(grumpy little baby)*

he always catches it

WHITE BOY

whadyu say babee?

WHITE BOY FRIEND

*(sitting up)*

I said you *always* catch it!!

*(phone buzzing)*

UGH! I KEEP GETTING ROBOCALLED

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

yeah wait wow that's like the 6th one today

WHITE BOY FRIEND

i know!!!!

**and they're the same thing every time!!**

**that means ONE single has person has called me SIX times today!**

that's creepy!



WHITE BOY

how do you know it's not like, some corporation?

WHITE BOY FRIEND

because, like –

they're not like trying to sell me anything

it's just like

really soft piano music

like, reeeeaally soft

like music you'd hear when you're on hold

but like it's coming from really far away

and inside an abandoned mall

WHITE BOY

oh

woah

WHITE BOY FRIEND

yeah!!

and, if i say –

oh god, this is the worst part!

i've tried like,

okay i was just really wondering if this call was like

if they could even *hear* me at all so i just like

one time i just SCREAMED into my phone

i was like AHH

and

i literally heard it come out the other end!!!

like i heard it ECHO through this like, whole huge place!!

WHITE BOY

oh my god!!!

WHITE BOY FRIEND  
and then  
the piano literally STOPPED!

WHITE BOY  
*(hands up)*  
OH MY GOD!!!!

WHITE BOY FRIEND  
yes!!  
and then there was like,  
i am *not* shitting you,  
these **footsteps** you could hear like,  
like dress shoes or something on tile  
that like, walked toward me  
and then  
he literally picked the phone up

WHITE BOY  
what!

WHITE BOY FRIEND  
yes!!  
picked it up,  
like it sounded like the phone got picked up off a table or something  
so it's like a cell phone i guess?

WHITE BOY  
oh my god  
did he say anything?

WHITE BOY FRIEND  
oh i hung up as soon as i heard the phone get held

WHITE BOY AND WHITE GIRL FRIEND

what!?

WHITE BOY FRIEND

i didn't wanna *know!*

the answer like,

would either be *super scary*

or just.....boring.....

both would....i don't know!

it also just really freaked me out

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

what do you think it's about? why do you think he's doing it?

WHITE BOY

he?

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

uh, yeah?

WHITE BOY

....fair

WHITE BOY FRIEND

i don't know, you really think there's a reason? beyond like

he probably wants to fuck me

WHITE BOY

that cannot be what you think is going on

WHITE BOY FRIEND

literally why else does anyone do anything

WHITE BOY

some things just *happen*, though  
it isn't motivated by a like, *person*, you know?  
it's just something that happens  
wildfires, earthquakes, plagues, like....

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

well, but everything still has a pretty specific like, "why,"  
like a cause

WHITE BOY

what do you –  
not *everything*.

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

well,  
okay, i don't know, everything doesn't have like,  
a *reason* for happening  
like a purpose?  
but everything *does* happen *because* of something else happening  
so everything *has* a cause  
something that happened before...it, that made the next thing happen, right?  
so even if this person who's calling you, for example,  
even if it's because you're the only phone number their phone can dial  
and they are just so bored they need to call someone  
like,  
that's still a why, you know?

*a breath.*

*an **older white woman** passes by with a teacup chihuahua on a leash  
the teacup chihuahua would rather be inside than outside  
and to show this to her owner,*

*she has decided to stop walking.  
now,  
unswayed by this act of protest,  
or simply oblivious to it,  
the older white woman continues to walk as though her dog **was** consenting  
which has led to her dragging her teacup chihuahua across the cement of the garden  
and all we hear are its nails scraping.*

*the older white woman is mumbling to herself with her eyes mostly closed  
but, she a small smile on her face  
and then she's gone.*

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

hey,  
how "forever" do you think the internet's really going to last?

WHITE BOY

okay,  
huge question

WHITE BOY FRIEND

what do you....mean?

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

like....do you believe that the whole thing we were told as kids  
that the internet "lasts forever" and whatever we put on it....  
like, do you think that's true?

WHITE BOY

i would....like yeah? i mean there is....i think every move you make does have some sort of  
footprint? maybe? so even if like all of youtube gets taken down....all your comments are in  
the....code? maybe i don't know much about the internet is what i'm just realizing

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

right but, *forever??* like *forever* forever?

WHITE BOY FRIEND

and even if –

i mean there'll just be SO much crap on the internet  
i imagine it'll be like just a dumpster of all content, this mound  
that i doubt anyone will ever like,  
see *your* specific thing, you know?  
too much to sift through...

yeah sometimes i see the internet as this like, growth  
this cist

and everything that's ever put onto it  
like, day by day, is just adding onto this mass  
ever-expanding.....

what's that one game that's like that? where you're just rolling everything up?

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

i'm just saying you think it's *never* going away?  
like ever?

WHITE BOY

i...yeah, i don't think i do...  
i think it can outlive us, all of us....

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

but the internet is something we *invented*, y'know?  
it's not a real place  
not real like.....  
(*she pats the ground*)  
like this  
like *Earth* real.

it's real like we built a whiteboard on some sort of

web of electricity  
but.....  
also right now no one controls the internet.....  
so there's not any real threat  
but imagine if bezos or someone got monopoly of the internet

WHITE BOY  
of the whole internet?

WHITE GIRL FRIEND  
yeah, i dunno  
all it takes is one  
to just....erase....

.....

WHITE BOY FRIEND  
Katamari!!!! Katamari is the rolling game

WHITE BOY  
oh my god Katamari, yeah

WHITE BOY FRIEND  
you roll stuff up

WHITE BOY  
yeah, no yeah,  
i never played it  
i've watched other people play it

WHITE GIRL FRIEND  
that checks

WHITE BOY FRIEND

i never did either, but yeah, my twin always played it  
and i would always just watch him

WHITE BOY

you have a twin? brother?

WHITE BOY FRIEND

i do, yeah

WHITE BOY

what? yikes, how did i -  
i feel like that's a tough thing to forget about on my end

WHITE BOY FRIEND

no it's okay, actually

// everybody does

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

*(overlapping)*

everybody does

WHITE BOY FRIEND

everyone forgets

it's crazy.

WHITE BOY

what?

everyone forgets that you have a twin?

WHITE BOY FRIEND

well no, like --

once i'm friends with people for a few years? it starts to solidify in their mind



WHITE GIRL FRIEND

i honestly only started remembering a few months ago

WHITE BOY FRIEND

and i haven't known you for that long really,

or,

i guess?

WHITE BOY

i mean i *knew* you freshman year

WHITE BOY FRIEND

right, but i didn't *know* you

WHITE BOY

nonono, didn't *know* you

WHITE BOY FRIEND

but yeah, it's weird, i just think i *really* give off only child energy

WHITE BOY

yeah....

WHITE GIRL

you do, but the way you act around your brother seems so natural like you're also definitely

meant to be a brother like that

WHITE BOY FRIEND

that is so nice of you to say thank you for saying that,

yeah, i love him but we are also just SO different

WHITE BOY

oh, you're fraternal?

WHITE BOY FRIEND

no, see,  
identical

WHITE BOY

what??  
you look alike?

WHITE BOY FRIEND

as the name suggests we are identical

WHITE BOY

but you're -- ?

HOW COULD I FORGET THIS?

you've told me this before?

WHITE BOY FRIEND

literally yes! last week!

WHITE BOY

what!!!

WHITE BOY FRIEND

it is so weird

this is probably the longest time we've spent talking about it

usually i just say it in passing, and you go

"oh woah"

but yeah everyone i tell just literally forgets it is one of the weirdest things in my life,

i mean,

*(gestures to white girl friend)*

*(he says her name but it's bleeped out)*

remembers it now, but...i mean yeah, you forgot too for a while

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

yeah it's weird, i really have –  
i just remembered it one time...

WHITE BOY FRIEND

i'm telling you! i give off only child energy!

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

wait, but tell him about the uh....

WHITE BOY FRIEND

oh my gosh yeah wait, you'll love this  
we've always had these like, *things* that happen, okay?  
we've always called them crossovers.

CUT TO:

*the back head of a woman,  
black hair  
huge hat on  
walking away through trees,  
soaked in the warmest golden light  
it's totally silent*

CUT BACK:

*close on the white boy's eyes  
almost anime close,  
it was his vision.*

WHITE BOY

what'd you say?

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

this is so trippy

WHITE BOY FRIEND

crossovers

is what we call it

they first started happening when we were five,

and have only happened while we were asleep

except for once at our 12th birthday party, which was a *total* shitshow

WHITE BOY

what crosses over?

WHITE BOY FRIEND

we do.

CUT TO:

*the forest woman  
in the golden universe,  
she's sitting under a tree  
her head is shaded by a hat  
and her big black hair  
one of her hands rests on her knee  
it has rings on it.*

CUT TO:

WHITE BOY FRIEND

they started as these really vivid dreams we would both describe identically in the morning  
of falling down this like, river

of like, energy, but it only had a thickness like water  
and there were all these blurry blotches of color passing by us  
one after the other,  
and we could never really move, we were just being pulled

WHITE BOY

woah

WHITE BOY FRIEND

and then we both described seeing the other,  
like, almost like we were blurry at first,  
but we just stared at the outline of them,  
as it got more  
and more focused,  
they would also get closer and closer  
until,  
we were like,  
*in* each other's bodies  
and he would *be* my body  
and my hands would be his hands  
and we like....

it doesn't make any sense but when we describe it we both say the same thing

WHITE BOY

what?

WHITE BOY FRIEND

we sync

CUT TO:

*the plane crash*  
*the mexican boy*

*the sand inbetween the white boy's fingers*

CUT BACK:

WHITE BOY FRIEND

and then we'd wake up in the other person's body

WHITE BOY

*(takes a second)*

WHAT?!

WHITE BOY FRIEND

but only...

have you ever had a dream where like,  
you feel like if you open your eyes like *within* the dream you'll wake up?

WHITE BOY

oh, yeah

WHITE BOY FRIEND

it's like that

like we'd *be* in the other person's body but like....  
it kinda felt like we were just string or something  
like i was a house of cards that physically  
shouldn't be standing  
so if we moved like, almost at all  
we'd get torn back into our own bodies....

WHITE BOY

holy shit.....

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

yeah

WHITE BOY FRIEND

but, yeah, we could *not* be more different

.....

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

his brother likes peas

WHITE BOY FRIEND

oh my god don't even say that

WHITE BOY

woah.

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

i'm sorry

WHITE BOY FRIEND

i can't even understand how he likes peas the way he does

he like *loves* peas

.....

ugh, great, now i'm thinking about peas!

CUT TO:

***20, int. main apartment - bedroom - night***

***white boy, white girl friend, and white boy friend all sitting on white boy's bedroom floor  
they're eating mexican food out of styrofoam takeaway containers  
and in the middle of a conversation***

WHITE BOY

and,

one of the things that's been happening recently  
is like  
solidly i'd say like, 1 out of every 3 nights –  
and this is only while i'm up and paying attention  
so it could definitely be happening more than this, but

*white boy stands up and walks over to his window*

WHITE BOY  
1 out of every like, 3 nights  
i'll see a kid  
like, a teenager  
come full **sprinting** up or down this street

WHITE BOY FRIEND  
woah

WHITE GIRL FRIEND  
oh my gosh!  
is it the *same* kid?

WHITE BOY  
no, i don't think so no  
i mean i can't *really* see them because it's dark but, yeah i don't think so  
*and* what's crazy is i see people running in *both* directions  
which is just like  
i don't know funny that where one person is running *from*  
this other person can desperately be running *to* it

.....

WHITE BOY FRIEND  
i wanna do shrooms!



*half a breath*

WHITE BOY

yeah okay

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

oh my gosh!

WHITE BOY FRIEND

everyone's always talking about shrooms!

i feel like all i've been hearing this year is

“let's rent a cabin and do shrooms”

i've had like 3 different friend groups propose that to me

and i'm tired of people not committing!

i wanna to *do* shrooms

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

do you want to rent a cabin?

WHITE BOY FRIEND

well i'm not doing shrooms in my dusty ass apartment

WHITE BOY

yeah and i also would love to not do them here

i already spend too much time in this place

it makes it weird

WHITE ROOMMATE (O.S.)

my uncle has a cabin

*we see **white roommate***

*he's sitting on white boy's bed*

*also eating out of a styrofoam container*

*it's hard to tell if the other 3 are surprised to see him or not*

WHITE BOY

your uncle has a cabin?

WHITE ROOMMATE

*(eating)*

yeah out in uh

salem i think

WHITE BOY FRIEND

ohhhh that's some haunted shit!

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

wait, i LOVE salem

WHITE BOY

why does your uncle have a cabin out there?

WHITE ROOMMATE

he has a *lot* of cabins

he has a *lot* of money

like, a lot

it's like, kinda weird to my family

he keeps buying these super nice cabins with money we don't really think he has but

he paid for my mom's cancer treatment so

no one really questions him

yeah it's weird

WHITE BOY

woah. crazy

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

that is insane

WHITE ROOMMATE

everyone's family is crazy

*(thinks for a sec)*

yeah, i dunno

*(keeps eating)*

maybe that is crazy....

WHITE BOY FRIEND

so do you think he'd be cool with us just staying there?

WHITE ROOMMATE

oh yeah definitely, he's never there

they all mostly are used as airbnb listings

but i'll just have him mark off the weekend we go,

ask him where the key is....

yeah, he's a really cool dude actually, weird stuff aside

WHITE BOY

damn okay,

awesome!

WHITE BOY FRIEND

now all we need is a shrooms plug

*the sound of loud running footsteps from outside*

WHITE BOY

wait wait, here, look!

*white boy, white boy friend, and white girl friend all look out the window*

*a **teenager** in a sweatshirt, jeans, and backpack comes full sprinting up the street*

*their hood is up  
we watch them disappear*

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

creepy

WHITE BOY FRIEND

he seemed scared

WHITE BOY

that's always what i think

WHITE ROOMMATE

*(on his phone on the bed)*

okay, got the shrooms plug

WHITE BOY WHITE GIRL FRIEND AND WHITE BOY FRIEND

WHAT?!

WHITE ROOMMATE

*(getting up from the bed and out of frame)*

yup,

this kid derek that i was in research writing with always told me –

CUT TO:

***21, ext. beacon hill - sidewalk - night***

*white roommate, continuing the same stride as getting up from the bed, walking up a sidewalk in Beacon Hill.*

WHITE ROOMMATE

that if i ever needed anything “hard”

- he specifically said that, he said, anything "hard" -  
that i should hit him up, so

WHITE BOY

*(head comes into frame)*

unbelievable.

WHITE ROOMMATE

*(approaching a small door at the bottom of a building)*

yeah, but he's also like....kind of a....massive asshole

aaaand you can't really mention it ever or he'll be even more of an asshole

but he's actually a super cool guy

*we see **white boy**, **white boy friend**, and **white girl friend** all standing on the sidewalk in coats and pants  
white boy friend is in the middle of the street just floating*

WHITE BOY

ummm

that's crazy?

WHITE ROOMMATE

eh, nothing's free in this world

*(knocks on the door)*

you just gotta know the market

*the door opens and light shines onto white roommate's face*

DRUGDEALER (O.S.)

yooo is that that pimply little skunk-cunt!

WHITE ROOMMATE

*(entering the apartment out of frame)*

my sweet saucy baby you have never looked worse!!

**22, int. main apartment - bedroom - morning**

**white boy** is sitting criss-cross, eyes closed, meditating  
he's only like this for like 10 seconds  
his phone (which is resting next to him on the ground)  
lights up and rings as a timer has just run out  
he, without rush, opens his eyes  
looks down to the phone  
clicks it off  
breathes  
moves a little  
folds his top half over, stretching  
he sits up, reaching both arms up up up!  
stretch stretch stretch!  
and releases an ENORMOUS groan//yell  
and right as he lets it out –

CUT TO:

**23, ext. train tracks - afternoon**

a train BULLETS by, blaring its horn.

**24, int. train - afternoon**

a pretty empty train car.  
a **black ticket woman** is going down the car scanning people's tickets  
she's wearing a black, rectangular disposable mask  
**white boy** is in the last row in the car,  
he's turned sideways in his seat so his feet are up  
he's wearing a plain white cloth mask, there's a stain on it  
headphones are in, he's writing in his journal

across from him, **white roommate** and **white girl friend** are watching something funny on white roommate's phones. they're sharing wired headphones  
white girl friend is wearing a mask with flowers on it, white roommate is wearing a disposable black mask but it's around his chin  
**white boy friend** is in the seat in front of white boy. he's taking pictures with a disposable camera out the window  
he's wearing a white KN-95

white boy friend turns around and sticks his head over the seat

WHITE BOY FRIEND

hi

WHITE BOY

*(taking out his headphones)*

hey

WHITE BOY FRIEND

*(pulling mask down below his chin)*

i'm bored

WHITE BOY

well, yeah, we left like

*(checks phone)*

three minutes ago

WHITE BOY FRIEND

yeah....

if you had to be any *animal*, which animal would you choose

WHITE BOY

...well

*(pulls mask down)*

i dunno, probably none  
considering being not a human in this world kind of sounds like...  
horrifying

WHITE BOY FRIEND  
yeah....  
i dunno, i'd probably be a horse

WHITE BOY  
oh for sure  
like a competition horse? or a wild one?

WHITE BOY FRIEND  
oh my god i would *never* choose to be an animal in captivity

WHITE BOY  
i don't think being a show horse is being in *captivity*

WHITE BOY FRIEND  
but i do think that -

*the black ticket woman comes up to white boy friend*

BLACK TICKET WOMAN  
mornin'.

WHITE BOY FRIEND  
oh hi! sorry, lemme just grab it

BLACK TICKET WOMAN  
that's alright

*white boy friend flips around and goes through his backpack to find his phone*



*white boy's looking at ticket woman  
she's lost in thought, looking out their window  
he keeps looking  
she wakes up and looks at him  
a moment*

BLACK TICKET WOMAN

you got yours?

WHITE BOY

oh! yeah, uh  
(*putting on his mask*)

*he switches screens on his phone and  
shows her his ticket  
she looks at it for less than 2 seconds  
doesn't even scan it  
just nods  
white boy friend is still struggling*

WHITE BOY FRIEND

i literally swear i have it

WHITE BOY

pocket?

*white boy friend stops  
it is in his pocket*

*black ticket woman smiles*

*white boy friend shows her his phone  
she nods*

BLACK TICKET WOMAN

have a nice trip, boys  
supposed to get cold soon

WHITE BOY FRIEND

thank you!

*she goes over to white roommate and white girl friend*

WHITE BOY

oh my god!!!

*(leans over his seat and wraps his arms around white boy friend)*

*(quietly)*

we're gonna trip!!!!

WHITE BOY FRIEND

yeah we are

WHITE BOY

*(sits back in his seat)*

oh my god

oh my GOD!!

that's crazy

this is crazy

WHITE BOY FRIEND

crazier that i have an essay due tomorrow at midnight

WHITE BOY

*(sitting back and looking out his window)*

huh. yeah.

yeah, that is way crazier of you

WHITE BOY FRIEND

you think i made the assignment?

WHITE BOY

no?

*(leans back over the front of his seat)*

but why would you wait to get it done?

WHITE BOY FRIEND

oh *that* was my decision, yes

WHITE BOY

so are you....

WHITE BOY FRIEND

i'll just knock it out in an hour tops

i'm really good at writing essays

WHITE BOY

shouldn't you just do it now?

we'll be on here for like another hour

WHITE BOY FRIEND

nah

train's are my happy place

train's have never been a place of productivity for me

i intend to keep it that way

*the black ticket woman nods at white roommate's phone*

*white girl friend already had hers checked, she's just responding to a text*

BLACK TICKET WOMAN

have a nice trip

WHITE ROOMMATE

*(doing a southern accent)*

only if you do the same

BLACK TICKET WOMAN

*(kinda brushing him off)*

honey, this is my trip

*they both laugh as she exits out the cabin door*

*white roommate pumps his fists up at the other two boys*

*white boy and white roommate return the silent exclamation*

*white girl friend does it too*

*all 4 of them are kinda silently dancing and celebrating in the back of a train car*

*it's like*

*really sweet :')*

CUT TO:

**25, ext. train - afternoon**

*the exterior of the train ZIPS by.*

**26, ext. Shrooms Cabin - front porch - evening**

*the four of them standing on the deck of this nice ass one story cabin in the woods*

**white boy friend** and **white girl friend** are sitting on the wooden deck railing

*white boy friend eating a peach*

*white girl friend eating a nature valley oats n' honey bar*

*both kicking their legs and giggling*

**white roommate** is in the background like he's looking for something at the front door

*white boy is sitting on the second step of the deck, head resting in his hands  
he's got tired eyes  
he yawns and wipes them  
white boy turns around to white roommate*

WHITE BOY  
you find it?

WHITE ROOMMATE  
not uh,  
no, i can't figure out where he would've put the key

WHITE BOY  
did you ask him?

WHITE ROOMMATE  
i did not

WHITE BOY  
what?

WHITE ROOMMATE  
I --  
*(stands up straight and lets out a sigh)*  
have not spoken to my uncle  
in like,  
a while

*white roommate goes back to looking around for the key  
a shared moment of  
O\_o  
between the other three*

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

like,  
you didn't ask him if we could be here?

WHITE BOY

like you just haven't spoken to him at all?

WHITE ROOMMATE

yeah, i told you, there's weird family stuff with him  
if i called him he would've asked about my mom  
and it's like if you wanna know about her don't use me as your middle man...like i shouldn't --

WHITE BOY

so  
he doesn't know we're here?

WHITE ROOMMATE

um  
*technically* speaking?

WHITE BOY

sure

WHITE ROOMMATE

he does not

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

what about like, metaphorically speaking then?

WHITE ROOMMATE

*metaphorically* speaking he still does not know we're here, yeah

WHITE BOY

so then we are *technically* breaking in --

WHITE ROOMMATE

got it!

*white roommate pulls his hand out of a planter filled with soil and a literal plant  
he's holding the front door key*

WHITE ROOMMATE

he is a man of craft

*white roommate unlocks the door and lets it open*

*no one moves*

WHITE ROOMMATE

*guys, i looked at this place on airbnb,  
no one's rented it for the next month  
it's covid, no one's buying airbnb's right now*

WHITE BOY

that is real

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

*okay, but did you actually look?  
you looked at the listing?*

WHITE ROOMMATE

yes!

*guys look, this is not my uncle's -*

*white boy friend walks passed white roommate with his bags and into the house  
white roommate keeps talking*

WHITE ROOMMATE

- only cabin. this is maybe the *only* time -

*white boy friend turns on the main light in the background  
the place lights up*

WHITE BOY FRIEND

*(from the background)*

HOLY SHIT!!

*a pause*

*white boy and white girl friend look at each other*

*white boy and white girl friend run in*

**27, int. Shrooms Cabin - living room - evening**

*the two run in and drink this fucking place IN*

*this cabin is NICE*

*not like royalty nice*

*but like from-a-dream nice*

*like from an enchanted weekend nice*

*back outside with white roommate:*

*he picks up both white boy and white girl friend's bags muttering to himself*

WHITE ROOMMATE

okay, so the second you find out it's nice

i could be stealing it from tom HANKS, and you'd be fine with it

that's real nice

*white roommate comes in with the bags.*

WHITE GIRL FRIEND



you did *not* mention your uncle was this *loaded*

WHITE ROOMMATE

i figured me saying that he has a *lot* of cabins

*(drops bags)*

would be a pretty clear indication of his money

WHITE BOY

yeah but when i think of a cabin to do shrooms in.....

**28, int. Shrooms Cabin - kitchen - evening**

*white boy friend* is playing with a waffle maker

WHITE BOY FRIEND

THERE'S A WAFFLE MAKER

**29, int. Shrooms Cabin - living room - evening**

*everyone where they were*

WHITE BOY

yeah, i do not think of a cabin that has a *waffle* maker in it

WHITE ROOMMATE

what do i tell ya?

roomie knows how to hook it up

*white roommate daps white boy*

WHITE BOY

you unfortunately do

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

i am starting to get pretty hungry....

WHITE ROOMMATE

well now you're speaking my language!!

WHITE BOY

is there any food in the fridge?

WHITE BOY FRIEND (O.S.)

GUYS --

**30, int. Shrooms Cabin - kitchen - evening**

*white boy friend* behind the open refrigerator door  
he pokes his head up like an ostrich and yells

WHITE BOY FRIEND

THERE'S NO FOOD IN THE FRIDGE

**31, int. Shrooms Cabin - living room - evening**

*white boy* glares at white roommate

WHITE ROOMMATE

(holding eye contact with white boy)

what about the freezer?

**32, int. Shrooms Cabin - kitchen - evening**

the refrigerator door is now closed and the freezer door is open, covering *white boy friend's* shoulders and head

WHITE BOY FRIEND  
IT'S JUST PEAS

**33, int. Shrooms Cabin - living room - evening**

*everyone's perplexed*

WHITE GIRL FRIEND  
*just peas?*

**34, int. Shrooms Cabin - kitchen - evening**

*we see from inside the freezer, looking out at **white boy friend's** face  
it's a mountain of frozen peas  
like 25 or 30 bags worth*

WHITE BOY FRIEND  
YES.

**35, int. Shrooms Cabin - living room - evening**

*all are looking at **white roommate***

WHITE ROOMMATE  
.....alright LOOK --

**36, int. Shrooms Cabin - living room - night**

*much later,  
**white boy, white roommate, white girl friend, and white boy friend** are all strewn about around the  
fireplace  
there are 3 pizza boxes  
one on white boy's stomach*

*the third, open and still with a few slices of BBQ chicken pizza sitting in front of the fire  
there's also a bottle of wine in the hands of white girl friend  
she's just kinda holding it like a baby seal at this point  
there are also three semi-eaten bowls of peas scattered around*

*we're fucking zonked  
but mostly tired*

*there's music in the background  
and the fireplace is crackling*

WHITE BOY FRIEND

nice save

WHITE ROOMMATE

i always save it

WHITE BOY

you live on the thinnest ice imaginable

WHITE ROOMMATE

eh, life's no fun without a little risk

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

you mean without a constant state of anxiety hahaha

you're crazy

WHITE ROOMMATE

maybe i AM!

ohgodi'mtired

WHITE BOY

i'm tired

WHITE BOY FRIEND

i'm still worried some middle age couple  
is gonna pull up in a honda minivan in the middle of the night

WHITE BOY

yeah you didn't really come through on that end

WHITE ROOMMATE

i checked!!!!

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

you literally could have just called your UNCLE and have been a hundred percent sure

WHITE ROOMMATE

but what's the fun!!!

in a hundred!!!

percent!!!

surety!!!!

i'm just saying -

**37, ext. Shrooms Cabin - balcony - night**

*white boy snaps a lighter twice and lights a joint*

**38, int. Shrooms Cabin - living room - night**

*back.*

WHITE ROOMMATE

what's the fun

**39, ext. Shrooms Cabin - balcony - night**

*white boy* sucks in and then inhales

**40, int. Shrooms Cabin - living room - night**

WHITE ROOMMATE  
in knowing everything

**41, ext. Shrooms Cabin - balcony - night**

*white boy* exhales the smoke

*he's standing on the second floor balcony*

*it's starting to snow*

*he's looking out*

*into the dark*

*squinting*

*out past where the light from the cabin drips away*

*and it's just forest midnight*

*somewhere between two trees*

*white boy* sees

*some figure*

*kinda looks like a person*

*kinda looks like a person in a night gown*

*not moving...*

*but it's hard to --*

WHITE ROOMMATE  
*(behind white boy)*

shit's craazy

*white boy jumps, frightened*

WHITE ROOMMATE

*(not thinking of himself startling)*

oh did i scare you

WHITE BOY

YES

WHITE ROOMMATE

yeah i do move really silently...

that is true

WHITE BOY

jesus dude!

WHITE ROOMMATE

uh....

i was just comin' to say goodnight

and we said that thing that one time

we said "shit's crazy"

so i was just saying that as a goodnight

like our *thing* or something

WHITE BOY

*(smiles to himself, looks out)*

haha okay

shit's crazy

WHITE ROOMMATE

aye there we are!!

(daps white boy)  
shit's crazyyy!

*it makes white boy smile*

WHITE BOY  
shit's hahahahaha  
shit is...  
shit is crazy  
shit is

**CRAZY!**

*white boy shouts "CRAZY"*  
*it echoes*  
*the camera cuts and follows it out*  
*so the cabin gets further away,*  
*4 times*  
*each cut further away*  
*the 5th cut cuts to a close of some black bird on a branch*  
*it's dark, so it's hard to see*  
*the bird flies off.*  
*as the branch is still wobbly,*

WHITE GIRL FRIEND (O.S.)  
so, i read this thing

**42, int. Shrooms Cabin - living room - morning**

**white boy** *is sitting on the couch, with his feet up on it, knees to his chest*

WHITE BOY  
about?



*white girl friend* is sitting in a big chair nearby him.  
there's sounds of dishes clanking and clunking in the other room

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

mushrooms

WHITE BOY

oh! like, *mushrooms*?  
or just like mushrooms

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

well, i guess.....  
i guess the point is that it's kind of both of them

WHITE BOY

oh okay, cool  
what is it

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

it was this woman who was talking about how like, drugs have played a role in her life  
and why she loves –  
it's a really cool book about pleasure and social justice being intertwined –

WHITE BOY

oh what? that sounds amazing

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

it's called pleasure activism, it's by adrienne maree brown if you ever....  
i think you'd be really into it

WHITE BOY

*(smiles)*

okay rad, i'll check it out  
thanks

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

yeah, and in the beginning she describes mushrooms, like magic mushrooms, just as like  
just like *as* mushrooms  
like, she says  
okay, it's not like *that* revolutionary the more i think about it -

WHITE BOY

just say it!!

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

okay!!  
just that  
mushrooms in nature,  
they're *job* is to decompose the dead  
right?  
when things die  
fungi grow on top of it  
fungi are attracted to that which is already dead

CUT TO:

**43, int. Shrooms Cabin - kitchen - morning**

*white girl friend's voice overlays the visuals*

*white roommate and white boy friend at the sink doing dishes*

*white boy friend reaches across white roommate to put a dish away or something  
a little joke ensues*

WHITE GIRL FRIEND (O.S)

they're kind of like the Charon of nature

Charon's the guy in Greek mythology who rows people to the afterlife?  
the boat guy  
mushrooms literally redistribute the physical nutrients of once living bodies  
back out into nature,  
back...into everything

**44, int. Shrooms Cabin - living room - morning**

WHITE GIRL FRIEND  
kinda like robin hood

WHITE BOY  
that's kinda crazy to think we're just gonna fucking eat them, then

WHITE GIRL FRIEND  
no right!  
that's!! the part that's trippy  
it's like....  
i don't know  
what does it mean to *eat* those types of things?  
those things that cling to that which is dead?  
.....or dying?  
and redistribute it....  
somewhere  
what is it to ingest that which essentially wipes the world of trash

**45, ext. Shrooms Cabin - deck - morning**

*an empty wooden railing of the deck*

WHITE GIRL FRIEND (O.S.)  
of toxins....

*a blue jay flies in and lands,  
its head doing the thing bird heads do*

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

it's just crazy to think everything that's out there already

*more nature shots  
worms  
flowers growing out of trees  
ant lines  
interlaced with,  
white boy's fingers wrapped around his mug of tea  
the corner of white girl friend's eye  
mold in the wall*

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

have so many ways it's all so delicately intertwined  
and how like,  
at one point  
humans were just as oblivious to everything as everything else is to everything else  
sometimes i just really feel that  
that i like exist on top of a kind of inconceivably large wealth  
of ancestral knowledge

**46, int. Shrooms Cabin - living room - morning**

*white girl friend sitting in the big chair  
looking down at her cup of tea*

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

but maybe *ancestral* knowledge  
also maybe my ancestors *are* mushrooms.....

*she looks up,*

*the other 3 boys are sitting, staring at her  
white roommate, though, is chewing*

*after a second he does quick double take to the other two*

#### WHITE ROOMMATE

wait, were we waiting to take them?

*back to white girl friend*

*she smiles*

*she's happy*

#### WHITE GIRL FRIEND

i just think it's cool being a part of *everything*  
mushrooms are above me i don't know hahaha!

*\*ahem\**

*the following is a montage,  
an incredibly fast collage of images  
very much in the style of Requiem of a Dream*

- the shrooms melt into white boy's hand and illuminate all the veins in his hand and arm*
- electricity running through the inside of a vein, until it reaches the brain*
- electricity scatters across the brains in thousands of paths like a flash of lightning*
- we see the intricate root system of several trees underground. they look identical to the structure of the brain. a flash of electricity runs through them. we hear sounds of the new york stock exchange*
- close up on white girl friend's fingers burying into dirt*
- close up of eyes rolling back into someone's head*
- two birds on a tree branch*
- running water of a river splashing against the rock*

-the fingers under dirt pull out thin roots  
-wide shot of lightning at night  
-fire consuming a dry log in a fireplace  
-white boy staring at the fireplace with his mouth agape  
-the log in the fireplace crackling and white boy subsequently jumping  
-one bird is sitting on a tree branch  
-the hand that pulled out the roots reverses and puts the roots back in the dirt  
-a super tight shot of hands running through hair  
-an open oven, emanating heat that visibly manifests as wobbly distortion  
-a riverbank eroding and a bit of dirt falling into the water  
-white boy friend hurtling down a huge river on his back, completely in a trance  
-the night sky with an explosive glow of stars  
-white girl friend looking at the stars, now completely covered in them  
-a close up of a mouth taking an big inhale  
-x-ray of lungs expanding  
-incredibly close on the walls of the lungs, one bacteria approaches another. (note: it doesn't look like a stereotypical bacteria. it has legs. something between a bacteria and a centipede) they touch. This action does not take longer than the inhale, because the exhale is --

CUT TO:

**47, ext. train tracks - day**

a train WHIZZES by.

**48, int. train - main cabin - afternoon**

**white boy** is sitting next to **white roommate**

both of them are leaned forward, with their arms over the seat in front of them

where **white boy friend** and **white girl friend** each have one of the boys' arms draped over them like a rollercoaster seatbelt. they're stroking their arms.

white boy friend presses his cheek against white boy's arm

no one's saying anything.

*white boy looks out the window*

*this is a CG shot that reminds me a lot of the Adventure Time theme opening:*

*we follow white boy's gaze and go out the window,*

*race across the landscape*

*there's a lot of snow on the ground*

*and the sun is setting.*

*the camera turns around so we see the train as we continue to zip backwards*

*this continues until the train has moved out of frame*

*at which point the camera, still zipping backwards, now tilts down to see the dirt and water its passing above*

*this sort of somersault continues until it is now facing the direction it's zipping*

*things are beginning to look more city-like than where we were*

*until suddenly, while still moving forward*

*a smaller train SHOOTs into frame!*

*this stops the camera cold*

*and the train leaves the frame*

#### **49, int. smaller train - evening**

*the 4 of them are now on the Blue Line (for any local in Boston who knows what that means)*

*for any who don't know, it looks like [this](#)*

*(i.e. two parallel rows of seats facing each other)*

**white boy** and **white girl friend** are both standing, swaying around

**white roommate** and **white boy friend** are seated, one seat apart from each other

*the rest of the train is practically empty.*

*quiet*

*only white roommate is wearing a mask. it's his black disposable one.*

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

you know what i mean?

WHITE BOY

yeah.....

that's crazy

WHITE BOY FRIEND

you can't just say shit's crazy for every single thing

WHITE BOY

i'll stop saying it when shit stops being crazy

WHITE BOY FRIEND

yeah.

and shit is crazy

WHITE BOY

i know!!

*they both giggle*

ROBOTIC TRAIN OPERATOR (V.O.)

Entering, Maverick. // Doors will open on the right side of the train.

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

that's us

WHITE BOY

oh shit, for real? woah, that flew

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

yeah

okay! well, super abrupt ending to // the most magical –

WHITE BOY



yeah no really –

CUT TO:

**50, ext. Maverick T Stop - train tracks - evening**

*the train doors open and **white boy friend** and **white girl friend** exit the train, immediately turning and waving goodbye as they walk*

*we see **white boy** in the doorway*

***white roommate** is seen through the window turned and waving the doors close*

**51, int. smaller train - evening**

*right where we were*

*the train lurches forward*

*white roommate turns and sits back in his seat*

WHITE BOY

wow.

WHITE ROOMMATE

*(turns to him and nods)*

wow

WHITE BOY

what a life.

WHITE ROOMMATE

damn. yeah

*cut back to white roommate who is now on his phone.*

*how could someone have even taken it out that quickly?*

white boy lazily looks around the train.  
there's a **mexican adolescent boy** who's sitting next to his **mexican dad (2)**  
the mexican adolescent boy is about 8  
he's looking at white boy  
white boy smiles  
the kid smiles back  
white boy smiles more, pumps his fist up  
the mexican adolescent boy doesn't react  
white boy lowers his fist, looks out the window  
snow whizzing past  
looks back  
the mexican adolescent boy has his fist up  
white boy smiles, does the same  
his dad looks, sees his son, follows his eyes to the white boy  
mexican dad (2) lowers his son's fist and holds his arm against his body, looking away from white boy  
white boy looks away, embarrassed

**52, ext. Orient Heights T Stop - evening**

snow is falling on the track.  
the train pulls in  
its doors open,  
**white boy** and **white roommate** exit.  
the following is a walk-and-talk shot as they come out of the station  
once they're outside the station, the wind begins to pick up considerably -- as will be noted in dialogue  
  
they speak quieter at first

WHITE BOY  
damn, and we're just back

WHITE ROOMMATE  
back home, baby

*they walk*

WHITE BOY

that was such a crazy weekend

WHITE ROOMMATE

i am so tired

WHITE BOY

did you see that kid and dad on the train?

WHITE ROOMMATE

no, which

WHITE BOY

i looked at this kid and put my fist up like this

*[he re-enacts it]*

and then he did it too and then his dad freaked and made him put his arm down

WHITE ROOMMATE

you pumped an anarchist fist at a kid?

WHITE BOY

what? how is a fist pump an anarchist thing?

WHITE ROOMMATE

well, that's like *the* symbol for anarchist group

WHITE BOY

no, the symbol for --

holy shit it is fucking windy

WHITE ROOMMATE

yeah it's freezing

WOO

WHITE BOY

the symbol for anarchists is the like A with the circle around  
i thought you were gonna say that it was a Black Lives Matter fist

WHITE ROOMMATE

well but why would you have pumped a BLM fist at a kid?

WHITE BOY

why would i have pumped an anarchy fist at a kid???

WHITE ROOMMATE

....yeah, maybe white boys just shouldn't pump their fists

*they both laugh*

WHITE BOY

unless it's a middle school dance haha

*they walk*

*it's windy*

*it's snowing*

WHITE ROOMMATE

holy shit i can't feel my hands

like at all?

WHITE BOY

is there a storm tonight or something?

WHITE ROOMMATE

yeah there must be one holy shit it's really COLD AHHH

WHITE BOY

we're almost there -

WHITE ROOMMATE

ohhhh god, to know i have a warm bed just waiting for me in there, MAMA that is gonna feel so  
good

*this stops white boy.*

*he turns and looks the other way*

*back at the train station*

*the continuous shot cuts here.*

WHITE BOY

*(to himself)*

woah

WHITE ROOMMATE

*(stopping)*

hey

what?

WHITE BOY

i just

i used to think about that a lot as a kid  
of all the people who are homeless every night  
but i never lived in a place where it stormed like this  
what do homeless people do when a storm like this hits?

WHITE ROOMMATE

i don't know.....

WHITE BOY

where.....

they don't just stay on the streets.....right?

WHITE ROOMMATE

i don't know....

some probably do

WHITE BOY

but.....

WHITE ROOMMATE

what, do you wanna like open up a homeless shelter or something?

WHITE BOY

*(offended)*

what?

WHITE ROOMMATE

it's cold man, come on!

WHITE BOY

i'm thinking about the fact that people.....are like....maybe gonna die in this tonight?

WHITE ROOMMATE

I might die in this right now!

WHITE BOY

*(wow)*

damn.

that feels kinda fucked up

WHITE ROOMMATE

what, why?

WHITE BOY

cause you're not?

you literally have an apartment less than a block away from the train station

WHITE ROOMMATE

yeah so let's GO to it, man, come on

WHITE BOY

man,

there's just been

i don't know

there's just been a lot of fucking death

recently

*weirdly? white roommate goes quiet, and his shivering slowly gets quieter.*

WHITE BOY

and i don't know how to mourn for any of it

so

no one ever taught me how to mourn for this much

fucking shit

i'm just trying to.....

be respectful?

i don't know.....

WHITE ROOMMATE

does standing out here in the freezing cold make you feel any better?

WHITE BOY

yeah?

a little

WHITE ROOMMATE

okay....

isn't that just self-harm?

WHITE BOY

no

maybe

i don't care, i think

it feels like grieving

it feels like

a ritual?

i don't know!! dude

it's just a lot of death

and death is

crazy

*they stand in silence for like 6 seconds.*

*white roommate hobbles over and hugs white boy for a few seconds.*

*he releases,*

*stands for another few seconds, then says*

WHITE ROOMMATE

can we go home?

WHITE BOY

....

yeah

*they start walking. we track them*

*it's quiet*

*but it's loud from the wind*



*we let it be.*

*eventually, they walk the two blocks it is to their apartment*

*when they start approaching their place,  
the camera stops to let the two pass  
so that the camera is now behind them  
and we see the porch of their apartment wide*

*as they walk in front of their porch,  
they both simultaneously slip on some black ice on the sidewalk  
white roommate falls on his ass  
white boy catches himself but still almost falls  
this dialogue is pretty quiet under all the wind, plus they're a little far away*

WHITE BOY

holy shit are you good?

WHITE ROOMMATE

owwww hahahaha yeah im fine

WHITE BOY

holy shit motherfucker trynna KILL us

WHITE ROOMMATE

owwwwww my fucking BUTT holy shit that **hurt!!**

WHITE BOY

we're good we're good, come on

WHITE ROOMMATE

owww oh my god

*the camera is still far away, hasn't cut  
there's like....a crow sitting on one of the handrails for their porch  
white roommate shoos it away and it goes without any antagonization  
it's really a nothing moment,  
but really.....*

*white boy opens the door and the two walk in.  
the door shuts.  
we stay outside for a second, just hearing the sound of wind.  
and snow  
loudly,  
as is.....*

CUT TO:

**53, int. main apartment - bedroom - morning**

**white boy** *opens his eyes in his bed  
he's lying on his back  
he moves his eyes around, stays still though*

*he rolls onto his side,  
looking out the window  
the outside is completely covered in snow  
he takes a couple of breaths here, just looking at it all, eyes darting around*

*we slowly cross fade to:*

**54, ex t. beach - day**

*the beach is covered in snow.  
the water isn't frozen though,  
there's still waves.*

*this is a really wide but static shot of the whole beach, we're really far back.*

*there's two little dots far away, sitting on the snowy-sand shore*

*a third dot enters frame and begins to walk towards them.*

*they arrive and drop a bluetooth speaker at their feet*

*they stay standing for a sec,*

*all 3 looking out towards the airport,*

*which is now operational again.*

*planes are coming and going,*

*as normal.....*

*we see some smoke rise from the three of them*

*they're passing something around*

*finally,*

*we hear music begin to play from the speaker*

*it's really distant*

*but it's the song "Dial Up" by Childish Gambino.*

*this song plays seamlessly into "I. The Worst Guys," also by Childish Gambino.*

*The three dance*

*and smoke*

*and sit*

*and watch the planes*

*all while the songs play*

*and the planes*

*keep coming.*

*and the planes*

*keep going.*

*and the beach is covered in snow.*

*and the waves are still crashing.*

*and the credits roll over the whole thing.*

*and then when "I. The Worst Guys" ends, it cuts black,*

*but we still hear the audio of the scene*

*and "Love on the Brain" plays from the speaker next.*

*we just hear the sounds over blackness,*

*still there.*

*just the sounds*

*until over the next two minutes or so,*

*the sound slowly fades*

*and it's dark....*

*and it's quiet....*

*for....*

*like a full minute.*

*and....*

**THEN**

*it ends :)*





*i t ends... ..*