

the actual screenplay.

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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 for the first time in his life.
 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 santo suelo....

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 SANTO SUELO!!!! EL SANTO SUELO!!!!!!

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 mat 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

he could be slaughtering pigs

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!

hahahahha

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 tryinna 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 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 had gotten real bloody

WHITE BOY
yeah
i couldn't see i was far i
just saw the fire and smoke

WHITE MARSH FREQUENTER
gosh
yeah makes me think about my sister yeah
she actually passed from a similar kind of freak –
a cruise ship went down she was on so it's not a plane crash but
she was a performer, a dancer on one of them and.....
some hole unseen by the crew burst open
didn't have proper life vests.....
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

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

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 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 just fuckin'
hate that person....hahaha you know?
and i definitely still *feel* her in me,
like i know it *is* me
i'm just really actively trying to grow away from that
ya know?
and when my mom's like
idea of who i *am*
is wrapped around *those* parts of me.....
the parts of me i know i wanna grow up from.....
and.....yeah, i don't know
i came out here and suddenly everything i did in high school feels like
fake
like 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 that ya know?
it just feels like it's not me

WHITE BOY

wow!

sorry wow

that was so well said...

yeah it just sounds like growing up to me

i dunno

yeah

.....

yeah 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

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...
some train-track shifted so tangibly in me,
that it now just feels contrary to my *existence* to have ever lived a past that wasn't this
to have lived like that,

BLACK DATE

(still overlaid)

for a long time!!

WHITE BOY

(still overlaid)

yes!!

and to have abided by those values??
just feels so dissociated from my *own* sense of self...
so it feels like
like that old part of my life feels a little like how home videos of me from like 2 feel

now we see a homevideo of white boy at 2

WHITE BOY

like how i *know* that that's me....

that's me in there.....

but it almost feels like a little brother

*back to the two of them,
they're dancing now,
to "Say it" by Maggie Rogers
they walk up to each other,
standing in front of each other*

BLACK DATE

(not overlaid, actually her talking)

but nobody still *sees* me as some 2 year old who can't walk...
but....people like my mom still...
well maybe my mom actually still sees me as that two year old

they both laugh, still overlaid onto dancing.

BLACK DATE

but some people out there really feel like they *know* me
but the me they *know*
like, i don't even *know* anymore
you know!

WHITE BOY

oh my god yes i know!
// oh my gosh

BLACK DATE

and so the *me* in their head like - ?
that's not me!

laughing.
on top of dancing.

WHITE BOY

that's not me!!! hahaha

BOTH

that's not me!! that's not me!!!! that's NOT me!!!

they laugh.
which overlays black date
holding up a strawberry dipped in chocolate hummus
to white boy

*he bites into it
chews*

WHITE BOY
that was sexy

*black date nods
she knew it would be though
smiles
and walks him out of frame.*

CUT TO:

13, ext. beach - night

*black date is now wearing a thick sports jacket and beanie
white boy also has a beanie on
it's slightly darker
they walk to the shore*

BLACK DATE
WOAH!!!!
LOOK!!!

*she points to the wreckage
lit up by all the news teams' lights now*

BLACK DATE
damn
that looks horrible.....
what do you think happened?

WHITE BOY

crash
probably

BLACK DATE

holy shit, you think like *on* the runway, planes like, just collided?

WHITE BOY

no i was here for it, yeah
one came in // to land

BLACK DATE

wait WHAT, you were *here*???

WHITE BOY

yeah!
yeah one flew in and landed
and like
there was another one on the runway like,
getting ready to take off i think
and it just like
fucking went right into the side of it....
yeah
this HUGE fireball and
shockwave, i've never heard a shockwave like that it was like
it blew me on my fuckin' ass hahahaha it literally knocked me down it
dude that was CRAZY!!! a sound literally like -
PUSHED me down!!!!

BLACK DATE

(laughing too)

wow.

wow

(looks back out)

(immediately gets sad)

wow.

damn.

(looks at white boy)

can i ask you something? i just can't stop.....can i?

WHITE BOY

yeah

BLACK DATE

how often do you go to protests?

WHITE BOY

you mean like....

in general or the ones recently

BLACK DATE

yeah

i guess *have* you been going out to the protests out here

WHITE BOY

uhhhh

i went to the first one a while back, yeah

but protests like.....

yeah make

i don't know

i've tried thinking about it a lot

why it makes me

why i don't like going?

just because you know, the amount of privilege cis, white, male body

especially *at* protests....

but i think i also like worry about taking up space at protests that like

aren't....mine?

even though they're....
sorry i started just ranting

BLACK DATE
(literally was just listening)
you're good, i asked

WHITE BOY
yeah
thanks
do
you?

BLACK DATE
do -
have i been going to protests?

WHITE BOY
yeah

BLACK DATE
(gives eyes like WTF?)
yeah
i mean i guess i
no like, i don't love going to protests either but i still go
i was gonna say i don't love going either
because i don't
but i also do
for a lot of reasons
and
yeah
good to be with people who care
.....

WHITE BOY

yeah

....

we should go to one sometime

BLACK DATE

(side-eye)

uh-uh this ain't your mildred and richard loving story sorry

they both laugh

WHITE BOY

who's? what's that?

BLACK DATE

what?

why'd you laugh if you don't know who they are?

WHITE BOY

cause you're

funny?

just as a....person

and you making yourself laugh is really....

you're also very cute

stop looking at me!

BLACK DATE

(smirks)

we're having a conversation it's what you do

WHITE BOY

ugh okay!

....

so

what do you wanna do?

BLACK DATE

what do you wanna do?

*white boy looks at her, down for a sec
waves.*

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

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 not

that's --

that's a dog

it still isn't moving, just looking at him

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

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 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

WHITE BOY
hmm.

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*

WHITE BOY

hi....

WHITE ROOMMATE

(incoherent)

pfshaba

nevahhhhh gonna let it happen,

(yawning)

neeeever gonna let it happen

(he starts walking to the bathroom)

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

who's it gonna be?

(he closes the bathroom door)

(the mumbling continues)

white boy remains.

he's tired again

he plucks off a banana

starts hesitantly peeling it, continues walking

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 stops walking and looks at it,
puts it up to his hear*

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 --

*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
tries pouring a little onto the bee to give it water*

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

the white boy gasps,

WHITE BOY

no!

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

is that 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 second in line at the counter with a protein bar and a bag of takis*

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

could i get 4 yeah

and 2 of the midnight scratchers

yeah

oh hey one of the uh

uh what is that

the uh the irish one

the four leaf....

the one with the leaf, darling

yeah that one

yeah just one of those

feel lucky....

thanks

*in the brief pause of the **indian worker** getting the scratchers
the white and speedy man snuffles, looks around
glances at the white boy
notices that the white boy is looking at him
double takes and looks at him too*

WHITE AND SPEEDY MAN

what?

WHITE BOY

(shaking his head)

oh, nothing sorry i was just
staring off

*the indian worker behind the register puts the scratchers on the counter
white and speedy man is still looking at the white boy*

WHITE AND SPEEDY MAN

don't stare at people, darling
that shit'll get you killed

*white and speedy man places a crumpled up 15 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

white boy is walking through the park

:)

he just walks through the park for a second

sees something, something catches his eye

walks to the foot of the pond at the center of the park

is looking down at the water

looks up,

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 across the water

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

white boy's hand

WHITE BOY

bold of you

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

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

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 everytime!!

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

WHITE BOY

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

WHITE BOY FRIEND

because, like –
yeah, they're not like trying to sell me anything
it's just like
really soft piano music
like, reeeaaally soft
like music you'd hear when you're on hold
but also sounding like it's coming from really far away
and in an abandoned mall

WHITE BOY

oh
woah

the white boy was disappointed.

he had hoped his situation was the weirdest.

WHITE BOY FRIEND

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 even could hear me at *all* so i just like
one time i just SCREAMED into my phone
like AHH
and
it literally came out the other end!!!
like i heard it ECHO through this like, whole huge place!!
and then
the piano literally STOPPED!

WHITE BOY

what!

WHITE BOY FRIEND

and then there like,
heard these footsteps you could hear like,
like dress shoes or something on tile
getting louder and louder oh my god it freaked me out so much
and then you heard
i heard him like actually pick 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

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.....
so, i just stopped answering

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

what do you think it's about? like 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 just 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 GIRL FRIEND

well, but everything has a pretty specific like, "why," i think

WHITE BOY

what do you –

not *everything*.

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

well,
everything doesn't have like,
a *reason* for happening
but everything does happen *because* of something else happening
like 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 could 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.

she's mumbling to herself with her eyes mostly closed

but a small smile on her face

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 i'm just realizing

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

right but, *forever??*

WHITE BOY FRIEND

and even if -
there'll just be SO much crap on the internet that i doubt anyone will ever like,
see *your* specific thing, you know?
yeah sometimes i see the internet as this like, growth
cist
and everything that's ever put onto it
like, day by day, it's just adding onto this mass
ever-expanding
so like....
what's that one game that's like that? where you're 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

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

but the internet is something we *invented*, you know?

it's not a real place

not real like.....

(she pasts the ground)

like this

like *Earth* real.

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 no 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

.....

WHITE BOY FRIEND

Katamari!!!! Katamari is the rolling game

WHITE BOY

oh my god Katamari, yeah

i never played it
i've watched other people play it

WHITE BOY FRIEND

i never didn't either, but yeah, my twin brother always played it
i would always just watch him

WHITE BOY

you have a twin brother?

WHITE BOY FRIEND

i do, yeah

WHITE BOY

yikes, how did i –
that's a tough thing to forget about on my end

WHITE BOY FRIEND

no it's okay
// everybody does

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

(overlapping)
everybody does

WHITE BOY FRIEND

everyone forgets

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
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

WHITE BOY FRIEND
but yeah, i think i just *really* give off only child energy

WHITE GIRL
you do, but the way you act around your brother seems so natural like you're meant to be a
brother like that

WHITE BOY FRIEND
that is so nice of you thank you for saying that,
yeah, i love him but we are just SO different

WHITE BOY
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 DID I FORGET THIS?

you've told me this before?

WHITE BOY FRIEND

literally yes! it is so weird

we've talked about this before, yeah

this is probably the longest time we've spent on it

so you might

but yeah everyone i tell just literally forgets it i don't know whyahaha

(gestures to white girl friend)

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

████████ would even forget when we first started being friends

WHITE BOY

really???

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

yeah i really have -

we have *no* idea what it is

WHITE BOY FRIEND

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

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

no but tell him about the uh....

WHITE BOY FRIEND

oh my gosh yeah, okay you'll love this
we've always had these like, *things* that happen
we call 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've ended up calling it
it started when we were five,
has 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 would start as these really vivid dreams we describe identically
where we were falling down this like, river
of like, energy, but it had thickness like water
and there are all these blurry blotches of color passing by us
one after the other,
all totally blurry, like out of focus
and we could never really move, we could just be pulled down

WHITE BOY
woah

WHITE BOY FRIEND
and then we would find the other person wading down

like i would find him or he would find me
right beside the other
like falling down this river
and we would be a little blurry at first
but like, honestly?
watching a video on youtube at like 240p kind of blurry
and the longer we looked at each other
the closer we would start to get to the other
and the other person would start to get less blurry and less blurry
until,
we were like,
on top of each other
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

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 suddenly or spoke loudly,
we'd get torn back into our own bodies....

WHITE BOY

holy shit.....

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

yeah

WHITE BOY FRIEND

but, yeah, could *not* be more different

.....

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

he likes peas

WHITE BOY FRIEND

oh my god don't even say that

WHITE BOY

woah.

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

sorry

WHITE BOY FRIEND

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

.....

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 like, i'd say 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 see a kid

like, a teenager

come full *sprinting* up or down this street

WHITE BOY FRIEND

woah

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

oh my gosh!

do you think it's 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've seen people running in *both* directions

which is just like

are they running *from* the thing or *towards* the thing?

.....

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 money

like, a lot

he has cabins all over the east coast actually

it's like, kinda weird to my family

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

and we could just use the cabin you think?

WHITE ROOMMATE

oh yeah definitely, he's never there
they're mostly used as airbnb listings
but i could 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 ROOMMATE

(on his phone on the bed)
okay, got the shrooms plug

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

WHAT?!

WHITE ROOMMATE

(getting up from the bed and out of frame)

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

CUT TO:

21, ext. beacon hill - sidewalk - night

white roommate, *continuing the same stride as getting up from the bed, walks up to a weird basement-looking door*

WHITE ROOMMATE

said that if i ever needed anything “hard”

– he specifically said that, “hard” –

to hit him up, so

WHITE BOY

unbelievable.

WHITE ROOMMATE

yeah, he’s also like....kind of an asshole

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

but he’s actually super chill

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

WHITE BOY

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.)
is that my ugly little skunk-cunt!

WHITE ROOMMATE
(entering the apartment out of frame)
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 into folded leaf and stretches
which leads him up into downward dog
stretching tense tense tense
and then he squeezes up into up dog
and releases an ENORMOUS groan//yell
and right as he begins to let 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 a seat turned sideways so his feet are up on the seat*

he's wearing a plain white cloth mask, there's a stain on it

headphones in, 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

hey

WHITE BOY FRIEND

(pulling mask down below his chin)

i'm bored

WHITE BOY
well, we left like
(checks phone)
three minutes ago

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

WHITE BOY
...well
(pulls mask down)
probably none
considering being not a human in this world kind of sounds like
horrific

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

WHITE BOY
oh for sure
like a competition horse?

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

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 your ticket?

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

black ticket woman smiles

white boy friend hands 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 scans white roommate's phone

white girl friend has her in her hand, already been scanned, just responding to a text

BLACK TICKET WOMAN

have a nice trip

WHITE ROOMMATE

(imitating her southern accent)

only if you do the same

BLACK TICKET WOMAN

(kinda brushing him off)

oh honey this is my trip

they both laugh as she exits out the cabin door

white roommate fist bumps up with both his arms 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 quietly 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
a shared moment of
O_o
between the other three*

WHITE GIRL FRIEND

like,
you haven't asked him if we could be here?

WHITE BOY

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

WHITE ROOMMATE

yeah but 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

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

*you did 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 roommate 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

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 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 buys cabins along the *entire* coast?

(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 BOY
you unfortunately do

WHITE GIRL FRIEND
i am starting to get pretty hungry....

WHITE ROOMMATE
now you're speaking my language!!

WHITE BOY
is there 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 come through

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

WHITE ROOMMATE

maybe i DO!

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 crazy

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....

always have since i was a kid

WHITE BOY

that's inconvenient for my heart, jesus!

WHITE ROOMMATE

well it's a good thing you don't love me then!

WHITE BOY

what?

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!!

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

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

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
mushrooms literally redistribute the physical nutrients of once living bodies
back out into nature,
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 call which is already dead?

.....or dying?

to digest those into our like....

i mean like beyond a *human* meaning of it

like on a nature level

what is it to ingest that which essentially wipes the natural 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,
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

has 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

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
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 takes 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 thousands of paths like a flash of lightning
-we now see the intricate roots 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
-now only 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 tangibly 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. so is the water under her. so is all the dirt. so is everything
-a close up of a mouth taking an big inhale
-x-ray of lungs receiving the air
-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

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 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
there's like 2 other people on this train.*

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 keep saying shit's crazy forever

WHITE BOY

i'll stop saying it when shit stops being crazy

WHITE BOY FRIEND

yeah.

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

seriously

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 and 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 lowers his son's fist and holds his arm against his body, looking away from white boy

white boy looks away, super embarrassed and anxious

52, ext. Orient Heights T Stop - evening

snow is falling on the track.

the train pulls in

the 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 are 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'm tired as fuck

WHITE BOY
did you see that kid and dad on the train?

WHITE ROOMMATE
no, which

WHITE BOY
i looked at this kid and like put my fist up like
[he re-enacts it]
and then he did it too and then his dad like freaked and put his arm down

WHITE ROOMMATE
you pumped an anarchist fist at a kid?

WHITE BOY
what? how is a fist an anarchist thing?

WHITE ROOMMATE
well that's like *the* symbol for anarchist

WHITE BOY

no, *the* symbol for --
holy shit it is fucking windy

WHITE ROOMMATE

yeah it's freezing

WHITE BOY

the symbol for anarchists is the like A with the circle
i thought you were gonna say 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

yeah, just play it safe

they walk

it's windy

it's snowing

WHITE ROOMMATE

holy shit i like can't feel my hands

WHITE BOY

is there a storm tonight or something?

WHITE ROOMMATE

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

WHITE BOY

we're almost there -

WHITE ROOMMATE

damn, i just thought of how lucky it is that we have a place to go back to

this stops white boy.

he turns and looks the other way?

the continuous shot cuts here.

WHITE BOY

woah

WHITE ROOMMATE

(freezing)

what?

WHITE BOY

i just

i used to think about that a lot as a kid
all the people who are homeless every night
but i never lived on the east coast
people are homeless in this?

WHITE ROOMMATE

yeah? yeah....

WHITE BOY

where do they go when a storm like this hits?

WHITE ROOMMATE

i don't know,
wherever they can, right?

WHITE BOY

but.....

WHITE ROOMMATE

what, you wanna like open our house as 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 people are probably 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 no 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

WHITE BOY

man,

there's just been

i don't know

a lot of death

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

WHITE BOY

recently

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

so

it's just overwhelming

that it just

keeps

happening.....?

yeah

it'd be really convenient if it would stopped so i could figure out how to grieve it

WHITE ROOMMATE

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

WHITE BOY

a little

WHITE ROOMMATE
isn't that just self-harm?

WHITE BOY
no
i don't -
i don't know
maybe
i don't care, i think
it feels like grieving
it feels like
ritual?
i don't know, dude
it's just a lot of death

they stand in silence for like 12 seconds.

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*

*they both simultaneously slip on some black ice at the curb
white roommate falls on his ass
white boy catches himself but still almost falls
this dialogue is a little quiet under all the wind, they're a little far away*

WHITE BOY

holy shit are you good?

WHITE ROOMMATE

ow 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

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 the porch
white roommate shoos it away and it goes without any antagonization
it's a really nothing moment,
but really.....*

white boy opens the door and they go in.

*the door shuts.
we stay outside for a second, just hearing the sound of wind.
and snow
loudly,*

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*

*rolls onto his side,
outside is covered in snow
he breathes a couple of times here, just looking at it, 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.*

it's a really wide but static shot of the 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 something in the snow

they stay standing for a sec,

all 3 looking out towards the airport,

which is now operational again.

*planes are now coming and going,
as normal.....*

*we see a smoke begin to rise from the group of them.
the third dot hands something to one of the other two*

smoke rises from them too.

*finally,
we hear music begin to play from the speaker they dropped onto the snowy-sand*

*it's really distant
but it's the track "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
while the song plays*

*and the planes
keep coming.
and keep going.*

*and the beach is covered in snow
and the waves are still crashing*

*and credits roll over the whole thing.
and then when the song ends, it cuts black,*

*but we still hear the audio of it
and "Love on the Brain" plays from the group next.*

*just the sounds over blackness,
still there.*

*until over the next two minutes or so,
the sound slowly fades*

*and it's dark
and quiet*

*for....
actually?
a few minutes.*

*and
THEN*

it ends :)

