

THE PERSON WE ARE
EPISODE 1

Written by

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Based on, Eye contact

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TEASER

INT. HISTORY CLASS - DAY

Lucas is a 16 year old boy, with dirty blond hair that falls over his bluish green eyes. He looks incredibly bored, sitting in class next to Carter.

Carter is 17, with brow eyes and basic brown hair, he's pretty attractive, but something about him looks somewhat mean. Both of them are fit, athletic, and wear shirts that advertise their running team. Lakes High School Cross Country.

The classroom they are in is pretty big, with rows of desks, a total of 60 or something students in the class. Half of the class is on one side of the room, and they face the other half, well the teach stays towards the front, but walks between the two groups, as he talks.

He's a middle aged man, and his voice is drowned out, as neither boys are paying attention to him. He goes back to the board, and writes on it, next to writing that expresses the day, it says it's the fifth day of hell. Five days into the school year.

There are pictures held up with magnets of the teachers summer vacation, Lucas's looks over at them.

THE SHOT HOVERS ON THEM.

THE SHOT THEN TRANSITIONS OVER TO HIM AND CARTER.

Carter leans in to whisper to Lucas.

CARTER

(In a whisper.)

Hey, did you figure out what girl
you were gonna ask out yet?

Lucas looks a little confused, he scoots his desk closer in to Carter, leaning a bit.

LUCAS

(Also whispering)

Was that something I needed to
think about?

Carter gives him a confused smile. He hits Lucas on the shoulder.

CARTER
Yeah man, remember? It's the last
requirement then you're official.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bright lights are flashing as loud music plays, the space is filled with drinking teenagers, girls in tight skinny dresses as they push past groups of guys, holding red cups in their hands. Lucas and Carter are in the crowd, surrounded by a bunch of guys.

The guys are all wearing shirts, shirts that say 'Statue Guy' on them, and they hold one out to Carter.

MAX
It's official bro.

Carter takes the shirt. Then Max looks over at Lucas.

MAX (CONT'D)
Next is your turn, you get a Star
Girl, you get a place.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. HISTORY CLASS - PRESENT TIME

Lucas is staring blankly at Carter, and he shakes his head a bit, he seems to take a minute to focus, like he's trying to figure out what to say.

LUCAS
(Whisper)
Yeah... I remember.

CARTER
(Whisper)
So who are you gonna ask then?

THE SHOT PANS AROUND TO SHOW ALL OF THE STUDENTS ACROSS FROM THEM.

THE CAMERA MAKES AN EMPHASIS ON A GIRL.

This is girl is Sasha, she is black, with her hair naturally out in a short afro.

She isn't super skinny, but not over weight either, and her appearance is something that would be considered incredibly attractive.

Her eyes appear to meet Lucas's, and she smiles.

THE SHOT PANS BACK AROUND TO LUCAS.

CARTER (CONT'D)
(Whispers)
Her?

Carter is pointing at the girl.

LUCAS
(Whispers)
I mean...

CARTER
(Whispers)
She's liked you since like,
forever.

LUCAS
Yeah, I know. It's just...

Carter's eye brows raise a bit.

CARTER
It's just what? You actually can't
get better than that.

THE SHOT TURNS BACK TO SASHA, FOR JUST A SECOND, BEFORE IT WAFTS UP TO THE TEACHER.

He has paused in his talking, and is looking at Carter and Lucas.

MR. WILLSON
(Disciplined)
Could you keep it down, boys?

Someone in the class snickers.

MR. WILLSON (CONT'D)
Or, is the topic of your
conversation something the whole
class needs to hear?

LUCAS
No.

CARTER
Sorry.

They go quiet, and when Lucas looks at Carter he gives him a funny smile, and points a sly finger, at the side of his desk, in the direction of Sasha.

Lucas looks over, but his eyes pass her, as they meet a half Asia, half white guy, who is sitting to the right of her. His hair is nicely combed, bleached at the tips, and his eyes, a hazel brown, meet Lucas's, as he smiles. This boy, is Oliver.

END TEASER

ACT 2

INT. THE SCHOOL FIELD - AFTERNOON

MONTAGE

It shows Lucas stretching out with his team, they are getting themselves ready for practice, as they moves their arms about and stretch in a circle with all their team mates.

Then it cuts to their coach yelling at them as they line up, they are getting themselves all ready to run. They start running.

EXT. THE RUNNING PATH - LATER

AN OVER HEAD SHOT THAT SLOWLY ZOOMS DOWN ON LUCAS.

Lucas is ahead of everyone else who is running. Behind him, the rest all run in a group, there are faster runnings towards the front of that pack, but he is well ahead of them too.

A hill is beside him, one that looks over a lake sparkling in the sun light. The wind blowing a little bit, playing with the blades of grass. The hill is incredibly green, large, and covered with leftover flowers from summer.

Lucas is on a gravel path that curves about the hill heading downwards towards the street. It's one of those back streets into a quiet neighborhood.

Lucas is running down this path, and he is wiping sweat that has collected on his forehead. He sniffs a bit, as he goes.

He keeps wiping at the sweat, and as he does this, his head turns up in the direction of the hills.

The light is touching the top of it and he sees a guy standing up there. It appears, through it's distant, to be the same guy, Oliver, who was in his class.

He slows down a little bit, watching.

Oliver is throwing a ball to his dog, who races across the top of the hill after it, and laughing at this dog, he turns a bit, looking in Lucas's direction.

Their eyes meet, and still laughing, he lifts his hand up and tips it in a little wave.

Lucas slows down entirely to a stop, lifting his own hand, and waving back in reply.

Oliver's dog has come back up to him, holding the ball, and he turns to receive it.

Lucas is still quietly staring at them both.

THE SHOT IS OVER HIS SHOULDER.

His outline is present, but so is Oliver, who he watches on that hill.

THE SHOT TURN TO THE SIDE.

Just a bit up the path, the pack of runners is coming down, Carter more towards the lead.

As runners start to pass Lucas, he comes by, and hits Lucas over the shoulder, grabbing it and staggering into a stop.

CARTER
 (Out of breathing, and
 laughing)
 Stopping to have a breather?

Lucas is so focused on Oliver, that he ignores Carter. Carter hits him, hard on the shoulder in order to get his attention.

CARTER (CONT'D)
 (Loud and trying to be
 annoying)
 Hey day dreamer! What you looking
 at?

Lucas now finally turns his attention over to Carter, he shakes his head a bit, and inhales.

LUCAS
 Nothing, just... thought I saw
 someone.

A smile lights up Carter's face.

They have been standing for long enough that all of the other runners have caught up to them, they are being slowly consumed by the pack, as runner after runner goes around them.

CARTER
 A girl?

LUCAS
(Surprised)
What?

Carter pulls on Lucas's arm, as he starts to run a bit, so that they don't fall completely behind.

Lucas gives in to this, running, as he tries to stay next to Carter.

CARTER
(Louder)
I said a girl, dumbass, did you think you saw a girl? Someone... special?

Carter is trying to tease Lucas.

Lucas stays stubborn, as he just shakes his head in reply.

LUCAS
No, I didn't say anything about any particular girls.

CARTER
(Teasing)
You sure? Cause I'm thinking of what right now.

LUCAS
(Warning)
Don't even say it.

Lucas starts to run a bit faster, it seems like this is his trying attempt to escape from Carter.

But Carter pushes himself in order to keep up with Lucas.

CARTER
Sa...

LUCAS
(Still Warning)
Don't do it.

CARTER
(Teasing)
Sash...

LUCAS
(He's laughing)
I said no!

CARTER
 (TEASING)
 Sasha! Oh... did that slip out?

He puts a hand over his mouth, and Lucas shoves him, speeding up even faster.

He looks back over his shoulder as he goes, but not to look at Carter, he looks over Carter, and the other runners.

THE SHOT FOLLOWS HIS POINT OF VIEW.

It lands on Oliver, who is now talking to a girl, she looks just like him. His dog is bouncing around him, as they chat. Lucas quickly looks away.

THE SHOT FOLLOWS, GOING TO HIS FACE, SO HIM AND CARTER CAN BE SEEN, AND THE HILL IS JUST IN THE BACK DROP.

Carter slowly pushes his way forwards, as he gets even closer to Lucas.

CARTER (CONT'D)
 What the fuck at you looking at?

Carter, as he runs, cranes his neck over in the direction of the hill, squinting, as he tries to get a look.

LUCAS
 Like a told you, I thought I saw someone.

Carter's head tips to the side a bit, as he seems to take that in.

CARTER
 (Excited, teasing)
 Right... you know who you should see?

LUCAS
 (Exasperated)
 Oh my God, I thought we were past this thing?

He looks over at Carter, raising his eyebrows a little.

Carter grins.

CARTER
 You know we have the meeting tonight, right?

LUCAS

I know.

CARTER

(Suggestive teasing)
And that she'll be there.

LUCAS

I think I know that too.

CARTER

(Excited)
So then you go to fucking ask her,
come on!

He shoves Lucas, bouncing, as he staggers to keep up his running. Lucas just shoves him back, glancing back towards the hill.

Carter follows his point of view.

THE SHOT TURNS AROUND AND SHOWS IT.

Oliver is standing there, laughing, as his dog jumps on him, trying to lick his face. The girl with him helping, as she attempts to get the dog to go down.

LUCAS

(Wistful, somewhat more
quiet.)
Do you know him?

Carter slows down a little, more runners past them, these are some of the slower ones, as he looks at the hill.

CARTER

I... can't exactly tell who he
is...

Carter squints and he holds his hand up to his face as he tries to get the best look that he can. He stands up on his toes a bit, looking.

LUCAS

(His tone changes
throughout the sentence,
a little mean at the end)
I think he's in history, I've never
seen him before, so... just
curious, to know where the fuck he
came from.

Carter is squinting, almost stopping his running, as he tries to stand up high enough so he can look over all of the runners who sprint in their direction.

CARTER

Yeah, no, Is he the wasian one?

LUCAS

Yeah, him.

CARTER

Oh! I think I know his sister, they are like twins or something, yeah, she's in one of my classes.

LUCAS

Hu...

CARTER

Yeah, they like moved from across town, God knows why, our school is shit.

LUCAS

True.

They have both slowed down, they are looking backwards, towards the hill.

CARTER

He's not gonna last very long.

LUCAS

How long do you think?

Carter looks at Lucas, and smirks.

CARTER

I give him a week. I would give him longer, cause he's definitely not ugly, but... he's short, so he won't get a girl, and you know what happens to single guys at our school...

LUCAS

(Through a sigh)

Yup, I know.

They have both stopped. They look at the hill, at Oliver, who is talking to his sister, as he throws the ball again for his dog.

CARTER

It will be fun to see what happens
to him.

LUCAS

(Turning mean)

Yeah, shitbags like him shouldn't
be at our school, I hope he only
lasts a week.

CARTER

Me too.

Carter turns about, as he starts to run a bit, Lucas stays, standing pretty still for a second. His eyes have locked on Oliver, who does not see him.

Slowly, however, he starts to run again, still looks over his shoulder a couple of time.

THE SHOT FOCUSES ENTIRELY ON THE HILL, JUST ON OLIVER.

As Lucas looks away, Oliver turns around, his smile fading away, as he stares at the runners.

EXT. ON THE HILL - SAME TIME

Oliver is staring over the edge of the hill. From up there, the hill's top is flat, making up a field that is pretty large in size.

It connects to the backyards of houses, which are fenced in order to divide between the public and the private property. The sun is shining even brighter up there, and the lake can be seen in the distance.

It sparkles and shimmers as the light plays with it's distant water, Oliver gives it no attention though.

THE SHOT IS FROM BEHIND HIM.

He is standing there, entirely still, hands dropped to his side, as he looks at the runners in the distance.

His dog runs up to him, drops the ball at his feet, and starts licking his hand.

THE SHOT FOCUSES IN ON HIS FINGERS.

They carefully close up into a fist, as his dog keeps licking them.

THE SHOT CHANGES TO BEHIND HIM AGAIN.

It's still a little windy and the wind messes with the tips of Oliver's hair.

The girl, his sister, comes up behind him, and she places her hands down on his shoulder.

CHLOE

What are you looking at?

Oliver turns around to look at her. She gives him a slight smile.

THE SHOT TURNS TO FACE BOTH OF THEM.

OLIVER

I just saw somebody...

A smile forms even more on Chloe's face.

CHLOE

A guy?

Oliver's brows scrunch, and he lets out a slow breath.

OLIVER

Just someone, Chloe.

He looks at his dog, and picks up the ball.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Always, we shouldn't get distracted, I have to be home in fifteen minutes.

CHLOE

No you don't, you want to be home in fifteen minutes, you don't have to practice your flute at the same times.

OLIVER

I don't, but I like to,

He picks the ball up, and throws it.

EXT. THE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

It's very dark out, the only things lightning up the faces of the guys the lamps that they have set out on the ground around them.

These shine an uncomfortable light on all of their faces. There are fifteen of them, in a circle, sitting so that their knees touch the other persons next to them.

A few girls are in the mix, sitting on guys laps, by then, or spread in various parts inside the circle, five. These are the Star Girls, one of them is Sasha.

She sits pretty close to Lucas, who is sitting by Carter, Lucas, who is trying not to look uncomfortable.

One of the guys, from the circle, Max, stands up, holding a bottle of vodka to the sky. The light touches it, the reflection is unsteady, and off.

MAX

(Loud and clear)

This right here, this is something that should be prized and longed over. This is something that all of you, now, should look at, and want!

He holds the bottle up, and the guys all cheer in a quiet mumble.

MAX (CONT'D)

Now, I got this from a special place, that shall never be named, to share with all of you! Today, we drink!

He lifts it up, and they all break into screams.

Max resumes his place sitting, as he takes a sip, and passes the bottle to the guy next to him.

LUCAS

(Whispering to Carter)

This feels like a good way to get Mono.

CARTER

Oh it totally is, but that's what makes it fun.

He elbows Lucas, and also tips his head towards Sasha.

CARTER (CONT'D)

(His teasing suggestive voice)

Plus, then you won't have to worry about certain other people giving it to you.

LUCAS
You didn't have to.

CARTER
But I did.

Carter laughs, and Sasha, unaware they are talking of her, smiles giddily.

SASHA
(Ditzy and giggly)
Are you happy to be almost like,
official?

She hiccups a bit, and puts a hand over her mouth, laughing
Lucas's brows scrunch a little.

LUCAS
I think I am.

Sasha grins even more.

SASHA
(Excited)
Say it with more confidence, and
you will be.

Someone taps her, and she turns, it's the guy sitting next to her, holding out the vodka bottle. Her brows raise, as she looks at it, and she reaches out.

SASHA (CONT'D)
(Giggly)
Thank you.

She takes a long drink, makes a disgusted face, and shoves the bottle at Lucas.

He takes it from her.

LUCAS
How much alcoholic is in this
thing?

CARTER
Not enough, now drink it.

Carter gives him an expecting look.

THE SHOT FOCUSES ON THE BOTTLE, AND HOW IT GLINTS IN THE LIGHT.

Carter holds it up, his eyes looking over it.

THE SHOT CUTS BETWEEN HIM AND THE BOTTLE, HIM AND THE BOTTLE.

This sound gets louder and louder, louder still, before it cuts to a ringing silence.

CARTER (CONT'D)
You gonna drink it or what?

MAX
Yeah dude, drink it!

All of the other guys starts to take part.

ALL GUYS
Drink it! Drink it!

CARTER
Drink it!

SASHA
Drink it!

Lucas holds it up, and takes a sip.

MAX
Chug! Chug!

Max reaches behind him, and he pulls out a bag, taking out another bottle of vodka.

Lucas keeps drinking.

THE SHOT FOLLOWS MAX.

MAX (CONT'D)
Chug Chug!

Max goes over to Carter, and hands him the bottle.

Lucas finishes what was left in the vodka, and lets out a loud breath.

LUCAS
(triumphant scream!)
Chugged!

All of the guys and the girls that are there start to cheer along with him, yelling and screaming, some of them even going so far as to start clapping.

Carter hits him hard on the shoulder, before he goes and starts to open up his own bottle of Vodka.

CARTER

I knew you had that shit in you.

LUCAS

(A little slurred)

I knew too.

Lucas grins at the bottle, holding it up. Carter takes a long gulp of his vodka, choking down a lot in one sip.

He passes it on the guy next to him, who takes a long sip as well.

It goes further around the circle, all of them drinking as much as they can fill themselves up with.

The bottle makes it's way back to Max, and he takes it, and holds it up, showing that it's empty.

A sad sound passes by everyone.

MAX

Don't worry boy's, and your ladies too, I've got more to go around.

He drops the bottle, somehow it doesn't shatter, and he turns around, as he reaches back into his bag. He shuffles through it, and carefully pulls out another two bottle of vodka, he knocks them over as he brings the whole bag out to the inside of the circle.

THE SHOT IS FOCUSED ON THE BAG.

He dumps the contents out onto the ground. The bottles spill along, another thing of vodka, some cans of beers, and red cups that spill all over the hard concrete of the parking lot ground.

Some of the guys move inside to make a grab at the cups, and Max stands the bottles up, as he starts pouring some of the drinks.

GUY 1

You're always prepared, Max!

MAX

Yeah, that I am!

THE SHOT TURNS BACK OVER TO CARTER AND LUCAS

Sasha has gotten rather close to Lucas, she holds his arm, with her head placed on his shoulder. She hiccups in a drunken way, and giggles to herself.

SASHA
We should get... drinks.

She smiles at Lucas, and smiles back.

LUCAS
(Somewhat drunkenly)
I think I've had enough.

CARTER
No, don't be stupid, you can never
have enough. I'll get them for us,
you two, just stay, do your thing.

He gives them a suggestive look, Lucas only responding with a
confused smile, as he turns back and faces Sasha.

LUCAS
(Very drunk)
He's gonna get us all killed.

SASHA
Mhm... but that's okay.

She holds Lucas's arm as tight as she can, and scoots in
super close, resting her head on his shoulder.

Carter is walking back towards them, and he sits down,
crossing his legs, as he holds a cup out to Lucas.

LUCAS
(Drunk)
I shouldn't.

He shakes his head.

Carter keeps holding the drink out. Sasha takes hers, sipping
from it right away.

CARTER
Come one, you aren't that light,
just a bit more.

Lucas stares at the red cup.

LUCAS
Fine.

He snatches it.

THE SHOT FACES DOWN INTO THE LIQUID, HIS REFLECTION CAN
SOMEWHAT BE SEEN, DISTORTED TOWARDS THE BOTTOM OF THE CUP.

EXT. THE PARKING LOT - LATER

Red cups lay everywhere, dumped by the people who were drinking them before hand. Most of the drunk teenagers were gone at this point, those left only the juniors, abandoned to clean up the mess.

Lucas is picking up a few red cups, dropping them in a garbage bag that Max had left them with, well Carter comes up to him, and places his arm over his shoulder.

CARTER
(Super drunk whisper)
Hey Lucas?

Lucas looks back at him. Spinning around so he lets him go.

LUCAS
(Drunk, loud)
What?

CARTER
(Drunken whisper)
Don't you think it's annoying, that we have to clean up?

LUCAS
We won't next year.

Lucas staggers over, bends, and picks up a few more cups. Carter hiccups.

CARTER
(Drunk)
Yeah... I won't. You only won't if you get Sasha to date you.

Carter points over in the distance.

THE CAMERA PANS UPWARDS, SHOWING SASHA.

She seems relatively sober, and is talking to two of the girls who stayed behind, as they pick up a few red cups, bottles of vodka, that sort of thing.

They are whispering excitedly.

CATHEY
You should do it now!

SASHA
Now?

CATHEY
(Excited)
Yes! We'll clean up for you.

She pushes Sasha over towards Lucas, and she catches him staring, in response she waves, and her friends, all behind her, giggle.

SASHA
(Nervous)
I'm not sure I can do this.

CATHEY
You'll be fine.

She pushes Sasha again.

THE SHOT FLIPS OVER TO FACE LUCAS AND CARTER.

Lucas looks over at Carter, a little exasperated.

LUCAS
(Slurred)
What are they doing?

Carter shrugs, as he picks up a cup, throws it at the bag, it misses, so he picks it up again, and shoves it aggressively in.

CARTER
(Slurred drunk)
You. They are talking about you,
and how she needs to be with you.
I'll clean, you get tonight off.
Go!

He, like Sasha's friends did to her pushes Lucas over towards her.

Lucas staggers over, stumbling over his feet a bit as he makes his way over to Sasha. He wipes a touch of persistent sweat off his face, as he goes up to her.

THE SHOT FOLLOWS NEXT TO THEM, GETTING BOTH OF THEIR FACES.

LUCAS
(Drunk mutter)
Hey, my friends, they... pushed me
here.

Sasha looks back over at her friends.

SASHA

That's funny, cause mine did the same.

She smiles and waves at her friends,

THE SHOT TURNS OVER SASHA'S SHOULDER.

Her friends wave and give her thumbs up. They seem proud of her. One of them almost, however, drops the bag that they were holding, and they bend down to pick it back up. Only one red cup spills out.

Lucas laughs a little.

THE SHOT TURNS BACK TO FACE HIM.

LUCAS

You're friends are funny.

SASHA

I know they are. Yours are pretty silly too.

She stands on her toes and looks at Carter.

THE SHOT FACES HIM.

Carter gives Lucas a thumbs up.

THE SHOT CUTS BACK TO LUCAS.

Lucas just looks confused, his brows scrunch a little, and he starts to walk, not in Carter's direction, but more to the right of him.

Sasha follows.

LUCAS

(Drunk)

I don't want our silly friends to see us.

Sasha smiles a little.

SASHA

No, neither do I. Cause, I have something to ask you.

Lucas looks up at her, he was looking at the ground before.

LUCAS

You do?

SASHA

Yeah. It's pretty important, too,
just so you know.

She reaches out for his hand, and grabs it. She pulls it right up to her chest, and holds it there. She glance down, and a small proud look crawls over her face.

This is where they both stop walking.

LUCAS

(Slurred)

I don't think nothing is that
important right now, nothing but
silly friends.

SASHA

Yeah... this is more important.

She makes eye contact with him, he tries to break it, but she makes it hard for him.

LUCAS

(Insistent drunk)

No. No it's not. If it was more
important...

Sasha turns to face him, and puts a finger to her own lips, shushing him.

SASHA

It's really important, I promise.
Just listen.

Lucas furrows his brow, and he tips his head to the side.

LUCAS

Sasha?

SASHA

What?

LUCAS

(Drunk)

It's not important.

He pulls his hands away from her, looks at them as though he didn't know he had any, and starts to try and stagger back over towards Carter.

THE SHOT STAYS ON SASHA.

Her mouth is somewhat open in disgust, but very slowly a look of determination fluids over her face, and she makes two fists, storming towards Lucas.

THE CAMERA PANS AROUND.

Lucas is walking towards Carter, staggering a bit.

CARTER
(A little drunk)
Lucas, what are you doing?

LUCAS
(Drunk)
Good question. See, she over there wanted to talk to me about something important. Carter, what is important?

Carter is picking up a few red cups, and he pauses to think. His fingers tap around the plastic, and he crinkles it as he closes them slowly around, letting it drop into the bag.

CARTER
(Drunk)
She's important.

Carter points at Sasha.

THE SHOT TURNS, SO JUST HER AND LUCAS ARE IN IT.

LUCAS
Important... Really?

THE SHOT STAYS IN THIS POSITION, SO CARTER'S VOICE CAN ONLY BE HEARD.

CARTER
Yeah really.

Sasha is standing in the faint light from the lanterns, and she holds her hand up, and gives a little wave. Lucas waves back.

She slowly approaches him, and he walks towards her. A look of curiosity has overwhelmed his face.

It's dark out, and they are framed by the uncomfortable lighting, as they stand beside one another.

SASHA

I wanted to ask you. Do you want to do something, this weekend? A date?

Lucas blinks very slowly, just a couple of times, and he looks back at Carter. Carter gives him a thumbs up, and then makes a kissing motion with his hands.

Lucas turns to face Sasha again, and slowly, he nods.

LUCAS

(Drunk)

Is it important?

SASHA

Very.

LUCAS

(Struggling to say his words)

Then... I'm in.

He lifts his hand up to shake hers, struggling to do it, and she takes it. They shake hands.

ACT THREE

INT. OLIVER'S ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Oliver is standing in his room, with his flute pressed to his lips, as he play's it. He's really good, and the sound is beautiful and elaborate.

There is music set out on his stand, it just looks hard. This set up is in the center of his room.

His bed is to the side of this, made neatly, with one stuffed animal placed on the pillow, well in front of him, placed under the window, is his desk. Though, it being late, his blind's are drawn.

A knock comes on his door, and with the sound, he carefully lowers his flute.

OLIVER

Who is it?

CHLOE

Me.

Chloe opens the door, standing with her arms crossed. She's in her pajamas, her hair a little messy, and a tired look on her face.

OLIVER

Oh... were you trying to sleep?

CHLOE

(Annoyed)

Yes. What did we talk about, just because mom's out doesn't mean I don't exist.

She walks through his room, and goes over to his stand, snatches his music.

He watches her do this, but doesn't say anything about it.

OLIVER

Sorry.

CHLOE

(Upset)

Yeah, you better be. I have a test!
And now it's eleven.

OLIVER
Eleven isn't that late.

CHLOE
(Upset)
But it is when you have to wake up
at six. So thanks. Just, at least
take the dog out.

She hits him with his music, but stops because she doesn't know what to do with it. He ends up taking it from her, and letting her go storm down the hallway back to her door.

He starts to clean his flute, and his dog walks into his room, almost to remind him he needs to be taken out.

EXT. THE STREET OLIVER AND LUCAS LIVE ON - A LITTLE LATER

A car pulls up at the top of the hill. This is a quiet neighborhood, the houses aren't that big, besides the ones down at the end.

The side door to the car opens, and Lucas steps out. Carter makes a grab for his arm.

CARTER
You sure here?

Lucas nods, he is still very apparently drunk.

LUCAS
(Slurred)
Yeah. It's a really hard turn, you
don't wanna go there.

CARTER
(A little drunk sounding)
Okay, if you say so.

Lucas just barely closes the door, before Carter speeds off down the road, and Lucas has to jump out of the way as not to be hit.

He sniffs, and wipes his nose, as he turns to the street.

THE SHOT GOES BEHIND HIM.

This shows the hill that he has to walk down, the house's driveway lights illumination the pavement.

Lucas takes one shaky step forwards, stumbling over his feet, as he takes the next one, walking down the hill.

This step is more or less a stagger, it's not very well put together, and he tips, almost falling over.

LUCAS
(Drunk whisper)
Come on legs, work.

He makes two fists and hits his legs with them. He tries to take another step and nearly falls completely over. He staggers to the side a bit, and stops, looking down at his feet.

SHOT OF HIS FEET

His feet shuffle around, this is his attempt to walk, but he gives up.

THE SHOT FACES HIM

He looks down at his legs, and lifts one of them up with his hands, and drops it in place, then lifts the next one up, dropping it in place.

OLIVER
(Distant voice, quiet)
Come on Reese, go potty.

Lucas only staggers a little more down the hill. He stops there, to try and think of how to get down the rest of it.

He taps his legs, as though that might make them move.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
(Worried)
Are you okay?

Lucas looks over to the side.

THE SHOT REVEALS OLIVER.

Oliver is standing out in his front yard, his dog is on leash and he is trying to get her to pee. She walks circles around him, but isn't going. He's gotten a little tangled up.

Lucas stares at him, squinting a bit.

LUCAS
(Drunk)
Am I okay?

Lucas puts a hand on his chest.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

I am always okay, little man.
Always.

He swats his hand at Oliver, as he seems to be insistent on that. He tries to take another step, and almost falls completely over.

He barely catches himself, stumbling into another stop.

Oliver watches this, his lips somewhat parted, and carefully walks back to his door, lets his dog go in, shuts it, and starts to approach Lucas.

OLIVER

Not always, do you need help?

Lucas, who had resumed looking at the ground turns his head so it shoots up right to Oliver.

LUCAS

(Mocking, drunk)
Me? Need help from you? Who the fuck even are you?

Oliver looks side to side, and carefully takes a slow step towards Lucas.

OLIVER

I'm your neighbor.

LUCAS

(Mean)
Fucking why though? I haven't seen a little fuck like you survive here. This place, it's bad.

OLIVER

Because of people like you?

LUCAS

(Aggressive)
Yeah shit head, cause of people like me.

Lucas hits his hand on his chest, and he tries to walk a bit towards Oliver. His legs are barely working, and all of his steps come in uncomfortable staggers.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

(Aggressive)
We are gonna fuck you up in this life, that's how it always goes. We take what's good, and we crush it.

He closes both his hands in fists, and stops walking. Oliver carefully approaches him.

OLIVER

Then just don't crush it.

Lucas laughs a little bit.

LUCAS

Nah, nothing is important enough to keep...

Lucas pauses, and his brows scrunch a little.

THE SHOT TURNS TO HIS FACE.

FLASHBACK

EXT. THE PARKING LOT

Sasha is smiling at Lucas.

SASHA

I wanted to ask you. Do you want to do something, this weekend? A date?

END FLASHBACK

EXT. THE STREET OLIVER AND LUCAS LIVE ON - PRESENT TIME

THE SHOT IS STILL ON LUCAS'S FACE, BUT IT ZOOMS OUT A BIT

Lucas is standing there, with Oliver, in the leftovers from Oliver's porch lights. He shakes his head a bit, trying to gasp onto something to think about, for just a second.

He reaches down into his pocket, pulling out his phone.

THE SHOT CATCHES HIM SCROLLING ON HIS PHONE SCREEN

He is scrolling through his contact, but not a single one of them is Sasha, the more he scrolls down, the more worried and agitated he seems to get.

He closes his phone, and shoves it in his pocket, rifling around and pulling out a pair of car keys.

LUCAS

(Tired and drunk)

I gotta go, rescue myself...

He turns around to keep going down the hill, and practically falls over, as Oliver runs forward and catches him, helping him to stand up straight.

Lucas tries to push him away, but he gives up, as Oliver stay's there, putting one of his arms over his shoulder for support.

OLIVER
(Insistent)
You need help.

Lucas looks at Oliver, and their eyes meet.

LUCAS
Yeah, I need help.

Oliver carefully takes Lucas's hand, and he wiggles the keys out from his fingers, taking them away.

OLIVER
You also need to not drive.

LUCAS
(A little protesting)
But...

OLIVER
I'll give them to you tomorrow morning.

THE SHOT FOLLOWS OLIVER'S HAND.

He shoves the keys down into his pocket, and they fall through it, heavy inside.

Then, very carefully, he starts to walk Lucas down the way. Step by step, he walks him little by little along down the road, as they head down towards Lucas's house.

Lucas's leans most of his weight on Oliver.

LUCAS
(Drunken mutter)
You better not lose them.

OLIVER
I won't.

He turns, as they walk down the street, Lucas stumbles over his feet, but Oliver helps him, adjusting himself so that Lucas is better able to walk.

Though Oliver is looking ahead down the dark street, Lucas looks at him, being the only one making eye contact. He searches between Oliver's eyes, just briefly. He squints a bit, and almost trips.

Oliver helps him over the stumble though, and they make their way down into Lucas's driveway, past his car, and down the path to his front door.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Do you have a house key?

Lucas shoves him away. Brushing his body off where Oliver helped hold him up.

LUCAS

Yeah, duh.

He reaches down into his pocket, filtering through it a bit. His hand moves around, and then he pulls out a small key. He tries to put it in backwards, and Oliver takes it from him.

Their hands touch, as he carefully flips the key around, and guides Lucas's hand, so it goes in the right way.

The door clicks, and carefully it swings open as it unlocks.

Lucas stars over his shoulder at Oliver, and they both pause, looking at one another.

OLIVER

You'll be okay?

Lucas is quiet. His eyes search, back and forth, back and forth, rather slowly, as they dissect the way Oliver stares back at him.

LUCAS

I... think so.

Lucas looks to the door, he is holding Oliver's hand around the handle, and both of them slowly move their fingers away, looking at each other once more.

OLIVER

Do you want me to help you in?

Lucas shakes his head.

LUCAS

I'm okay.

Oliver nods, his brows furrowing.

OLIVER

Promise?

They keep eye contact as carefully Lucas makes his way behind the door. He doesn't close it though, he just continues to stare at Oliver. Who doesn't try to break eye contact either.

LUCAS

I don't do those.

He stares to shut the door, but pauses when it's just a crack open.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

(Drunk whisper)

They come back and they bit Oliver,
everything we do, hurts.

Then he closes the door.

Oliver is dead still, his arms drop to his side, as he stands there.

His hand closes up in a fist, and he touches it to his heart, letting out a very slow, careful, and cautious breath, one that seems thoughtful, before he turns, and starts to walk away.