

**SATURN RETURN**

Written by

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*"Perhaps it is true. We do not really exist  
until there is someone there to see us existing."  
- Alain de Botton*

**Note: this script has two timelines. red text signals we are in  
the past.**

**INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - SOUTH BEND, INDIANA - PRESENT**

We're dropped into the MIDDLE of a FUNERAL SERVICE.

Aerial view of a modest but well-kept church. Cream-colored walls. Stained glass windows. The PRIEST gives his liturgy to a PACKED CHURCH.

Each pew is filled with BLONDE HEADS. Not dystopian, just the Midwest.

PRIEST

Peter 4-7: The end of all things is  
near.

In a far back row is ONE DARK-HAIRED GIRL, sticking out in a sea of Aryan griever. This is **EVE (30s)**.

All the mourners move as one, genuflecting. They know every cue. Eve is struggling to keep up but doing her best.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Therefore be alert and of sober  
mind, that you may pray.

Everyone bows their head in tandem. Eve a beat behind.

In the frontmost pew, next to the COFFIN, is **ANDERS (30s)**. Red-eyed, but otherwise keeping it together.

Almost instinctually, he turns and looks back across the church. Right at Eve.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Above all, love each other deeply.  
Love covers over a multitude of  
sins.

**EXT. COLLEGE - TEN YEARS EARLIER**

The Green of a prestigious liberal arts college. Fall in New England. STUDENTS excitedly looking around as their PARENTS trail behind them.

**INT. FRESHMAN DORM - SAME**

Very old-school. Worn carpets, narrow staircase. **EVE** (18, guarded, nervous) and her mom, **CELIA** (58) are lugging DENSE SUITCASES up the stairs. The suitcase-to-body ratio is heavily weighted towards suitcase.

At the landing, they drop their suitcases and roll them down a residential hallway. Panting and pleased with themselves.

EVE  
Wasn't so bad.

CELIA  
I never let people put my carry-on  
in the overhead for me either.

EVE  
I know. I know that about you.

CELIA  
Ok, I'm sorry --

EVE  
-- I'm not criticizing --

CELIA  
-- I guess I'm just repeating  
myself because I'm senile.

EVE  
Don't even joke about that.

They stop at a door with a sign reading EVE BROOME on a laminated piece of paper. She tries the door and it gives, revealing a SMALL SINGLE: twin bed, standard-issue dresser and desk.

Celia immediately starts re-arranging the furniture. Eve goes to the window and looks out ONTO THE GREEN: STUDENTS greet each other, generally at ease.

CELIA  
You'll get sun in your face too  
early with the bed here.

She turns to Eve. Eve's back is still to Celia.

CELIA (CONT'D)  
Can you take the other end?  
(in the absence of a  
response)  
Hello. Paging Eve.

EVE  
It's not too late to just go home.

CELIA  
You're hilarious. Take this end.

Eve turns to face her mom, gravely serious.

EVE  
You can't leave me here.

CELIA  
Eve.

EVE  
Please. I don't know what I was thinking. New England is too sterile. Who let me apply this many miles from Chicago anyway? Was it you? Because your one job is to helicopter me until I resent you --

CELIA  
I think it's great. They say it's a mark of good parenting when your child feels safe to move far --

EVE  
But I don't feel safe. I don't even know anybody!

CELIA  
Nobody knows anybody. You're a freshman.

EVE  
People know people. There's a whole separate network for the East Coast. Group-chats and family friends, not to mention the entire summer camp ecosystem I wasn't part of.

CELIA  
That's good, they won't be tired of you yet.

EVE  
They will be when they realize I'm not smart enough to be here.

Celia stops moving the furniture.

CELIA  
Now I'm sure I have no idea what you're talking about.

EVE  
My college counselor told me this was a reach!

(MORE)

EVE (CONT'D)

And she said it like, "that's a reach." I essentially slipped through the cracks. That's why I'm here. I'm a crack-slipper.

CELIA

Don't be ridiculous. Reach schools are for reaching.

EVE

Everyone here is like, the President. I don't even have a major.

CELIA

(still thinking)

They should call it a "stretch," like how you stretch a little every day for something you can't quite get and then *voila!* Flexible.

EVE

I don't want to stretch! I want to lie down! I was just getting the hang of life at home and now it's over.

CELIA

Nothing is ever really over. You move forward, but it's all still in you. That's adulthood.

Eve's eyes well up. She's horrified.

EVE

I'm in adulthood?

A light RAP on the open door startles them. In the doorway is an RA (22), way too peppy.

RA

Hiya Broome family. Freshman floor meeting in 5 if you folks wanna mosey on over!

He exits. Eve and Celia look at each other. A beat, then:

CELIA

He seems annoying.

EVE

Already hate that guy.

INT. DORM - COMMON ROOM

Eve and Celia share a lounge chair in a crowded common room stuffed with OTHER STUDENTS and THEIR FAMILIES.

RA

-- at the end of the floor is the study room, where we ask everyone cultivate an energy for focus by speaking in their inside voices --

Eve can't help but give a small eye-roll, looking right at ANDERS (18, world is his oyster). He flashes Eve a furtive smile that signals they're on the same page.

A LITTLE LATER

The meeting over, everyone spilling into the hallway and going back to their respective rooms.

Eve and Celia walk past an open door to a double, where Anders loiters with his PARENTS, PAT (62) and ROGER (66).

CELIA

Here, let's say hi to your neighbors.

EVE

Mom. Don't.

Too late. She's already in the doorway.

CELIA

Hi there. I'm Celia, this is my daughter Eve.

Eve wants to die.

EVE

Hi.

PAT

I'm Pat, my husband Roger. Our son, Anders. So nice to meet you.  
(apropos of nothing)  
We're from Indiana.

CELIA

We're from Chicago.

PAT

Fancy!

Roger turns so his hearing aid is tilted towards Celia.

ROGER  
What? Sorry, I didn't hear --

PAT  
They're from Chicago --

ROGER  
Fancy.

PAT  
That's what I said!

ROGER  
You must live in a palace!

Anders also wants to die but is way better at faking it.

ANDERS  
(politician handshake)  
Hey there. Anders. Ignore my dad.  
Nice to meet you.

EVE  
Eve. Hi.

CELIA  
Looks like you two are floor-mates.

ROGER  
What'd you say?

ANDERS  
Nothing, Dad.

CELIA  
I said it looks like our kids are  
on the same floor.

ROGER  
They're doing what?

CELIA  
(louder, slower)  
It looks like your son --

EVE  
Jesus, Mom, stop screaming --

CELIA (CONT'D)  
(even slower)  
-- and my daughter --

ANDERS  
Sorry, he can't -- it's fine --

Pat's chuckling politely, everyone else talking over each other, getting louder and louder.

INT. ANDERS'S ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Silence. The door is shut. Pat and Anders pin photos to an empty bulletin board. Roger sits at the desk, not helping.

PAT  
Did I tell you Ros from bridge club  
says good luck?

ANDERS  
(trying not to be annoyed)  
Yes, but thank you, and thank you  
Ros from bridge club.

Pat pulls out a "Fighting Irish!" sticker and pins it up.

PAT  
Maybe your roommate will be a Notre  
Dame fan.

ANDERS  
He's probably a Boston sports fan.  
Most people here are.

He pulls a Patriots hat from his suitcase. Puts it on and gestures, like, "eh?"

ANDERS (CONT'D)  
Is it too much?

ROGER  
Bah.

ANDERS  
Didn't know you were awake.

ROGER  
That hat is sacrilegious.

ANDERS  
Then this is my new religion? I  
live in this world now, so --

PAT  
"This world"?

ANDERS  
You know.  
(off her face)  
Prestige? Opportunity? The  
reasons anyone comes here. I'm  
building my network, I have to be  
strategic with how I present.

PAT

Here I was thinking college is supposed to be fun.

ANDERS

I'm going to have fun! Just, the kind of fun I can leverage. I want the -- y'know, the scholarship -- to be worth something.

ROGER

You're so serious all the time.

ANDERS

I'm trying to be an adult. Do you know what I mean when I say adult?

Pat starts humming loudly to stop the argument.

PAT

I'm having a nice day sending my only son off to college.

A tense silence falls.

**NATHAN** (18, long hockey-player hair) walks in with his suitcase, headphones on. He sees Anders's family and slides them down around his neck.

NATHAN

'Sup. I'm Nathan.  
(to Anders)  
Cool hat.

**INT. EVE'S DORM - NIGHT**

Eve sits alone in her room, crying.

OUT THE WINDOW, Celia gets into a cab and waves up at the building. Eve watches her drive away, flips over, and buries her head in a pillow.

**EXT. EVE'S ROOM - HALLWAY - SAME**

Anders, Nathan, and a bunch of OTHER STUDENTS head out together. Anders pauses for a second at Eve's closed door, but the other students BECKON him, and he rushes to keep up.

INT. COLLEGE LIBRARY - DAY

FRESHMEN collect their textbooks and queue up to check out. Eve is in line with headphones in. Eve is holding a bunch of CLASSICS and BOOKS IN LATIN, GREEK, etc.

Anders lines up behind her. They notice one another but don't speak. She looks like she might say something, but loses her nerve when Nathan joins Anders in line.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A PACKED lecture hall. Anders and Nathan right in the front row, Eve a few rows back. She clocks them laughing and whispering.

PROFESSOR

And now I'm looking for a  
volunteer?

Anders' hand shoots up. Eve sinks into her chair.

INT. DORM STUDY ROOM - NIGHT

A few tables and a whiteboard. Eve annotates a copy of BEOWULF. At the table next to her are Anders and Nathan, working on practice problems.

NATHAN

You're some sort of genius.

ANDERS

Nah. It's like sports. You just  
have to get your reps in.

He shadow-boxes to demonstrate. Eve watches out of the corner of her eye.

NATHAN

And what are you training for  
exactly?

ANDERS

Internships. Jobs. The real  
world.

NATHAN

I just want to get through pre-  
season and hook up with a junior.  
Feels too early to be worried about  
all of that.

ANDERS  
Not for the competitive places.  
Those interviews happen before  
winter break even.

Eve gathers her stuff and leaves. Nathan clocks it.

NATHAN  
(re: Anders)  
Someone doesn't like nerds.

**RIGHT OUTSIDE THE STUDY ROOM**

Eve furiously Googles "good internships?", looking depressed.

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. WHOLE FOODS - LOS ANGELES - PRESENT**

Chronologically, a little before the opening scene. Adult Eve is again looking at her phone, brow furrowed. In her other arm she holds several cans of beans. She tries to write a text with a few free fingers.

From the other end of the aisle, her boyfriend, JACKSON (30) appears. He jogs to Eve and relieves her of the cans just before she drops them. She immediately fixes her face, "happy", and looks away from her phone.

JACKSON  
This is cannibalism.  
(off her face)  
Beans eating beans?

She rolls her eyes but clearly likes it. He kisses the top of her head.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
I'll grab the rest of the stuff.  
Meet up front?

**EXT. WHOLE FOODS - A LITTLE LATER**

Jackson and Eve load the back of their car with groceries.

**INT. EVE'S HOUSE - LATER**

Jackson and Eve have dinner and talk playfully.

JACKSON

My dream would be to elope. No drama, no attention, just a tiny ceremony. Maybe, like, my brother is there. Hard maybe.

EVE

That's not a wedding, that's a witness protection alibi.

JACKSON

What do you mean? Anything is a wedding.

EVE

By nature, a wedding is 90% fanfare. It's like the one Machiavellian opportunity to power-rank everybody in your life.

JACKSON

You're saying that's your dream?

EVE

I don't know what my dream is.  
(then)  
Omakase and a joint for every guest?

Jackson shakes his head and laughs.

EVE (CONT'D)

I can ask any two people to kiss and they have to do it? And Get Busy plays twice, at minimum.  
(Sean Paul voice)  
Shake. That. Thing. Miss --

Jackson is dancing now.

**INT. EVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Eve gets into bed. Jackson comes in, but before he climbs in beside her, he makes a big show of tucking her in. He presses the sheets tightly around her starting at her feet. She laughs and tries to stop him, but her arms are tucked too tightly.

**EARLY MORNING**

Jackson and Eve are asleep, spooning. Eve's PHONE lights up on the NIGHTSTAND. BUZZES once. Twice. She startles and wakes up, blindly reaching for it.

She groggily studies the screen. Rubs her eyes again and sits UP ABRUPTLY. Totally freaked out.

**EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - A BIT LATER**

Eve waits in her car and taps impatiently on the wheel. The clock turns 8:58... 8:59... at 9:00 she JUMPS out of the car.

**INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - MINUTES LATER**

A harried Eve pulls clothing off various racks. Nobody else is in the store save for ONE CLERK.

She rushes into a DRESSING ROOM with a pile of clothes, fishing out BLACK PANTS. She barely has them on before she tears them off and pulls on a BLACK DRESS. Then a SLUTTIER BLACK DRESS.

Eve sucks in her stomach and practices walking towards the mirror. She pulls a shawl from the pile around her shoulders. A smile spreads across her face, she likes this choice. Then, realizing:

EVE  
Jesus. I'm a perv.

**INT. LAX AIRPORT - SHORTLY AFTER**

Eve waits by her gate, on the phone. She looks very Los Angeles (over-dressed, coordinated luggage, big headphones). Everyone else is giving Disneyland tourist, to be polite.

EVE (INTO PHONE)  
Yeah. Any minute now. I'll text  
you my return for Sunday.  
(then)  
Thanks for being so cool about  
this.

Whatever she hears in response makes her laugh.

EVE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)  
You're very secure, we're all  
talking about it. We're all  
impressed.

BOARDING (V.O.)  
Flight 6589, Chicago.

EVE (INTO PHONE)  
Gotta go. Call you tomorrow, love  
you.

**INT. AIRPLANE**

Eve is squished in a middle seat in coach.

**EXT. CHICAGO AIRPORT - LATER**

Eve rolls her suitcase out of the airport and waits by passenger pick-up. She looks around anxiously and checks her phone until a CAR PULLS UP right in front of her and HONKS once to get her attention.

She waves, a little awkward, then goes to the trunk. It's locked. She taps the back window tentatively.

EVE  
Sorry -- it won't --

**INT. CAR - MINUTES LATER**

Eve sits shotgun with NATHAN (28), hair now short and corporate-looking. A SUIT in a GARMENT BAG is hung in the backseat.

EVE  
Sweet ride.

NATHAN  
Hertz Gold, baby.

EVE  
Corporate sell-out.

She pulls out her phone. Nathan looks a little affronted, which Eve senses:

EVE (CONT'D)  
Sorry, one sec. Texting my mom.  
Have to recap for her that I'm in  
Chicago, tell her why, and tell her  
I won't have time to see her. All  
before she notices on Find My  
Friends and draws her own  
conclusions.

NATHAN

You still share your location with Celia?

EVE

(putting phone away)

It's only been two years. Not enough time for her to have a full brain transplant and wake up, anew. Modern medicine isn't there.

Nathan chuckles and pulls out into traffic.

EVE (CONT'D)

Thanks for getting me. It's nice to see you.

NATHAN

It was nice of you to come.

EVE

He asked me to come.

NATHAN

Well. It's still nice of you.

EVE

I'm just here to be supportive and make the weekend easier.

NATHAN

Right.

A strange beat of strained silence.

EVE

(sing-song)

Road trip.

NATHAN

How bad is the drive?

EVE

So easy. We used to do it all the time. Well. He'd do it, and I'd be asleep.

NATHAN

Weird there's not a closer airport.

EVE

I remember there was a plan at some point to build one.

(MORE)

EVE (CONT'D)

We were so excited for it, and then  
one day it just totally fell apart.

They make brief eye contact with each other, and then look  
away.

NATHAN

(searching)

So -- how have you been? How's  
living in LA?

EVE

It's, you know. LA. Good. The  
weather is so nice all the time  
that it's kind of soulless. Like,  
it's always gorgeous out, and we  
don't even have to earn it by  
suffering half the year.

NATHAN

Maybe earning your happiness is  
overrated. Like, we should all  
just get it.

EVE

(theatrically)

Ah, and yet, we never do.

NATHAN

Are you unhappy?

EVE

What? No -- I didn't mean that. I  
was doing a bit. I'm happy. I'm  
really happy.

NATHAN

It's okay if you're not.

EVE

I'm not saying I'm not. I'm not  
saying anything.

(chewing on it)

Do I seem unhappy?

NATHAN

No, no. You seem fine. I mean,  
all seems -- as it was.

(this is painful)

So. You dating anyone?

EVE

Really?

NATHAN

Sorry.

(then)

I'm just surprised. I didn't know you and Anders were in touch, honestly.

EVE

We aren't really.

NATHAN

Oh.

EVE

I don't know.

**EXT. ANDERS' HOUSE - SOUTH BEND, INDIANA - LATER**

A small craftsman-style home set on a backwoods road. Big backyard with a lake. Nathan and Eve pull up.

NATHAN

Shit. I just realized we didn't bring anything.

EVE

We're here, that's the important part.

NATHAN

Isn't it, like, rude to show up empty-handed? Or it's fine? I've never -- sorry.

EVE

You don't have to apologize to me because everyone in your family is alive. I'm rooting for you. Be the medical miracle.

NATHAN

It's one of those things where it's actually worse. Because knowing that eventually I'll experience death for the first time is a constant, looming possibility. You know?

EVE

I hear you, but definitely don't repeat that outside of this car.

They get out and walk into the open GARAGE. Eve knocks once on the back door and lets herself in. Nathan doesn't know where he's going, but Eve clearly does, so he follows her.

**INT. ANDERS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Eve and Nathan let themselves into the kitchen, where PAT (now 72) is sitting with a few FRIENDS, among them ROS (70s) and ROS'S HUSBAND, MARK (70s).

The kitchen is cozy: framed embroidery, fridge covered in magnets and baby PHOTOS of ANDERS, lots of food in Tupperware. There are SEVERAL BOUQUETS.

PAT  
Oh, you're here!

She stands, adorable and warm, and gives them each a long, meaningful hug.

PAT (CONT'D)  
How wonderful. Anders will be thrilled to see you.

To her friends:

PAT (CONT'D)  
Everyone, this is Nathan, Anders' roommate in New York. He brought Anders' suit for him.

The friends makes appreciative cooing noises.

PAT (CONT'D)  
And this is Eve.

Some people in the room clearly recognize her. Ros gives a knowing wave.

PAT (CONT'D)  
Anders' -- friend. From Boston.  
They met in Boston.  
(sotto)  
Yeah?

EVE  
That is absolutely accurate. Hi everyone. I'm Eve.

Nathan lifts the suit.

NATHAN  
I'm gonna put this in his room.

He leaves. Eve is now standing up alone in front of all of Pat's friends. They WHISPER to each other.

ROS  
Really nice of you to come.

EVE  
Oh. I mean.

ROS  
I didn't think we'd see you again --

PAT  
We're very touched you're here. It just means the world to us.

EVE  
Well, I really love your family.

Eve is mortified to find she is suddenly on the verge of tears. She starts clearing her throat STRANGELY and AGGRESSIVELY. Pat passes her a glass of water and then points down the hallway.

PAT  
He's just through there.

Eve cranes her neck to look down the hallway.

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. DORM HALLWAY - OUTSIDE STUDY ROOM - NIGHT**

As if the same movement, Eve peers down the hallway into the study room. It's not empty: Anders and Nathan are in there, talking. She turns and heads back to her bedroom.

Then, halfway through, she stops, pivots. Forces herself back to the study room.

**INT. STUDY ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Anders and Nathan are mid-argument. Eve takes out a textbook and starts trying to read, "casual".

ANDERS  
-- my point is, we want to meet the right people, we should be easygoing. Just go along with the plan.

NATHAN

Dude, trust me, the move is to stay on campus. We just need a girl to --

ANDERS

I think we should make a group chat and let people vote.

NATHAN

No way. My dad says when you take things to the group, you lose your power and fall into the mercy of a mob decision.

Eve snorts to herself a little bit.

ANDERS

My dad doesn't know what a group chat is. He has a flip phone. Every photo he sends looks like it was taken on a calculator.

She laughs again, louder. She can't help herself.

NATHAN

Want to help me out here?  
(Eve keeps reading)  
Hello, I'm talking to you.

EVE

Oh, me? My dad's dead. He doesn't even know about the iPhone. What an idiot.

Nathan looks grave and bummed out.

NATHAN

My god. I'm sorry.

ANDERS

What happened?

EVE

Oh, I was joking.

NATHAN

He's not dead?

EVE

No. He's dead.

NATHAN

Jesus. I'm sorry.

EVE

But it's a joke, like it's funny.

NATHAN

That's not funny at all. That's really sad.

EVE

So my dad's dead and I can't make jokes about it?

They consider this for a second.

ANDERS

You're right. You should be able to say whatever you want.

NATHAN

Let it rip. You clearly have something else brewing.

EVE

Okay. Okay.  
(working herself up to it)  
Okay, you know how there's that whole trend of like, "oh, this serial killer is actually really hot?" Well, why is it okay to be horny for Ted Bundy, but not for leukemia, which kills way more people yearly including my dad?

Nathan groans loudly and bangs his head down on the table. Anders spits his water out. The RA pokes his head in.

RA

If you can't use those inside voices, you might need to take this outside. That sound good?

Everybody stares back at him with dead eyes. The RA holds firm in the doorway until they start packing up their stuff.

RA (CONT'D)

It's a beautiful Friday night, get on out there and carpe the noctum!

Anders and Nathan turn to one another and get up. Eve pretends not to be disappointed watching them leave, her attempt at making friends thwarted.

When Anders and Nathan get to the door, Anders stops and turns around:

ANDERS

Wait. I have a proposition.

**EXT. COLLEGE - LATER**

The three of them walk across the QUAD, in more "going out" style clothing. Eve is wearing makeup and has a nervous energy about her. Nathan is on cloud nine.

NATHAN

This is incredible. We'd never be able to get into this party without bringing girls. Girl.

EVE

Don't get too excited. I don't know if I'll count. I'm not exactly in the mix.

NATHAN

You're a woman. You're here. That is the mix. Personally I'd wager the aloof thing actually makes you more valuable than the people actively socializing.

EVE

The aloof thing?

Anders shoots Nathan a look.

EVE (CONT'D)

(to Anders)

The aloof thing?

ANDERS

Um. You know. The "not participating" thing. Like sitting in the back of the class, always having your door shut.

NATHAN

The "I think I'm better than this" thing. That's your vibe.

EVE

I have a vibe?

(then)

That's not my vibe. Nobody's exactly invited me out or anything.

NATHAN  
 You're overthinking it. As a  
 woman, all you have to do to get  
 laid around here is --

She casts a furtive, blushing look to Anders.

EVE  
 I'm not talking about sex.

ANDERS  
 No, no. This is the part where  
 Nathan teaches you about women.

**EXT. GREEK HOUSE PARTY - A LITTLE LATER**

Nathan, Anders, and Eve stand outside a big FRAT HOUSE. Eve cranes her neck to look up at the roof.

EVE  
 There's this expression in Greek  
 for rejection, and it's like --  
*efaga porta*. Basically "I ate a  
 door." And I think we're about to  
 eat a door --

NATHAN  
 -- relax, Broome, it's just a  
 party.

He touches the door handle. It's unlocked. They're met with no resistance. He rushes in, pulling them by the wrists.

EVE  
 (to Anders, sotto)  
 "Broome"?

Nathan, thrilled to be participating in a college ritual, drags Anders and Eve all around the party:

- The three of them take shots together. Eve immediately SPITS HERS OUT.

- Opening random doors UPSTAIRS, they barge in on a couple MAKING OUT. Anders and Eve SHOVE NATHAN into the room and yank the door shut. Nathan KNOCKS and PLEADS for release.

- A girl flirts with Anders and gives him her number. Eve and Nathan PUNCH HIM in the arm supportively.

- They all DANCE in a gross mosh pit in the living room. Friendship is happening!

A LITTLE LATER

Nathan is still going strong. Eve and Anders sit on a couch, watching with amusement.

ANDERS

This is the beginning of the rest of his life, and it's all your fault.

EVE

What about your life? Surely I get some credit for beginning your life.

ANDERS

I'd just as soon as be in my room.

EVE

Right.

ANDERS

You don't buy it.

EVE

I've seen you go out basically every weekend for the last month.

ANDERS

I'm acclimating to college via the exposure therapy route.

EVE

Please. You're the most natural New Englander I've ever see. Look at your ruddy cheeks, you're like if AI made Connecticut a person.

ANDERS

Oh, this entire aura is the product of careful anthropological study.

Eve snorts in disbelief. Anders is drunk, a little loose-tongued:

ANDERS (CONT'D)

I don't come from anywhere like this. Not a legacy at anything. My parents barely understand why I came here, or where I'm going next. Like, they'd have me home at community college no problem. Their entire concept of adult life is --

(MORE)

ANDERS (CONT'D)

(stopping himself)  
I'm not trashing them.

EVE

I don't think you are. I know what you're saying. You feel like an outsider, I get that.

ANDERS

Nobody here has a frame of reference for where I came from. And nobody where I came from gets where I am.

(then)  
Maybe I'm lonely.

EVE

From my vantage point, you're always socializing.

ANDERS

Socializing, but not really talking.

EVE

The more you talk about things, the less alone you feel. Allegedly.

ANDERS

Allegedly?

EVE

I wouldn't know, I don't talk about anything.

ANDERS

So you're saying I should talk more in general, or with you?

EVE

Oh, me. That expression was written about me.

He laughs, but --

ANDERS

I actually do feel that you get it.

EVE

I unfortunately slash fortunately have references for things like "Deloitte". Or "Goldman Sachs."

They watch Nathan dancing with abandon for a few moments.

EVE (CONT'D)

I've been thinking lately that part of adulthood is accepting your family will never really understand you. And vice versa.

ANDERS

That's kind of sad to me. My whole life I've just wanted my parents and I to get on the same page.

EVE

I don't know. Maybe the best part of college is that we don't have to go home every night and translate our lives into terms our parents understand.

She takes a joint out of her pocket and lights it.

ANDERS

What's the deal with your parents?  
You mentioned your dad --

Eve interrupts him by passing him the joint.

EVE

Here. You first.

ANDERS

You're changing the subject and it isn't subtle.

EVE

I'm sharing my drugs with you.  
We're having a nice moment.

ANDERS

Fine. But if this goes south, if I'm like, hallucinating and crying, you have to take care of me.

Their hands touch as she passes it to him.

#### INT. CLASSROOM - ANOTHER DAY

In the same lecture hall as before, Anders and Nathan set their stuff up in the front row. Eve sees them from a few rows back but consciously decides not to get their attention.

Just as the PROFESSOR walks in, Nathan spots Eve and nudges Anders. They both turn to look at her and wave.

She waves back. After a moment, the boys grab their stuff and move BACK to sit with her. She smiles.

EXT. QUAD - DAY [MONTAGE]

A series of different days blending together. Eve, Nathan, and Anders sit on the quad, people-watching.

They call out different ANONYMOUS STUDENTS as they pass by:

NATHAN

Patagonia Quarter-Zip. I'm gonna guess math major. Emotionally repressed. One hundred-percent Eve's type.

(she doesn't respond)

Oh my god. I'm right. I sniped that. God, you're textbook.

Eve scans the quad, refusing to indulge.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

What you're realizing is if I got a haircut, I'd be a dream come true for you.

ANDERS

This game is stupid.

EVE

It's sweet you think your hair is the problem. There's something adorable and sad about that.

NATHAN

You're defensive because you're nervous. I'm your type.

EVE

I think he's a History major.

NATHAN

But his dad's in banking.

EVE

Chip on his shoulder. Dad works for the UN.

They stop talking as this BOY passes them. Eve nods to the back of a BLONDE GIRL's head.

EVE (CONT'D)

What about Purple Tote Bag over there? I'm gonna say... Political Science. Summers in Croatia.

ANDERS

(reluctant participant)  
I'm going with Dance major.

EVE

Okay, be more transparently checking her out.

The girl turns around and Nathan's jaw drops.

NATHAN

Wait, that's Kiki. She's literally Croatian, I know her from class.  
(to Eve)  
How the hell did you do that?

Eve shrugs, pleased.

EVE

Be afraid.

ANDERS

That's impressive.

EVE

Sometimes you just know.

**ANOTHER DAY**, eating lunch on the grass, leaves now ORANGE:

EVE (CONT'D)

-- don't see how it's any different than you joining, like, Model UN --

NATHAN

You know it's not like, for actual Greek speakers. It's not a Greek affinity club.

EVE

Oh my god, thank you so much for explaining that to me, you're such a genius!

**ANOTHER DAY**, Nathan and Anders are dressed in their best attempts at "business casual" and gathering their things to leave. Eve watches, in normal clothes.

NATHAN

I don't understand why this can't just be an email. Send us the application materials and let us have our evening.

ANDERS

No way. It's way better to go in person. We should make sure to go up to the recruiter after and introduce ourselves by name --

NATHAN

(to Eve)

If I wasn't friends with him, I'd hate him.

Anders looks at Eve.

ANDERS

Are you sure you don't want to come?

EVE

No thanks. I'm all set here.

She gestures to her books. The boys dust grass off their pants and head out. Eve watches, then, calling out:

EVE (CONT'D)

Actually, it can't hurt.

She gets up and runs after them.

**ANOTHER DAY**, night falling:

Eve and Nathan do impressions of Anders, acting stuck-up, adjusting an invisible tie. They BUST UP laughing. Anders shoves them both over in the grass.

Eve is laughing so hard she's CRYING. She wipes a tear from her eye, the laughter swelling --

CUT TO:

**INT. BATHROOM - SOUTH BEND**

Silence. Adult Eve stares at herself in the mirror. Checks her teeth for food, rubs away unblended concealer beneath her eye. She swigs from a travel-sized mouthwash and spits it out into the running sink.

OUTSIDE ANDERS' DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Rolling her shoulders back, Eve approaches and gently lets herself into ANDERS' ROOM. We only see the back of him, facing Nathan.

From EVE'S POV, anxiety mixed with desire, the familiar back of Anders' head, the contours of his shoulders, arms --

He turns around and sees her. There's a split-second of tension before he steps towards her and they hug. It's friendly and kind of limp. Nathan tries not to look.

ANDERS

Hey. It was nice of you to come.

EVE

How are you?

He shrugs, stoic and unreadable.

ANDERS

Good. Fine. Mostly bogged down with dumb logistics for the burial. There's all these moving parts, he's getting a military funeral, obviously, because he --

ANDERS/EVE

(inside joke)

Went to Korea once.

They both look awkward at this moment of in-sync-ness.

ANDERS

Right. It's what he wanted, so. But, you know, I have to coordinate with the priest, who's very expensive now. He has two thousand followers on Instagram.

Nathan laughs.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

I'm serious. It's the biggest Ponzi scheme. The church gets paid, the priest gets paid. Casket, hearse, lead car. I mean, the flowers alone were what I thought the whole thing cost. My mom could never afford all of this.

NATHAN

Good thing you sold your soul to  
the finance devil.

ANDERS

I'd be fine to have no funeral and  
be done with it. He's gone. This  
isn't for him.

NATHAN

Yeah, but people like having  
closure. You can't move on when  
shit doesn't end.

(then)

I think. Again, my understanding  
is limited. Which I completely  
uplift and acknowledge.

Eve tries not to roll her eyes. They all sit in a tense  
silence for a moment.

EVE

Well. I think it's nice you're  
doing it. I watched my uncle  
getting cremated on zoom.

Everyone stares at one another for a moment. Anders can't  
help it, he starts laughing.

EVE (CONT'D)

I know. It sounds like a joke I'd  
make, but I'm serious. They loaded  
his casket into the oven chamber  
and I watched it from my iPhone.  
My point is, this is better.

NATHAN

Why does the Church profit off  
funerals? Seems kinda counter-God-  
culture.

ANDERS

It's worse than that.

EVE

Different priests have different  
rates.

ANDERS

And what, I'm not gonna get my dad  
the premium Priest?

NATHAN

True. You gotta get Roger the top Priest.

EVE

Did he want anything else specific? Vigil, speeches. To be made into a tree?

ANDERS

He picked out the casket right when he got sick. So. That was one thing off my to-do list. You know me, I'm all about the efficiency.

NATHAN

Listening to you two is like watching a contract get litigated.

ANDERS

I have an Excel spreadsheet for this.

NATHAN

You have an Excel spreadsheet for everything.

Anders sits down on the edge of the bed. The peppy facade slips for just a second. He seems really tired.

EVE

How can we help?

ANDERS

I've got it under control.

EVE

I'm sure you do, but I think you should delegate us some chores.

ANDERS

I really don't --

EVE

Anders. Chores.

CUT TO:

**EXT./INT. ANDERS' HOUSE - LATER**

Outside, Anders and Nathan power wash the deck. Inside, Eve sorts through mail and flower arrangements with Pat. She holds up a condolences flier from the South Bend zoo.

EVE

Well, the zoo says they're sorry.

PAT

They're not sorry. Remember they tried to give Roger a lifetime ban?

EVE

Wasn't it his birthday? And they let the penguins walk around like regular zoo patrons, and Roger kept giving them beers?

PAT

Yes. He hid in the reptile enclosure from one of the security guards.

("casual")

I think that was one of your anniversaries with Anders, too.

EVE

I think so.

PAT

The fifth one. I think.

EVE

I'm sure you're right.

Eve reviews a to-do list on the table to avoid saying more.

EVE (CONT'D)

Pick out plot, check. Write obituary, check. Pick up -- wait, Pat, you need to go pick up your insulin.

Pat blanches.

PAT

I knew I was forgetting something.

**INT. PHARMACY - A LITTLE LATER**

Nathan, Eve, and Anders stock a HUGE shopping cart with toilet paper, paper towels, hand sanitizer.

NATHAN

Christ, how many people are coming tomorrow?

ANDERS

I just don't want my mom to need anything for, like, the next two months. Here, can you finish this while I grab her meds?

He leaves the two of them to fill the cart and walks to the pharmacy counter.

NATHAN

Do you think I should get tampons?

EVE

She's 72.

NATHAN

So no?

EVE

Have you still never had a girlfriend? I thought I saw someone on your instagram. A Megan or something.

He ignores her and picks up tissues. Holds them up.

NATHAN

For crying? I don't know what else to get, beta blockers? A book-on-tape about the afterlife?

They roll into the greeting card aisle.

EVE

You're deflecting.

NATHAN

Learned from the best. Maybe we should get a card.

EVE

I sent flowers.  
(off his face)  
Did you not send flowers?

NATHAN

When did you do that?

EVE

Like, a week ago. When Roger went on hospice.

NATHAN

He went on hospice? How do you have so much information?

Anders stomps over, furious and defeated.

ANDERS

Let's go.

NATHAN

What? What happened?

ANDERS

They don't have her meds.

EVE

But I have the letter. And she got an email reminder today.

ANDERS

I know. They're being difficult -- I'm exhausted. We can get it from somewhere else. I can't handle it.

Eve storms off to --

### **THE PHARMACY COUNTER**

She impatiently taps her foot as she waits for the PHARMACIST to come over. The pharmacist takes a minute to notice as she is actively watching ANTIQUE ROADSHOW on her phone.

EVE

Hi. I'm here for an insulin pickup? For Patricia Brian?

PHARMACIST

Oh, yes. I just told your friend, it's not ready yet.

EVE

I'm going to need it to be ready.

PHARMACIST

It's not though.

VIDEO (ON PHONE)

"An early American piece of silver. A colonial mug made in Boston in the 18th century."

EVE

I have an email from the nurse  
saying it's ready.

PHARMACIST

It takes an hour for that to show  
up in our system.

EVE

That doesn't make sense. You see,  
email is instantaneous. That's why  
they invented it.

Anders approaches, watching Eve warily.

PHARMACIST

Ma'am, we can call the doctor, but  
it'll have to be after our lunch  
break. Which starts now.

EVE

Great. We'll wait right  
here.

VIDEO (ON PHONE)

"There was a dynasty of  
silver-smiths. This is a  
typical Boston can."

PHARMACIST

And our lunch is two hours long.

EVE

Oh, okay. Let me just explain to  
my diabetic mom that you don't have  
any insulin and she'll just have to  
grab a skittle! Noooo worries  
whatsoever!

She nudges Anders. He picks up the baton.

ANDERS

(calling out)

Hey, Nathan! Can you tell our mom  
that we can't get her the insulin?  
Can you let dad know too?

EVE

Oh? What's that? Dad's not  
responding because he died  
yesterday? Twenty-two hours ago?  
And now his widow can't get her  
insulin?

They both turn to the pharmacist, unflinching.

ANDERS

Literally. Yesterday.

VIDEO (ON PHONE)  
"Underneath this tarnish is a nice  
surface patina. It's probably  
worth fifteen thousand dollars."

**INT. ANDERS' HOUSE - LATER**

The prescription is on the counter-top. Anders and Nathan iron suits and button-downs on the dining room table. Eve sits with Ros and Mark, going over a speech.

MARK  
This is ridiculous, I'm being  
edited by Roger's child. Anders  
needs to relax. I think I know how  
to give a speech at a damn funeral.

ROS  
Mark, for God's sake, his father  
just died.

EVE  
I'm on your side. He's a control  
freak. But we should humor him.

She strikes through a few sentences.

EVE (CONT'D)  
I'm only trimming this part because  
I think you'll be relieved tomorrow  
if it's shorter.

MARK  
I want to talk for minimum twenty  
minutes.

EVE  
I know. But you'll get up there,  
and you'll be so overcome with  
emotion that you'll barely be able  
to get any of it out. At my dad's,  
I remember -- just, you want to  
prioritize what the absolute  
essentials are.

Mark considers it. He starts laughing to himself.

MARK  
Okay, I have something I can cut,  
but I want to tell it to someone.  
Our trip to Colorado.

Ros groans, like, "here we go."

ROS  
I'm leaving before this one starts.

As Mark tells this story, he is CRACKING HIMSELF UP, getting progressively more unintelligible:

MARK  
We had smoked all this weed, and it was the 70s, so we had ponytails, right? And we had no money -- that wasn't because it was the 70s, it's because we were idiots -- so we were taking these disgusting public buses everywhere to get around. And this older woman gets on, and looks at Roger. She notices his hair, he stinks of reefer, his eyes are basically shut. And she tries to squeeze by him, but Roger doesn't notice. After a second, BAM! She whacks him in the head with her huge handbag. It must've weighed thirty pounds, he folded like a lawn chair.

He's wheezing laughing.

MARK (CONT'D)  
And Roger's so high, he can barely react, so he just curled up on the bus seat in the fetal position right where he fell. He was too scared to fight back.

Pat enters, having caught the tail end. She makes earmuffs with her hands.

PAT  
La la la. I'm pretending I don't hear this. I'm preserving my wholesome memories.

Eve looks over Mark's shoulders at Anders. Anders wiggles his eyebrows. She stifles a laugh.

MARK  
(still going)  
He was the funniest person, I'm telling you, Roger was the funniest person I ever met.

EXT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

The air a bit colder, everyone in puffy coats. Eve comes out of the building, bundled up. Anders is waiting for her.

They start walking together out of frame into --

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

A different day. Eve, Anders, and Nathan sit in the library on their computers, each filling out identical job applications. Nathan leans over to look at Eve's screen. She pushes him away.

INT. EVE'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Eve sits at her desk studying. Anders knocks once, then lets himself in. She looks up from her work, startled. He's holding two HOCKEY JERSEYS.

He beams. She regards him inscrutably for a second and we --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOCKEY RINK - STADIUM - NIGHT

Eve and Anders are pressed up against the glass of the rink, SCREAMING WITH ABANDON. SPIT flies everywhere, the rink is full of SPECTATORS, all BANGING on the glass and CHANTING. We go closer and closer on --

THE RINK

Nathan sees his friends right up front and skates over to them, effortless and lyrical.

They all start CHEERING LOUDER and SCREAMING his name. Nathan presses his face right up against the glass and Eve kisses his cheek on the other side of it.

EVE

I love you number forty-one!

She nudges Anders.

EVE (CONT'D)

Say it.

ANDERS

I love you number forty-one!

EVE  
Now give him a kiss.

Anders kisses the glass, too. His knees are touching Eve's.

EXT. COLLEGE - QUAD - DAY

On a weekend afternoon, Anders and Nathan sit on a bench.

An ENORMOUS HIVE of SORORITY GIRLS buzz by in MATCHING OUTFITS, laughing, singing. Eve among them.

As she passes by Nathan and Anders, she winks. They clap as if they're seeing the Queen. She does a royal wave and then rolls her eyes and runs off.

INT. ANDERS AND NATHAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Anders, Nathan, and Eve do a "mock interview".

NATHAN  
Okay. Next one. Hi, I'm Mister Morgan Stanley. Eve, what is enterprise value versus equity value?

EVE  
Enterprise value is the value of the company's shares and loans. Wait, sorry -- that's the equity value. Um, shit. I don't --

ANDERS  
The overall current value of the company. You find it by adding market cap plus total debt, minus cash.

Eve groans and flops down on her back.

EVE  
I'm fucked.

ANDERS  
It's okay. Let's just keep trying until you get it.

EVE  
If I was gonna understand it, I'd understand it by now. Not everybody gets these jobs, someone has to lose out.

(MORE)

EVE (CONT'D)

Maybe I'm part of that demographic.  
I'm the thing that makes you a  
success by comparison.

ANDERS

Let's just keep studying.

EVE

When you think about it, it's a bit  
ridiculous. This whole derby.

ANDERS

By that logic, capitalism is  
ridiculous, but we still gotta eat.

EVE

I would say a bunch of teens  
ravenously competing to sit in  
front of Excel all day is the  
stupidest evolution of capitalism.

NATHAN

You should say that in your  
interview. That'll show 'em you  
care!

EVE

I don't "care" about meaningless  
internships for jobs that actively  
make the world worse.

ANDERS

Well that's a relief, because at  
this rate they're not gonna give  
you one.

Eve pauses. Nathan lets out a low whistle, "whoa."

EVE

Okay. I'm all done revealing the  
depths of my ineptitude for the  
night.

She gathers her things and storms off.

**EXT. DORM - MINUTES LATER**

Eve sits on the landing outside. Embarrassed. She puts her  
head in her lap and lets herself cry for a second.

When she lifts her head, Anders is there.

ANDERS

Can I sit?

Eve is suddenly deaf. Anders sits.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

Eve --

EVE

You're gonna try to apologize and I don't --

ANDERS

I don't think you should go up for this job.

EVE

Oh. Wow. Okay.

ANDERS

You said it yourself, you don't give a shit about it.

EVE

And you said it'd be cool to spend the summer together.

ANDERS

I -- what?

Eve doesn't respond.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

We can spend the summer together doing whatever -- we have so many summers.

EVE

You guys are going to go off to New York and have this amazing adventure, and I'll just wait here. I know how this goes. You guys leave, and I stay behind. That's how things are.

ANDERS

What are you saying, it's only 10 weeks?

EVE

Maybe I'll just sit right on this step and see you in the Fall.

ANDERS

I have no idea where this is coming from. If you want to be in New York, there are a million other jobs --

EVE

I'm a Classics major. There are no jobs, period! It's very impractical!

NATHAN

And you're mad at me for that?

EVE

You're so ambitious and driven, I feel like a loser for not having the next ten years of my life planned out. Like, if I don't catch up soon, I'm gonna get left behind.

Anders stands, then offers her a hand. She takes it and he pulls her up.

ANDERS

Good thing you don't have to worry about that, because you're all accounted for in my ten year plan.

He gestures to the door, "after you". Eve squeezes past him, then just before she touches the handle, turns around. They look at each other for a moment.

Then, putting herself out there, Eve KISSES HIM.

On this -- an honest to God actual nice moment between two kids.

CUT TO:

**INT. ANDERS' BATHROOM**

Anders and Eve brush their teeth together in Anders' small bathroom. Eve's pajamas are folded on top of the toilet. They take extra care not to touch each other. All of the intimacy from the previous scene evaporated, an awkward chill in its place.

ANDERS

I'll give you some privacy.

He leaves. She undresses and puts on her pajamas. Looks at herself in the mirror. Tucks her hair behind her ears, then back out.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Anders and Nathan watch re-runs of JEOPARDY and eat from a gift basket of pastries. Eve enters, now in her pajamas. They scoot over to make room for her on the couch.

They SHOUT OUT various answers over one another.

ANDERS  
My mom is sleeping.

EVE  
(RA voice)  
We should really be using our  
inside voices.

Nathan and Anders SHOVE HER in annoyance.

**INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER**

A small room with one window. Bills and papers are organized in stacks. Anders opens a drawer in the DESK and pulls out a PLASTIC BOX.

ANDERS  
We should see what's in here.

He pops the lid off. It's a box of OLD PHOTOS. The first is one of TEN-YEAR-OLD ANDERS with YOUNG ROGER, fishing. Anders is chubby and holding a fish the size of his entire forearm.

ANDERS (CONT'D)  
They printed this photo in the  
local paper, and my dad hung the  
article up in the garage.

EVE  
What?! What was the headline?

NATHAN  
Probably "local husky tween sinks  
boat".

Eve snorts. She gets a text from **JACKSON** and turns her phone over as Anders passes her a photo of a YOUNG PAT and ROGER at their wedding.

EVE  
Stop, your mom looks beautiful.

NATHAN  
They look so happy.

EVE  
I bet they were.

ANDERS  
Yeah, maybe.

Eve pulls out a baby photo of Anders and passes it to him.

EVE  
Little did they know this baby  
would grow up to be an evil genius.

ANDERS  
(still looking at the  
photo of his parents)  
They must be our age in this photo.

EVE  
Yeah.

ANDERS  
And they're married.

EVE  
They are.

A beat. Anders swallows like he wants to say something. Eve clears her throat and passes the photo to Nathan.

ANDERS  
I'm worried about her. Like, what  
happens to her now?

EVE  
She'll be okay. She's stronger  
than you think she is.

NATHAN  
She survived a life with you and  
your dad.

Anders gives a weak smile.

ANDERS  
I hate knowing that eventually time  
will pass and I'll go back to New  
York and she'll be here. Alone.

EVE

She has friends and an independent life. She's not a tragic figure.

ANDERS

Do you think I need to tell her -- it's okay for her to -- date, or?

EVE

She knows it's okay. Your job is to take care of yourself.

Eve puts her hand on Anders' arm. Everyone looks at it in equal surprise, but she keeps it there.

ANDERS

I can't decide if I'm more nervous for her to be alone forever, or to bring someone new into our lives and not know if we can trust them.

NATHAN

You never know if you can trust anyone at first. That's why we had to spend ten years painstakingly building trust via a series of drunken encounters.

EVE

Right, and then two years destroying it.

(nobody laughs)

Then realizing it was never destroyable in the first place, obviously. The thought ended nicely!

Nathan glares at her. Anders looks overwhelmed.

EVE (CONT'D)

Maybe you should worry about yourself for a minute. Focus on your own feelings, work, dating --

Her voice trails off. Anders changes the subject.

ANDERS

The last few days my dad was lucid, every time I left the room he'd yell out, "hey, I'm dying in here!" And demand I came back.

EVE

Did you?

ANDERS  
Yeah, of course I did.

**INT. ANDERS' ROOM - A LITTLE LATER**

Anders piles together fresh sheets and pillows while Nathan and Eve watch.

ANDERS  
Sorry you guys have to share a room. I wish we had more space, but --

NATHAN  
It's no problem, man.

EVE  
My old stomping ground.

Nathan looks surprised.

EVE (CONT'D)  
Oh, we weren't allowed to sleep in the same room.

NATHAN  
What, like ever? The whole time?

EVE  
The whole time.

Nathan whistles.

NATHAN  
Wait -- so you guys never -- in the house? Even when you'd stay here for, like, weeks?

Eve and Anders can't look at each other.

EVE  
No, we did it in the house. We just kept weird hours.

ANDERS  
And not in the places you'd expect.

NATHAN  
That's commitment. Your parents got principles.

ANDERS  
That they do.

EVE

I think we thought, "oh, once we're 25" --

ANDERS

-- or living in New York --

EVE

-- or more than 5 years together --

ANDERS

But there was no milestone powerful enough to break those chains. We hit all of them and they held strong.

EVE

They held real strong.

NATHAN

I guess it's good, right?

Anders and Eve look confused.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Like, if they'd bent the rules, and you guys still didn't end up together, that'd be worse. All for nothing, sort of.

Nobody responds for a minute.

EVE

Sure. That would be worse.

**INT. ANDERS' HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS GUEST ROOM**

A tiny basement room with two child sized twin beds. Nathan and Eve stare into the room for a second.

EVE

Is this the weirdest weekend of your life?

NATHAN

It's a strong contender.

Then, acting as if this is completely normal, they go to their respective beds.

Eve gets under the covers, reeling. Nathan mirrors her. They lie face-up, staring at the ceiling. After a moment:

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Have you ever seen a dead body before?

EVE

Excuse me?

NATHAN

Have you seen one? A dead body? Because at Catholic funerals, they make you look at the body.

EVE

Stop saying "body".

NATHAN

I just think you should prepare now.

EVE

It's in twelve hours. How do you suggest I prepare? Literally google "dead body"?

They can't help it, they both CRACK UP LAUGHING. All of the remnants of their old friendship bursting forth.

NATHAN

I'm sorry. My mom is just always talking about how she was scarred permanently from seeing her friend's aunt --

EVE

I get the gist. I've been to like thirty funerals, everyone in my family is dead basically.

NATHAN

I still think you should Google it.

Eve gets out her phone. Starts typing.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Wait, you should qualify. Say normal dead bodies. Otherwise you're gonna get some really messed up stuff --

EVE

Sorry, what? I should type "gruesome crime scene that will leave you scarred" --

(MORE)

EVE (CONT'D)  
(as she's typing,  
laughing)  
"Horrifying images that will  
fundamentally change you as a  
person" --

She throws her phone to Nathan. He YELPS and drops it like they're playing hot potato. It CLATTERS to the floor, making them laugh harder.

EVE (CONT'D)  
(still laughing)  
I miss you.

This makes Nathan stop laughing.

EVE (CONT'D)  
What ('s the matter)?

NATHAN  
I just... I also miss you.

EVE  
Should I say thank you?

NATHAN  
I'm serious. Like, I miss you. I know the whole thing was technically between you and Anders, and it was really hard and sad, and break-ups suck. But it happened to me, too.

Eve thinks about it for a minute.

EVE  
I'm sorry. But from my point of view, we broke up, and you forgot about me. I haven't exactly heard from you.

NATHAN  
I didn't know what to say, and suddenly it had been three months, and then six months, and the longer it went, the more I felt paralyzed by how long it had been, and how mad at me you must have been.

EVE  
I wasn't mad. Or, I was, but the anger was secondary. It was like a coat over what I was actually feeling.

NATHAN

Which was -- ?

EVE

I used to know I was good -- or smart, whatever -- because someone like Anders wanted me. Or because someone like you was my friend. Then you guys disappeared and I had no idea what I was.

(then)

Or, I did. I was like: okay. I am bad. I suspected it. For a while you guys had me convinced I wasn't. But then we broke up, and you never reached out, like I was just your friend's girlfriend after all. And I understood that I hadn't meant anything. When it came down to it, I was disposable.

NATHAN

That's not -- I assumed I'd run into you. I thought it would blow over or we'd have an organic reason to talk. I didn't think you were going to just move. I know I should have said something.

She reaches across from her twin bed for Nathan's hand. He looks at it for a second, then takes it.

#### **INT. ANDERS' HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - LATER**

Middle of the night. Nathan is fast asleep. Eve lies awake, staring at the ceiling. She hears the tell-tale CREAK of someone moving upstairs. Thinks on it, then gently slides out of bed.

#### **UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS**

She tiptoes into the kitchen and gets a glass from a cupboard. Fills it from the sink and drinks from it silently.

Eve walks to the fridge and takes a photo off of it. YOUNG ANDERS is smiling, holding up a BAD PAINTING of the night sky he clearly drew.

Still holding the photo, she strolls aimlessly into the living room and STARTLES at the sight of Anders, sitting in the dark.

The room is pitch-black save for the light of his laptop illuminating his face. He looks up at the sound of Eve's gasp.

EVE

Shit, you scared me.

ANDERS

Sorry. Sorry. Can't sleep?

She passes him her water glass. He takes a long sip.

EVE

Maybe jet lag or something. You?

ANDERS

Once I fall asleep, I'll wake up and it'll be tomorrow. He'll be dead, and we'll bury him. I know, I know he's already dead. But it'll be -- he'll be underground. It'll be permanent. You know?

EVE

I know. What are you (doing)?

ANDERS

I have, like, three hundred text messages. People sending condolences, or asking for my address.

EVE

You don't have to respond to those right now.

ANDERS

It feels good to be productive.

He stares bleakly at the screen.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

I don't -- what do I even respond? "Thanks so much"? I can't -- I don't know what to say. What do I say?

Eve sits down next to him.

EVE

I'll do it.

ANDERS

No. It's okay.

EVE  
 Seriously. Let me do it.

He reluctantly shifts the laptop closer to her. Eve taps on the first unread message. **MITCH: Hey man. Was sorry to hear about your Dad. That blows.**

Anders exhales and leans his head back on the couch, closing his eyes. Eve "hearts" the Mitch text and clicks to the next one. **UNCLE DUANE: Hope your doing okay. LOL.**

EVE (CONT'D)  
 What's the deal with Duane?

ANDERS  
 (eyes still closed)  
 He thinks "LOL" stands for lots of love.

EVE  
 Oh. Right, okay.

Eve begins typing back.

**EXT. COLLEGE - QUAD - NIGHT**

Anders and Eve walk hand-in-hand around campus.

ANDERS  
 -- impossible to crack. You're like a safe. You're like a vault. ("shaking the jail cell bars")  
 Let me in! Let me in!

EVE  
 I've told you everything! He had cancer. It was slow. I was young. It's okay now.

ANDERS  
 I'm not only talking about your dad! Just in general, you're acting so tough and I don't know what for.  
 (playful)  
 I want to know you. The real you.

Eve looks uncomfortable and deflects.

EVE  
 That's hilarious coming from you.

ANDERS

What is that supposed to mean?

EVE

Like, every answer you give was fed through a "how to sound diplomatic and neutral" filter.

ANDERS

You'll be grateful when I'm President.

EVE

Ugh, no, can you imagine me as a president's wife? I'd be so bad.

ANDERS

No, I think you'd be very fulfilled being a figurehead for some arbitrary charity and getting interviewed about your choice in hat.

EVE

I think I'd thrive as your ex. Your scorned ex who shows up to all your campaign rallies with a sign that says "he put it in my butt!" or whatever else we've done by then. I'm going to single-handedly ruin your image.

ANDERS

Sorry, what was that? My brain turned off once you started talking about sex.

#### INT. COLLEGE - LIBRARY - A DIFFERENT NIGHT

The SILENT STUDY room. All dark wood, floor-to-ceiling bookshelves, long tables crammed with students.

Eve is bent over a notebook at a packed table of her GIRLFRIENDS. If she were to look up, she'd see that Anders is a FEW TABLES AWAY, facing her, also bent over a notebook.

Then, they each take a reprieve and look up, noticing one another. A moment of them looking at each other. Half-smile, a "fuck my life" expression of commiseration.

Their joking expressions fall away to just eye contact.

INT. EVE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Eve and Anders are clumsily attempting to have sex. It's awkward and sweet and confusing.

EVE  
Just -- wait, to the left, I think?

ANDERS  
Is it -- no -- that's not --

Through giggles:

EVE  
Why is this like putting together a  
6000 piece puzzle?

ANDERS  
We are geniuses. We can do this.  
There's no way Nathan can figure  
this out and not us.

EVE  
Please don't bring up Nathan right  
now.  
(David Attenborough voice)  
We are biologically programmed to  
intuit --  
(then)  
-- oh, wait -- ouch --

ANDERS  
Hold on. I think ouch means --

They're starting to figure it out.

ANDERS (CONT'D)  
Are you okay? Is it --

EVE  
Yes, don't worry, keep going.

ANDERS  
Let me know if you want to stop --

EVE  
No, let's get it over with --

She's definitely in pain but trying to be cool about it.

EVE (CONT'D)  
Is that? Good?

ANDERS

Yeah, I --

He trails off, focused. Some heavy breathing. Eve trying not to blatantly wince, Anders trying not to lose momentum.

After a minute, he finishes. He relaxes on top of her and she wraps her arms around him. They stay like that for a second. We can see on her face that she's pleased.

EVE

We should practice that like a hundred times in the next two weeks so we can move past the difficult phase. I want to fast forward to the part where I like it.

ANDERS

Fuck, you didn't like it?

Eve considers for a moment.

EVE

Anders. Obviously not.

Anders barks a laugh. She laughs too. Once they're laughing it's hard to stop, cracking up, tears in their eyes in partial DISBELIEF of what's just happened.

ANDERS

Holy shit. We really just did that.

EVE

We're on the other side of the binary now. We're people who have done this. Some people are virgins, we're not those people.

ANDERS

That was so not Catholic of me.

EVE

You instigated it. It was your idea so hard that I actually don't know if they'll still let you be Catholic.

ANDERS

Do you think they'll let me be Jewish? That's a sex positive community, right?

They keep giggling until it trails off into a comfortable silence. Anders rolls onto his side so they are facing each other.

EVE

I think you're my boyfriend now.

They start kissing again and we go back to --

**EXT. ANDERS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM**

Eve slowly clicks through each of Anders' messages. She's replied to almost all of them now.

She pauses for a moment on the last message from someone named **KIRSTEN: Hope you're holding up okay. Thinking of you.**

Eve starts to SCROLL UP in their messages, like, "who is this girl?" She sees some heart emojis, then stops herself. Looks over at Anders, whose eyes are still closed.

She goes back to the text box: **Thanks so much for this.** Hits send and shuts the laptop. The room goes dark and Anders opens his eyes.

ANDERS

I'm not asleep.

EVE

Shhhh. It's okay. I'll see you in the morning.

She goes to stand.

ANDERS

Wait. Sit for a sec.

(she does)

How are you?

EVE

Okay, you should sleep.

ANDERS

We've been talking about me so much the last month. I don't have any idea what you've been up to.

EVE

I could say the same about you.

ANDERS

You know what I've been up to.  
Work. My dad dying. Sort of the  
top things.

EVE

But I don't know how you actually  
are. How's your job? Are you  
still at that hedge fund, or is it  
a private equity firm, I never  
learned the difference and at this  
point, I never will --

ANDERS

Eve. Stop. Tell me one thing  
about what's going on with you.

Eve searches for something safe to share.

EVE

I'm almost done with my masters  
program. Two months. And then who  
knows. I try to get some  
university job teaching teens Greek  
proverbs and not warning them that  
pursuing their interests will leave  
them destitute.

ANDERS

I don't know how to say this  
without it sounding insincere, but  
I'm really happy for you.

EVE

Thanks. Yeah, no, I'll try to  
internalize that from the person  
who once said "they shouldn't let  
communications majors go to  
college".

ANDERS

They shouldn't. It's a scam. I'm  
saying for them it's a scam.

(catching himself)

I'm serious. You committed to  
finding something you actually  
wanted to do. And I know it was  
hard -- people didn't always get  
it, or believe in it. In you.

EVE

It's okay. You did.

ANDERS  
I did -- or, I do.

It's awkward. Eve looks around like she wants to leave.

ANDERS (CONT'D)  
Remember after college, when you  
took me to see your dad? Like,  
where he's -- where --

EVE  
Yeah. Yes. I remember. You  
cried, and I didn't.

ANDERS  
It was emotional.

EVE  
I was such a bitch to you that day.  
And a bunch of other days as well.

ANDERS  
No hard feelings.

EVE  
(brief laugh)  
Right.

ANDERS  
I brought that up because I just  
wanted to say -- I wish I could  
have met him.

EVE  
Me too. I know I keep saying this,  
or everyone keeps saying this, and  
there's nothing to say back. But I  
am really sorry about your dad.

ANDERS  
At least I had more time with him.  
I got almost thirty years. You  
had, like, nine.

EVE  
It's not a competition.

ANDERS  
It's a little bit a competition.

EVE  
Then I'd say in ways that's worse.  
Because you know how much you lost.  
It's not hypothetical.

ANDERS

I know how much I didn't appreciate him. I gave him such a hard time. Like, such a hard time.

EVE

You had reason to be mad at him sometimes.

ANDERS

I didn't have to be so brutal. I spent our entire relationship looking down on him, or trying to get away.

EVE

It wasn't that bad. I promise. I remember, I was there.

ANDERS

Yeah, you were.

Anders leans over and puts his head on Eve's shoulder. They sit like that in the dark for a while. Eve hesitates, then reaches up to stroke his hair.

**INT. ANDERS' GUEST ROOM - MUCH LATER**

Eve gets into bed quietly, so as not to disturb Nathan. She stares up at the ceiling with some sort of yearning in her eyes.

**INT. ANDERS' ROOM - SAME**

Anders looks at photos of him and Eve on his phone. He turns it off and the room goes DARK.

**INT. ANDERS' HOUSE - DAYTIME**

Anders and Eve come in through the garage, wheeling their luggage. There's a Christmas tree in the corner, a bouquet of wintery flowers on the table. Pat is making eggs on the stove.

PAT

You're home! Oh, perfect. The food's just now ready.

She kisses Anders and turns to Eve.

PAT (CONT'D)

Eve, we're so happy you're here.  
Thank you for coming.

EVE

(nervous, polite)  
Thanks so much for having me. I'm  
honored to be invited!

PAT

You're sweet. I'm just gonna set  
the table.

She starts sorting silverware. Roger comes in, joyful,  
boisterous:

ROGER

Hey hey hey! The prodigal son  
returns!

He grabs Anders by the shoulders and kisses the top of his  
head.

ROGER (CONT'D)

And I heard a socialite from the  
Windy City was gracing us this  
holiday!

Eve steps forward gratefully and hugs him.

ROGER (CONT'D)

She's even prettier than you said,  
Anders. And you say it a lot.

ANDERS

Dad, stop. Eve, do you want water?

ROGER

Sit down, sit down! Let me do  
everything, you guys just relax.

Roger busies himself pouring everyone water. He's a little  
bit of a loose cannon, spilling water off the rim of glasses  
and knocking things over.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Anybody want wine or anything?  
Eve, wine? What, you want the  
harder stuff? Me too! I'm  
kidding, I'm kidding.

Eve goes to help Pat bring the pot to the table and lay out  
bowls. Anders watches her admiringly.

The four of them settle down at the table. Eve reaches out to serve herself, but Anders stills her with his hand.

Pat reaches for Eve's other hand and she gives it, surprised. It becomes clear they're going to say grace. Pat and Roger bow their heads and close their eyes. Anders waggles his eyebrows at Eve, then follows suit.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Our Father, bless us and these Thy gifts which we are about to receive from thy bounty. Through Christ, our Lord. And thank you, Lord, for bringing Anders home safe from college, and for bringing us his friend Eve as well. May you protect and keep us and those less fortunate than us. Amen.

ANDERS/PAT

Amen.

EVE

(a second behind)

Amen?

Roger begins serving Eve.

ROGER

You let me know when to stop.

He piles the bowl impossibly high with toast. She playfully raises her eyebrows, like, "keep going."

ROGER (CONT'D)

(to Anders)

Whoo-hoo-hoo! You got a little rocket on your hands!

He passes her the bowl and keeps serving.

ROGER (CONT'D)

So, Eve, tell us about yourself. Where are you from, what's the story?

EVE

(mouth full)

Oh. Sorry.

(then)

Well, I'm from Chicago. Born and raised.

PAT  
And you live in the actual city?

EVE  
Lincoln Park, my mom has a  
townhouse there.

ROGER  
Chi-chi! Get it, like Chi-cago,  
but also fancy. Like, "shee-shee".

ANDERS  
She gets it.

EVE  
I like it.

**EXT. AMISH MARKET**

A little later. Eve walks with Roger in an open-air farmers market led by THOUSANDS of AMISH PEOPLE. Eve is eating a GIANT CINNAMON ROLL. Anders trails behind her.

ROGER  
Eve, you wouldn't believe the  
craftsmanship. You've got to see  
this.

He pulls her by the hand towards a tent with hand-crafted wooden furniture, like a big arm-chair and a simple bedside table. She turns back to glance at Anders, like, "help me!" But loses him in the crowd.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
I mean. Imagine making this? With  
your bare hands?

EVE  
What, they can't use machinery? Do  
they not have power tools?

ROGER  
Hell if I know what the Amish can  
do. I'm making all of this up.  
Oh, look over here --

He takes her hand and drags her to a giant POPCORN STAND.

CUT TO:

**EXT. TOWN FAIR - AFTERNOON**

Later that day. Getting darker out. Anders, Pat, Roger, and Eve get off a GIANT ROLLER-COASTER that loops into the horizon behind them. Eve sits down and puts her head in her lap.

ROGER

Uh-oh, soldier down! Soldier down!

He shakes her shoulders.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Maybe you need a little insulin boost, Pat, share with her, why don't ya? Give her a stab-a-roo.

ANDERS

Dad, can you -- just, give her a break.

Pat gives Eve a water bottle. She takes it weakly without looking up. After a moment, she stands. Roger CLAPS with EXCITEMENT.

ROGER

The Comeback Kid!

Eve takes a small sip from the water bottle and hands it back to Pat.

EVE

God, sorry, I don't know what happened. I'm good.

They start walking, take a few steps. Eve suddenly stiffens, sprints to a trash-can and THROWS UP. Roger and Anders are LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY.

CUT TO:

**INT. ANDERS' HOUSE - GUEST ROOM**

The room with two twin beds, only this time Eve stays there alone. Eve is in pajamas with wet hair. She unpacks her clothes onto the spare bed and places her toiletries on it. Someone KNOCKS on the door.

EVE

Yeah?

Anders comes in.

ANDERS  
Feeling better?

EVE  
Don't remind me.

ANDERS  
Just wanted to say goodnight.  
(re: separate rooms)  
Sorry about this.

EVE  
Don't be. It's sweet. I feel  
wholesome.

ANDERS  
You are very wholesome.

EVE  
I'm the sort of woman a mother  
should trust around her son.

ANDERS  
Yes. You're an angel.

He moves closer to her.

EVE  
Don't come any closer. I'm no  
temptress.

ANDERS  
Absolutely not. Your mind is far  
too pure.

EVE  
Just a vessel for good, clean  
values.

She leans in with passion, then gives him a VERY CHASTE kiss.

EVE (CONT'D)  
You should go upstairs before you  
get me in trouble.

Anders hesitates a moment.

ANDERS  
Thanks for putting up with my  
parents. I know my Dad is a lot.

EVE  
I actually love him.

ANDERS  
I love you.

Eve is beyond excited by this confession.

EVE  
I -- I -- I. Um, well.

ANDERS  
That's exactly what I wanted you to say.

They kiss again.

### A LITTLE LATER

Eve stares at the ceiling, unable to stop smiling.

### INT. ANDERS' ROOM - SAME

Anders looks at his phone background, which is now a picture of him and Eve.

### INT. ANDERS' KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

Eve, in her pajamas still, shuffles upstairs. We hear CLAMORING and CONVERSATION in the kitchen. She comes in, curious. Anders is seated at the dining table, staring at his open laptop with Roger looking over his shoulder. Pat fries eggs.

EVE  
Hi. Good morning.

PAT  
Good morning sweetheart.

ROGER  
Have you heard the news?!

ANDERS  
Dad, hold on --

ROGER  
Anders got the internship!

He claps excitedly. Eve's face falls just barely. Anders is watching her apprehensively.

EVE  
That's incredible.

ANDERS

Did you -- I mean, have you checked your email yet?

EVE

Me? No, no. I didn't see an email. So, probably not.

ANDERS

Well, we don't know.

EVE

I didn't know decisions were coming out today.

ANDERS

Me neither.

Roger, a little oblivious to the tone, claps his hands.

ROGER

We'll have to celebrate! My son, living in New York. Working with the big-wigs. Trading stocks just like Leonardo DiCaprio!

ANDERS

Dad, that's not --

(for Eve's benefit)

I'll mostly be making decks and editing Excel spreadsheets. It'll be pretty grim, likely.

ROGER

No way. They'll want you to have a good experience so they can work you later. You'll be living large!

EVE

(brave face)

Oh, definitely. You'll probably be clubbing every night. We'll have to stock you up on five hour energy. We can set up one of those recurring Amazon deliveries of Ensure.

PAT

We'll have to get a cake or something! Maybe we should have everyone over tonight, do something special?

Anders is still watching Eve. She feels guilty that he's worrying about her instead of enjoying the moment.

EVE  
 Absolutely We have to do  
 something. I'm so proud of you  
 Anders, really.

Anders phone starts ringing: **NATHAN.**

ANDERS  
 Hold on -- let me just grab this  
 real quick --  
 (on phone)  
 Hey, man. Yeah, yeah. Did you?  
 Dude --

His voice trails off as he goes into this room, his parents following, leaving Eve alone at the table.

**EXT. ANDERS' HOUSE - EARLY MORNING**

Anders stands on the back patio alone, drinking from a coffee mug. It's quiet and still. He TURNS at the sound of people behind him: Eve and Nathan coming onto the deck.

ANDERS  
 Hey.

EVE  
 Hi.

Nobody knows what to say. Nathan nods to the mug.

NATHAN  
 Did you make that here?

ANDERS  
 Yeah.

NATHAN  
 Is it good?

ANDERS  
 (considering)  
 No.

NATHAN  
 Perfect.

He flashes his car keys. Anders smiles in spite of himself.

**INT. DUNKIN DONUTS - A LITTLE LATER**

The same in every town. Reliably lo-fi. Eve orders for the three of them, Nathan and Anders sit at a table by the window. There's a queue of PEOPLE behind Eve.

NATHAN  
How are you?

ANDERS  
Fine. It is what it is.

NATHAN  
Are you feeling --

ANDERS  
I'm okay, really.

He looks out the window. Nathan searches around.

NATHAN  
Look --

ANDERS  
Nathan --

NATHAN  
Over there. Pink sandals.

ANDERS  
What about her?

NATHAN  
I think J.D. at Notre Dame. Moved here from Florida so she won't retire the shoes.

ANDERS  
Dude, I don't want to --

Eve sits down.

EVE  
What are you talking about?

NATHAN  
We're playing the game.

ANDERS  
He's playing the game.

Nathan points the subject out.

EVE

Hmm. Tough. I'm gonna say...  
daughter of a professor. Moved  
around a lot. Loves college towns  
but wanted to pick one she wasn't  
forced to go to. Finally taking  
life by the horns, you know?

NATHAN

I bet she's using dating apps, but  
the kind to make friends.

EVE

Don't judge. You've never lived  
outside a 200 mile radius of your  
parents. It's hard out there.  
(pointing at a YOUNG BOY)  
Okay, now him.

The kid is about 8, sitting with his DAD.

NATHAN

I think he's gearing up for an  
intense little league season.

EVE

(to Anders)

His dad always saw him as a golfer,  
but he just loves being part of a  
team.

Anders laughs in spite of himself.

NATHAN

And he thinks soccer is too  
violent. Right, Anders?

EVE

(air quotes)

"Concussion risk too high."

NATHAN

Gotta protect that brain. Helmet  
sports only.

ANDERS

(can't help himself)

They're just safer!

They're all laughing now. After a beat:

ANDERS (CONT'D)

I think he's always played second base but this year he's going to pitch, like his dad.

NATHAN

He any good?

ANDERS

The best.

EVE

I bet his dad's gonna be so proud.

They all watch the little boy laugh with his dad, charmed.

**INT. ANDERS' GUEST ROOM - A BIT LATER**

Nathan has his dress pants on but is buttoning up his shirt. Eve sprays perfume on her wrists.

When his shirt is on, Nathan turns to Eve for approval.

EVE

Very nice. Me?

She's wearing a black dress, less slutty than originally planned. She does a little flourish, like, "Ta-Da!"

NATHAN

Likewise.

They high-five. It's kind of a sad, limp high-five.

**INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Eve enters and finds Ros making coffee.

EVE

Here, sit. I can do that.

Ros sits, Eve starts putting the grinds into the machine. Fills it with water.

ROS

It was really nice of you to come.

EVE

Everyone keeps saying that. I guess this is my press tour.

ROS

I think it's a dramatic way to announce you're getting back together.

EVE

We're -- no, we're not. We're not back together. Or getting back together.

ROS

You're not?

EVE

I -- I don't think so?

ROS

It seems like you are. You keep giving each other looks. And every time you run out of water he gets you more water.

EVE

I mean, we dated for a long time. So there's some intimacy, I guess, just in that --

ROS

So what are you doing here?

The coffee machine NOISES get LOUDER so they raise their voices to talk over it.

ROS (CONT'D)

You don't just show up at your ex's dad's funeral.

EVE

I didn't just show up. He asked me to come.

ROS

So you've been talking.

EVE

We've been in touch since Roger got sick.

ROS

Oh, you wanted him to see what a loving partner you are and take you back? Or did you dump him? He never said.

EVE

(side-stepping this)

I came because I know he would have done it for me. He would have been on the first flight out. That's what you do when you -- (love someone). That's what you do for your friends.

ROS

Friends. Right.

(then)

Your skin is really glowing.

EVE

Oh. Thank you.

ROS

You get a facial for this?

EVE

I -- no? What?

ROS

You showed up to your ex's dad's funeral looking noticeably good. As if Anders doesn't have enough to be stressed about.

(Eve flounders)

It's just that none of us know what's going on, so we have no idea if we should be nice or mad at you.

Her and Ros fall silent.

EVE

Please don't be mad at me?

Pat, Nathan, and Anders walk in. Anders is locked in on his phone. In light of this exchange with Ros, Eve can't stop looking at him.

PAT

Everyone looks lovely. We're going to get a head start so we're there to greet everybody.

ANDERS

I'm getting all these fucking work emails.

PAT

Language.

NATHAN  
Dude, ignore them.

ANDERS  
I know. I can't.

EVE  
Do they know?

Anders doesn't respond, just types a response. Eve starts filling a bunch of to-go mugs with coffee.

EVE (CONT'D)  
Anders, they don't know?

ANDERS  
It's awkward. What am I supposed to do, email some managing partner and ask for time off?

NATHAN/EVE  
Yes, dude, what?/Absolutely that's what you're supposed to.

EVE  
What's the alternative? Literally working a full-time job with one hand while you're burying your father with the other?

ANDERS  
It's not a good time for me to be slacking. Things are just starting to pick up.

NATHAN  
Don't be ridiculous. Just tell them you're having a personal emergency.

EVE  
It's a bank, not a brain surgery. It can wait. Honestly, Anders --

ANDERS  
(raising his voice)  
I said it's not a good time!

A beat. Nobody speaks. Then, "conversational", back to smiling:

ANDERS (CONT'D)  
Mom, we should get in the car.

He hustles out, taking a mug from Eve without looking at her. Pat smiles apologetically as she sneaks out. The door SHUTS behind them.

ROS  
Okay, I believe you. You're not  
back together.

**INT. CAR**

Nathan and Eve drive to the service, eating donut holes out of a Dunkin bag. Eve is fishing out the jelly-filled ones specifically for Nathan and popping them in his mouth one-by-one. OUT THE WINDOW, street after street of small local businesses, modest suburban homes, random tiny graveyards.

They approach a modest church surrounded by a parking lot. The lot is partially full, with PEOPLE gathered outside the church doors.

NATHAN  
Jesus.

EVE  
Literally.

He turns into the lot and pulls into a faraway spot. Neither of them move to get out.

NATHAN  
Vibe check. How are you?

EVE  
I'm feeling a little scared.

NATHAN  
Relax, Broome, it's just a party.

She gives a half laugh but still neither moves. Nathan looks like he might give a rousing speech, but instead:

EVE  
Am I doing this right? Like -- all  
of it?

NATHAN  
Yeah. I don't know, honestly. I  
can't think of anything specific  
you're doing wrong. The whole  
thing is just weird. Nobody really  
understands what happened between  
you guys.

EVE

People are obsessed with what "happened" as if something ever really happens. Like there's no acceptable reason besides cheating, or --

NATHAN

-- murder.

EVE

Exactly. Try being with someone from 18 to 25. Truly, try it, then circle back. You can't learn all your lessons on another person and still get married in the end.

(then)

Listen to me, I'm like a divorcee. You're the custody battle.

NATHAN

It's not a divorce.

EVE

It's not not a divorce. Actually, it's like someone died, which I can say because my dad died, so it's not inappropriate. Even in this context.

NATHAN

It's a little inappropriate.

Eve doesn't smile.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

EVE

I think being here takes me back to a different place. I want to support him, but I'm not sure what I'm allowed to do. I'm in this place where I once belonged, but now I'm an outsider. I know what's going to happen because it's happened to me before. But I have to act removed, because it's not my dad. It's not even my boyfriend. I can't hold him, which is what it feels like I should be doing.

(then)

I really want to hold him.

Nathan flounders, not knowing what to say.

EVE (CONT'D)

Wow, I'm making everything so complicated and annoying. Ignore me. Should we kiss?

Nathan presses his forehead against the car window.

NATHAN

Oh my god, Eve.

**EXT. CHAPEL - SAME**

A large crowd of people bottlenecks by the entrance. Nathan and Eve get out of the car and join the CROWD.

As the queue slowly progresses, from **EVE AND NATHAN'S POV**, we see Anders and Pat politely hugging and shaking hands with everyone.

NATHAN

In a fucked up way, this weekend has been fun. For all of us to be together. Like everything is normal.

EVE

I know. I think that part is over now.

Eve and Nathan make it to the front of the line. Nathan hugs Pat and gives her a kiss on the cheek, then daps up Anders.

Meanwhile, Eve gives Pat a hug.

EVE (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, Pat.

PAT

Thanks for being here.

Eve waits for Nathan to finish hugging Anders, and he goes inside. Eve and Anders look at one another, unsure of what comes next. She touches his hair. He moves away a little.

EVE

Hanging in there?

ANDERS

So far. Yeah. Overwhelmed.

EVE

How can I -- what do you need from me? I can stay with you here if you want, or if someone's talking to you for too long, I can intervene --

ANDERS

Nothing, nothing. He's inside if you want to -- say anything. Thanks, Eve.

She nods and walks INTO THE CHAPEL. Anders turns to greet the NEXT GUEST.

**INT. CHAPEL - FOYER**

A wooden casket surrounded by flowers is propped up by the doors to the chapel. A few OLDER RELATIVES stand around it, shielding us from ROGER'S BODY, and cry. Nathan is with them. We only see him from the back, but his shoulders shake.

Eve doesn't approach further, looking apprehensive. An OLDER AUNT (70s) spots Eve and beelines for her.

AUNT

Eve, it's me. Aunt Judy. Do you remember me? We met at Cousin Barb's third wedding.

EVE

Of course. Hi. It's so nice to see you. I'm sorry it's under these circumstances.

JUDY

Please. It's fine. My brother lived a long life. I just wish there was a band. We could dance all night like we did at Barb's.

EVE

You have better moves than me, that's for sure.

JUDY

Hey, you know, we've got a priest, we've got the whole family - you and Anders might as well get married today! Two birds and all that. Funerals, weddings, they're not so different.

Judy BARKS a crazy laugh, pats Eve's cheek, and walks off.

INT. ANDERS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Mid-way through a "fancy" dinner -- a table-cloth, a few candles, some bottles of wine. Half a pot-roast still in the center of the table.

YOUNGER ROS and MARK (50s) are there, in dressy clothes. Roger takes HEARTY GULPS from a very full glass of wine. Everybody laughs heartily and joshes each other, but Eve is a bit stiff. Anders watches her warily.

ROS

Maybe later you can help us figure out what to do with our Roth IRA, Anders? Mark is useless when it comes to this --

MARK

I'm not useless. That's bull.

ANDERS

That's really not what I'll be dealing with, to be honest.

PAT

Eve, what are you going to do for the summer?

Eve looks shocked to have the attention turned on her.

EVE

Oh, I'm not sure.

ROGER

Well that makes a lot more sense to me, this whole planning out months ahead -- we never did that when I was your age. It's ridiculous.

ANDERS

That's just the system in place, it's not --

PAT

Maybe you'll also get a job in New York?

EVE

(smiling but cold)  
Probably not. I'm not really a New York person.

ROS

Me neither. It's too smelly.  
There's pee everywhere. Right on  
the street, in puddles like rain.  
Pee!

EVE

I was actually thinking I might go  
to California.

ANDERS

What?

PAT

Supposed to be lovely weather.

ROS

I've always wanted to see the  
Pacific.

EVE

There's a summer intensive there  
for Classics and I want to check it  
out.

ROGER

That's a good girl.

Anders shushes Roger, then, back to Eve:

ANDERS

Sorry, California? Like, opposite  
side of the country?

EVE

That's the one.

ANDERS

What is going on?

Roger stands up, clearly drunk.

ROGER

I'm opening another, who else  
wants?

Ros and Mark raise their hands. Eve demures for a second,  
then raises hers too. Roger fills their glasses -- his own  
particularly full.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Should we cheers?

ANDERS  
(whispering)  
You've never mentioned this.

PAT  
Maybe you guys can send each other  
letters. That's the most romantic.

ANDERS  
What even is this program? Were we  
going to talk about it?

ROGER  
Let's cheers to California!

He raises his glass boisterously.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
And to the Big Apple!

EVE  
(to Anders)  
I don't know. Were we gonna talk  
about you going to New York?

ANDERS  
We've been talking about it for  
months, this has always been the  
plan --

EVE  
Yeah. Your plan. For you. I  
wasn't exactly part of it.

ANDERS  
You're mad at me for getting the  
internship, is that what --

EVE  
I'm very happy for you and think  
you should do what you want for  
your life and I should do what I  
want for mine.

ANDERS  
And that's some program you're just  
now bringing up?

EVE  
I'm sorry you don't take my  
pursuits seriously just because  
they're not, like, trading on oil  
futures.

ANDERS

And the only location for  
righteousness is California?

EVE

Did you think I'd just follow you  
wherever you went like some --

ROGER

(singing)

CALIFORNIA DREAMING / ON SUCH A  
WINTER'S --

ANDERS

(snapping, yelling)

Dad, can you shut up?

The whole table freezes.

ROGER

What did you just say to me?

PAT

Roger, don't --

ROGER

Don't talk to me like that in my  
house. This is my house.

ANDERS

Pretty sure the GI bill bought this  
house.

ROGER

You're just some spoiled fuck who  
thinks he's better than his father.

ANDERS

I don't think that. I am better  
than you.

Roger stands. He SLAPS his hand down on the table, hard.  
Anders flinches. Eve's glass turns over, spilling wine all  
over her.

Roger is still staring daggers at Anders while Pat hurriedly  
stands and grabs towels for Eve.

PAT

Oh, honey, here -- clean yourself  
up -- let's get these off you and  
I'll throw them in the wash --

Anders rises too.

ANDERS

We should go to bed. We have a big drive in the morning.

He moves towards Eve, who rises and smiles at his family politely. She turns and quickly rushes to the downstairs bedroom, leaving Anders in the kitchen.

INT. ANDERS' CAR - FIRST THING IN THE MORNING

Anders and Eve drive in silence. Eve is looking determinedly out the window.

ANDERS

Are you ok?

EVE

I'm fine. Are you ok?

ANDERS

Yeah. He's just -- yeah.  
Impossible. He's impossible.

EVE

I'm sorry.

ANDERS

Are you going to talk to me?

EVE

I am talking to you.

ANDERS

You're mad at me.

EVE

I'm not.

She is.

ANDERS

Fine. Should we -- do you want me to drop you off at your mom's?

EVE

Yeah, that'd be good. Let me call her.

Eve takes her phone out and calls **CELIA**. It rings and rings. Nobody answers. Eve exhales, annoyed.

EVE (CONT'D)

She's not answering. Probably with her boyfriend. Everyone in my life leaves me.

ANDERS

That's not fair.

She doesn't respond, deep in thought.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

I'm not leaving you.

EVE

You're smarter than me. I know you know that. I know when people see us, they're like, "how are they together?" And I'm sure you wonder the same thing.

ANDERS

I have no idea what you're talking about!

EVE

I just want you to admit that you don't think I'm good enough for the job. I want you to say: "Eve, you're not as good as me."

ANDERS

Eve, if you gave a shit, this would be a different story. But I don't think you should fixate on some job you think is stupid.

EVE

A stupid job that has been, like, the singular focus of your life since you got to school.

ANDERS

I don't have a choice. If I don't get this job, I don't have my uncle's firm or whatever to fall back --

EVE

You act like I'm some billionaire.

ANDERS

We're not in the same situation. You just saw what's waiting for me if I don't make it.

EVE

What, a nice normal family who is proud of you --

ANDERS

Just own that you want to read old books for the rest of your life and everyone would respect it.

EVE

(still going)  
-- two alive parents --

ANDERS

Can I be honest? The more sorry you feel for yourself, the less sorry I feel for you.

Eve lets that sink in and turns away. Her eyes start watering. She wipes her face and leans against the window.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. That came out wrong.

She pretends to sleep.

### A LITTLE LATER

Eve is asleep, for real now. Anders keeps looking over at her anxiously. Then, noticing something on the freeway, he signals and pulls off.

### EXT. MT. SINAI CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

He pulls up to the guard station and rolls down his window. Eve stirs a little.

ANDERS

Hi. Yeah, just going to see our dad. Last name Broome. Thanks.  
Do you have a --  
(the guard hands him a map)  
Yeah, that's perfect, thanks.

The road winds up a very BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAIN. Anders drives up it. Eve wakes up.

EVE

Where are we -- ?  
(realizing)  
Anders, are you serious?

ANDERS

You don't even have to get out.

He pulls over and parks.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

I just want to see. Here, I'll  
keep the car on and the butt warmer  
and everything.

He gets out and hands Eve the keys.

**EXT. MT. SINAI CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS**

Anders walks alone, hands in his pocket. He stops and reads every headstone in the lawn that he passes by. Up ahead is a beautiful WHITE MARBLE open-air MAUSOLEUM. A tile mural of flowers on it. He heads towards it.

The mausoleum is built around a tiny garden. A mini brook, some wildflowers, wet stones, green grass.

Anders crouches down and picks up a stone. He takes his time looking at every plaque on every crypt:

**CHERISHED DAUGHTER, GOLFER, AND CHANNEL SURFER.**

**FOREVER MISSING OUR FAVORITE JOKE-TELLER.**

**LOVING GRANDFATHER, HUSBAND, SON, FRIEND.**

He stops and really takes all of it in. Then finds:

**HENRY BROOME. IN LOVING MEMORY. WE'LL SEE YOU SOON.**

Anders looks up at the plaque and touches it in silent awe with his fingers. He places the stone he's holding on the raised part of the plaque. An offering.

He tries talking:

ANDERS

Hi, Mr. Broome. Hey. I'm -- I'm  
Anders. I'm dating Eve, uh, your  
daughter. I'm her boyfriend. I've  
actually never been to a graveyard  
before, so I don't know exactly  
what to say. This is a beautiful  
place to be buried. I think Eve  
and Celia did a good job picking  
out your spot.

He looks around anxiously and scratches his neck.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

It doesn't seem fair that I get to have my dad, and Eve doesn't get to have you. I mean, my dad's a pain in the ass. Seriously. We should trade.

(then)

I really love your daughter. But sometimes I feel like -- there's this part of her that I can't access? And I think it's because of you. Like, obviously, biologically, there's things she got from you that I can't fully understand because I haven't met you. But more so, you've shaped her so much -- even by not being here. Like, she's grown in the negative space you left behind. I keep thinking about how I can never really know what she's feeling, or where it's all coming from. Unless I went back in time, and met you, and met the Eve that existed with you. But I also know that if you hadn't -- died, sorry -- she'd be a different Eve. And sometimes I wish I could meet that Eve. The Eve who got to grow up with her dad.

Anders starts to cry. Really cry. It takes him by surprise.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

I don't know why I'm crying. Sorry. I guess I'm crying because you're such an abstraction sometimes I forget to take you seriously. And I'm crying for Eve. I can tell she really misses you. I can tell she's suffering, and I wish I could fix that.

(then)

But also, I think I'm crying because in a way, I don't want to fix it. Because I don't want anything about her, or between us, to be different. I love my Eve, the one who exists with me here. Without you. Is that bad?

He's SOBBING now. He touches the plaque again.

Behind him, Eve approaches. She pauses when she realizes Anders is crying and watches him. She hears this last part:

ANDERS (CONT'D)

Thank you. Eve always says you're not really here. But she thinks you're nowhere, and I think you're with her.

Eve approaches from behind and puts her arms around Anders. She hugs him very tight. Anders keeps crying.

#### INT. CHAPEL

Aunt Judy walks away, into the chapel, and finds a seat. The people at Roger's casket have cleared out, creating space for Eve. She inhales, preparing herself and walks toward it. *Note: we never see Roger. We move to the POV over the casket, watching Eve approach him face-on.*

Eve stands in front of the casket. She turns back to catch a glimpse of Anders, still smiling and shaking hands, the veneer solid and un-cracked. She turns back to Roger. At first, she can't really look at him -- her eyes dart around, awkward. Then she tries to stare at him meaningfully. Deeply. To connect with him.

EVE

Um. Hey? Hey, Roger.

Eve stands frozen there for a minute. She doesn't have the same outpouring that Anders did. She's uncomfortable and isn't sure what to say.

She turns at the feeling of someone's hand on her shoulder. It's Nathan.

NATHAN

We should get seats.

#### INT. CHURCH - PEWS - A LITTLE LATER

A little before the opening scene. Anders and Pat sit in the very front row. Nathan and Eve far in the back.

FOUR MEN process down the center aisle, holding the casket, which is now closed. The SERVICE STARTS.

- The PRIEST begins the opening prayer and blesses the casket with HOLY WATER. People genuflect and move as one. Eve tries to keep up.

- Amidst the gentle HUM of prayer, Eve scans the crowd for glimpses of Anders' face.
- Mark stands to give his speech. He gets three words out before he breaks into UNINTELLIGIBLE SOBS. Ros has to get up and finish for him.
- Incense is lit and the smoke coils past the casket, up the stained glass windows and out the church into --

**EXT. CHURCH - GRAVESITE - A LITTLE LATER**

The casket is perched above the gravesite. It now has a FLAG draped over it. MEN in MILITARY UNIFORMS stand solemnly flanking it, Nathan and Eve off to the side.

The MILITARY MEN take their rifles out and fire THREE VOLLEYS OVER THE GRAVE. A MAN with a BUGLE begins to play TAPS. Anders makes his way over to Nathan and Eve. Eve reaches for his hand. Nathan puts his arm around Eve. The three of them stand there holding each other.

As TAPS PLAYS, a quick MONTAGE -- POPS of MEMORIES that Eve hasn't thought about in years until RIGHT NOW --

**EXT. PLAYGROUND - SOMEWHERE IN CHICAGO [2000]**

A rudimentary children's playground: a slide, monkey bars. Five-year-old Eve walks between YOUNG CELIA and EVE'S FATHER, HENRY. She is holding hands with both of them. Henry and Celia look at each other deviously.

HENRY

One...

CELIA

Two...

HENRY/CELIA

Three!

They lift Eve entirely off the ground by her hands and swing her IN THE AIR. Eve is LAUGHING, over-joyed, the happiest she's ever been:

EVE

Again, again!

CUT TO:

INT. EVE'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eve is half-asleep with Henry (now a bit thinner and sick-looking) and her mom on either side, reading to her.

We can barely make out what they're saying, just the soothing tones of their voices as they pass the book back-and-forth and Eve drifts off to sleep, worry-free.

Henry brushes back her hair with his hand.

HENRY

I love you.

EVE

(half-asleep)

Love you daddy.

INT. CAR - DAY

A now slightly older Eve (10ish) sits shotgun with Celia driving. She turns to her mom, curious:

EVE

What happens if you get hurt?

CELIA

What do you mean?

EVE

If you fall down in the shower or  
if you get in a car accident or if  
you get cancer or --

CELIA

I'll go to the hospital and they'll  
help me get better.

EVE

No. Like, if you go away, what's  
gonna happen to me? Will anybody  
live with me?

Something about this breaks Celia's heart.

INT. ANDERS' HOUSE - SOUTH BEND

BACK IN THE PAST, at that first dinner together -- only now we get the rest of the memory. Eve, Pat, Roger, and Anders have dinner.

ROGER  
Chi-chi! Get it, like Chi-cago,  
but also fancy. Like, "shee-shee".

ANDERS  
She gets it.

EVE  
I like it.

PAT  
And what does your mom do again?

EVE  
She's a lawyer.

ANDERS  
A very successful lawyer. You met  
her, remember, when we were moving  
in? She built all of Eve's  
furniture.

EVE  
I built some of it, don't listen to  
him.

ROGER  
Is your father in the picture?

Anders hesitates for a moment and looks at Eve.

EVE  
He died. When I was younger.

ROGER  
Oh, no.

He looks her dead in the eyes with so much sincerity.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
I am so sorry.

EVE  
Oh, it's okay. I was young, I  
don't remember really. It was a  
long time ago.

ROGER  
Well that's just terrible. It's  
terrible to not remember. Is he  
buried near your family?

EVE  
At the Mt. Sinai off I-95.

ROGER  
Do you visit?

EVE  
Not so much. I don't really feel  
like I'm visiting "him", if that  
makes sense.  
(with practicality)  
He's gone.

Roger is looking her so directly in the eye that she can't  
escape it.

ROGER  
I am so, so sorry. That makes me  
want to cry.

He's serious. His eyes are watering.

ANDERS  
Dad.

EVE  
It's really okay.

ROGER  
No. It's not.

Everyone sits with this for a second.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
What was he like?

EVE  
He -- he was an acupuncturist.

ROGER  
I don't care what he did, what was  
he like?

ANDERS PAT  
Dad -- Roger.

ROGER  
What? I want to know what the man  
was like.

Maybe nobody has ever thought to ask Eve this before.

ANDERS  
(to Eve)  
You don't have to --

EVE

No. It's a good question. Um, he was very funny. Snarky, dry sense of humor. And smart, really smart. And enjoyed that. He liked feeling smarter than other people.

(thinking about it more)

I remember him as being very charming. And -- he was a complicated person. He had a darkness. I think he cheated on my mom. I was young when he died, so I never knew him that way, but I've gleaned this in the years since. In my memories, we're always just happy and laughing and close. But there's a lot I don't know.

She trails off. Anders is staring at her with unconcealed shock to hear her speak so openly.

ROGER

Well, we all have our darkness. My dad died when I was twelve, and I never got over it. Big yeller. Navy guy. For years I tried to unearth everything about him -- every flaw, every story from his friends. And I'm glad I did that. I learned a lot about him.

EVE

Yeah, exactly. The archaeologist phase. I've done a lot of excavating. That's how I've really "gotten to know him", or whatever.

ROGER

Looking back, I don't think I needed to do all of that. My understanding of him, that was enough. The way I saw him or the things we did together. That's also real. I thought I had to know everything to know the truth of him. But my memories are the truth of him, too.

He reaches for Eve's hand and takes it.

CUT TO:

**BACK TO SCENE.**

Eve is CRYING HARD NOW. So is Nathan. She glances at Anders, who is still stoic. The sight of him not crying makes Eve cry more. People cover the casket with dirt.

Roger's casket is lowered into the grave. It should feel like a long minute of them standing there holding one another in silence.

Anders exhales, long and slow, then turns to them.

ANDERS

Hey.

NATHAN

Hey.

ANDERS

Thanks for being here. It really means a lot to me.

NATHAN

Of course, man. Are you --

ANDERS

Yeah. It's okay. I'm good. What time is your guys' flight?

NATHAN

In a couple hours out of Chicago. I should probably go get the car.

ANDERS

I'll see you back in New York though.

Nathan and Anders give each other a REAL HUG.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

(again, softer)

Thanks so much for being here.

NATHAN

Of course. Of course.

Eve watches them as they slowly pull apart.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

(to Eve)

I'll just go get -- ?

EVE  
Yeah, perfect.

He heads off, leaving them alone.

Eve and Anders start WALKING in a big circle around the cemetery. They don't talk for a long beat.

EVE (CONT'D)  
I'm so sorry, Anders.

ANDERS  
I miss his laugh.

EVE  
You don't have to miss it. You  
have the same one.

Anders laughs. Then hears it. Let's that sit for a moment.

ANDERS  
He sucked sometimes, though, right?

EVE  
I'll always be grateful to him. He  
gave the world you.

ANDERS  
Yeah, I'm sure you're very grateful  
for that.

EVE  
I actually am. My life didn't  
really start until I met you.

ANDERS  
I didn't want you to move to  
California. Even after we broke  
up.

EVE  
We weren't exactly seeing much of  
each other.

ANDERS  
But still. It was different when I  
knew you were there -- or, it's  
different now, knowing you're not  
in New York.

EVE  
(teasing)  
You like feeling I'm just a train  
away?

ANDERS  
(so serious)  
Yeah, I do.

She reaches for his hand and takes it. They look at their entwined hands, and then back at each other.

ANDERS (CONT'D)  
You know what I really think?

EVE  
Tell me.

ANDERS  
(re: their hands)  
This is fatherless behavior.

Caught by surprise, she laughs.

EVE  
Yeah. Yeah, it is. It's actually boring how textbook Daddy Issues it is.

They turn and look at the grave plot, now covered in dirt and being smoothed over.

ANDERS  
He's not in there.

EVE  
I know he's not. I know where he really is.

He reaches for her waist. It's not clear what is happening. They hug. Eve closes her eyes and tries to put everything she is feeling into the hug. Anders EXHALES and STARTS REALLY CRYING.

They pull back. Both crying now. It feels like they could kiss -- we're sure they won't, but maybe --

#### INT. DORM - EVE'S ROOM - DAY

End of the school year. Eve's room is stripped bare, the last vestiges of her things piled on her bed as she folds them and places them into one of her two HUGE SUITCASES.

Anders knocks once, perfunctory, then lets himself in.

ANDERS  
Whoa, major progress.

EVE  
Don't call me a hero.

He hoists himself up onto Eve's lofted bed, now just a bare mattress.

ANDERS  
What time is Celia getting here?

EVE  
An hour or so?

ANDERS  
How are you feeling?

EVE  
I'm okay. Are your parents waiting in the car?

ANDERS  
Yeah. I gotta get them out of here. My dad won't stop pointing at all the finishes on the sinks and going, "that faucet is nicer than our house!"

EVE  
He's not wrong.

ANDERS  
I downloaded an audiobook for the drive so it won't be as painful.

EVE  
It's nice they're gonna help you move into your sublet?

ANDERS  
I know. But they're just so annoying sometimes.

Anders pulls Eve's arm so she faces him. She walks closer to him, standing in between his legs. He wraps his legs around her and pulls her close.

ANDERS (CONT'D)  
You know I'm going to miss you so, so much, right?

EVE  
I know.

ANDERS

This is where you say you're going to miss me too.

EVE

I'm scared you're going to forget about me and everything will be ruined.

ANDERS

I'm never, ever going to forget about you.

EVE

New York is very sexy. It's exciting. There are models. It's a hub for models.

ANDERS

Something tells me that models are not looking for nineteen-year-old interns at banks.

EVE

So the reason you're staying with me is because you can't do better, not because of me specifically.

ANDERS

Correct. If I could pull a model, I'd be on the next flight to Milan.

They kiss. He takes her face in his hands and kisses both her cheeks, her forehead, the tip of her nose, and her mouth again.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

I'm really proud of you.

EVE

Don't be. I haven't done anything.

ANDERS

You're pursuing a passion. You have every option in the world in front of you.

EVE

There's nothing I'm so clearly meant for.

ANDERS

The fun is in the exploration.

EVE  
I'm gonna end up some broke  
academic.

ANDERS  
I'm gonna find that so hot.

Anders pulls away, preparing to leave. Eve's eyes well up.  
She wipes her face repeatedly.

ANDERS (CONT'D)  
Summer's only three months. Then  
we have our whole lives together.

EVE  
But I don't want to say goodbye.

ANDERS  
Then don't. I'll call you the  
minute I get to New York. In fact,  
I'll call you right now.

As he turns to go, he pulls out his phone and calls **EVE**. On  
the desk, Eve's phone STARTS RINGING.

EVE  
(faux-annoyed)  
Babe, I can't talk right now, I'm  
really busy packing.

Anders is halfway out the door.

ANDERS  
That's okay, just call me back when  
you're ready.

**EXT. CHURCH - GRAVESITE**

Eve gets into the car with Nathan. They look out the window  
at the other mourners slowly loading into their vehicles. As  
they pull out and begin to turn, they see Anders standing and  
waving through the window.

They wave back. Eve is crying.

NATHAN  
I love him so much.

EVE  
I know. Me too.

INT. DORM - HALLWAY

Anders leaves a voicemail for Eve as he walks out of the dorm.

ANDERS (INTO PHONE)  
Hey, Eve. It's Anders. Your  
boyfriend. I'm on my way to New  
York without you, which sucks.

INT. NATHAN'S CAR

Eve and Nathan drive down the highway, both crying.

ANDERS (V.O.)  
I'm leaving you a voicemail to  
remind you that I love you so much  
and you're my best friend. I'm  
thinking this voicemail could be a  
good memento to have. Like, at our  
wedding, or at our joint funeral  
with our matching grave plots.

INT. DORM - EVE'S ROOM

Eve, now fully packed, rolls her bags to the door. Her mom, Celia, is there. Celia hugs her and Eve BURSTS INTO TEARS.

ANDERS (V.O.)  
That way people will see that we've  
been soulmates since day one. Or,  
more realistically, one day you'll  
be accepting the Nobel Prize for  
Academic Excellence and you'll have  
to do a big press junket.

They stand there and hug, two women on their own.

INT. CAR - SAME

Anders drives, Pat in the front seat and Roger asleep in the back.

ANDERS (V.O.)  
The interviewer will be like, "what  
was your life like before stardom?"  
And you can reach way, way back  
into the deep recesses of your mind  
and say --

**INT. O'HARE AIRPORT**

Eve goes through security behind Nathan.

ANDERS (V.O.)  
"Well, there was this one guy..."  
And maybe you won't even remember  
my name by then, but you'll  
remember the feeling.

Eve and Nathan walk together through the terminal. They stop at a gate with a flight going to New York. They HUG GOODBYE.

Nathan goes to the boarding line. Eve keeps on walking.

**INT. EVE'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING**

Eve rolls her suitcase into her house. She passes by a VASE OF FRESH FLOWERS and stops. The sight of such a sweet gesture makes her emotional again.

ANDERS (V.O.)  
Even if we're long gone. There's  
still the acknowledgment of the  
love. The infinite life of it.

Jackson comes into the room and hugs her from behind.

ANDERS (V.O.)  
Okay, okay. That's enough waxing  
from me! Bye for now.

FADE TO:

**EXT. NEW YORK CITY SUBWAY STATION - SOMETIME IN THE FUTURE**

Eve stands on a subway platform in New York. She taps her foot impatiently as she looks for the train and checks her Maps app repeatedly, clearly not at ease here.

Suddenly, she spots SOMEONE across the platform. She steps closer and squints. It's ANDERS. He's looking down at his phone.

He doesn't see Eve. Anders puts his phone in his pocket. Checks the train time. Eve waits for him to look up, look her way, but he doesn't.

After a moment, Eve takes out her own PHONE. Maybe to text him? To text someone else? She types something quickly we DON'T SEE. Eve looks back up at Anders, expectant, and we **GO TO BLACK.**