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# Changes

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Changes

An Honors Thesis

Presented to

the Department of Film, Theatre, and Communication Arts

of the University of New Orleans

In Partial Fulfillment

of the Requirements for the Degree of

Bachelor of Arts, with University Honors

and Honors in Film Arts

by

Tylyn Anson

May 2012

## **Acknowledgements**

This thesis is dedicated to my loving partner of two years, and the longest member of my polyamorous family, Carey Rowanoak, who has been with me since I began this project, and has been a source of constant support and encouragement during the writing of this screenplay, essay, and the entire latter half of my time at the University of New Orleans.

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\*Screenplay does not state page numbers relative to this essay, but rather begins a new numbering system. However, it begins on the 8<sup>th</sup> page in this Thesis, and so is listed as such in the Table of Contents.

## Abstract

The screenplay for a narrative film is the key starting point in the development process, and writing a feature length screenplay is a particularly grueling process. This thesis traces my efforts to write a full, strong draft of a feature length screenplay, from conception to the current draft. The essay catalogs the notes I received on the screenplay, as well as my own ideas for changes and developments as I wrote the screenplay. After the essay, the current (as of this date, May of 2012) draft of the screenplay is attached as a presentation of my work reflected in the essay.

Keywords: Screenplay, Writing, Film, Script, Movie, Cinema

## Introduction

My thesis work, currently entitled “Changes,” is the second working draft of a feature-length screenplay, which has been written under the guidance of Erik Hansen and Henry Griffin. In the film industry, a typical feature-length screenplay is considered anywhere from 85-120 pages, potentially more. The current draft of this project sits at 85 pages, and will likely be expanded in coming drafts as I continue my work on the project.

There are also certain key moments referred to in the craft of screenwriting as **plot points** that I set out to incorporate into the project, as these are used to structure the stories told via screenplays (and by extension, films). The plot points are considered as follows: “The Inciting Incident,” the moment that starts the main story arc; “Plot Point 1,” the moment where the issue the protagonist is faced with become clear; the “Mid-point,” the point half-way through the story where something relevant to the protagonist’s goal becomes clear, and/or the protagonist’s commitment is strengthened; “Plot Point 2,” a low point for the protagonist, in which the problems the protagonist faces seem insurmountable, both to the audience and the character; “The Climax,” the final moment of triumph or defeat for the protagonist, in which the conflict driving the story is resolved. For this story, I knew I also wanted to include another plot point that is generally considered to be optional in the telling of the story, “the dénouement,” which is a brief instance that observes some manner of life after the conflict has been resolved.

In discussing this with my advisor, I decided on having characters that were clearly defined in their roles, at least for the two main characters of the story. In this regard, “the protagonist” – the character whose actions move the plot forward – and “the antagonist” – the character and/or force that attempts to stop the protagonist from achieving their goal – are established early on as certain character types (how this was done will be discussed in greater detail in a further section).

Apart from the screenplay itself, it was decided that this project would also include an analysis of the screenplay, explaining the techniques used in the development of the screenplay, as well as the process by which I crafted this draft. That is the primary purpose this paper serves, and is to be submitted as such as part of the defense of the Honors Thesis.

## **Body of Thesis**

My first work on this project began in April of 2011, when an idea was born in my head to tell a story of my experiences with a friendship that had recently ended in metaphorical flames. Before I began any writing, I took the advice of a teacher I had studied under before, Erik Hansen, and began an extensive stage of prewriting for a two week period (while the amount of time spent on pre-writing had never been specifically given in any class with Erik Hansen, or even decided on by myself at the time, I wanted to have a certain amount of work planned out prior to beginning to craft the story). The first notes that I wrote were about the structure of the story itself – how I envisioned symmetrically book-ending the story with scenes at an airport, toying with the idea of non-linear storytelling, and coming up with a general structure and dynamic between the three major characters – the protagonist, the antagonist, and the boyfriend, and how they all related to each other.

Next, I began to develop the characters. While I approached each character individually, I took identical steps for fleshing out the identity of each character, which involved writing a physical description of how I envisioned the character at that stage, and then diving further into the internal traits of each character, such as musical tastes, world outlooks, and personality traits. While these would never be explicitly mentioned in the screenplay, and many traits (such as musical tastes) would not even be implicitly mentioned, I felt that I needed to truly understand the inner workings of each character's minds in order to properly write for them. Additionally, I wanted the names I picked for them to be reflective of the characters and their arc in a subtle manner, and I did not think I could accomplish this without first understanding who they were and what I needed their journey to be.

I settled on the names Zoe, Skye, and Kurt for the protagonist, antagonist, and boyfriend, respectively. "Zoe" was chosen for its ability to sound young and naïve, yet also to represent a

strong, individualistic character, which allowed the name to fit at all stages of her character's journey, from an unsure girl who needed to latch onto another person, to an independent woman capable of fully standing up for herself. The name "Skye" was picked for its clear association with the hippie culture, but I decided that it was also one that is popular enough that it could be given to someone who did not match up with that lifestyle anyway. This allowed for me to develop a character that could initially seem cool, independent, and steeped in the counterculture, but who would still be believable, yet also tragic, when she ends up abandoning those principles. Kurt was a name that struck me as a laid back guy, who embodied a "cool" attitude. At the same, time though, it matched the idea of a kind, down-to-Earth attitude as well, which is specifically the feeling I needed to evoke with the character.

The next thing I began to plan out was to write down the actual themes and conflicts present in the story. I brainstormed many themes, all of which pointed to one final theme of the changes that friendships go through in each person's life. The conflict I ultimately decided on was a seemingly external one, however, my focus both in pre-writing and for the actual writing ended up being an internal one for the protagonist, Zoe. I decided that the best example of the conflict I could determine, put more specifically, was a feeling of Need vs. Independence.

The final thing I thought I needed to decide on was a **thru-line**, or a one-sentence description of the point of the story. While the thru-line would go through revisions at later points, the one I decided on at the time was "the loss of idealism and the changes it causes in people's personalities distances them from the people who love them." This reflects the relationship between Zoe and Skye, and the change that the characters go through in the story.

It was at this point that I began writing the first draft. The first major thing I learned is centered on this point, and came from advice that Erik Hansen gave me soon after I asked him to be my advisor, which was to take more time planning. More to the point, to specifically plan out

what the plot points were for each instance, and how I had planned to arrive at each one. If I had to pick one single thing I learned that I feel most helped me as a screenwriter, it is this lesson.

After writing about 25 pages of the screenplay, I showed the first 20 to my advisor. He recommended two primary changes: adding a subplot to serve as a less preachy example of how Skye was becoming a different person, and removing the idea of non-linear storytelling, and instead focusing on just the present.

The first piece of advice, I was immediately swayed by, and in discussing the idea with him, became convinced that the use of the word “idealism,” which had appeared several times in writing out the thru-line, conflict, and themes of the story, was the key to creating a subplot. From this train of thought, I set the story in a more specific time period, specifically in the present day during the series of Occupy protests that are currently taking place around the world. This advice was invaluable, as this not only added more depth to the story than focusing only on Zoe and Skye’s relationship, but it also helped me to solve a problem I had not managed to justify in my own writing, which was the issue of why Zoe continued to talk to Skye after her instances of verbal abuse in the present timeline.

Removing the idea of the non-linear storytelling, however, I was less enthusiastic about. While I understood Hansen’s concern that the flashbacks were not powerful enough from the start and that the transitions were sloppy, I didn’t think the solution was taking them out entirely, especially since the comparison between the two periods of time was what made the delivery of the message so powerful. Rather than immediately go and take out the different glimpses into the past, I instead went ahead and gave myself a homework assignment to understand a more effective way to handle a parallel structure told via a non-linear plot line. I made it a point to watch and take notes on *The Godfather, Pt. 2* (Coppola, 1974), which heavily features a story that shows the fall (in the present) and rise (in the past) of the Corleone crime family, and shows

direct parallels between the actions that the people in each time period take. Doing this gave me a new perspective on how to handle the non-linear structure, and keep each sequence relevant to the story as a whole, as well as demonstrating important character development.

From this point I also began to plan out the specific plot points that I would want to touch on, as well as changing them to a more “cinematic” idea as per Hansen’s advice. Instead of my planned Plot Point 1 involving Zoe seeking help for Skye’s verbal abuse via counseling and discussions with her friends, instead the moment for Plot Point 1 is when Skye abandons Zoe in the parking lot. The abuse also begins to take on a physical manifestation as well in order to be more visually engaging, rather than staying strictly verbal in my construction of the story. This keeps the story much more powerful and emotionally resonant with the reader.

The dialog of the screenplay was still important to me, however, because as a writer, I feel it is important that my characters are given interesting and compelling things to say. Hence, it was shocking to me that when rereading my own writing for this project I found the dialog to be stale and repetitive. To get a lesson on how to alleviate this problem, I made it a point to watch – and read the screenplay for – one of my favorite and, what I consider, most well written films of the more recent generations, Kevin Smith’s *Chasing Amy* (1997). This film was a deciding influence on my writing for this project, as despite its length and heavy use of dialog, the film and screenplay each never feel stale or repetitive. Under careful examination of the two, I found the key ingredient for this is that while it is a very dense story with a great deal of dialog, every line serves a new purpose, whether it is adding a new facet of character development, a new piece of plot information, or even a line to keep the mood from crossing over into melodrama. I tried to incorporate this technique into my writing, with what I feel is great success. Analyzing my own writing, as well as listening to feedback from many others, has demonstrated this accomplishment, as the writing is considered fresh and engaging, as well as

emotionally moving. I had actually reworked several scenes, keeping most of the action and setting still intact, but changing the dialog so that new information is obtained, even so much as to change entire points of scenes so that they flow better, including a better flow into the transitions from scene-to-scene and from the different time periods.

I have learned a great deal about the process of writing a feature-length screenplay, including skills that I will take with me into my graduate studies at the University of New Orleans, as well as into my filmmaking career. In fact, I feel that this experience has given me a screenplay that I can take further on and produce, as well as giving me good contacts with a well-established rapport for which I can seek future advice.

Changes

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2012  
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FADE IN:

1 INT. ZOE'S JEEP - EVENING 1

A simple, FOUR-DOOR JEEP, red, about 10 years old. The inside is a little sloppy, but still kept neat.

In the driver's seat sits ZOE, girl, early 20s, with long curly hair. Everything about her, from her beaming face to her tightened posture, says she's excited.

KURT, male, mid-late 20s with shaggy hair, sits in the passenger seat. He's excited and happy too, but much more reserved than Zoe is.

The two look at each other and smile. They hold out their hands and embrace each other. Zoe looks out to the window again, then lets go of Kurt's hand to turn up the radio.

The outside flies by their dashboard as they drive, until they can see planes taking off and landing.

2 EXT. AIRPORT - EVENING 2

A bustling airport. People get into and out of taxis and their friend's cars as they either begin or end their trip.

Zoe's jeep drives past, and into the entrance for a parking garage.

3 INT. SPIRAL DRIVEWAY - EVENING 3

A spiral driveway in the parking garage. The twilight from outside shines through the outside.

Zoe and Kurt look on, their smiles beaming wider as they get closer and closer to their destination.

4 INT. PARKING GARAGE - EVENING 4

The garage is filled with cars and people carrying luggage to and from this area.

Zoe pulls into a parking spot, stopping.

She and Kurt get out of the car. Smiling, and holding onto each other, they walk over to the elevators.

5 INT. AIRPORT ELEVATOR - EVENING 5

The elevator is plain, the only interesting thing about it is the glass wall looking out onto the airport. From it, it is visible that the sun is now setting, giving the sky a purple and orange hue.

Zoe puts her hand against the glass and smiles. Kurt gently takes her other hand; their fingers lace.

6 INT. AIRPORT LOBBY - NIGHT 6

A circular lobby in the airport. People from all walks of life rush by, some carrying luggage, some with food. All eager to get where they're going.

Zoe and Kurt are no exception, as they frantically eye up the ARRIVALS SCREEN.

Kurt finds what they're looking for, tapping Zoe on the shoulder and showing her. The two look above and around them at the directions on the ceiling.

Finding their destination, they make their way, joining the fast pace of the people around them.

7 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT 7

A terminal lit by the fluorescent lights above. A metal statue sits in the center of the room. A lone employee works at a desk in the sparsely populated room.

The security around the airport gates lie over on one side of the room, with some people coming out.

Directly across the room sits Zoe. As she notices the people, she begins to stand up. Then, looking at her watch, sits back down.

Kurt comes back over, sipping out of a FAST FOOD CUP and holding a BAG OF FOOD.

KURT  
Not her flight?

Kurt hands the bag to Zoe. She takes the bag and gestures to the 'arrivals' screen on the wall.

ZOE  
No, I think there's still some more time before she gets here.

Zoe takes a hamburger out of the bag. Kurt sits down next to her, pulling his food out of the open bag as well. The two eat as they talk, sharing the same drink.

KURT

What about you? Ready to finish subletting for her?

ZOE

Yeah, I got everything at your place earlier today. Thanks for letting me crash.

KURT

No problem. I know renting is hard right now. Always willing to help out a friend.

Zoe smiles and gives Kurt a loving kiss. They then both go back to eating.

ZOE

Think it'll be like before?

KURT

Probably not.

ZOE

Wow, Kurt. Wasn't expecting that.

KURT

Well it's just more likely. We haven't seen each other for six months now. There's likely to be some differences.

ZOE

Yeah...

Kurt puts down his food and puts his arm around Zoe.

KURT

Zoe, Zoe, Zoe. It doesn't mean they have to be bad changes. You've changed to.

ZOE

Think so?

KURT

Yeah. And I love you for those changes, and I bet she will too.

Zoe smiles. She and Kurt give each other a small kiss, then return to their food.

KURT (CONT'D.)

The important thing to remember is  
that if not, it doesn't matter.

At that moment though, the doors from the airport gates open again, letting more people out.

Zoe checks her watch again, standing up.

ZOE

I think that's her! I mean, that's  
her flight!

Kurt takes a final sip of their drink, then stands up, heading over to the crowd of exiting people.

KURT

Well, you wanna come?

ZOE

I'm nervous. I mean, it has been  
six months, like you said.

KURT

So?

ZOE

So...why don't you go? I mean,  
you're the ones who are still like,  
dating sort of, right?

Kurt smiles and shakes his head, but heads over to the crowd. Zoe stays behind, watching him walk over. She looks over, and her eyes focus on a figure walking from out of the crowd.

SKYE, a girl in her early 20s with long, brown hair, walks from the crowd. She sees Kurt and walks over to him, giving him a tight hug, and an affectionate kiss on the cheek.

Zoe watches the two talk for a while from the back of the room. After enough time passes, she finally works up her courage and begins to walk over to them.

She stops, and turns back around to pick up her cup. It's no longer a fast-food cup, but a RED CUP. Zoe looks around, the airport terminal having changed to...

8

INT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

8

A busy party. People parade around and dance with each other, holding RED CUPS in their hands. MUSIC plays over the speakers.

Zoe, medium length straight hair and red cup in hand, makes her way through the party, her eyes darting around the room meekly. Other people dance around her.

She sees a game of beer pong and tries to join in.

ZOE

Hey. How do you play?

The "athletes" keep playing.

ZOE

(louder)

How do you play?

One of the performers, a DRUNK ATHLETE, mid 20s and wearing a backwards trucker hat and polo shirt, turns around. He smiles.

DRUNK ATHLETE

Ah, baby, it's like this: You bounce the ball and land it in the cup. Come on over here and I'll show you my trick for a hole-in-one.

The Drunk Athlete laughs, then turns back around to continue playing. Zoe backs away.

She bumps into a GIRL, then turns around.

ZOE

Oh, I'm sorry- Elise!

Zoe sees that she has bumped into ELISE, a girl, mid 20s, who is holding a red cup. She's hardly offended at Zoe's collision, and is in fact elated.

ELISE

Hey, Zoe! You made it!

ZOE

Yeah.

ELISE

Have you had anything to drink yet?

ZOE

Elise, I don't think this is for me.

Elise turns, putting her cup on a nearby table. She turns back around, comforting Zoe.

ELISE

Zoe, this is what college is about. Getting outside your comfort zones.

ZOE

Oh listen to you, the expert. You're only a semester ahead of me.

ELISE

(overly dramatic)

And in that semester, I have learned a lifetime.

ZOE

All I've seen since I've been here are drunk assholes and heavy petting.

ELISE

So find someone who isn't a drunk asshole then.

ZOE

Is that usually so hard?

ELISE

How long have you even been here?

ZOE

Maybe... 20 minutes?

ELISE

Look, just try to have fun okay? Maybe go dancing. That's where I'm going. See you out there, okay?

Elise walks over to the dance floor. She turns back to look at Zoe on her way. Zoe still seems unsure.

ELISE (CONT'D.)

Remember, come out of your comfort zone. Find someone you like.

ZOE

And then what?

ELISE  
Try talking to them!

Elise walks onto the dance floor, eyes set on someone.

Zoe takes a look around. She smells the contents of her cup. Her face crinkles, and she puts the cup onto a nearby surface.

She makes her way to the dance floor. She makes small gestures in place of dance moves, and then shyly backs away from the crowd.

She backs up against a wall. The music SHUTS OFF. The crowd's voices quiet down to match.

DJ (O.S.)  
Hey everyone, I'm done for the  
night. Thanks for letting me do my  
thing, and drive safe.

Zoe looks around. Suddenly, her attention is caught by the sound of an ELECTRIC GUITAR being played in a strange, yet melodic style.

She moves from her wallflower position and moves into the next room.

Skye, with medium length blond hair, plays the electric guitar, plugged into a TINY AMP. A SMALL CROWD sits around her.

Zoe looks around and notices a small DJEMBE sitting next to her. Looking around, she slowly approaches it and picks it up.

Zoe begins to play. The crowd begins swaying and falling even more clearly into the mood. Skye looks over to the girl playing the drum and approves.

Zoe matches Skye's strange rhythm, matching all of the accented points in her improvised song.

At the end of the song, Skye and Zoe look at each other and smile.

ZOE  
Not bad, kid.

SKYE  
Oh, thank you ma'am. I can play  
something every now and then.

They take a moment to stare at each other.

ZOE

I'm Zoe.

SKYE

Skye.

ZOE

Yeah, I remember. I think we had a class together once.

SKYE

Oh yeah. You're the girl with the whole "cute/shy" thing going on.

ZOE

(surprised)

Um, thanks.

SKYE

Wanna grab a seat, and maybe a drink?

9

INT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

9

LATER...

The party is winding down. There are less guests at the event, and the music is playing from a slower selection.

Zoe and Skye sit off to the side, separated from the world around them.

ZOE

How do you figure that? They both seemed pretty bleak to me.

SKYE

No, "V" definitely has the more inspiring ending.

ZOE

The government is destroyed and the hero is dead. How's that a happy ending?

SKYE

I didn't say "happy-" "inspiring." The evil government collapses under its own ineptitude, and the people are given a blank slate.

ZOE

So you think that people shouldn't have rules?

SKYE

I think people should be able to decide for themselves what those rules are.

ZOE

So do you really think that about me then?

SKYE

Sure, why not? Making your own rules is important.

ZOE

No, no. I mean about my shyness being cute.

SKYE

Why does my opinion matter so much?

One of the FEMALE PARTY GUESTS reaches between them, pulling her bag from behind the sofa.

ZOE

I think the party's ending.

SKYE

Well, I'd invite you back to my place, but it's a mess right now.

ZOE

(eagerly)

Mess is fine.

Skye smiles.

10 INT. SKYE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

10

A small living room in a shotgun house. Old, TATTERED FURNITURE adorns the room, as well as strange posters featuring JAPANESE MUSICIANS, VIDEO GAMES, and TRIPPY ARTWORK. There is a small clutter of BOOKS, MOVIES, and VIDEO GAMES scattered around the room.

Zoe, with long curly hair, walks in, then takes the KEY out of the lock, putting it back in her bag.

ZOE

Sorry about the mess. We tried to clean up a bit before you got back, but there was a lot to go through.

Skye, with brown hair, walks in after her, holding a large LUGGAGE BAG. Setting it down on the floor, she stands and surveys the room, finally back after a long trip.

SKYE

Mess is fine.

Kurt walks in, carrying two more bags of luggage.

KURT

Okay, quickly, where do you want these, Skye?

SKYE

Oh, throw them in my room. Thanks, Kurt.

Kurt hauls them off to the bedroom.

SKYE (CONT'D.)

(to Zoe)

So, how did you like it?

ZOE

What? Subletting? Well, living on my own was cool. Missed you though. (beat) Place was its own challenge too.

SKYE

Why? What happened? What did you do?

ZOE

Um, nothing. It's just not the best...quality?

SKYE

If you didn't like it, just say so.

ZOE

No, I did. It just doesn't handle seasons very well.

SKYE

Whatever.

Skye reaches into her MESSENGER BAG, pulling out a BLACK NOTEBOOK and a PEN. She begins writing.

ZOE

Oh hey, is that the travel journal?  
Still writing in it?

SKYE

Yeah. Journey never really ends,  
you know? There's always something  
to learn from it.

ZOE

So, Skye, what's it like being back  
home in the states?

SKYE

Confusing.

ZOE

Not exactly what I expected, but I  
can see that.

Skye stops writing.

SKYE

It's like...everything was so  
connected over there. Now that I'm  
back here, I feel so...distant.

ZOE

You're not distant, Skye. Kurt and  
I are still here. And don't forget,  
we've got a whole community down  
here getting ready to speak out for  
something.

SKYE

Yeah, I heard about all the  
protests happening down here. Wild  
stuff.

ZOE

Yeah! Just think how connected  
you'll feel when we're out there  
making a statement.

Zoe reaches for Skye's hand, but Skye pulls away. The two  
stare at each other for a moment.

Kurt walks out of the backroom.

KURT

Fuck, Skye. Did you pack half of  
Europe in each bag?

SKYE

I wish.

KURT

Well, that's everything out of the car. How're you handling the jet-lag? Tired?

SKYE

Super charged actually. Which reminds me, I should really call a few of my friends, let them know I'm back.

Skye puts down her bags, reaching into her drawer and pulling out her OLD CELL PHONE and CHARGER.

SKYE (CONT'D.)

I'm gonna go outside, okay? Hang out later?

ZOE

Yeah, sure. It's great to see you again.

Zoe goes to give Skye a hug. Skye pushes her away.

SKYE

Not now. Sorry.

ZOE

No yeah, sorry. It's okay.

Skye walks out onto her porch, closing the door behind her.

KURT

That was fucked up.

ZOE

Well, she did just get off a 12-hour flight from a half-year-long trip to another continent. Just give her some time.

11 EXT. SKYE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

11

A NEW ORLEANS neighborhood. All of the nearby houses are also SHOTGUN HOUSES, like Skye's. The street is void of any moving cars or pedestrians, the only light the scattered street lamps.

Skye sits on her porch, holding her cell phone.

She turns back towards the door as she hears FOOTSTEPS approaching from the other side. She opens her phone and presses a number.

SKYE

Chloe! Hi! Guess who got back into town?

Zoe and Kurt walk out of the house, shutting the door behind them.

KURT

Alright Skye, we're heading out.

Kurt looks to Skye, seeing she's on the phone.

SKYE (CONT'D.)

(into phone)

No, yeah, we'll hang out real soon.

Kurt waves to Skye, and walks over to the car on the other side of the street.

ZOE

Skye?

SKYE

(into phone, frustrated)

Hold on.

(to Zoe)

What?

ZOE

We're - we're heading home.

SKYE

Okay, great. See you later.

Zoe stand still, then turns around.

SKYE (CONT'D.)

Hey, Zoe!

Skye gets up, walking over to Zoe, and gives her a quick hug.

SKYE (CONT'D.)

I'll call you later, okay?

ZOE

Yeah.

SKYE  
 (into phone)  
 Sorry Chloe. Had to say bye to the  
 guys who picked me up. No it's  
 fine.

Zoe walks over to her jeep. She and Kurt look to each other.  
 She gets in the car and drives off, while Skye talks away on  
 the phone.

As Zoe drives away...

12 EXT. SKYE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 12

...a BLACK JEEP pulls up, with Zoe's following. The two  
 jeeps park, Zoe's car behind the black one.

Skye, with blond hair, exits the black car, while Zoe exits  
 her vehicle, with brown straight hair.

Skye hurriedly walks up to the door, smiling at Zoe, who  
 follows behind.

SKYE  
 Come on!

Zoe walks up the steps to the front porch. Skye opens the  
 door.

13 INT. SKYE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 13

The house looks very similar, though there are slightly less  
 POSTERS and VIDEO GAMES cast around the floor.

SKYE  
 Sorry about the mess, haven't had a  
 chance to clean in a while.

ZOE  
 No, it's fine. I like the way it  
 looks.

SKYE  
 Really?

ZOE  
 Yeah, it looks cozy.

Skye smiles. Zoe blushes.

SKYE  
So, what do you want to do?

ZOE  
Huh?

SKYE  
Well, now that we're here, at my  
place, what do you want to do?

ZOE  
I guess just hang out. To be  
honest, I didn't really think about  
it.

SKYE  
(laughing)  
You like video games?

Zoe smiles.

ZOE  
Depends on the game.

Skye smiles back, sitting down near her console.

SKYE  
Come on, we can build a level  
together.

Zoe sits down on the floor as well, while Skye turns the  
console on.

14 INT. SKYE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

14

LATER...

The video game plays in the background.

Skye is laying down on her stomach, handling the controller.

Zoe is sitting up on the floor next to her, playing with her  
controller as well.

ZOE  
You keep throwing rocks at me and  
I'm trying to make a rocket ship!

SKYE  
It's not like they're hard -  
they're made of felt!

ZOE

Felt or not, I'm pretty sure rocks  
would still hurt.

Skye laughs, setting down her controller. She rolls onto her back, getting closer to Zoe. She angles herself up onto her elbows.

SKYE

Well hi, stranger.

Zoe smiles. She looks Skye over, then into her eyes.

She slowly lowers the controller, her fingers moving with less speed than before.

The two of them draw closer to each other, lips nearing.

Zoe's breathe shortens.

Skye pulls away.

ZOE

I'm sorry. I've never... done that  
before.

SKYE

Tried to kiss someone?

ZOE

Not someone like you.

SKYE

What, you mean like, a girl?

ZOE

No! I mean, no, I haven't, but, I  
mean... Skye, you're really  
cool. I don't think I've ever felt  
this way about a girl before.

Skye smiles.

SKYE

Well, sorry to rain on your first  
time.

Skye gets up and walks away from Zoe.

ZOE

Did I offend you? Do you want me to  
leave?

SKYE

If I wanted you to leave, I would  
have told you to get out already.

Skye throws herself down on the couch.

Zoe scoots herself in closer, but still sits on the floor,  
at Skye's feet.

ZOE

So, why did you stop?

SKYE

Why did you want to kiss me, Zoe?

ZOE

I told you. I was attracted to you.

SKYE

You thought I was cool?

ZOE

Well, yeah.

SKYE

I'm not as cool as you think I  
am. I have my own problems, you  
know?

Zoe reaches her hand out, and gently touches Skye's.

ZOE

Skye, we're in our 20s. We all have  
problems.

Zoe gets up from the floor and sits next to Skye. She leans  
in to kiss her.

Skye tilts her head down, and Zoe kisses her forehead.

SKYE

Not yet. I'm sorry.

ZOE

Don't be sorry.

SKYE

I don't want you to rush into  
something without knowing it's what  
you want.

ZOE

I know what I want. It's scary, and I've never felt like this before, but I know I've felt this way about you for a while now. And I know you've been with girls before.

SKYE

It's not that. I just don't want to hurt you.

ZOE

Why are you so sure you'd hurt me?

Skye looks out the window, then at her watch.

SKYE

It's getting late.

ZOE

Yeah. Well, I had a great time, but I guess I'll go.

SKYE

You don't have to.

ZOE

I don't?

SKYE

Well, I mean, just because we're not- I mean, if you wanted to sleep over, that'd be okay with me. I mean, no funny stuff, but just being next to each other.

Zoe smiles.

ZOE

Sure.

15 INT. KURT'S HOUSE

15

A neatly kept windowless room, with posters spread out along the walls. The room is decorated like a living room, with a computer desk, couch, and television. The space also doubles as a bedroom, with a dresser and bed located in the room.

Kurt and Zoe are lying on the bed, next to each other.

Zoe looks off into the distance, her gaze focused on something beyond the room.

Kurt stirs and sees Zoe. He slides over to her, embracing her.

KURT  
Good morning, dear.

ZOE  
Morning, Kurt.

KURT  
Something on your mind?

ZOE  
I was thinking about Skye.

KURT  
You're lucky I'm not the jealous type, else I might be put off right now.

ZOE  
Not like that.

KURT  
What's up, love?

ZOE  
She didn't seem very interested last night. In us, in the protest, in anything.

KURT  
Well, she did just get off a 22 hour flight.

ZOE  
But she used to always get fired up about activist stuff. And... she always liked hanging out with me.

Kurt sits up in bed. Zoe looks at him.

KURT  
Give her a little time. See how she acts next time you see her.

Kurt leans in and kisses Zoe. Zoe kisses back, and the two lay down on the bed, making out. Zoe stops him.

ZOE  
Ah, shit. I'm gonna be late.

KURT

Well, if you're already going to be late...

Kurt nibbles her shoulder.

ZOE

If this was a class or work, totally. But I have to meet up with these people if this protest is going to get off the ground. We both do.

Kurt kisses her on the lips, then lays back down.

KURT

I am love. I'm just a little less rushy than you. Advantage of being lower on the totem pole.

Zoe gets up, pulling clothes out of one side of the dresser and putting them on.

ZOE (CONT'D.)

Kurt, again, thanks for letting me crash here.

KURT

Well, you're pretty decent company, I guess. Better than most roommates I've had anyway.

ZOE

Really, thanks. I promise I'll be out of here soon.

KURT

No rush.  
(beat)  
Have you been looking at places?

ZOE

Not yet.

KURT

You know, usually, looking helps.

ZOE

I know. I've just been so busy. What with the protests and getting the place ready for Skye. I'll step it up.

Zoe presents herself to Kurt, in full wardrobe.

ZOE (CONT'D.)  
How do I look?

KURT  
Very counterculture.

Zoe walks over and kisses Kurt, then walks to the door, grabbing her bag.

ZOE  
Thanks, babe. Love you.

KURT  
Good luck, Zoe!

Zoe walks out. Kurt rolls over and goes back to sleep.

16

EXT. KURT'S HOUSE - DAY

16

A small house. The sun is brightly shining.

Zoe walks out, dressed nice.

Her phone rings. She takes it out of her purse, and sees 'Skye' in the memory ID.

She answers the phone.

ZOE  
Hey, Skye.

SKYE (OVER PHONE)  
Zoe, hey. Sorry about last night.  
Jet lag, you know? So anyway, I was  
wondering if you wanted to get  
together for breakfast.

Zoe is walking to her car.

ZOE  
Actually, I have to go meet a group  
about a NDAA, SOPA protest.

SKYE (OVER PHONE)  
Oh. Well, if you don't have time  
for me, don't worry about it.

Zoe stops at her car.

ZOE  
Well, if you want, I could do lunch  
with you after. We could talk then.

SKYE (OVER PHONE)

No, I'm about to head out now. How about later? You and Kurt wanna come with me while I stock up food?

ZOE

That might work. Talk to Kurt, and I'll call you when I'm done, okay?

SKYE (OVER PHONE)

See you then.

ZOE

Okay. Talk to you soon. Bye.

Zoe, looks at her phone, then puts it back in her bag.

She gets into her car and drives off.

17 INT. SKYE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

17

(Simultaneous with above)

The same living room as before, only now seen in the light of day. The clutter still sits in the room.

Skye is picking up her bag, and digging for her keys.

SKYE

Zoe, hey. Sorry about last night. Jet lag, you know? So anyway, I was wondering if you wanted to get together for breakfast.

ZOE (OVER PHONE)

Actually, I have to go meet a group about a NDAA, SOPA protest.

SKYE

Oh. Well, if you don't have time for me, don't worry about it.

Skye drops her stuff.

ZOE (OVER PHONE)

Well, if you want, I could do lunch with you after. We could talk then.

SKYE

No, I'm about to head out now. How about later? You and Kurt wanna come with me while I stock up food?

ZOE (OVER PHONE)  
That might work. Talk to Kurt, and  
I'll call you when I'm done, okay?

SKYE  
See you then.

ZOE (OVER PHONE)  
Okay. Talk to you soon. Bye.

Skye hangs up the phone, then sits on her couch.

18 INT. COLLEGE BUILDING

18

A door in a college building. Nothing special, just white  
floors and neutral walls.

The door opens. Out come college students, moving at a  
regular pace. Elise is among them.

Zoe runs out behind her, wearing the same clothes she was  
wearing the night before.

ZOE  
Elise, hey, have a minute?

Elise stops and looks at Zoe.

ELISE  
Yeah, I've got a bit of time before  
my next class. Come on, walk with  
me.

The two of them walk down the hall.

ZOE  
Hey, uh, thanks for inviting me to  
the party last night. I had more  
fun than I thought.

ELISE  
I'll say.

Zoe looks nervous, but keeps walking with her.

ZOE  
What do you mean?

ELISE  
I saw you leave with someone last  
night. You slept with her, didn't  
you?

Zoe stops, mouth agape at Elise's almost psychic powers.

Elise stops and looks back to Zoe. She laughs.

ELISE (CONT'D.)

You're wearing the same clothes you were last night. You've got a lot to learn. Maybe pack an extra outfit when you go to a party.

Elise starts walking again. Zoe catches up and walks along side her.

ELISE (CONT'D.)

I can't blame you though. Skye's a hell of a lady.

ZOE

You know her?

ELISE

Of course. She and I go back.

ZOE

Oh my god, I've been crushing on her this whole semester.

ELISE

How about that. So how was it? Last night.

ZOE

It was a lot of fun.

ELISE

I bet.

ZOE

No, I mean, we didn't, do anything. We just talked.

ELISE

Well ain't that a bitch. Fall for her yet?

They stop and stare at each other. Zoe is speechless. Elise drops her smile.

ELISE (CONT'D.)

Thought so.

ZOE  
Is that a problem?

ELISE  
Not if you can handle her  
situation.

They start walking again.

ZOE  
What do you mean?

Elise walks up to an elevator and presses the call button  
down.

ELISE  
She tell you about her and Kurt?

Zoe looks confused. They stand there and wait for the  
elevator.

ZOE  
Who's Kurt?

ELISE  
Her boyfriend.

Zoe's face drops.

ZOE  
Was she...is she straight?

ELISE  
No, she's bi alright.

ZOE  
In the closet.

ELISE  
Out and proud.

ZOE  
Was she cheating with me then?

ELISE  
Nope. It's all good between them.

Zoe stares at her. She looks very confused.

ELISE (CONT'D.)  
Have you ever heard of polyamory  
before?

ZOE  
 What's that? Like, open  
 relationships?

Elise is about to speak, when the elevator opens. Standing  
 inside is Skye.

ELISE  
 Skye! Hi.

SKYE  
 Hey, Elise.

The two embrace. Skye gives her a kiss on the cheek. She's  
 beaming, then she sees Zoe. She smiles at her.

SKYE  
 Hey, Zoe!

Zoe, perks up, but hesitates.

ZOE  
 Hey, Skye.

SKYE  
 (to Elise)  
 I didn't know you guys knew each  
 other.

ELISE  
 Yeah, we made nice this semester.  
 (to both) Well, I've got class.  
 I'll catch you both later.

Elise walks into the elevator, pushing the button. The doors  
 begin closing.

ELISE (CONT'D.)  
 And Skye, remember, keep a handle  
 on the situation.

The doors close. Skye looks to Zoe, curious.

SKYE  
 What's that mean?

ZOE  
 Um, it's about a class.

SKYE  
 Oh. (beat) So hey, what are you  
 doing tonight?

ZOE  
Nothing, really. Why, what's up?

SKYE  
I wanted to take you somewhere.  
Special little place I found a  
while back. Late night kind of  
place.

ZOE  
Um, I'm not sure.

SKYE  
Well I wanted to talk to you about  
something, and maybe explain some  
of last night. If you want to come.

Skye begins to walk away.

ZOE  
Who's Kurt?

Skye turns, then smiles.

SKYE  
That's one of the things I'll  
explain tonight. But I'll tell you  
this: Kurt is perfectly fine with  
me taking you out tonight. (beat)  
See you later, I hope.

Skye resumes her course. Zoe stands in the hall, thinking.

19

INT. KURT'S HOUSE

19

Kurt's living room. Same as before, but now Kurt is sitting  
at the computer desk, playing a game on TV.

Zoe, with curly hair, walks into the room. She puts down her  
bag

ZOE  
Hey, Kurt.

Kurt puts the controller down. Zoe walks closer and sits  
nearby on the bed next to Kurt.

KURT  
How'd the planning go?

ZOE  
Great. We got a lot done and set  
up.

KURT  
Permits yet?

ZOE  
Nothing yet. But I figure at worst,  
we can just do it sans permit,  
Occupy Wall Street style.

KURT  
I think I actually like that  
better. Seems like it would get the  
message across better.

ZOE  
You should come to the next  
meeting, help plan it!

Kurt turns the chair around, facing Zoe.

KURT  
So, what about places?

ZOE  
Places?

KURT  
You know, somewhere to sleep.

ZOE  
Oh, um, I didn't really look.

KURT  
Zoe...

ZOE  
I'm sorry!

Kurt gets out of the chair and sits next to Zoe.

KURT  
Zoe, I'm not trying to kick you  
out. I love living with you.

ZOE  
So why the insistence on my own  
place?

KURT

We never agreed to live together, Zoe. The whole point was that you hadn't found a place when Skye was going to come back, so I'd let you stay until you could.

ZOE

I know. And I do want my own place. It's just hard to find a place.

KURT

Well, no rush. After all, I like the company.

Zoe smiles, then kisses Kurt. Kurt kisses back. They continue kissing, quickly transforming from affectionate to passionate.

Zoe takes off Kurt's shirt, revealing his bare chest. She pushes him gently back onto the bed, climbing on top of him. They continue making out, and Kurt slides her shirt off.

Their hands explore each others bodies. Her hands on his arms and chest. His hands caressing her hips, sliding up to her bra.

He fiddles with the hooks, releasing them. He grabs the straps to slide them off.

Zoe's phone RINGS in her bag. Skye's name and picture lights up on the screen.

Zoe darts up.

ZOE

That's Skye.

KURT

And?

ZOE

And I should get that.

Zoe gets up and walks to her phone.

ZOE (CONT'D.)

I mean, it could be important.

KURT

Yeah, you should check.

Zoe pulls her phone out of her bag, answering the phone.

ZOE  
Hey, what's up?

We see Skye driving in her car, swapping between the two of settings.

SKYE  
Well you said you wanted to come out tonight, remember?

ZOE  
When?

SKYE  
This morning. You said you wanted to come shopping with me. Help me re-stock my supplies and shit.

ZOE  
Oh. Did you talk to Kurt about that?

Kurt looks at Zoe, confused. Zoe shrugs.

SKYE  
No, I figured you guys would want to come.

ZOE  
Well, it's not that we don't want to come, it's just that, we hadn't made any plans.

SKYE  
Oh, are you and Kurt doing something?

Zoe looks at Kurt, still confused. He mouths the words 'what' to her, trying to figure it out.

ZOE  
No, we weren't busy. I guess we could go.

SKYE  
Great, cause I'm almost there if you guys want a ride.

Kurt gets off the bed, looking for his shirt.

ZOE  
A ride? Um...

KURT  
I can drive us.

ZOE  
Kurt says he can drive us.

SKYE  
Fine by me. You can follow me then.  
See you in a bit.

Skye hangs up.

ZOE  
Bye.

She looks at her phone - Skye has already hung up again.

Zoe fumbles with her bra straps, fastening them back on.  
Kurt pulls his shirt over his head and looks at Zoe,  
frustrated.

ZOE  
What?

KURT  
You're too quick to give in to what  
she wants.

ZOE  
I just like hanging out with her,  
Kurt. I always have.

Zoe turns away to look for her shirt.

ZOE (CONT'D.)  
(off-handed)  
Always have. Anytime of the day.

20 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

20

A small restaurant in the French Quarter of New Orleans.  
It's a late night, with a small number of patrons sitting  
around, eating food.

Skye and Zoe walk in, sporting their blonde and straight  
hair, respectively.

ZOE  
Wow. I can't believe anything is  
still open this late.

SKYE  
That's what I love about this  
place. No matter when you're up,  
you can get great food.

MAX, a waiter in his early 30s, walks up to the two of them.

MAX  
Hey, Skye. Nice to see you in here  
again.

SKYE  
Hey, Max! Can you spare a table for  
me and my friend?

MAX  
Let me see what I can do.

Max signals for them to follow.

21 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

21

LATER...

Skye and Zoe are sitting at the table, enjoying their food.

ZOE  
Skye, this is delicious. Thank you.

SKYE  
No problem.

ZOE  
And this has to be the best  
chocolate milk I've ever had.

SKYE  
Well, you have exquisite taste.

ZOE  
So what's it called then? Between  
you and Kurt? Polyamnesty?

Skye laughs.

SKYE  
Polyamory. "Many loves."

ZOE  
So, how exactly does it work then?  
Are you guys swingers?

Skye chuckles.

SKYE

No. What - or I guess, *who* - we do isn't random. We form relationships with people, no different than any other relationship. The difference is, we can have more than one going at once.

ZOE

That's... very different.

SKYE

It was the most sensible thing to do.

ZOE

What about emotionally?

SKYE

It catches up. Heart's important, but the mind is where we focus.

Zoe looks confused.

SKYE (CONT'D.)

It's important not to act on emotions. They're important, yes, but what really matters is what we determine with our minds.

ZOE

So follow the head, not the heart, and then you'll find happiness.

SKYE

Something like that.

ZOE

So how do the people you've been dating react when you tell them that you've got another boyfriend too?

SKYE

They don't. We don't start dating other people until they know about the situation. Keeps the drama... at a minimum.

ZOE

So you only date people that're down with the idea?

SKYE

Yep. Which is a lot harder than you would think in this town.

ZOE

They usually say no?

SKYE

Sometimes. Usually they just try to convince you to leave the other person. Be normal and monogamous. I've had to turn down a lot of people, and lost a lot of friends for not doing that.

ZOE

Wild.

SKYE

Yeah, well, I know you probably think it's pretty fucking weird.

ZOE

Are you kidding? I think it sounds fucking beautiful.

SKYE

(beat)

What?

ZOE

Look, I've never been a fan of the jealousy game, or the idea of choosing one good person over another good person. I think it's something I'd love to try sometime.

SKYE

Just keep in mind, you do spend most of your time with only one person. Like I said, a lot of people aren't down for it.

ZOE

But I'll bet when it does work, it's beautiful.

SKYE

Yeah. It's great.

Zoe smiles across the table from Skye, then leans in. Skye starts to lean in, then pulls back, unsure.

Max walks up to their table.

MAX

Hey, you guys doing good.

SKYE

Very good, thanks. We're gonna need some boxes.

Max walks off.

ZOE

We're done?

SKYE

Well, yeah. I figure we've got a lot more to do tonight.

Zoe and Skye smile at each other.

22

VARIOUS

22

GROWING RELATIONSHIP MONTAGE BEGINS

1.) Skye and Zoe at Skye's house, playing video games. Zoe is happy, clearly winning, while Skye is frustrated. Skye gets a sly grin on her face, then leans in close to Zoe. Zoe tries to focus on the game, but gets distracted by Skye's proximity. When she pulls her gaze away from the screen, Skye shoots back, taking back the lead. Zoe playfully tackles her to the ground.

2.) Skye and Zoe putting up RADICAL FLYERS around a college campus. Skye hands them out forcefully to people. Zoe is offering one to a COLLEGE GUY, talking calmly with him. Skye and Zoe look at each other and smile.

3.) Skye and Zoe in a room with 6 other people. A banner hanging above reads "LGBTERRIFIC!" Zoe sheepishly addresses the group, while Skye smiles and gives her a supportive thumbs up.

4.) Skye and Zoe at an anime convention, both dressed as characters. Skye puts a piece of paper on Zoe's back: "NEVER BEEN GLOMPED!" and walks away. A CON GOER sees, and shouts out to the crowd. Suddenly, a large crowd comes up and hugs Zoe, while Skye looks on. Zoe sees Skye's gaze, and the two share a laugh.

5.) Skye and Zoe at a park, sitting on a QUILT, with FOOD set around them. They are watching a small performance, a single SINGER with a UKULELE. They look to each other and laugh.

6.) They're now in a dark, packed club, with a MULTI-PIECE BAND playing on stage. The way the crowd, band, and the two of them move suggest very hard rock. All the crowd is androgynous and punk chicks, some of whom are even making out. Zoe inches closer to Skye. Skye looks to Zoe, concerned. Zoe puts her hand on Skye's back, who smiles and does the same. The two begin headbanging to the music.

7.) Skye and Zoe and Skye's house again. A stack of MOVIES, both VHS and DVD, stands tall on the floor. Skye puts in *Whip-It*, then sits next to Zoe. She begins talking through the film. Zoe leans and rests her head on Skye's shoulder. Skye smiles, stops talking, and nuzzles against her. Their hands touch.

8.) Skye and Zoe at a Japanese Restaurant. The waiter brings them an enormous PLATE OF SUSHI. Zoe picks up her chopsticks. Skye, already holding hers, holds them out to demonstrate the proper handling method. Zoe already has them set, and has even managed to grab the first piece of sushi. Skye laughs.

SKYE (O.S.)

This food is such bullshit.

23

INT. GROCERY STORE - EVENING

23

A simple grocery store, in the cold food and drink section. CHEESE, MILK and EGGS sit in the wall.

Back in the present, Skye walks with a BASKET, half full of GROCERIES. Zoe and Kurt walk next to her.

Skye grabs a BLOCK OF CHEESE.

SKYE (CONT'D.)

Look at this. Frozen mozzarella. In Italy, they sell it in a bag of water.

KURT

Well I'm pretty sure you could find that here too if you really wanted.

SKYE

Not at this place. Fuck it.

Skye throws the cheese in the basket.

KURT

I meant in the city.

Skye pulls the same black notebook out of her bag along with a pen, and scribbles in it briefly.

SKYE

I just miss Europe. It was so much better there.

ZOE

Well at least you've got us here. Pretty sure we weren't in Europe.

Skye walks over to the milk.

KURT

Hate to interrupt the pep talk we're all giving each other, but Skye, didn't you say you had something to talk about?

SKYE

Yeah.

Skye pauses. Zoe and Kurt wait.

Skye grabs a GALLON from the section and walks it over to the basket.

SKYE (CONT'D.)

Europe was amazing, guys. I learned a lot, met a lot of people. And I learned a lot about myself, and what I want in life. I want to travel, and I want to experience the world.

Zoe smiles, inspired.

SKYE (CONT'D.)

But while I do all those things, I want someone to ground me and keep me stable while I'm out there, whether they're with me out there or not. And I don't think I can do that if they're also devoting that energy to someone else.

ZOE

Skye, what are you talking about?

KURT

She's breaking up with me.

SKYE  
I didn't say that.

KURT  
So what are you saying?

SKYE  
I can't handle polyamory anymore.  
It's just not for me. I can't do  
this anymore guys.

Zoe storms away.

KURT  
Well, your sense of timing and tact  
are still intact.  
(beat)  
There was probably a better way to  
word that sentence.

SKYE  
Kurt, it doesn't have to end for  
us. We spent most of our time  
together just us anyway. No one  
could handle it. Would it really be  
so crazy to go it together? Just  
us?

KURT  
I found someone who could handle  
it. It's not my fault that you  
turned into one of the people who  
decided to make ultimatums. I'm  
sorry to see it happen like this,  
but I'm not abandoning the person  
who didn't ask me to choose.

Skye walks away.

24

EXT. GROCERY STORE - SUNSET

24

A fairly empty parking lot. A few parked cars and baskets  
are dispersed through the lot.

Zoe quickly walks to her car.

Skye chases after her.

SKYE  
Zoe! Zoe wait!

Zoe stops, and slowly turns around.

Skye stops.

SKYE (CONT'D.)

You shouldn't walk away like that.  
It shows you're weak.

ZOE

No, it shows I don't want to be  
around someone causing me pain.

SKYE

Why?

ZOE

Well most people have an aversion  
to pain.

SKYE

Why am I someone who's hurting you?

ZOE

Why the fuck haven't you told me  
any of this before?

SKYE

I was in Europe. I couldn't exactly  
dial your cell.

ZOE

I didn't realize Europe was stuck  
in the 70s.

SKYE

What?

ZOE

They don't have email, Skype,  
anything useful like that?

SKYE

I didn't want to just surprise you  
with an email.

ZOE

Cause surprising me in person is a  
lot better, right?

SKYE

Stop being childish.

Skye turns to walk away.

ZOE

I don't get it. why?

Skye stops, facing away.

SKYE

I told you in there.

ZOE

No, I mean, why is that a good enough reason? What happened to independent living? Not needing anyone?

SKYE

Things change.

ZOE

Not like this. What's going on?

SKYE

It just feels right for me, okay? I think you should respect that.

Zoe walks in closer.

ZOE

What happened to everything you told me? About not just doing what feels right, but thinking it through?

SKYE

I don't want to live like that anymore, okay?

ZOE

What the hell are you talking about? You're the one who taught me that! Tell me what's going on, Skye.

SKYE

Get over yourself, okay? Not everything is about you. I don't owe you anything.

ZOE

Really? After a year of friendship and everything that's happened between us, I think you at least owe me a fucking explanation.

SKYE

I don't have anything for you, Zoe.

SKYE (O.S.)

I have something to give you.

25 INT. SKYE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

25

The room looks much the same as before, just with a few nick knacks moved around.

Skye, blonde hair, is walking in the door. Zoe, straight hair, stands in the door.

SKYE

Come on in. I have to grab it.

Zoe smiles and briskly walks in skye's house, shutting and locking the door behind her. She's used to being here.

Skye walks over to a drawer and begins digging through.

SKYE (CONT'D.)

So what'd you think of the lecture?

ZOE

Oh my god. It was amazing. I never looked at the structure of government that way. There's so much that needs to be done.

SKYE

She really makes you think, doesn't she?

Skye finds what she's looking for, pulling out a small box.

ZOE

What's this?

SKYE

Something I found. Made me think of you.

Zoe looks at it, surprised. Skye laughs.

SKYE (CONT'D.)

Open it.

Zoe opens the box, and reveals a SMALL MUSIC BOX. Slightly confused, she pulls it out.

ZOE

Neat.

SKYE

Play it.

Zoe turns the crank, and the box begins playing Greensleeves.

Zoe and Skye laugh.

SKYE (CONT'D.)

Found it in the Quarter. Thought it might remind you of your Irish heritage.

ZOE

Cute. Very clever.

Zoe puts the box and the music box down.

SKYE

Well, I have something else for you too.

Skye walks over, putting Zoe's face in her hands. She leans in and kisses her softly.

After the kiss, Zoe smiles, her eyes widen.

ZOE

Well that was unexpected.

SKYE

It's just getting started.

Skye pulls Zoe along with her, into the next room.

26 INT. SKYE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

26

The room is similar to her living room - posters on the wall, strange artwork, cluttered mess, and mismatched furniture. The bed sits under a large window.

Skye pulls Zoe in, then lightly pushes her onto the bed. Zoe laughs.

Skye playfully leaps on top of Zoe, kissing her. Zoe kisses her back. They talk to each other between kisses.

ZOE  
So, I really had fun tonight.

SKYE  
Yeah?

ZOE  
Yeah. Feel like I've learned a lot.

Skye takes off her shirt, then leans back down onto Zoe, topless.

SKYE  
Well, I like to teach. And I think it might be time for another lesson.

She goes to take off Zoe's shirt. Zoe touches her hands, stopping her.

ZOE  
Wait. I mean, I've never done this before. I'm not sure-what if I- I don't know what I'm doing.

Skye leans in.

SKYE  
Don't worry, Zoe. I'll go easy.

Skye softly kisses down Zoe's neck, lifting her shirt. Skye kisses down her chest, then takes off Zoe's pants, then her own. She slides back up, gliding her hand down between Zoe's legs.

Zoe clutches onto Skye, silently gasping and screaming. Skye smiles, then takes Zoe's hand and places it onto her mound.

Zoe begins moving her arm back and forth, rubbing against Skye. Skye's breathing gets heavier.

ZOE  
Is that alright?

SKYE  
Yes. Very alright. Now just move a little faster. And curve your fingers.

Skye and Zoe continue to move their arms against one another, each moaning out loud as their bodies move faster and faster. Time jumps around.

The moonlight bounces off of their skin as Skye slides down, her head lowered down to Zoe's mound.

SKYE

Now lean back.

She begins eating her out, as Zoe begins to moan louder, placing her hand on Skye's head.

Zoe shouts out to the ceiling and clenches the sheets tightly with her free hand.

Moonlit shadows dance on Skye's chest as Zoe and her have switched positions, Skye flinching with pleasure as Zoe performs.

SKYE

Faster. Go a little deeper. Make wider strokes.

Skye lies next to Zoe, her hand placed between Zoe's legs. Zoe sweats and pants heavy, clutching onto Skye's arm. Skye smiles and lectures.

SKYE

Like that. You want to try and find that sweet spot.

Zoe screams louder than before. Skye smiles, wiping the sweat off Zoe's forehead.

The two lay back in bed. Zoe looks in Skye's direction, beaming. Skye is smiling, confident.

ZOE

Wow.

SKYE

What do you think? Pretty good for your first time? With a chick, I mean.

ZOE

Uh, yeah. Wow. That was just... wow.

SKYE

Glad you had fun.

Zoe looks at her watch.

ZOE  
Holy fuck, it's late.

SKYE  
So stay.

ZOE  
Are you sure?

SKYE  
Well yeah, silly. You've stayed here before.

ZOE  
Yeah, but we've never... 'that' before.

SKYE  
Doesn't have to change anything.

ZOE  
It doesn't?

Skye's smile begins to fade.

SKYE  
Why don't we talk in the morning, okay? I'll make you breakfast.

ZOE  
With what? You've got stuff in the fridge for a change?

Skye laughs.

SKYE  
Okay, I'll take you out for breakfast.

ZOE  
Sure.

Zoe snuggles against Skye's chest, closing her eyes. Skye looks out to the far side of the room, not focusing on anything. Her smile is gone.

ZOE (CONT'D.)  
I love you, Skye.

Skye looks down at Zoe. She kisses her forehead, caressing her hair.

SKYE  
Sweet dreams, Zoe.

ZOE  
Goodnight, Skye.

Skye sits still.

SKYE (O.S.)  
Goodnight, Zoe.

27 EXT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

27

Same parking lot from before, back in the present.

Skye walks away from Zoe, back into the grocery store.

Kurt is walking out. They glance over to each other, but Kurt breaks the gaze, never breaking stride.

He walks up beside Zoe.

KURT  
You okay?

Zoe's eyes water. She wipes the tears away from her cheek.

ZOE  
Can we go?

KURT  
Yeah.

Zoe pulls out her KEYS.

ZOE  
You mind driving?

Kurt takes the keys from her.

KURT  
Go ahead, get in.

The two of them get in Zoe's jeep.

28 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

28

A low-density street. Just a few cars drive on the road. The silence is striking. Even the sound of the cars driving by is muffled.

Zoe's jeep drives down the road.

29

INT. ZOE'S JEEP - NIGHT

29

The has even more JUNK cluttered in it than before, PAPERS and OTHER TRASH lines the floor and seats.

Kurt drives while Zoe sits in the passenger seat. Kurt's attention is split between Zoe and the road. Zoe's red, teary eyes are fixed out her window, on the road.

ZOE

You handle getting dumped better than any guy I've ever known.

KURT

Well, I mean, it doesn't matter too much, does it? If she's going to act like that, then she can't be worth getting too upset over.

ZOE

But the way she's acting? The things she said? None of that bothers you?

KURT

Why should people being totally irrational bother me?

ZOE

I don't get it, Kurt. I don't see how what she did could do anything but hurt.

HIGH BEAMS from a car across an intersection hits Zoe's eyes. She squints and leans her head back against the car seat.

30

INT. SKYE'S BEDROOM - DAY

30

The sun shines in Zoe's face. She squints, then turns.

Slowly opening her eyes, she takes in the room around her. The room is the same as the night before, except now her clothes lay strewn about the floor.

She sees Skye, half-dressed, rummaging through a drawer. She pulls out a bra and starts putting it on. While doing so, she turns her angle and sees Zoe awake.

SKYE

Morning, sleepy.

Zoe is beaming, almost to the point of glowing. She's still on an emotional high from last night.

ZOE  
Good morning.

Skye continues to look through another drawer, looking at different shirts.

SKYE  
Did you sleep ok? I know it as pretty hot last night.

ZOE  
No kidding.

Skye looks at a few more selections, then decides on a shirt, putting it on.

SKYE  
Hungry?

ZOE  
Sure.

SKYE  
Great. Get dressed, and we can go get breakfast.

Skye walks over to the bed and leans in. Zoe props herself up for a morning kiss, but misses - Skye is reaching for a bandanna on the windowsill near the bed.

Skye comes back up, tying the bandanna around her head.

SKYE (CONT'D.)  
You can borrow some clothes of mine if you're worried about the walk of shame or anything.

ZOE  
Thanks. I think I'm alright.

SKYE  
Great. Well, come on out when you're set.

Skye leaves.

Zoe sits up in bed, naked. She turns and faces her clothes on the floor, and begins to pick them up.

31 INT. SKYE'S JEEP - DAY

31

A BLACK JEEP, similar to Zoe's, but far less cluttered, almost conspicuously clean. MUSIC plays over the car's speakers.

Skye is driving, focusing entirely on the road.

Zoe is sitting the passenger side, looking out the window to her right. She glances to Skye, who continues looking straight ahead at the road. Zoe looks back out the window.

SKYE

Peniche?

ZOE

What?

SKYE

Do you want to go to La Peniche? We can walk around the Quarter after.

ZOE

Yeah, sure.

32 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

32

The same restaurant they ate at during their talk about polyamory, only now, in the early day, there are even less customers than that night; they're the only ones in the place.

Skye and Zoe sit at a table, separate from each other. They each have a PLATE OF FOOD in front of them. Skye devours hers, not looking up, while Zoe's sits, barely eaten, her gaze on Skye.

SKYE

Is your food okay?

ZOE

Yeah. Guess I'm just not a big breakfast person.

SKYE

Yeah, took me a while to get used to eating early too. I try to just think of it as an early lunch. Or maybe a late dinner that I took a nap before eating.

ZOE  
I'll give that a try sometime.

Skye looks up from her plate, seeing Zoe's eyes watching her. She looks back down, but her eating slows.

SKYE  
So, about last night...

ZOE  
(sarcastically)  
Oh, were we going to talk about that?

SKYE  
I just don't know if there's the right chemistry there.

ZOE  
Is this your way of saying that I'm too inexperienced with women to fuck you right?

SKYE  
God no, Zoe. The sex was fine. It just...didn't feel right, you know? I just don't think it's something we should do again.

Zoe looks down. Her face goes red as she tries to fight back tears.

Skye finishes her food.

SKYE  
You want a box?  
(to waiter)  
Check please! Oh, and a box.

33

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER RIVERWALK - DAY

33

A clear day in the city of New Orleans. The Riverwalk is largely free of people, just a few scattered couples looking out at the water.

Skye and Zoe walk along, casting glances out at the water.

SKYE  
You have to appreciate the idea of putting a giant mall next to such a beautiful sight. Almost makes you feel better about the rampant consumerism.

Zoe stops.

ZOE

Do I get a say in any of this?

Skye stops, looking back at Zoe.

SKYE

What do you have to say?

Zoe walks to the edge of the River-Walk and looks out to the water. She can't look at Skye as she starts, but as she talks, she begins to look more directly at her.

ZOE

Skye...last night meant so much to me. More than you may realize. You're the first woman I've ever loved. Don't get me wrong, I've had crushes and lust before, but you're the first woman I've ever really loved. Fuck, the way this feels, you may actually be the first person I ever loved. And that's exactly how I feel about you, Skye. Not just a really strong friendship like I know you'll suggest, and not that that's not there, because it is, and I would never want to lose that for the world, but what I feel for you is so much more than that. On the rare nights that I'm at home, sleeping in my bed, all I can do is think about how much I wish I was lying next to you, feeling you next to me, even feeling your hair hitting my face and waking me up. Whatever we do when we're hanging out, whether it's talking about collapsing the hierarchy of society, or walking around the city, or even just fucking playing video games, I'm happier than I've ever been in my whole life, like everything has led up to this point. Like that perfect person I imagined all those years ago somehow managed to become real, and is actually standing in front of me, every single day. And every single day, I always learn something new about you, and every time I do I fall more and more

(MORE)

ZOE (cont'd)

desperately in love with you, and I think that I couldn't love you anymore than I do, but then the next day comes and I get proven wrong all over again. And I'm not telling you this as an ultimatum, because I would never want to lose the friendship that we've built up over all this time, and if you still don't feel anywhere near how I feel, then I'll accept that and still be your friend. But if you feel even a fraction of what I'm feeling, then I think you owe it to yourself to act on it, and at least give this a shot, because if I can make you only even partially as happy as you make me, then fuck, that's still gotta be more intense than anything I know I've ever felt. And so last night, moving that close to you, being with you, I finally felt like we arrived, and like all these feelings were the same in you. So I'm asking you, what did us having sex mean to you? Was it just something to do because you were bored, or did you do it because you sensed what I felt, and realized, in that moment, that you felt the same? That's what I have to say. That's what I want to know.

Skye stares at Zoe for long while, not knowing what to say. Finally, she walks up to Zoe, standing next to the railing with her.

SKYE

That's incredible, Zoe. I'm just...I'm sorry that I can't tell you the same. You mean a lot to me, and I do love you, but it's just not in that same way. I can tell you though, I didn't do it just because I was bored either. I do care about you, and I wanted to express that.

Zoe's eyes tear up. She tries not to lose composure.

ZOE

Well hey, at least I tried right?

Skye gives her a tender hug. Zoe cries over her shoulder.

SKYE

I'll always be here for you, Zoe.  
Whatever problem you're going  
through, I'll listen, and I'll help  
you. I promise.

34

INT. WOMEN'S CENTER - DAY

34

An office space, but not of any typical design. Small, but decorated with RADICAL, COLORED FLYERS demanding equal rights, social reform, etc.

Light shines in through the windows, uncharacteristically bright for the headquarters of a revolution. Outside of the office is a library lobby, with students walking by carrying books - they are located on in the campus library.

Zoe, in the present, sits at a desk working on a COMPUTER. She keeps looking at the CLOCK on the wall, checking it against the time on her cell phone. As she does, she tenses up, looking nervous.

FOOTSTEPS.

Zoe looks up and sees Skye walking from the lobby and into the office.

Zoe looks away as Skye enters. Skye looks over to Zoe, slightly confused.

SKYE

What are you still doing here?

ZOE

Just closing out my shift. You're a little early.

SKYE

Oh yeah. Still getting used to this time zone again.

Skye turns, fiddling with the MISSED CALL notes left on the desk. Zoe still keeps looking at her.

ZOE

They're all for Mary. She's not coming in for another two hours.

SKYE

Okay.

Skye sits at a desk at the opposite end of the room as Zoe.

The two sit in silence for a moment.

ZOE

So, hey. Last night.

SKYE

Sorry. I'm just not handling being back in the states well.

ZOE

Is it really all that different here?

SKYE

Everything feels so dead.

ZOE

Well we need to do something to get you feeling alive again.

Zoe reaches into her desk and pulls out a flier.

ZOE (CONT'D.)

There's going to be protest about NDAA and SOPA. Very Occupy-esque. You should come.

Zoe walks over to Skye and hands her the flier. Skye takes it and looks at it, uninterested.

SKYE

Do you really think this will do anything, Zoe?

ZOE

Why wouldn't it?

SKYE

I think this country is too far gone to change.

ZOE

So, what? Don't even try anymore?

Skye puts the flier down on her desk.

SKYE

Why try? It never changes. Besides, the rest of the world is sailing on great. Why try to save this sinking ship of a country?

ZOE

We've already put the work into it. It's ours. We should fight for it.

SKYE

Maybe it's yours.

ZOE

So, what? You take a trip across the world, see another continent for half a year, and all of a sudden there's no use holding onto anything that you were fighting for here?

Skye puts the journal back into her bag.

SKYE

I'm tired, Zoe. I can't keep trying something that's going no where.

ZOE

But it is going somewhere! People are starting to notice what's going on. They want change.

SKYE

So do I.

Zoe walks back over to her computer.

ZOE

No you don't. I want to create change. You just want to run to find it.

Skye looks away, turning on her computer to start work.

ZOE (CONT'D.)

It's cause you're a coward.

Skye stops.

SKYE

Fuck you.

ZOE

No, really. You don't want to fight for the change you want.

Skye gets up, walking to Zoe.

SKYE

I said, shut up!

ZOE

You just want to run away. To somewhere someone else has already done the fighting for you.

SKYE

Stop it!

Skye pushes Zoe, hard, into the frame of the door.

Zoe hits with a loud *THUD*. She stares at Skye, shocked.

ZOE

But you're willing to fight me, yeah? Willing to push around your friends?

Zoe walks up to Skye, emotional. Her eyes are watering as she brings her face close to Skye's, confrontational.

They lock gazes, holding.

Zoe's face breaks. She shows her emotion, and lets out a cry. Skye pulls away.

SKYE

Some friend. You've been pushing me away since I came back. We're not friends anymore, Zoe. We haven't been.

ZOE

Push you away? I'm the only person here who's been fighting for you. Everyone else has been telling me that you've completely changed and to give up, I'm the one saying that you just need time. If anyone in this goddamn city is still your friend, it's me.

Skye sits at her computer, logging in.

ZOE (CONT'D.)

What's wrong? You don't want to be my friend when I'll actually call you out on your bullshit? When I won't just let you jerk me around anymore?

SKYE

No, Zoe. I just don't feel like we're friends anymore.

ZOE

What kind of stupid excuse is that?

SKYE

It's mine.

Zoe begins to cry.

ZOE

What the hell? What's the reason you feel like that then?

SKYE

I can't tell you that.

ZOE

Why the fuck not?

SKYE

I... I just can't.

Zoe walks up to Skye's desk, leaning down closer to her level. Tears are running down her face.

ZOE

Don't I get any say in this?

Skye turns, looking Zoe dead in the eye.

SKYE

Not this time.

Zoe begins to break down. Tears flow harder. She turns around quickly, grabs her bag, and runs out the door.

As she runs out, Skye turns to her computer. She looks to the flier, then reaches down into her satchel, pulling out her travel journal. She slides the flier into the notebook, then puts it back into her bag.

35 EXT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - DAY

35

A library at a university. A fair amount of students are sitting and walking by.

Zoe runs out the library, crying harder than before. She walks past the crowds of people, her emotions rising higher, gasping for air.

She throws her bag down onto the ground and screams. People stop and stare. She ignores the, isolated in her own head. She kicks a nearby wall and slams her fists against it.

She screams again, falling to her knees. Papers from her bag are strewn about the floor. She sobs into her hands, papers blowing around her.

ELISE (O.S.)

Zoe?

Zoe doesn't pick up her heads.

Elise walks up to her. She kneels down and hugs her.

ELISE (CONT'D.)

Zoe, what's going on?

ZOE

(through sobs)

Skye...said...we...weren't...friends...anymore!

Elise pulls her in closer.

ELISE

Oh, baby. Come on, let's get you out of here.

The two of them get up, Zoe beginning to get some of her composure back.

36 INT. RESTAURANT/BAR - DAY

36

A French Quarter restaurant, with a bar nearby. A large amount of people are around, drinking, eating and talking.

Zoe is sitting at a small table in the corner of the room, no longer crying, but her eyes are red and bloodshot. She has a LARGE DRINK in front of her, untouched. Elise's BAG is hanging from a chair.

Elise walks through the doors from outside. She walks up to the table and puts her phone in the bag.

ELISE

Kurt was at work, but he said he'd be on his way soon. Do you want anything to eat?

Elise sits down across from Zoe.

ZOE

How can she just end everything like that?

ELISE

I don't know. Control? Arrogance?

ZOE

It doesn't make sense. We're friends. Best friends! More, even. I mean, we've done...things together.

ELISE

You mean you guys had sex? I knew it!

ZOE

No! I mean, yeah, we did, but that's not what I'm talking about.

ELISE

Then what are you talking about?

ZOE

We...bonded.

Zoe stops, takes a large sip of her drink.

ZOE (CONT'D.)

I mean, I love her.

ELISE

Oh my god. (beat) Does Kurt know?

ZOE

Of course Kurt knows.

ELISE

Oh right. The poly thing. Sorry, still hard for me to get used to.

ZOE

That's fine. Wait, you really didn't know how I felt about her?

ELISE

I mean, I had an idea. But I didn't want to presume anything.

The waiter comes up to their table. Elise begins ordering, but no sound comes out of her mouth. The waiter can't be heard either.

Zoe is staring off, lost in her own thought.

ZOE

(distant)

Presume away.

SKYE (O.S.)

What?

Zoe turns.

37 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

37

The same restaurant that Skye and Zoe were eating at before.

As Zoe completes her turn, her hair is straight again. Skye is sitting across the table from her.

ZOE

Nothing. Sorry, just thinking out loud. So, what's up? You finally ready to tell me what this big announcement of yours is all about?

Skye puts down her utensils. Her focus is full on Zoe.

SKYE

You know how the department has been branching out more? Like with the summer abroad trip that I told you I went on?

ZOE

Yeah, sounded great.

SKYE

Well, they're starting up another study abroad program, this time in Europe. Very new, very prestigious, and very intensive. And they've asked me and one other student to go.

ZOE

So what did you tell them?

SKYE

I said 'yes.'

ZOE

Great! I'm happy for you. Spend a few months in Europe in the summer, learn some foreign politics. It'll be great.

SKYE

I don't think you understand, Zoe.

Zoe stops eating. She sits straight up. They're eyes are both trained on each other, listening intently.

SKYE (CONT'D.)

It's not a summer abroad curriculum. It's more like an exchange program. I'll be gone for a whole semester, plus some change.

ZOE

What exactly does that mean?

Skye pauses.

SKYE

About 6 months.

Zoe sits silently for a moment.

ZOE

Wow. That's a long time. (beat)  
Well, hey, I hope you have fun.

SKYE

Really? You're not worried?

ZOE

Worried about what? I mean, you're just going for that semester. And think of all the political skills you'll get. You could probably head up protests when you get back!

Skye smiles, placing her hand on Zoe's.

Skye's eyes light up.

SKYE

I want to show you something.

Skye reaches down into her bag.

SKYE (CONT'D.)

I had this idea when they asked me to do the program.

Skye pulls out a notebook, placing it on the table - it's the journal she's been writing in in the present time.

SKYE (CONT'D.)

It's a travel journal. I'm writing down all my thoughts and experiences about the trip, from now until it's over.

ZOE

Cool. That'll probably make a great read down the line.

SKYE

I'd love you to read it sometime, after I get back. Tell me what you think about me and my journey.

ZOE

Skye, I'd be honored. (beat) Why were you so nervous to tell me, anyway?

SKYE

I wasn't sure how you'd feel about it. I know things have been complicated with us lately.

ZOE

True. But I think our relation...friendship is strong enough to keep going though. I mean, I don't want to presume anything about how you feel, but-

SKYE

Presume away.

ZOE

-But I think there's enough love between us to keep us friends for a long time.

38 INT. RESTAURANT/BAR - DAY

38

Back in the present.

Kurt is now sitting at the table with Zoe and Elise, next to Zoe, holding her hand.

ZOE

I can't believe that it can just end like that. I mean, we were supposed to change the world together. And now she doesn't care about me, the world, the struggle, anything. What makes a person change like that?

ELISE

Time?

KURT

Does it matter? Would a reason really make you feel better.

ZOE

Yes! I don't know. Maybe.

ELISE

Kurt has a point. If you knew why she's acting like a complete bitch, would that make her seem like less of a bitch.

ZOE

No. But it would help me understand the problem. Then maybe I could fix it. And then...

KURT

Then what?

ZOE

Then maybe I'd also know for sure that it's not my fault.

ELISE

How can it be your fault?

ZOE

Maybe if I was a better friend, or more understanding, she'd still be willing to talk to me.

Zoe begins to break down again. Kurt lets go of her hand, putting his arm around her, holding her close.

ELISE

Zoe, trust me, the problem isn't that you weren't a good enough friend to keep her in your life. I mean, she's been cutting us out too.

ZOE

But what if...if I had been better, I could have saved her? She wouldn't have changed, and we'd all still be happy?

Kurt gently pulls Zoe out of his hug, holding onto her. He looks into her eyes.

KURT

Zoe, if there was one person Skye always talked about whenever we would hang out this past year, it was you. She talked about how great a person you were, smart, and full of life. I could tell that there was serious depth to your relationship, beyond friendship or any kind of usual romance. And I know, from that, and the way you've talked about her, and the way you're thinking now, how much you loved her. I know from our relationship that you're so totally loyal and caring to the people you love, there's no way she could have felt like the love you gave her wasn't enough. I don't know what happened to make her do all the things she's done since she got back, but I know that none of it is your fault.

He kisses her softly on the forehead.

She turns back to the table, and goes back to eating her food.

39

INT. KURT'S HOUSE

39

The house is still set up the same.

Zoe and Kurt arrive, walking into the main room.

KURT  
You wanna watch a movie? Play a  
game or anything?

ZOE  
No, I think I'm just gonna go to  
bed.

KURT  
Are you sure?

ZOE  
Yeah. I'll be okay. Go ahead and  
get cleaned up, and come lay with  
me.

She leans in, giving Kurt a kiss.

KURT  
I love you.

ZOE  
I love you, too.

Kurt turns to walk away. Zoe grabs him, and gives him a  
strong, tender hug. Kurt hugs her back, tenderly.

KURT  
Sure you don't need me to stay.

Zoe ends the hug.

ZOE  
Really, go take your shower. I've  
got some stuff to take care of  
anyway.

Kurt kisses Zoe on the forehead, then turns out to go take  
his shower. He exits the room.

Zoe walks over to her half the dresser. She begins  
undressing, throwing her clothes next to the dresser.

Standing in her bra and pants, she looks on top of the  
dresser. She sees the music box that Skye gave her. She  
holds it in her hands. She reaches for the lever, then  
stops.

40

INT. SKYE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

40

The room looks very different. A crowd of people is inside, laughing and talking.

Skye, with medium blonde hair, is making her way around the room, talking to people.

Zoe, this time with medium length but curly hair, walks in the door. She sees Skye right away and makes her way over.

Skye sees her and turns herself in her direction.

SKYE

Zoe! Oh my god, you're hair looks great!

ZOE

Well, you know, thought I'd try something different. Like it?

SKYE

I love it!

Zoe smiles. She hands Skye a WRAPPED BOX.

ZOE

Got you something. For going away and all that.

Skye takes the box, holding it to her side, unopened.

SKYE

Thanks! Hey, there's someone I want you to meet. (to crowd) Kurt!

From the crowd walks Kurt, looking just as he does in the present.

SKYE (CONT'D.)

Zoe, this is my boyfriend, Kurt.

Zoe looks at Kurt, clearly taken back. He's an attractive man. Skye puts her arm around Kurt's waist.

KURT

Hi. Cool to finally meet you.

ZOE

Finally?

KURT  
Skye's told me a lot about you.

ZOE  
Oh. Oh, yeah, you too.

SKYE  
Kurt is your challenger in Smash Brothers tonight.

ZOE  
Oh really?

KURT  
Yeah, gotta fight for the privilege of taking my girl to the airport tomorrow.

ZOE  
Oh, is that a problem?

Kurt and Skye laugh.

KURT  
No, it's all good. Just some fun amongst the weird poly people.

ZOE  
I don't think you guys are weird. I think it's cool.

Kurt and Zoe stare at each other. Their eyes lock onto the others, smiling.

SKYE  
Glad you guys are getting along so well. It's a shame you haven't met sooner.

KURT  
Crying shame.

Skye takes her arm off of Kurt, looking at the two of them for a moment.

SKYE  
Kurt, you mind taking the room on for a few minutes? I have to talk to Zoe about something real quick.

KURT  
Yeah, sure. (to Zoe) See you later.

Kurt turns to go talk to more of his friends.

ZOE  
Yeah, see ya.

SKYE  
Don't stare to hard.

ZOE  
I'm sorry. I didn't want to upset  
you.

SKYE  
(laughing)  
You're fine, really. Glad you guys  
get along. Come on.

Skye leads Zoe away from the crowd.

41 INT. SKYE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

41

Some of the posters and decorations are gone from the wall.  
SUITCASES are stacked in a corner of the room.

Skye comes in, followed by Zoe. As Zoe walks in, Skye leans  
her back against the door, shutting it.

ZOE  
Your stuff is gone!

SKYE  
Packed. Going for 6 months, thought  
I'd want some things from home.

ZOE  
Wow. It looks so different without  
your stuff. It's like you're really  
gone.

Skye looks at Zoe from the door. She then runs to the bed,  
jumping onto it.

SKYE  
Come here.

Skye reaches behind the bed.

Zoe jumps onto the bed, playfully landing on top of Skye as  
she pulls out her travel notebook. They both laugh.

Zoe lays on Skye, off to her side. Skye smile, then opens  
the travel journal.

SKYE (CONT'D.)  
 Take a look at this. It's my  
 schedule while I'm in Germany.

Zoe looks it over.

ZOE  
 Neat. (beat) So does this mean I  
 can read this now?

Skye playfully pulls it away, throwing it behind the bed.

SKYE  
 No! Not until it's finished!

Skye and Zoe laugh. Zoe makes a reach for the notebook, and  
 Skye climbs on top of her to stop her from moving.

Their eyes meet.

Lips part.

Their faces move closer together.

Skye begins to pull away. Then, she changes her mind, and  
 kisses Skye, passionately.

The kiss softens. Skye gently pulls away. They stare at each  
 other.

ZOE  
 What does this mean for us?

SKYE  
 That's actually what I wanted to  
 talk to you about.

Zoe stares into Skye's eyes, waiting.

ZOE  
 Well, what did you want to say?

SKYE  
 I love you, Zoe. The way you told  
 me you loved me on the Riverwalk.

Zoe looks, amazed.

ZOE  
 Skye...

Zoe leans up, kissing Skye. Skye kisses back, passionately.  
 She stops, then gets up, sitting on the bed. Zoe does the  
 same, the two of them looking at each other.

SKYE

I don't want to move to fast.

ZOE

You know we've already fucked, right?

SKYE

I mean, I don't want to start something just before I leave. If we say we're together tonight, then I leave for 6 months, we miss out on the honeymoon phase, and all the other new things we could learn about each other. I want all of those with you.

Zoe sits and thinks for a beat.

ZOE

Skye, I've had feelings for you for about a year. And I've been in love with you for most of that. I can wait six months. Especially knowing how you feel. And when you come back, I'll be there to welcome you with open arms. Literally and metaphorically.

Skye and Zoe smile at each other, ear to ear grins.

SKYE

We should get back to the party.

ZOE

Yeah, we should.

The two stay seated together on the bed.

Zoe slides her hand over to Skye. Skye takes it, grasping it tightly.

42

INT. KURT'S HOUSE

42

Zoe is holding the music box.

She grabs her pajamas out of the drawer, then puts the music box back inside the drawer. She slams the drawer shut and walks away.

CUT TO BLACK

THREE WEEKS LATER

FADE IN:

43 EXT. ZOE'S APARTMENT - DAY

43

The sun shines brightly on a nice, multi-story apartment complex.

A door is open on the third story of the complex. Zoe's jeep is at the bottom of the stairs.

Elise is leaning into the jeep, grabbing boxes and handing them out to Kurt.

ELISE

You know, it really sucks that the hatch is broken.

KURT

Why? A good stretch never hurt anybody.

ELISE

Then next round, you can pull the boxes out and I'll stand there.

Kurt prepares to take his boxes up the stairs. As he moves to the steps, Zoe is on her way down.

Zoe stops Kurt at the foot of the stairs.

ZOE

Hey, babe. Just stay up there after you put the boxes down.

KURT

Break time? Sweet!

Kurt makes his way up the stairs.

Zoe walks up to Elise, who is climbing out of the jeep.

ELISE

Hey. Sorry, little behind this time. Just have to pull some more boxes out.

ZOE

Don't worry about it, break time.

ELISE

Oh thank god. I am not cut out for manual labor.

Elise makes her way up the stairs. Zoe locks the door to her jeep and shuts the door. Then she makes her way up the stairs, catching up with Elise.

44 INT. ZOE'S APARTMENT - DAY

44

A bright, sparse apartment. Boxes lie around in various places.

Kurt is leaning against a counter, resting.

Zoe and Elise walk in.

ZOE

What do you think, baby? Better AC than your place, yeah.

KURT

It is. I think I might be a little jealous.

Zoe walks into the kitchen. She grabs Kurt's shirt and gives him a deep kiss.

ELISE

Hey, uh, if you guys want to spend the time breaking in your new place, I can step out. Or maybe you should break in the room?

Zoe smiles and breaks her embrace with Kurt.

ZOE

No it's all good. I've got something for us. All of us.

Zoe walks to the fridge.

KURT

What do you have in there? You just moved in.

Zoe opens the door.

ZOE

I stopped at the store this morning and got a little something that any good college student should have.

Zoe turns around, revealing a SIX PACK of beer.

ELISE

Oh fuck yes, give me one of those.

Zoe walks over to the center of the room. Kurt grabs a bottle out of the pack as she walks by.

ZOE

Kurt, you got your bottle opener, right?

KURT

Yeah, sure thing.

Kurt takes his key chain off his belt, opening his beer with the BOTTLE OPENER on it.

Zoe takes a bottle out of the pack and hands it to Elise. Kurt tosses her his key chain, and Elise catches it with precision. Zoe sets the beer down.

There's suddenly a knock at the door. A PIZZA GUY is standing there.

ZOE

Oh, food's here! Elise, can you sign it for me? Just mark down a %20 tip.

Elise gets up and walks to the door, taking the pizza from the delivery man.

Kurt sits down, smiling at Zoe.

ZOE (CONT'D.)

What?

KURT

I'm proud of you. For this place, for being the little leader of this move. You've done a lot.

Zoe smiles. Elise walks up with the pizza, placing the box down in the middle of their threesome.

They open up the box, each grabbing a slice.

ZOE

Thanks for your help guys. I really appreciate it.

ELISE

No problem. Can't wait to see what you do with the place.

ZOE

Well, just a few more boxes and we'll be all done. Then I'll be ready to have some overnight company.

Zoe grabs Kurt's hand, the two of them smiling.

Zoe's phone rings. She let's go of Kurt's hand and pulls out her phone. She flips it open and answers it.

ZOE

Hello?

SKYE (OVER PHONE)

Hi, Zoe.

Zoe puts down her drink.

ZOE

Skye. What, what's up?

Everyone stops their activities. Elise and Kurt look at each other, then look at Zoe.

SKYE (OVER PHONE)

Not much. How are you?

ZOE

I'm good.

SKYE (OVER PHONE)

What are you up to? I haven't heard from you in a while.

ZOE

Well that should be good right? I mean, you know, what with the whole "no friends" thing anymore.

SKYE (OVER PHONE)

I'd like to see you, soon. There's something I wanted to talk to you about.

ZOE

I don't know, Skye.

SKYE (OVER PHONE)

Doesn't have to be a big thing. If you just come by the center in like an hour, I'll be there, and we can talk.

Zoe sits, thinking. She looks to Kurt and Elise. Kurt gives her his hand, and she takes it.

ZOE  
Fine. Fine, one hour.

SKYE (OVER PHONE)  
Okay, see you then.

Zoe hangs up her phone.

ELISE  
What? What's in an hour?

Zoe grabs her beer, taking a sip.

ZOE  
I'm meeting with Skye.

KURT  
Are you sure that's a good idea?

ZOE  
Can't go too bad. Worst is over, right?

KURT  
I love you.

ZOE  
I love you too. Thank you. (beat)  
Well, dig in guys. Gotta fill up for the rest of the day.

45 INT. WOMEN'S CENTER - DAY

45

The same Women's Center as before.

Skye sits at her desk, typing on her computer. Her travel journal is sitting next to her on the desk.

From outside in the hallway, Zoe walks in.

ZOE  
Hey, Skye. What's up.

Skye continues to type, not looking away from her computer.

SKYE  
One second...

ZOE

You're the one who wanted to talk to me.

Skye stops typing.

SKYE

How are you doing Zoe? Haven't seen you in a while.

ZOE

You mentioned that. (beat) I'm doing good. Got my own place.

SKYE

That's good. You and Kurt?

ZOE

Doing good. Place is just mine, if that's what you mean.

SKYE

I'm glad, Zoe. I really am.

The two hold their silence.

ZOE

So how are you doing?

SKYE

I'm good, Zoe. I'm really good.

SKYE

So what made you finally call me after three weeks of us not being friends anymore?

SKYE

This.

Skye taps her travel journal.

SKYE (CONT'D.)

I was looking through it last night, and I found something interesting in it. Something you wrote before I left.

ZOE

Was that the part about us always being friends?

SKYE

Yeah, that one. (pause) I've missed you.

ZOE

I can understand why. I did up and decide - without any discernible or given reason - that we weren't friends anymore. No, wait.

SKYE

I'm sorry it had to go down like that.

ZOE

I'm sorry that it didn't have to.

SKYE

It did hurt me too. I want you to know that.

Zoe walks closer to Skye's desk. She leans in close.

ZOE

Do you even have a reason?

SKYE

I can't say.

Zoe shoots up.

ZOE

I don't know what to make of any of this. I can't imagine why you couldn't tell me why we weren't friends anymore. What I did, or why you felt that way. I have no idea who you even are as a person anymore, or if the person I fell in love with harder than I ever fell in love before is gone. But do you know what hurts the most? What keeps me up at night, wondering if I'll ever get an answer? That I don't know if anything, ANYTHING you told me about how you felt about me was true. I have no idea how much of the time we spent together, if any of it, was true, and how much was just a fucking line of bullshit you were stringing me along with for fun.

SKYE

I wasn't stringing you along, Zoe.

ZOE

Well thanks. I'm sure that'll help me sleep.

Zoe backs away from Skye's desk. Skye stands up.

SKYE

I'm happy now. I really am. For the first time in my life, I'm happy. I hope you understand that what I did, I did it to be happy.

ZOE

I'm glad you're happy, I really am. I just think it completely blows that you had to fuck over all of your friends in order to get to that point. (beat) Why am I here, Skye?

SKYE

I wanted to know if... if what you wrote in there was true.

ZOE

A fucking huge part of me wants to play the Skye-card on this one and tell you to fuck off.

Skye stares down at the book. Her body shakes and her breathing gets heavier. Zoe stares, and her gaze softens.

ZOE (CONT'D.)

Yes, Skye. It was true then. It will always be true, *then*. But now... now you're just a girl I knew.

Skye looks up. She wipes her eyes.

SKYE

Thank you for coming.

ZOE

Sure.

Zoe turns to walk out.

SKYE

Zoe!

Zoe stops at the door. She turns around and looks at Skye.

SKYE (CONT'D.)

I meant it. Everything I said and did back then. I meant it.

ZOE

Thanks, Skye. But it doesn't change anything. (beat) If you really are happy, then I'm happy for you. And if you ever decide one day that you want to talk about it, give me your reason, or try to extend that bridge again, I'll be here to give it a shot. No promises, but I'll give it a shot. But for now, it doesn't matter. You were right. We're not friends anymore. Only now the decision's mutual.

Zoe walks out of the Women's Center. Skye looks down at her travel notebook. She goes to throw it in the trash, then stops, putting it on her desk.

46

INT. SKYE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

46

The room is cluttered from the party the night before. Suitcases also lie around the house.

Skye (blonde-hair) is bustling around, dragging a suitcase, packed to the point of exploding, up to the door. As a knock is heard from it, Skye puts down the suitcase and opens it. Standing in the doorway is Zoe.

ZOE

Good morning, Skye.

SKYE

Hey, Zoe. How's your morning?

Skye picks up the suitcase, putting it on her couch. She grabs a few magazines from a nearby pile.

Zoe walks in, shutting the door behind her.

ZOE

Good. Just claiming my prize from the video game tournament last night. You know I would have

(MORE)

ZOE (cont'd)  
expected a guy like Kurt to be  
better at Smash Brothers.

SKYE  
Well, he was never really a '64  
guy.

Zoe looks at the suitcase.

ZOE  
Think you've got enough?

SKYE  
Not just yet.

ZOE  
Well, no rush. Flight doesn't leave  
for another 6 hours.

SKYE  
I know. What's got you here so  
early?

Zoe sits on the couch next to Skye's suitcase.

ZOE  
Well, you know, I thought I'd come  
early and spend some time with you.  
Get a little bit more time in  
before you leave for half a year,  
you know? Hell of a mess in here,  
by the way. Were you planning on  
cleaning at any point before you  
left?

SKYE  
Nah, you know. Figured you could do  
that. Good practice for having your  
own place.

ZOE  
Hey, it's not like you're giving me  
the option to buy at the end.

Skye smiles. Suddenly, she gasps.

SKYE  
OH CRAP!

She runs to her room.

ZOE  
What? What's wrong?!

47 INT. SKYE'S BEDROOM - DAY

47

The room looks similar to last night, except all the suitcases are gone now.

Skye is leaning over the edge of her bed, looking behind the head of the bed.

Zoe comes in, concerned.

ZOE  
Is everything okay?

SKYE  
I almost forgot the most important thing.

ZOE  
What, you're ticket?

SKYE  
No, more important than that.

Skye jets up, holding her travel journal.

ZOE  
Oh of course. Can't forget that.

SKYE  
Hey, this is important!

ZOE  
I know. Would had to have called off the whole trip if you left that behind.

Skye hands it to Zoe.

SKYE  
Write something.

ZOE  
What?

SKYE  
Write something for me to read.

Zoe takes the notebook.

ZOE  
What, for while you're in Germany?

SKYE  
Just in general.

Skye grabs a pen off her nightstand and hands it to Zoe. Zoe sits on the bed and flips through, finding the first blank page on the notebook.

Skye heads out of the room.

SKYE (CONT'D.)  
I'm gonna go get the last of the stuff packed up. Just bring it to me when you're done. And don't read any of it!

ZOE  
You're lucky I love you. Don't worry - you're trust won't be misplaced.

Skye walks out of the room, shutting the door.

Zoe thinks for a moment. After a beat, she starts writing in the notebook. Her words fly onto the page until a page is full of her words.

When the page is full, she closes the notebook, then gets up, walking out of the room.

48 INT. SKYE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 48

Skye is standing in the room, surveying the landscape.

Zoe walks up behind her, handing her the book. Skye takes it from her hands, then puts her arm around Zoe's shoulders. The two of them stand, looking at the room. Zoe puts her arm around Skye's waist.

49 EXT. SKYE'S HOUSE - DAY 49

The same shotgun set up as before.

Zoe is standing at the edge of Skye's sidewalk, holding one of Skye's suitcases. Skye is standing at her door, with some of her suitcases next to her.

Skye locks the door to her house, then grabs the suitcase, rolling it along. She keeps the keys in her hands until she gets to Zoe, when she tosses the keys to her. Zoe catches them and puts her in her bag.

Skye and Zoe walk up to Zoe's car. Zoe puts Skye's suitcase in her car, and Skye walks along to the passenger door, getting in.

50 INT. ZOE'S JEEP - DAY 50

Zoe's sloppy jeep. Zoe is in the driver seat, Skye in the passenger.

Zoe is driving, while Skye is looking out the window, deep in thought.

Zoe looks over at Skye and smiles. Skye looks back over and returns, then reaches for Zoe's hand. Zoe extends her hand, the two of them holding hands while zoe drives.

51 EXT. AIRPORT - DAY 51

A bustling airport. People again getting in and out of taxis. People rush by with their luggage.

Zoe's jeep drives by, headed straight for the parking garage.

52 INT. SPIRAL DRIVEWAY - DAY 52

A spiral driveway in a parking garage.

Zoe and Skye smile as they drive up the spiral elevation. Skye fiddles with Zoe's radio.

53 INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY 53

The garage is filled with cars and people rushing to their planes.

Zoe pulls at a parking spot.

Zoe and Skye get out of the car. Zoe pulls Skye's suitcases out of the back of her jeep and hands some of them to Skye, with Zoe taking the remainder. The two of them walk down to the elevator.

- 54 INT. AIRPORT ELEVATOR - DAY 54  
A plain glass elevator, looking over out over the airport driveway.  
Zoe and Skye get in, looking out at the world below them.
- 55 INT. AIRPORT HALLWAY - DAY 55  
A glass hallway, light shinning into the passage.  
Zoe and Skye walk down, Skye dancing as she walks down, basking in the light.
- 56 INT. AIRPORT RESTAURANT - DAY 56  
A crowded airport restaurant.  
Zoe and Skye sit at a table, eating and talking, but none of what they're saying is heard. They sit very close to each other, laughing with one another.
- 57 INT. AIRPORT LOBBY - DAY 57  
A circular lobby in an airport, with more bustling people rushing by.  
Zoe and Skye look at the gate information, figuring out where they need to go. Skye finds it, excitedly pointing it out to Zoe. Zoe hugs Skye, and then they make their way over to the gate.
- 58 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY 58  
The terminal is now lit with sunlight and fluorescent lights. The security checkpoint lies in the distance.  
Zoe and Skye stand a few feet away from the security check point. Skye is only carrying her carry on luggage and her bag.  
Zoe and Skye hold each others hands, looking into each others eyes. They lean in close, and at the last moment, Skye kisses Zoe softly on the cheek. Zoe smiles, then gives Skye a kiss on the cheek. As she pulls away, Skye gives Zoe a quick peck on the lips. They smile and giggle.

They hug each other, squeezing tightly. After a long beat, they let go. Their eyes are beginning to tear up. Skye starts walking backwards to security. Zoe watches her as she walks.

Once Skye gets through security, she looks back at Zoe. Zoe raises her hand, saying goodbye. Skye raises her hand back, meekly waving.

Skye turns around and walks to her gate.

Zoe stands alone in the terminal, soaking in the moment. She watches Skye until she is completely out of her sight.

FADE OUT.

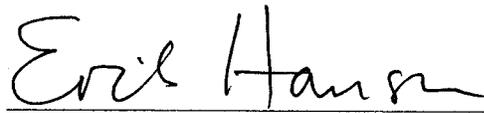
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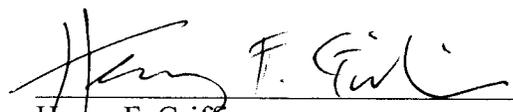
END.

APPROVAL SHEET

This is to certify that Tylyn Scott Anson has successfully completed  
her Senior Honors Thesis, entitled:

*Changes*

  
\_\_\_\_\_  
Erik R. Hansen Director of Thesis

  
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May 4, 2012  
Date