

INT. Interview Location - Day - TARA

*It's a small, cramped office with poor lighting, which gives the room a yellow hue. Posters with inspirational quotes and pictures decorate the room, but it feels plastic, out of place, with the dark interior. TARA MAE sits anxiously, fidgeting with her sleeve. The INTERVIEWER is Off-screen. TARA has her arm in a splint.*

INTERviewer

Have you been able to see Micah since the accident?

TARA

Yeah. Um,

He laughs a lot now. At things that aren't even funny. Or he'll stare off into space, and then start saying things that don't make sense.

The Interviewer pushes the cup of hot chocolate near her.

She takes it.

TARA

I-I still bring him books sometimes...he...he doesn't remember Jasmine, I think.

INTERVIEWER

And what do you remember about that night? About Jasmine?

TARA

Jasmine? She was everything. Popular, hot, gorgeous, talented...did I mention she was hot?

INTERVIEWER

Yes, three times now.

TARA

Oh. Sorry. But she was. And it was her party we were at...it was loud. And full of colors. I've never been anywhere like it. I remember talking with Katelyn about...bears? Maybe? We were all drunk. And then someone said, "Let's go to Taco Bell!" And we did. Or tried too.

Cut to:

INT. Interview Location - Day - Elijah Miller

*Same cramped room, now with a Coke instead of hot cocoa for a drink. ELIJAH MILLER sits, with his crutches leaning against the table. He looks, for lack of better terms-pissed.*

INTERVIEWER

Micah was you best friend, you guys knew each other for a while...have you seen him since the accident?

Theres a stark silence. Elijah looks at the camera directly. He's chewing gum.

Elijah

Yeah.

INTERVIEWER

And how was he?

ELIJAH

Well he's not a..fucking vegatble if you know what I mean. That's what most people expected--for him to just be gone. No, nah..he just laughs too much now. And can't tie his shoes.

INTERVIEWER

And you? How are you?

Elijah is tapping his fingers on the table, faster now. He glances at the crutches.

ELIJAH

What do you think?

INTERVIEWER

I'd assume you're upset. Grieving. Maybe even angry at Dylan?

ELIJAH

Fucking hate Dylan.

INTERVIEWER

And why is that?

ELIJAH

Same reason I hate myself. We both couldn't stop it.

Cut to:

INT. Interview Location - Day - Monica STAPLETON

Same room, but this time, there's a bright pink water bottle, with lace bows tied to the handle. MONICA is sitting down, with a pink bow in her hair. She's jittery, and her hands are slightly shaking. SHE has stitches above her eyebrow. And a wrapped wrist.

Monica

Yes, and that's how I tied the lace onto the handle; it was super easy, like it took five seconds.

INTERVIEWER

Monica-

MONICA

It's pink too. Jasmine always loved pink. Hated this bottle though, said it was too much, too soon. (She laughs awkwardly)

INTERVIEWER

Monica, I asked what you remembered about the night of Jasmine's party...

MONICA

Oh. Oh right. It was just a lot. I thought...it would be nicer to give you something real first. All you hear about is how Jasmine died. I don't remember her like that.

INTERVIEWER

How do you remember her?

MONICA

She was a total bitch. In a good way. She made dumb jokes and made fun of my stupid water bottle. She couldn't swim for shit, and couldn't dance to save her life-

Monica freezes.

MONICA

I didn't mean it like that. About the dancing and God, it's just all too soon. Not just this interview-but everything, school, my parents, fuckin Mr. and Mrs. Blanc-and court. And now Dylan could go to jail? It's so weird, y'know?

She then takes a very long drink from her water bottle. It's shaking, and her eyes are watery.

INTERVIEWER

Can you tell me about the party?

MONICA

I don't remember much.

INTERVIEWER

Anything would help.

MONICA

It was loud. And *Loveshack* was playing, even though we crashed like super bad. It was the part of the song that goes, "*Bang, bang, bang, on the door baby.*" Funny thing, Tara was kicking the door with her feet, trying to get it to budge. Elijah looked like he was asleep. He was on the side where the car hit. And..and I could still smell Jasmine's perfume.

She's fully shaking now. A few tears

MONICA

It's fruity. The scent. Just like her, she says. Or said. Weird thing, even dead, she still looked so...alive. And Dylan. He was out like a light. Draped over the wheel. It was so surreal. Like we're now all dying, like we weren't just making stupid ICE jokes five minutes before.

She's crying hard. Like full-blown, mascara dripping, get this woman a tissue, crying.

MONICA

And Micah? I couldn't look at him. It was so bad. It hit the passenger side. (Whisper) He was riding shotgun.

INTERVIEWER

Let's take a break.

Cut to:

INT. Interview Location - Day - Dylan Aldengo

There's no drink on the table. The room is still horribly lit yellow, and the posters on the wall feel more mocking than actual support. DYLAN is looking around, eyes darting. Like he wants to memorize the room.

INTERVIEWER

Aldengo? Is that German?

Dylan

Quietly, almost hesitantly.

Al-DEN-go, not Al-deen-go, Dylan Aldengo...not German...

INTERVIEWER

Well, I know a lot of people have asked you a lot of things, but I'm just here to ask you how your feeling, it's a lot.

DYLAN

I mean...I basically killed us all.

INTERVIEWER

What do you mean?

DYLAN

What do *you* mean? Jamsine is dead. Micah can't even focus enough to read without trailing off, Monica is a mess, Eli hates my guts, and I'm pretty sure Tara wants me dead.

INTERVIEWER

I doubt all of that is true.

DYLAN

Yeah. 'All of that,' meaning some of it is. (Softly) I killed 'em. I killed 'em all.

He stares off to the left.

DYLAN

This isn't a football game. This isn't a thing you can just brush off, like, 'Yeah, we lost, but we tried.' I *tried* to keep focus. I *tried* to turn the wheel. I *tried not to* kill us all because of a stupid swerve...and I did. No takebacks. No, 'it's ok.' I was sitting right next to Micah, man.

He wipes his eyes. He didn't realize he was crying.

DYLAN

A person shouldn't be able to lose that much blood. Not like that, with the eyes open n' shit.

INTERVIEWER

But Micah is alive, he's back at home, he's ok-

DYLAN

He's not 'ok'. He can barely count. His older brother looks at me like he wants me dead.

INTERVIEWER

And what do you think about that?

DYLAN

I should never had listened to Micah when he asked to go to Taco Bell.

Fade to black.