

EXT. FIELD - AFTERNOON, THE PRESENT

They come to a stop at an opening in the hedges, where a little inlet of land cuts out from the gravel path and into the fields of wheat. It's weird to think campus is just ten minutes in the opposite direction. Summer walks out to the very edge, toes brushing those gently waving stalks of gold, and closes her eyes. She feels the wind on her face. There is a long, thoughtful silence. And then-

SUMMER

You know, I was supposed to be an actor.

Aiden looks over at her. He doesn't say anything.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

A writer, too. An actor-writer, I guess. That's what I was supposed to be.

(pause)

That's what I was meant to be.

She doesn't look at him. Can't. Her eyes survey the expanse of land before them, and the sky beyond.

SUMMER

I had all these...dreams. All these bright, colorful dreams. Of what my life would be like. Of what I would be like.

(pause)

Who I would become.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEGE AUDITION ROOM - MORNING, FLASHBACK

A square room, painted black from floor to ceiling. Summer stands alone in the center, facing a table with three adjudicators. They gaze at her with unreadable expressions, pens posed above a sheet of paper she can't make out.

CUT TO:

EXT. NYC SIDEWALK - MORNING, FLASHBACK

A bleak January morning. Gray skies, a bitter wind, briskly walking people bundled up against the bitter chill. Summer stands against a wall, out of the way, clutching her phone with frozen fingers. Her face is turned up, toward the tops of highrises you can't even see.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING, FLASHBACK

The sun has set, but the curtains remain open, casting the room in the blue-toned darkness of a spring evening. Summer is wedged into a corner of the sofa, knees to her chest, laptop to the side. She stares out the window, her fist pressed to her chin.

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT, FLASHBACK

Only the desk lamp is on, cutting a weak white path onto a desk strewn with scripts and playbills. Summer methodically organizes them into neat stacks, then tucks them into a cardboard box. She presses the lid down before shoving it away under her desk.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER LAB - EVENING, FLASHBACK

Harsh fluorescent lighting in a room that grows emptier by the second. As her peers leave, Summer remains, sitting tensely before a wide monitor filled with error messages, and code she still doesn't understand.

CUT TO:

INT. LECTURE HALL - MORNING, FLASHBACK

White slides filled with blocks of text about design and user interaction. Summer sits in the middle of a row, flanked on both sides by people either taking notes or messing around on their laptops. She toggles between her notes and a script she's working on. She eventually closes the tab holding her writing.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - AFTERNOON, THE PRESENT

Summer pauses, stares at the moving clouds.

SUMMER

I was...

*(long pause)*

I was younger then.

Aiden watches her for a moment, then directs his gaze to where hers is pointed. He can't see what she does, or be where she is. But he was listening.

AIDEN

We do a lot of damage to ourselves, y'know?

Summer finally looks at him. The expression on her face is enough to make anyone want to cry.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

In pursuit of what we think we should be.

That makes her smile; laugh, almost.

SUMMER

I know, right?