

MARC

You know I could help you with a job if you need one. Have you heard about Avervo?

He holds up the instant coffee packet. The brand Avervo is displayed in a minimalist font face. The tagline reads, "For a slimmer you...made by loving artisan brewers in Seattle"

EDEN

What?

MARC

(rapidly)

It's this new company out of Seattle. They cross-bred different variations of coffee to create a bean that suppresses hunger more but, doesn't make you too jittery or sleepless. You pay for a share of the company...

EDEN

Wait, hold on a sec, so..

MARC (CONT'D)

...they send you a supply and you earn 80% of the amount you sell. You also get a bonus when you sign up other people...

Eden begins to zone out, overwhelmed by Marc's spiel. The room becomes awkwardly quiet. His speech moves faster, crescendoing to an elongated BEEP.

Marc pulls out his phone and shows Eden his instagram page. He shows her photos from events. She realizes it is an MLM pitch and snaps back to reality.

EDEN

(loudly)

I can't do this!

MARC

(with pause)

Well... you could be really good at doing this

Eden stands up. She looks at Marc with vengeful anger.

EDEN

This is a pyramid scheme and you should know better. All those people you have working for you are just people you have fooled into believing they are going to be millionaires. I don't even know how you can sit here with such pride. I wonder how many times you have used dates to pitch your shit coffee. I'm leaving. Never contact me again.

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

The bus is late. Eden looks back and forth down the street amazed by how quiet it has gotten. A SHREEK from a car's brakes ends the quietness.

As she turns back in expectance of the bus, she hears a rumbling engine in the distance. A bus pulls closer. The sign affixed in front of the bus reads "NOT IN SERVICE".

It blows by her, speeding. She shrugs upset at the affront. Moments later, a bus with a sign reading "2 To University Via Central" arrives. She gets on.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

BUS DRIVER

(Heavy East African accent)

Sorry, confusion at main station

In a section reserved for seniors, people with disabilities, and those with children sits an OLD WHITE MAN. He has long, cluttered grey hair and a salt and peppered beard. His camouflage jacket has a ripped and battered insignia.

He is the only passenger other than Eden. He is heavily intoxicated. He begins to sing.

OLD WHITE MAN

(in blues style)

I ain't got nobody. I ain't got a thing. Everything I've had only lingers in my dreams. I ain't got nobody. I ain't got a thing.

Eden sits three rows behind him. The bus ride is periodically bumpy. The bus comes to a swift stop. The doors open.

Exuberant laughter echoes through the bus. A couple gleefully stumble in still laughing. They are both dressed in all black. The bus starts pulling off before they are seated.

A bump makes the young lady wrap her arms around her boyfriend as he hangs on to a pole. She looks at Eden with a piercing stare. They finally sit in the back.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Eden is flustered. The day has taken a toll on her. She sighs and opens the door.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The beer can mess from earlier is gone. The apartment is impressively clean. The couch is no longer occupied by the passed out man. It is dim in the living room.

The only light source is a shaded lamp. As Eden walks in further she hears clattering in the brightly lit kitchen. The cause of the noise is her female ROOMMATE.

ROOMMATE (O.S.)

Hey Eden, sorry about all the mess. You know how we get when we have a day off. By the way, I need your half of the rent ASAP. Ol' landlord has been jawing at me about it.

EDEN

I'll try

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eden pulls down her backpack from the bed to the floor. She sits on the edge of the bed and checks through her phone. She opens up the text message that Liv had sent her earlier.