

A TEENAGE BOY'S BEDROOM

Two lanky teenaged boys -- NOT ERIC HARRIS and NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD, sit.
They're in the middle of playing the video game "Doom".

Go go go
NOT ERIC HARRIS

On your left.
NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD

Gotcha. Saugen mein hund, BITCH.
NOT ERIC HARRIS

Not out of the woods yet. Agh -- kill that fucker.
NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD

I've got it.
NOT ERIC HARRIS

Fuuuuuck.
NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD

Behind you,
NOT ERIC HARRIS

They win.

Boom, baby!
NOT ERIC HARRIS

Dude, you're so fucking good at this.
NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD

Not as good as you.
NOT ERIC HARRIS

NOT ERIC playfully hits NOT DYLAN on the arm

I'd be shit at this game if it wasn't for you.
NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD

's just practice
NOT ERIC HARRIS

NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD
I just feel like -- nevermind.

NOT ERIC HARRIS
What?

NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD
Nevermind, it's stupid.

NOT ERIC HARRIS
Dude, you can tell me anything.

NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD
I feel like, I feel like I'm just better... with you.

NOT ERIC HARRIS
Alright. I'm better with you.

NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD
No, I mean. I've got no motivation for classes. I've got some friends -- but none I like all that much. But you -- you make things... worth it.

NOT ERIC HARRIS
You know, I hate everything. Like all the time. But I don't hate you.

NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD
Gee, thanks.

NOT ERIC HARRIS
I'm not good with words.

NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD
'Kay. Next round?

NOT ERIC HARRIS
No, I want to talk to you.

NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD
About what?

NOT ERIC HARRIS
I wouldn't plan doomsday with anyone else.

NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD

I got that. I know that. That's not what I'm --

NOT ERIC HARRIS

What are you saying?

NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD

I need to tell you. Before next week. Before we go all Natural Born Killers. Before we [die]. Eric, I love you.

NOT ERIC HARRIS

I love you too, dude.

NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD

No, I -- I think about you. Like all the time. Day and night. I just want to be around you every second I can. And I just, fuck, I love you. Like love you, love you. And you probably think I'm a fucking queer and you're going to hate me forever now, but I needed to say it. And there, I said it.

NOT ERIC HARRIS

...

NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD

Eric? Say something.

NOT ERIC HARRIS

I've never felt this way. About anything... about anyone.

NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD

Stop bullshitting me.

NOT ERIC HARRIS

I'm not! I swear.

NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD

Okay, then prove it.

NOT ERIC HARRIS

How do you want me to prove it?

They look at each other.

NOT ERIC puts his hand on NOT DYLAN's cheek.

They lean in closer and closer --

Almost kissing....

VANESSA (OFF)

Then it's going to go smutty.

LIGHTS UP ON:

CAMELLIA BUDGET INN -- NORTH CAROLINA

Two full size beds lay next to each other with the most 70s looking sheets on top.

VANESSA, 17, a sweet and perky fan fic writer, sits on one of the beds, scribbling furiously in a journal.

Next to her is REGAN, 18, the epitome of 2019 tumblr edgy, sitting, waiting with semi-baited breath.

VANESSA

And I mean, real smutty. Not like gently wafting curtains, but like hardcore anal penetration. Not in those words. With more finesse. A softer touch, you know. Which is territory I haven't exactly explored in my Dylan and Eric fan fiction. I have during my SuperWhoLock days, but that -- Wooo -- that is not seeing the light of day anytime soon. I mean, it has seen the light of day, years ago. But that has been taken down off of A03 a bit ago due to a whole thing with my mom and "potential colleges finding it" even though it's under a pen name and I think my mom just has an issue with gay people or hardcore anal penetration. Possibly both. And I don't know how to tell her, you know, this is who I am this is what I write about. You can't stop art from blossoming because you're afraid of things. Art is about digging into the dark and evocative and exploring the things that you don't really want to explore -- like hardcore anal penetration -- but have to because that makes good art and that makes us... better. I think. Understanding and diving deep into the things we don't understand, to explore that darkness and come out the other end -- it makes us better. ... Did I tell you I'm autistic?

REGAN

No.

VANESSA

Recently diagnosed. It's a whole thing with girls that we don't // get --

REGAN

Right.

VANESSA

-- diagnosed as often, because the criteria...

REGAN

Based on cis, straight, white men.

VANESSA

Exactly! And it's bullshit. But I mention, cause the -- I get too passionate sometimes

REGAN

Not at // all

VANESSA

It can get annoying. I'm told. So -- If I'm ever being too much --

REGAN

You're not being // too much

VANESSA

But if I ever get -- just like -- give me a tap on the shoulder or just tell me. That works.

REGAN

Sure. ... I like the fic.

VANESSA

You don't have to say that.

REGAN

It's really great. Honest to god. The story, the writing itself. I didn't know that you --

VANESSA

I don't really share it with the group. Don't want to steal Carly's thunder. And she's so good, you know.

REGAN

This is better than Carly's.

VANESSA

No! Really?

REGAN

Seriously! Carly's shit is so focused on the shooting. This is about the true love between the two of them.

VANESSA

I'm so glad I haven't been the only one thinking that. Columbine is so much more than just the shooting, you know?

Dylan and Eric were people with feelings and sorrows and hopes and dreams and I feel like the fic takes accountability for their wrongdoings, but shows them // as people

REGAN

As people

VANESSA

Yes! Yes. Thank you. It's so good to have you just [here]. Like in the physical space.

REGAN

It's weird. Good weird. But, uh, what, 3 years? Ish? Were you on that server with Amanda forever ago?

VANESSA

No, I joined right after Emily...

REGAN

Right. Right. So 3.

VANESSA

My mom was worried about this whole trip because like "she's a stranger"

REGAN

You know my social security number

VANESSA

But like -- we don't call or video chat. Coulda been a serial killer.

REGAN

Hot.

VANESSA

Bad example.

REGAN goes to unpack.

VANESSA

You got the stuff?

REGAN

The stuff? The vagueness.

VANESSA

The -- the Wiccan --

REGAN
Not Wiccan.

VANESSA
The -- resurrection?

REGAN
We're not resurrecting anyone.

VANESSA
We aren't?

REGAN
You can't do that shit. No one can do that shit.

VANESSA
Then what are we?

REGAN
It's capturing their spirits.

VANESSA
Like...

REGAN
So when we get to the memorial, we'll be close to their spirits, their energy, you know. We mix the ingredients together, we will call them to us to be our angel guides.

VANESSA
Right. Does that give us... special powers?

REGAN
... No. It's more, um, we get to be watched over -- influenced by Dylan and Eric.

VANESSA
We'll be protected by them?

REGAN
Yes -- yes! Exactly.

VANESSA
... That's pretty cool.

REGAN
Yeah?

VANESSA

I think that's pretty cool.

REGAN

You into this // spiritual --

VANESSA

Woo-woo magic usually isn't my vibe. But I like this.

NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD and NOT ERIC HARRIS
appear -- they are all over each other and quite flamboyant.
NOT ERIC dawns a flower crown while NOT DYLAN's in
a crop top.

NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD

Hello you sweet little babies

NOT ERIC HARRIS

It's ussssss!

NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD

Dylan Klebold

NOT ERIC HARRIS

And Eric Harris

NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD

In the flesh.

NOT ERIC HARRIS

Okay, okay we should confess a secret darlings.

NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD

We're not the *real* school shooters Dylan Klebold and Eric Harris.

NOT ERIC HARRIS

Those evil bitches are dead as a doornail.

NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD

Ding-dong sluts.

NOT ERIC HARRIS

But we're the amalgamation of our legacy online.

NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD

Sure you've got our manifestos and CVC footage.

NOT ERIC HARRIS

But you also have literally over 2,000 pieces of fan fiction published online about us.

NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD

It's like we never even killed anyone. Edits of us kissing, playing video games, fucking each other.

NOT ERIC HARRIS

Did we ever fuck in real life?

NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD

I don't know, but there's some pretty damning conspiracy theorists thinking we were madly in love.

NOT ERIC HARRIS

Or at least madly fucking horny for each other.

NOT DYLAN grabs NOT ERIC's face -- they make out.

NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD

Now, if we had just done that a few more times, maybe we wouldn't have shot up a school.

NOT ERIC HARRIS

I woulda just shot some loads into you.

NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD

Hey now, there are children watching.

NOT ERIC HARRIS

God, I hope there aren't children here. We put some firm warnings on this show.

NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD

But enough about us. Here we have our two intrepid heroes.

NOT ERIC HARRIS

Regan Smith. 18 years old. Originally from Tampa, Florida, but moved all the way to Georgia on account of her mother falling in love with a carnie. She has a collection of rabbit's ears and while being able to count cards better than most men in Vegas, never learned how to ride a bike.

NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD

And Vanessa Gerbalt. 17 years old. From Butt-Fuck Nowhere, Nebraska. She spends her time reading, writing, crocheting frog hats, and taking baths to stare into the void and contemplate what the hell she's doing with her life.

NOT ERIC HARRIS

Regan and Vanessa have been best internet friends since 2016 when they stumbled across each other's edited pictures on a "WE HEART DYLAN KLEBOLD AND ERIC HARRIS" Tumblr blog.

NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD

Vanessa sent Regan a gif of me flipping off the camera with sparkles all around. And the rest was history.

NOT ERIC HARRIS

It is currently April 16, 2019. Four days before the 20th anniversary of our shooting.

NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD

And these two little missies thought it'd be a fun idea to save up their allowance, meet up, plan a little roadtrip to the memorial and bring back our spirits.

NOT ERIC HARRIS

My god, if these girls don't have hutzpah.

NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD

And as they travel, our influence will be with them every step of the way.

NOT ERIC HARRIS

Now let's leave them to it... and get back to the bedroom.

NOT ERIC HARRIS and NOT DYLAN KLEBOLD
disappear

REGAN

So what time are we leaving tomorrow?

VANESSA

I thought we'd get on the road at 9:30.

REGAN

Ooof. Early.

VANESSA

Well, checkout at the bed and breakfast in North Carolina ends at 6:00pm. So...

REGAN

So...

VANESSA

What time were you, possibly, um...