

# **Saccades Project**

## **Trailer**

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12 pages

Courtney Eldridge

celdridge{at}saccadesproject.com

Skype: SaccadesProject

<http://www.courtneyeldridge.com/>

1.

*6:49 PM April 6<sup>th</sup>*

—And then he looked up and said, What if God was a teenage girl?

2.

*2:47 PM April 7<sup>th</sup>*

—Got my phone taken away in fifth period. I told him it wasn't my fault, but do they listen? Does anyone ever listen to me?

3.

*11:32 AM April 8<sup>th</sup>*

—So I sit down at the end of the table in the conference room, and Principal Cheswick's just standing there, and then the guys says, Thea, I'd like to ask you a few questions, if that's all right?

4.

*5:47 PM April 9<sup>th</sup>*

—I called him, I texted, I even sent an email, asking him, Cam, where the hell are you?

*11:32 AM April 8<sup>th</sup>*

—Mrs. Kirkpatrick, the secretary, walked me to the end of the hall, not saying a word, and then she knocked on the conference room door. Principal Cheswick smiled, opening the door and told me to come in, and I couldn't figure out why he was being so nice, and

then I noticed a man, standing at the very end of the table, in front of the blackboard. He looked at me, waiting for Mrs. Kirkpatrick to shut the door, and then said, Hello, Thea, I'm Detective Knox, and I'd like to ask you a few questions, if that's all right?

*2:47 PM April 8<sup>th</sup>*

—No, I turned off my phone, before class, but it kept going off, and that's when I knew something was up, because it wasn't my ringtone. I mean, it was my phone, yeah, but that's not my ringtone. And of course Jenssen got ticked off, so he took it away, telling me cute trick, but it was my last warning, holding out his hands, demanding I give it over. And I told him it wasn't a trick, but he didn't believe me, of course. So when I handed it to him, I was just like—I mean, I didn't say it, but I was just like, *If I could pull a trick like that off with my phone, why wouldn't I pull it with everybody's phones, you know?*

5.

*1:44 PM April 13<sup>th</sup>*

—So of course all these rumors start flying around, everyone's looking at me, gawking, whispering in the halls, whenever I'd walk by. People were saying Cam'd gotten busted for selling drugs, or that he'd killed somebody, just all sorts of crazy shit, you know. But the hardest part was that everyone thought I knew, you know, but the thing is, I didn't—I didn't know where he was. I wasn't keeping any secrets: I really didn't know.

*11:32 AM April 8<sup>th</sup>*

—So I walk into the conference room, and Principal Cheswick says, Thea, sit down, please. And there's this guy there in a jacket—like a sport jacket or something, and Cheesy says, Thea, this is Detective Knox.

The man smiled at me and said, Hello, Thea, I'm Detective Knox, and I'd like to ask you a few questions, if that's all right? he said. About Cam? I asked, and he nodded. Have you seen or spoken to him since Monday night? No. He hasn't contacted you? No. Do you have any idea where he is? No. Do you have any idea where he could be? No, I said. Is it true that if you don't find someone in the first twenty-four hours, you probably won't ever find them? I asked, and for some reason, he looked at Cheswick, like he didn't know what to say.

*2:47 PM April 7<sup>th</sup>*

—So Jenssen sent me to the office, and I was like, Fine, I'll go to the office, then. I mean, I didn't do anything, but I'll be just as happy sitting there as I am here. Honestly, walking out, I almost started laughing because for once, I really didn't do anything, and then, not twenty feet from the door, standing in the middle of the main hall, like right in front of the display case with all our school trophies, I heard my phone go off again. In class, my phone went off in class, and I saw him, myself—the whole class saw Jenssen check to make sure it was turned off, when he took it from me. And then, like three seconds later, another phone one went off, and then another, and then it sounded like every phone in class started going off . . . It was so amazing, like this entire chorus of Bauhaus, and I

turned around, because I couldn't even believe it, you know. Seriously, standing there, all I could do was cover my mouth, because I was just like, *Ohmygod, what's happening?*

*7:30 PM April 7<sup>th</sup>*

—After his mom left, I texted him. I was just like, *Ooh, your mom is so pissed, and I'm not very happy myself. Hurry up, will you?* And I thought I'd hear back right away, but nothing. I waited for him to pick me up—finally, I had to tell my mom he wasn't coming, so she drove me to school. When I got there, I opened his locker, and a few of his books were there, just where he'd left them, but nothing strange. So I texted him again: *Where are you???*

6.

*8:11 AM April 15<sup>th</sup>*

—When I got to school, someone wrote “Daddy's Girl” on my locker, and I was just like, *WTF?* But somehow, deep down, I had this really sick feeling. Like . . . I don't know. It just freaked me out.

7.

*3:56 PM April 16<sup>th</sup>*

—I said, How old's your daughter, Knox? He didn't answer for a moment, and then he goes, Oh, about your age, I guess, and I said, She's my age, and she has a babysitter?

11:32 AM April 8<sup>th</sup>

—I'd like to ask you a few questions, if that's all right? he said, and I nodded. This is about Cam, I said, and he nodded. Have you seen or spoken to him since Monday night? No, I said. He hasn't contacted you? No. Do you have any idea where he is? No. And how long have you two been dating? Since the beginning of school, last September, I said. And how did you meet, Thea? He was my geometry tutor, I said. That's useful in a boyfriend, he said, scratching the side of his nose. Yeah, well, I was useful in my own ways, I said, and he cleared his throat, looking at Cheswick again for backup.

7:47 PM September 23, 2008

—That night, after the first time we met in the library, after school, Cam sent me a text that said, *If people don't believe that mathematics is simple, it's only because they don't realize how complicated life is.* So I texted him right back: *Yeah, and if a high school boy doesn't want to spend the rest of his life masturbating and alone, he should keep his clever thoughts to himself.*

8.

4:36 PM April 29<sup>th</sup>

—I called and I said, Look, I'm not the one who's crazy here, and then, balking his head at me, Knox goes, Oh, I beg to differ.

4:22 PM April 16<sup>th</sup>

—I heard someone walking in their front door, probably his wife, so I started heading for the bedroom door, saying, Thank you. Excuse me? Knox said, and I said, She said she liked my hair, and I said thank you. Then Knox just stood there, looking at me, and then looking at Melody, like, *What the fuck are you talking about?*

9.

10:33 AM April 14<sup>th</sup>

—I thought it must be Knox, but it wasn't. It was this other dude, and before I could ask, he said, Hello, Theadora, I'm Agent Foley. There was something about him that was just so annoying, especially, like just the way he was looking at me and how he kept calling me Theadora, and I said, Don't call me that—nobody calls me that, and he just smiled, and then he goes, Of course. Now tell me about these videos, and I said, What videos?

10.

6:42 PM April 21<sup>st</sup>

—I walked into the living room and Mom was like, this is So-and-So and So-and-So, and they're from Such-and-Such-and-Such-and-Such, and the next thing I know, they're telling me we're suing Facebook. And MySpace. And YouTube. And I'm thinking, *Oh, and you think I'm crazy, Knox?*

11.

*11:39 AM April 25<sup>th</sup>*

—I said, Your wife doesn't know about us, does she, Knox? He inhaled, and then he just sighed, staring straight ahead, and he said, I'm going to tell her the truth, I am.

12.

*4:56 PM April 30<sup>th</sup>*

—The problem is I faint at the sight of blood—I can't stand the sight of blood, I said, and Knox, he almost had to catch his jaw, the way he was looking at me. Finally, he said, *That's* the problem? Okay, one of many, I said.

13.

*5:27 PM April 13<sup>th</sup>*

—Then Knox goes, What, so she dies? And I said, *Of course*: it's a love story: somebody always has to die in any good love story.

14.

*12:32 PM June 6<sup>th</sup>*

—I was just like, Your mother hates me, you know? And Melody was just like, Please, my mother hates everybody, herself, most of all. And I said, Hey, you know what we should do? We should go shopping. Seriously, next week, we'll get you some new clothes, and we'll get your hair cut—you're going to be sixteen years old, if not now,

when? And she looked scared, at first, and then she goes, Totally: let's go: it's now or never, and I said, Damn straight, and I grabbed her hand and smacked it, high five.

15.

*6:58 PM April 23<sup>rd</sup>*

—And then Knox said, Please, help me out here, okay? Help, how? I said, and he said, I don't know, could you give me a sign, maybe? And I said, A sign? I don't know, he said, raise your right hand or something, just so I know who's talking?

16.

*9:02 AM May 4<sup>th</sup>*

—He's so disgusting, when I walked in, he was sitting at the conference table, waiting for me, smiling like a pedophile getting off the plane in Bangkok, and I said, My, my, you're in a good mood, Foley. Been watching my sex tapes again?

*4:36 PM April 30<sup>th</sup>*

—Then I turned the lights back on and I said, You see? You see! And he said, All right, all right, just calm down—. I said, Don't tell me to calm down, Knox, you aren't the one who's fucking glowing in the dark here!

3:15 PM April 26<sup>th</sup>

—I called him and said, Knox, you gotta get over here, and he said, What’s wrong? And I said, Something really weird is happening—. You don’t say, he said, and I said, Look, save the sarcasm for your wife, okay? On my way, he said, hanging up.

And then, when he came over, I showed him—he saw for himself. Oh, *wow* . . . I think it’s Beta—it is, it’s Betamax, he said, pulling away and whistling, unable to take his eyes off my computer screen. I said, Beta? What the hell is Betamax? Still staring, Knox goes, Don’t worry: it’s not contagious, and I said, Oh, yeah? How would you know?

17.

6:02 PM May 7<sup>th</sup>

—It was my dad. Sitting in our living room: in our living room. I took one look at him; watching as he stood up from the couch, and then I said, Get out. He just stood there, staring at me, speechless, and I started screaming at him, Get out of our fucking house!

18.

3:34 PM June 7<sup>th</sup>

—Foley just looked at me with that sick-fuck evil smirk of his, and then he goes, Well, then, ask her yourself, if you don’t believe me, Theadora. Please, by all means: ask Karen Conlon about Jeremy Naas.

7:49 PM May 28<sup>th</sup>

—So we pull up, and Knox just starts sobbing, right there at the window, and the girl's holding our food; she's got one big bag in front of each boob, looking down at us like, *WTF?*

19.

12:14 AM June 15<sup>th</sup>

—I told him straight out, I said, You're a coward, Knox, and then he said, Get out. And when I didn't move, he leaned over me and threw open the door. Get out, he said, and I just turned, looking at Melody. She started pleading with him, but I told her not to. I said, Forget about it: it's not your fault, I said, and I got out. I didn't think he'd dare, you know?

I stood there, watching them drive off, and waited for him to turn around, but he kept driving. Finally, I just started screaming at him, seeing their orange taillights turn on the highway: Come back! Don't leave me! I know Melody heard me, but Knox didn't turn around. So I just stood there, like an idiot, trying not to cry, and then I noticed a light behind me, something glowing, but then I realized it wasn't behind me: it was *me*: my tattoo changed shape again.

20.1

*6:49 PM April 6<sup>th</sup>*

—Then, just before he got in his car, Cam called up to me, and he said, You know what Theadora means, Theadora? And I said, Why, yes, I do, actually—. *Bzzt!* Wrong answer, he said. Oh, sorry, I said. Why, no, Cam, what does Theadora mean? He nodded like some wiseguy wise man, and said, It means God’s gift, sweetheart, and then he winked, pointing his trigger finger at me. So I raised my arm in a flourish, gesturing toward my body like, Ta da!

So I was thinking, he said, and I said, About what a gift from God I am? I asked, leaning over, tilting, balancing my body over the second floor rail, showing off my so-called cleavage, and he said, You know those bumper stickers, the ones that say, God’s coming back, and is she pissed? I said, You’re not getting one of those for your mom—. No, no, he said, I was just thinking, what if, what if God was a teenage girl? He looked at me, waiting, and then I let go of my boobs and bent over the rail again, looking down at him, grinning, because, for once in my life, I knew the answer.