

...lights, camera, action

[an attempt at something that will maybe someday be
something like a screenplay]

...our young protagonist, of whom nothing much shall be made known, woke up one day feeling slightly awkward. He was in a state of 'existential crisis', as made famous by the well known philosophers Friedrich Nietzsche and Soren Kierkegaard, but we need not be bothered by such pretentious analyses.

...after he had digested a slow breakfast, and had mumbled some uninteresting words to uninteresting people, life went on as usual. But it did not. His bad feelings started to act on him, he was no longer able to talk about relevant things, or eat more than a few bites. Something plagued him, something ominous.

...the black clouds that collided above his house became the starting point of one hell of a day. He wandered around his house, looking for things he knew for sure were not around. He read some poetry, watched some television, and suddenly decided he had had enough of all this. He grabbed his wallet and hit the streets.

...the streets did not provide him with the answers he sought. The tragedy that this day was amounting to, seemed to be only inches away from him. He needed change, he figured, change. New things to do, new memories to look back on, maybe move to another apartment, or read some new books or a new girlfriend or something, he wasn't sure yet.

...he bought some candy and ate it while walking back home. After he had kicked his last girlfriend out of their relationship, the house seemed to big for him. The kitchen seemed unclean, his face unshaved. He needed to get the threads of life back together. A new beginning.

...before he even came near his front door, he had already turned around to visit the supermarket. He had set up a plan.

...a healthy mind in a healthy body. No more pizza or take-out. That would surely help. He bought red meat, pasta, fresh tomatoes, fresh garlic, fresh onions, fresh paprika's, expensive olive oil, dried basil and healthy sea salt. A good, solid meal would certainly revive him, and give him the energy he needed to work out the new plans that were brewing in his mind.

...he would finally call his parents back, and end the stupid fight that had taken place like, what was it, four or even five years ago. They would be grateful and thankful and happy to talk to their son again. He would make everything well again. As he had no plans for the weekend, he would suggest a visit. He would wake up tomorrow, take the bus, the train, and then the 15-minute walk to the house where he grew up. He hadn't been there for an extended period of time, he wasn't even sure what it smelled like out there.

...he would also, after he had called his parents, sent an email to his ex-girlfriend and apologize to her. Calling was definitely off-limits, a long email would have to make do. After he had kissed another girl and announced to his girlfriend that he was no longer in love with her, that she should pack her bags and leave his apartment as soon as possible, he had said nothing to her. He had lit a cigarette and waited on the balcony, hearing her sobbing behind him. He had answered no questions and had made no inquiries as to her whereabouts. Of course, he had heard, through the grapevine, where she was now, and how she was doing (bad), but he had never after that evening made anything clear to her. She had called him a couple of times (he never bothered to pick up the phone) and mailed him exactly six times, shorter and shorter emails, to which he had never replied.

...she would very probably be relieved that he had finally taken some time to explain himself to her. He would write about his bad feelings, about the great girl she was, about how he was sorry for the way he had acted, how he knew he was a fuckup, that he had been feeling depressed all along, that he had indeed intended to hurt her, but that he was sorry now. Of course they would never get together again. He knew how she was, how angry she could be. She probably hated him now. But that was fine to him. He did agree, after all, that he was a stupid egocentric fuckup. He wanted no sympathy. He just wanted to apologize, to do what was right. He wanted to set things straight.

...the bus that massaged his face against the concrete didn't even stop to check what it had hit