If life is a dream, when are we going to wake up?
You know, I find it astonishing how long people can stay in their house, even when there's not a pandemic happening outside their door.
We can't forget where we came from -- you know, society.
Fuck that.
Oh, I didn't see you there.
I'm just reading to get educated.
Give the children these books, and only these books.
And if they want to read anything else, they're not allowed to because then they won't be what we want them to be; conform.
You know, we're all just meat, people.
At the end of the day, all we are is just meat.
You know, like when a lion eats a zebra?
That makes me so uncomfortable, the cars and the people, people with the judgments, with judgments came anxiety; I don't know where to turn.
It's funny that people don't believe in magic in this world when literally we can create people in another person's body and we all die.
No one wants to think about it, but I mean, who knows what happens after, but how is that not like the most magical thing?
Maybe we're just like houses.
Hear me out.
So, we build out the walls and they look so beautiful on the outside because that's what we want the world to see, we want them to be beautiful.
But on the inside, we hold so many secrets -- and all our doors and our windows, they're shut.
You know what I mean?
[ Music ]
Have you ever seen the movie, Groundhog Day?
I feel like I'm living in it right now.
Every day is the same.
I wake up every morning to the same light on my ceiling.
I turn it off at night, but I'm scared of the dark.
But now, the lights are on again, always.
I haven't shut the lights off in my room for three weeks, and I haven't left the house.
On top of the fact that I'm not supposed to, there wouldn't be anywhere for me to go if I could.
If I was stuck in this town for a different reason, if I was allowed to go outside, I would still be doing the same thing.
[ Music ]
My life in this tiny town is over.
I spent my life here, but I'm bigger than this town.Not in a condescending way, but I had to outgrow this town to escape the traumas that would have tied me to it.I was finally out; now I'm stuck in my room.For now, I'm here, and I feel myself shrinking.
09:20 My anxiety is growing and it's making me smaller.
09:25 [ Music ]
10:05 So, I hide my room, I look at all the bags that I still haven't unpacked.
10:23 I say I'll unpack them, I won't.
10:24 I nap if my mind is calm enough, I don't even fight my insomnia,
10:25 and I stay up until the sun rises, and then I fall asleep.
10:27 That's it, that's all I do, then repeat.
10:28 Every day is the same.
10:29 Like Groundhog Day.
10:30 Right?
10:31 [ Music ]
11:07 To be honest, I've never even seen Groundhog Day.
11:10 I think I have the gist but I don't even really know the ending,
11:13 I assume the days eventually stop repeating, but I don't really know.
11:17 I guess that makes me an even more fitting comparison.
11:21 I don't really know the ending to all of this either.
11:39 [ Phone rings ]
11:43 Hello.
11:43 Miss Autumn Hodge?
11:45 Dr. Olsen?
11:48 I'm sorry, but he didn't make it.
11:52 What?
11:53 I'm sorry, Miss Hodge.
11:57 Can I see him?
11:58 Due to the current circumstances, we can't allow visitors in the hospital rooms.
12:02 You just told me to my fiance is dead and you won't even let me see him?
12:06 Miss Hodge, my job as a doctor is to protect and save as many people as I can.
12:11 If you see him, you might risk getting the virus yourself and you will die.
12:15 I would highly recommend you quarantine yourself for 14 days in your home.
12:21 My condolences, Miss Hodge.
12:24 Goddammit.
12:26 I'll be right there.
12:27 Of course, where's the fucking sugar?
12:34 Jason?
12:34 Hi.
12:35 What are you doing here?
12:36 You know the quarantine ended in this area, so I figured I should just drop and say hello.
12:39 Come on in.
12:40 All right.
12:40 Can I just leave my shoes here?
12:42 Yeah. Sure.
12:43 Whatever.
12:43 Good, I'm doing it anyway.
12:53 Is that sugar on the floor?
12:54 Sorry, I was baking pumpkin spice danishes.
12:56 Yeah. Well, you're inviting ants to your apartments, you know?
13:02 Well, if they're anything like your ants, they'll stay until they eat every last crumb.
13:08 Touch©.
13:10 Can I help with anything?
13:11 No, I'm fine.
13:12 Are you okay?
13:13 You seem out of sorts.
13:15 I'm fine.
13:17 Here.
13:26 What else do we need?
13:28 Man, these pumpkin spice danishes came out incredible.
13:31 Thanks.
13:34 What?
13:35 Come on, say it.
13:42 Okay. Maybe you're a good assistant in the kitchen;
13:46 it doesn't mean you're getting my recipe book.
13:51 So, how you holding up?
13:54 Lockdown put a lot of things into perspective for me.
13:58 Do you feel any better?
13:59 I found some comfort.
14:00 Yes.
14:03 Have you heard anything about the services, though?
14:04 Don't say his name.
14:06 But --
14:06 Please.
14:07 -- he's your fiance.
14:09 Jason, I --
14:12 -- I miss him.
14:14 Despite the fact that it's been three months since he died,
14:17 I keep believing that he's still here, that he's on a business trip or something,
14:21 and I'm waiting for him to come back home.
14:25 But I guess he's not coming back.
14:32 It's okay, you know.
14:34 Grief, it's, it's like the common cold, everyone gets it from time to time, and sure,
14:41 when you have it, it feels like it's never going to go away.
14:43 But then you wake up one morning and you're healthy and well again.
14:50 Do you think about your mom sometimes?
14:52 Yeah, of course.
14:53 I mean, the memories of her hurt, but, you know,
14:58 I try to remember the good times, and I suggest you do the same.
15:02 It really helps.
15:04 Thank you.
15:04 What would I do without you?
15:07 Well, your pumpkin spice danishes wouldn't have much of a home to go to.
15:12 I'm sorry; I don't know what came over me.
15:18 You have dark circles under your eyes, have you been sleeping?
15:24 Why is that?
15:25 I don't know, I am -
15:30 Here --
15:31 -- try to get some sleep, okay?
15:32 Do you have to go soon?
15:33 I don't want to be a bother to make you stay.
15:37 I don't mind.
15:40 Thank you.
16:01 Autumn,
16:06 -- you know, Autumn, I still remember the first time I saw you.
16:10 You probably don't remember it but you were in third grade
16:13 and you were wearing this Beatles t-shirt and a corduroy skirt,
16:17 and all the kids at school used to call you Raggedy Autumn.
16:21 I remember you sitting in the back of a classroom,
16:23 keeping yourself in a way that only you could.
16:26 You're so strong your entire life, defiant even, nothing has ever stopped you until now.
16:37 You know, growing up, we were never taught how to help grieving people,
16:39 and I wouldn't expect any adult to be able to know how to do that.
16:43 But I want to help you, I just don't know how.
17:24 And so, I'm here.
17:26 I've been here for 54 days, here in this room; here in this house
17:33 where everything is the same, where nothing happens.
17:37 Nothing ever happens, nothing has happened, nothing will happen.
17:41 Nothing changes, everything is the same.
17:45 It was the same yesterday and it will be the same today.
17:48 The sun will rise at 6 AM and it will set 6 PM, just like the day before,
17:54 and the day before that, and the day before that.
17:58 It will be 100 sunrises and sunsets and I will still be here,
18:03 and I'll probably stay for 100 more.
18:05 I will stay here in my den of dread, I will stay here in my safe space; I will stay here.
18:13 Here where negative thoughts latch on to me like I'm made of glue, where fear is sometimes all
18:18 that exists, where uncertainty lives.
18:22 Where I have to ask myself hard questions about myself,
18:27 where I can't use others to distract me from myself.
18:33 I stay inside these four walls where I'm left to ponder subjects I avidly avoid,
18:38 thoughts that pop into my head and stay lingering for hours, maybe days.
18:43 And I can ignore them as much as I want but they always find a way back.
18:49 They creep up on me, waiting till I'm vulnerable,
18:53 waiting till the early hours of the morning.
18:56 Thoughts of life, thoughts of death, thoughts of reality.
19:00 New frightening ideas and scenarios to consider.
19:03 What if I never leave?
19:05 What if it doesn't get better?
19:08 What if it's not real?
19:10 What if I'm not real?
19:13 Every morning, before getting out of bed,
19:15 I lament waking up because my dreams seem more appealing than my waking life.
19:21 Then, when I'm up, I consider if, for a moment, I'm still asleep.
19:26 If this is all some dream I've conjured up in my subconscious or false life I live obliviously.
19:34 But then, I don't think I have the capacity to dream up something this frightening.
19:40 Nevertheless, I stay here not because I want to but because I have to.
19:45 Because, now, going outside means something, it means putting others and myself at risk,
19:50 it means I'm doing everything that's been done so far.
19:53 It means disrespecting the work that is being done by people braver than I am.
19:58 I can do my part and stay inside, I can brace myself for longer,
20:04 I can learn to silence the intrusive thoughts and teach myself to care about my well being.
20:11 I can put aside the necessity to always be accompanied for the sake
20:15 of the world, if only just for a little bit.
20:21 Could you?
20:23 [ Music ]
23:05 Oh my God.
23:07 [ Music ]
24:04 Out into this world, this world.
24:06 Tiny little thing before its time in about her -- What, girl?
24:09 Yes, tiny little girl into this, out into this before her time.
24:13 Godforsaken who called, called, no matter.
24:16 Parents unknown, unheard of, having vanished, thin air, no sooner buttoned up his britches.
24:20 She similarly, eight months later, almost [inaudible] so no more love.
24:24 Spared that.
24:25 No love such as normally vented on the speechless infant in the home.
24:28 No, nor indeed for that matter any of any kind, no love of any kind.
24:32 At any subsequent stage, so typical affair, nothing of any note till coming up to 61.
24:37 What? 70?
24:38 Good God. Coming up to 70, wondering in the field, looking aimlessly for cowslips
24:42 to make a ball, a few steps, and then stop.
24:45 Stare into space and then on a few more, stop and stare again.
24:49 So on, drifting around, when suddenly, gradually all went out.
24:52 On that early April morning, she found herself in the, what?
24:57 Who? No, she found herself in the dark.
25:01 And if not exactly insentient-- insentient but she could still hear the buzzing,
25:06 so called in the ears and the ray of light came and went, came and went.
25:10 Such as a moon might cast drifting in and out of the cloud,
25:13 it was so dulled feeling, feeling so dull.
25:15 She did not know what position she was in, imagine what position she was in,
25:19 whether standing or sitting at the brink.
25:22 What, kneeling?
25:24 Yes.
25:24 Whether standing, or sitting, or kneeling at the brink.
25:27 What? Why?
25:28 Yes, whether standing, or sitting, or kneeling, or lying at the brink, but the brink still,
25:33 still in a way for the first thought was a while after some trash product
25:37 that she had been [inaudible] with the other waves in a merciful.
25:42 God, first that was oh long after sudden flash, she was being punished for her sins.
25:46 A number of which one further proof, if proof were needed flash through her mind one
25:50 after another, then dismissed as foolish not long after this thought dismissed
25:54 as she suddenly realized gradually realized she was not suffering.
Imagine not suffering and you could not remember offhand when she had suffered less, unless, of course, she was meant to be suffering.

Ha, thought to be suffering just as the odd time in her life when clearly intended to be having pleasure, she was, in fact having none, not the slightest, in which case, of course, that notion of punishment for some sin or another [inaudible] for no particular reason, for its own sake.

Things she understood perfectly, that notion of punishment, which had first occurred to her, thought up that if she had been to believe with the other waves in a merciful God, it first occurred to her, then dismissed as foolish was perhaps not so foolish after all. So, all that being reasonings to another thought not long after sudden flash, very foolish really but, what?

The buzzing?

Yes, all the time buzzing so-called in the ears. So, of course actually, not in the ears at all, in the skull [inaudible] in all the same time in this ray of beam, like a moonbeam, but probably not, certainly not, always the same spot.

No break, now shrouded but always the same spot as no moon could, no, no moon, just all part of the same wish to torment.

Though actually, in point of fact, not in the least, not a twinge, so far, so far, ha, this other thought all long after sudden flash, very foolish really but so like her in a way that she might do well too.

Well, on and off, otherwise she cannot as if an actual agony, but could not, could not bring herself some far in her makeup, incapable of deceit or the machine, more likely the machine, so disconnected, never got the message, they're powerless to respond.

Like numb, couldn't make the sound, not any sound. No sound of any kind, no screaming for help, for example, should she feel so inclined. Scream, then listen. Scream again. No, scared that all silent as the grave.

No part, what? The buzzing?

Yes, all silent but for the buzzing, so-called, no part her moving that she could feel just the eyelids presumably on and off.

Shut out the light, reflex they call it, no feeling of any kind but the lids? Even best of times, who feels them opening, shutting all that moisture but the brain still, still sufficiently.

Oh, very much so at this stage in control, under control to question even this. For on that April morning, so it reasoned, that April morning, she fixed in with her eye a distant bell as she hastens towards it, fixing it with her eye, lest it elude her, but now all gone out, all that light of itself without any, any on her part, so on, so on, it reasoned, being questionings in all dead still.

Sweet silent as the grave when suddenly gradually she realized, what? The buzzing?

Yes, all good still but for the buzzing when suddenly she realized words were-- what?
28:43 Who?
28:44 No.
28:46 She realized words were coming, imagine words, words were coming.
28:50 A voice she did not recognize it for so long since it had sounded and finally had
28:54 to admit could be none other than her own.
28:56 Certain vowel sounds she had never heard elsewhere so that people would stare,
29:00 the rare occasions, once or twice a year, always winter for some strange reason.
29:03 Stare her uncomprehending and now the stream, steady stream, she who never, on the
contrary,
29:08 practically speechless, how she survived, even shopping, out shopping,
29:13 busy shopping center, super mart.
29:15 Just handed the list with the bag, all black shopping bag and stand there waiting,
29:19 any length of time, middle of the fog motionless, staring into space.
29:23 Not half-open as usual till it was back in her hand, the bag back in her hand then pay
29:27 and go, not as much as a goodbye.
29:30 How she survived and how the stream, not catching the half of it;
29:33 not the quarter, no idea what she was saying.
29:35 Imagine, no idea what she was saying, so, she began trying to delude herself.
29:40 It was not hers at all, not her voice at all, and no doubt would have neither she should
29:44 because on the point after long effort.
29:46 When suddenly she felt, she gradually felt her lips moving, imagine her lips moving,
29:51 as, of course, so then she had not.
29:53 And not her own lips, the cheeks, the jaws, the whole face, all those.
29:56 What?
29:57 The tongue?
29:58 Yes, the tongue in the mouth.
30:00 All those contortions without which no speech possible, and yet in the ordinary way not felt
30:05 at all, so intense on what one is saying before being hanging its words
30:09 so that not only she had, had she?
30:11 Not only had she to give up [inaudible] alone her voice alone.
30:15 From this other,
30:17 along after sudden flash even more awful if possible, that feeling was coming back.
30:22 Imagine, feeling coming back, starting at the top and working down the whole machine, but
no,
30:28 [inaudible] the microphone so far, ha still far I've been thinking oh long after, sudden flash,
30:34 "It can't go on, all these, all that."
30:35 Steady stream, straining to hear, make something of it
30:38 in her own thoughts, make something of them all.
30:41 What? The buzzing?
30:42 Yes, all the time of buzzing so-called, all that together, imagine whole body like gone.
30:47 Just the mouth, lips, cheeks, jaws, never; what?
30:52 Tongue? Yes, lips, cheeks, jaws, tongue.
30:54 Never still a second, mouth on fire, stream of words in her ear practically in her ear.
30:59 Not catching the half, not the quarter, no idea what she's saying.
31:02 Imagine, no idea what she's saying and can't stop, no stopping it.
31:06 She who but a moment before for a moment could not make a sound, no sound of any kind,
31:10 now can't stop, imagine, can't stop the stream and the whole brain begging.
31:14 Something begging in the brain, begging the mouth to stop,
31:17 pause a moment, if only for a moment.
31:19 And no response as if it hadn't heard or couldn't, couldn't pause a second, like nodded.
31:24 At all that together, streaming to hear pieces together in the brain, waving away on its own,
31:28 trying to make sense of it or make it stop, or in the past, dragging to the past,
31:32 flashes from all over, thoughts mostly talking about her days.
31:35 Day after day, a few steps and stop, staring at the space, and then on a few more.
31:40 Stop and stare again, so on, drifting around day after day.
31:43 All that time she cried, the one time she could remember since she was a baby,
31:47 must have cried as a baby, perhaps not.
31:50 Not essential to life, just the birth card to get her going,
31:52 breathing, then no more till this.
31:54 Old hag already sitting, staring at her hand, where was it?
31:59 [inaudible] or even on the way home, home, a little [inaudible] sitting and staring
32:03 at her hand [inaudible] her lap, palm upward suddenly saw it wet her palm tears presumably,
32:09 her presumably.
32:10 No one else from miles, no sound just the tears, sat and watched them dry, all over in a
second.
32:15 We're grabbing that straw, the brain [inaudible] on its own.
32:18 Quit grabbing on, nothing there, on to the next [inaudible] of voice worse as little sense.
32:22 How about together?
32:24 Can't. What?
32:25 The buzzing?
32:26 Yes, all the time the buzzing.
32:28 [inaudible] in the beam flickering on and off,
32:31 starting to move around like moonbeam but not, all part of the same.
32:34 Keep an eye on that too [inaudible] all that together, can't go on.
32:39 God is love.
32:40 She'll be purged back in the field morning sun.
32:42 People sitting face down in the grass, nothing but the larks,
32:45 so on grabbing at the straw straining to hear the odd word, make some sense of it.
32:49 Whole-body like [inaudible] just the mouth like [inaudible] and it can't stop, no stopping it.
32:53 Something she, something she had to; what?
32:57 Who? No, she-- something she had to what?
33:02 The buzzing?
33:03 Yes, all the time the buzzing, dull roar, in the skull in the beam [inaudible] around painless.
33:08 So far, ha, so far, done thinking oh long after sudden flash, not that either all right.
33:15 Something else again, so on hit at in the end, think everything, keep on long enough.
33:20 Then forgiven, back in the-- what?
33:23 Not that either?
33:24 Nothing to do with that either?
33:25 Nothing she could think?
33:26 All right.
33:27 Nothing she could tell, nothing she could think, nothing she, what?
33:31 Who? No, she.
33:35 Tiny little thing, up before it's time God forsaken [inaudible], no love.
33:39 Spare that feature saw her days practically speechless, even to herself, never out loud.
But not completely sometimes sudden urge once or twice a year.
Always winter, some strange reason, the long evenings, hours of darkness,
sudden urge to tell then to rush out to stop the first you saw near a salivatory.
Start pulling it out, steady stream, mad stuff [inaudible] if I was wrong, no one could follow.
So, she saw the stares she was getting in dire shame, fall back in, once or twice a year.
Always winter some strange reason, long hours of darkness, now this, this quicker and quicker,
the words, the brain flickering away like mad,
quick grabbing on, nothing there on somewhere else.
Try somewhere else, all the time something begging.
Something in her begging, begging it all to stop.
Unanswered, prayer unanswered, unheard, to think.
So on, keep on trying, not knowing what she was trying but to try,
whole body like gone, just the mouth like [inaudible].
So on, keep, what?
The buzzing?
Yes, all the time the buzzing dull roar [inaudible] beam poking around painless so far.
Ha, so far, all that, keep on, not knowing what, what she was, what?
Who? No, she, she.
What she was trying what to try, no matter, keep on, hit on it in the end, then back.
God is love, tender mercies, new every morning.
Back in the field, April morning facing the grass, nothing but the larks.
Pick it up.
[ Silence ]
[ Music ]
[ Silence ]
Man takes a drink, --
-- the drink takes a drink, and then the drink talks the man, and he's so dead.
Medicine.
Hi, Lloyd.
Little slow tonight, isn't it?
[ Laughs ]
Yes, it is, Mr. Torrence.
What'll it be?
Now I'm awfully glad you asked me that boy I just happen to have two 20s
and two 10s right here in my wallet,
I was afraid were going to go to waste until next April.
So, how about this, you slipped me a bottle of bourbon, a glass, and some ice.
You can do that, can't you, Lloyd?
You're not too busy, are you?
No sir, I'm not busy at all.
Always.
Good, man.
You set them up and I'll knock them back.
One by one, Lloyd one by one.
Man's burden, Lloyd, my man, Man's burden.
See, Lloyd, it seems I'm temporarily lying.
40:33 How's my credit in this joint anyways?
40:35 Your credit's fine, Mr. Torrence.
40:37 That's well, I like you, Lloyd, I've always liked you.
40:42 You're always the best, the best goddamn bartender from Timbuktu to Portland, Maine,
or Portland, Oregon, for that matter.
40:53 Thank you for saying so.
40:55 Here's to five miserable months on the wagon and all them miserable harm it's caused me.
41:07 Things could be better, Lloyd, oh things could be better.
41:11 Things could be a whole lot better.
41:20 I haven't laid a hand on him, goddammit, I didn't, I wouldn't,
41:23 I wouldn't touch a hair on his little goddamn head.
41:27 I love the little son of a bitch; I'd do anything for him, any fucking thing for him.
41:34 As long as I live, and let me tell you, she will never forget what happened.
41:42 Okay. I did hurt him once, okay?
41:46 It was an accident, it was completely unintentional, could have happened to anybody.
41:52 And it was three goddamn years ago.
41:56 In a little fuckery, he'd thrown on my papers all over the floor.
42:01 All I tried to do was pull him up, momentary loss of muscular coordination.
42:07 I mean, few extra pounds of energy, poof, that's it.
42:18 Drink up, Mr. Torrence.
42:21 Now, Lloyd, I'm the kind of man who likes to know who's buying their drinks.
42:26 It's not a matter that concerns you, Mr. Torrence, at least, not at this point.
42:36 Whatever you say, Lloyd, whatever you say.
42:39 [ Music ]
43:58 Help me outta here.
44:00 [ Music ]
44:31 [ Music ]
45:30 [ Beeps ]
45:54 I cried looking at the moon again today.
45:57 What?
45:57 I haven't done that in years.
46:02 Oh.
46:02 Yeah. Hi, you picked up.
46:08 Yeah. Almost didn't.
46:11 Why?
46:12 Because you haven't called in years.
46:17 Oh. So, why did you?
46:21 Pick up?
46:23 Yeah.
46:23 In case it was important.
46:28 Oh, well, thanks.
46:31 Is it?
46:33 Important?
46:34 Ah, I think so.
46:35 I mean, I don't think I would have called if, I, if it wasn't.
46:42 Okay. So, you cried looking at the moon today?
46:47 Yes.
46:51 Why do you think you cried?
46:54 I don't know.
46:56 I mean, maybe, maybe it's because I haven't seen it in a while.
47:01 I mean, because I haven't, I mean, it's probably been over a month
47:06 since I've been outside at night.
47:07 I guess I just forgot how much of an impact it has on me, or maybe it, maybe it's just taking
47:15 on a whole new meaning now than it did before.
47:19 Okay. Before being -- Yeah.
47:23 Remember how much I loved the moon?
47:31 I believe somewhere I must still have like millions of letters from you,
47:37 like telling me to look up at the sky.
47:42 "Oh, look at the moon," and chances are we're probably looking at the same thing.
47:49 That's what got me through, and that's what got me
47:52 through when we were together long distance.
47:56 I like knowing that we could be so far apart, but we'll still be looking at the same thing.
48:02 Mm-hmm.
48:07 Can I ask you something?
48:09 Yeah.
48:15 -- looking at the moon.
48:16 You glitched, what did you say?
48:19 The last time you cried looking at the moon was, was that because of me?
48:27 No.
48:28 Oh, never mind, I was just thinking.
48:31 I would look at it sometimes trying to convince myself --
48:38 -- that Andrew was looking at it too from, from heaven or wherever, I don't know.
48:47 Oh.
48:49 But I guess I stopped doing it and I didn't even realize it.
48:54 Yeah.
48:57 So why did you call me?
49:03 I'm afraid I'm not growing.
49:08 I mean, I didn't think I was still
49:10 that girl whose only personality trait was her obsession with the moon.
49:14 I mean, even to the point of to shed tears about it.
49:19 Anyway -- You knew me best then.
49:25 So, I just think I-- I needed to know what your take is.
49:31 My take on you crying about the moon for the first time in years?
49:38 Yeah.
49:39 Well, Maya, I think you have grown a lot, you know,
49:46 but it seems to me you still have the same heart you had
49:53 when you were 16, which isn't a bad thing.
49:56 It's just that you always wanted to be close to the people you loved, and if you couldn't,
50:03 you always found a way to connect to them.
50:07 And that was always why I thought you loved the moon anyway.
50:14 You saw the moon the first time in weeks, weeks,
50:19 and you imagined everyone you love looking at it too, everyone you love.
50:24 Like, that's a lot at once, of course, you'd cry.
50:32 Yeah. I guess so.
Hey, he'd be really proud of you, you know?
Thanks.
Oh, hey, congratulations on your wedding.
I am so happy for you.
Thanks.
I'm really happy.
Yeah.
I knew you would be.
Maya, the Chinese food just got here.
Oh, okay, I'll be right in.
Sorry.
Boyfriend?
Six months now.
It must be pretty serious if you're together now.
Yeah, pretty serious.
Well, hey, I'm really glad you called.
It was good to see you again.
I'm glad to see you've changed.
Well, I'm glad to see you've changed too.
Thanks, Will.
Yeah. Anytime, Maya, as long as it's important.
Yeah, yeah.
Bye.
Bye.