THE ECLECTIC

August 28, 2015
August 28, 2015

cover art by Evan Jordan ’19

Editor-in-Chief Kat Spears tackles the first issue.  
Breigh Rodriguez imagines “The Death of The Eclectic.” 
Rosemary Dupré doles out advice. 
Managing Editor Clarke Patrone is fired up about ESA sports. 
Cassie Beyer lives the life of a freshman girl. 
Peyton Feuer digs holes. 
David Curry’s gears are grinding. 
Libby Menard introduces ESA’s peoples.

The Eclectic staff (2015-2016)
Katherine Spears - Editor-in-Chief • Clarke Patrone
- Managing Editor • Cassie Beyer, Luke Bravo,
  Davis Curry, Rosemary Dupré, Peyton Feuer,
  Evan Jordan, Libby Menard and Breigh Rodriguez •
  Shome Dasgupta and Reese Fuller - sponsors

The Eclectic strives to promote creative freedom while protecting creative integrity within our community.
Submissions: Please email eclectic@esacadiana.com to contribute to The Eclectic (or just talk to K@ or Clarke).
Any form of original written work may also be submitted and e-mailed to the appropriate columnist for selection.
Each column welcomes submissions.

The Eclectic is a student publication produced by the students at Episcopal School of Acadiana, P.O. Box 380,
Cade, Louisiana, 70519. (337) 365-1416 Copyright © 2015. All rights reserved. http://eclectic.esacadiana.com and
http://www.facebook.com/esaeclectic. Submissions and correspondence should be sent to eclectic@esacadiana.com. Why are you straining your eyes to read this fine print? What is it you hope to gain from it?

We ask that you find time to read this issue in its entirety.
Hello,

One day in late April of last year, I spent my F period block in the New Cool Writing Studio, and as I was working, Mr. Fuller asked me to take a break and talk to him. I initially thought this was going to be an informal conversation concerning my frequency or quality of jokes, but it ended with me thinking about accepting the role of editor of The Eclectic. Now, when deciding on whether or not I should embark on this venture, my head told me, "Kat you can’t keep up with all of your extracurriculars while maintaining your Twitter account." But, my gut told me, "The Eclectic offers something to fix my ongoing internal confinement, and that something is creative freedom."

After accepting this role, I became terrified because although I am considering acting as a profession, I wasn't sure if I could find the tone of desperation in my voice for the routine pleas for submissions during chapel announcements. But the heavens put some Italian seasoning in my life, and I was graced with Clarke Patrone as my managing editor. He envisioned numerous renovations for our school's publication which led us to a diverse team of contributors, making The Eclectic truly Eclectic.

The beauty of trailblazing is that there aren’t any expectations, and the limits can be as near or far in sight as we want. I hope that this issue encompasses the idea of creative freedom and demonstrates that you don't have to be the best writer to produce great work. I'm going to encourage all who read this to take time to explore your creative side and submit pieces with the intention to be published. As editor, I promise that each issue going out will contain quality material by writing about our passions and writing for ourselves because once writing or any art becomes a chore, the artistic beauty quickly fades.

Love & Peace,

Kat

Kat Spears '16
Editor-in-Chief
"The Death of The Eclectic"

"Gather round, ya' little ankle biters."

The children playing in the grassy field looked up at the old man calling from the cabin's porch, and they watched as he carefully made his way down the steps to the fire pit. "Those stairs are as creaky as him," one of the boys laughed, tossing a tennis ball into the air and catching it gingerly in the other hand.

"Y'all better get away from that water before the lake monsters gets y'all," he said taking his time to sit down on the log beside the fire.

A few of the girls in the group started to back away warily from the water's edge, but the boys stayed and teetered along the bank.

"Well, y'all wanna hear this horribly, terrifying story I got for y'all tonight, or would ya' rather be bait for the lake monster?" the old man called from his spot on the log facing the water.

One by one the kids took their seats around the fire pit and sat there quietly. It wasn't so much that they wanted to hear the story, more than they wanted to make fun of the kooky, gray-haired, man.

"This is the story of how The Eclectic died," he began, swirling his fingers in the air like he was a ghost. A couple of kids gave each other funny looks, but no one interrupted the storyteller.

"It was a crisp fall day, and students ran across crunching leaves to pick up the newest issue of their school newspaper, The Eclectic. When they all reached the box where the issues sat, they found it wasn't the same Eclectic but a new and improved version instead, with all new editors and columns. That is how The Eclectic died, and the new Eclectic was born."

"That's it?" one boy asked. "That's not even scary."

The old man grumbled and shined his flashlight on a tree behind the children. Hanging from a snippet of fishing line hung the school newspaper with fake blood smeared all over it. A blonde girl stood and untied the paper from the line.

"Ketchup!" she laughed, wiping the red goo off of the cover.

"Give it a read," the old man suggested. The kids gathered around the fire pit and read it cover to cover before passing it around and reading again.
As we all know, the first few weeks of school can be a mess if you can’t get in the groove right away. Here is some friendly advice on relatable happenings to help avoid getting into undesirable situations.

**HYGIENE**

In the summer months in Louisiana it gets extremely hot as we all know. When we go to school, a big thing to focus on is proper hygiene. This should go for year round, but especially in the summer make sure to wear deodorant. Wear deodorant. Don’t be the person that raises the who-smells-like-detritus question. If you tend to forget, keep a reminder that you will see every day to apply deodorant. It’s a great invention. Keep a travel size in your backpack. When the deodorant is missing, the odor is found in the classroom. In the midst of heat, the colors gray and navy are not very smart choices to make in the shirt department. Wear white and light blue to avoid visible sweat stains and awkward looks.

**PICTURE DAY**

Imagine yourself moving forward in the seemingly mile-long line to take your ID picture. As you progress in the line, you decide to take a selfie with your friends who you have missed so dearly, and then the unthinkable happens: everything you worked for in the morning has been destroyed by the humidity and perspiration. You get to the front of the line, frantically looking to see if they still hand out the dollar store combs like they did in 2008. The photographer asks you to stand behind the blue line and tilt your head at the most unnatural angle. Exorcism style. 1, 2, 3 … say cheese. Why cheese? The flash from the camera sends a ripple of fear down your spine. Or was that just God telling you that you tried too hard? When you ask to retake the picture the photographer sends out a cruel “NEXT!” On picture day, it is inevitable that you will end up not looking the same as you did when you left the house. When I googled “good school ID picture,” I broke the internet because there were literally no results. Do not stress over picture day. It is almost out of control. If you do have a problem, contact Mr. Jordan about picture retakes. He shares a hotline with Soulja Boy: 678-999-8212.
ORGANIZATION

It’s the first day of classes, and all of your teachers have handed out their syllabus. You get home after school and try to process all of the course material lists. After reading over all of the supplies, your shopping list has grown to eight binders, two packs of binder separators, blue pens, black pens, one red pen for corrections, sticky notes, two calculators, a ruler, six notebooks, and two journals. Shouldn’t we be donating all of these supplies to a third world country and using our BYOD policy? The overwhelming feeling consumes you, and you are at a loss for knowing how to organize all of this.

I have an organization system that has worked pretty well for the last three or so years. It does involve sharing binders, so make sure your teachers are okay with it. I found that if you put two subjects into one binder that have no correlation, it is easy to keep organized and it will not be stuffed. If you put math with English together and history with science, you have one subject that involves a lot of loose leaf and one that involves more handout-type assignments. Or you might just get really confused. I always found it easiest to completely separate your foreign language from the double subject binder system because languages usually have workbooks. Ask someone else for help with foreign language advice because I was probably the most unreliable language student.

EFFICIENCY

I have been at ESA since first grade and on the Cade campus since sixth grade. In sixth grade, I had a really bad habit of leaving books and assignments in my locker or on my desk at home. Over the course of sixth grade, I made countless runs to and from school to go pick up books that I had left in my locker. My sixth grade experience with my locker could have had an entire “relatable sixth grade” twitter accounts. My mom suggested to repack my backpack the night before so that I would have all of my schoolwork for the next day. If you use your locker, make sure to check every day before you get on the bus to make sure you have all of your books you need. This is where your planner comes in. In middle school, I never really used my planner, but in high school it was a life saver. Not really … but planners are good for distractions and sections that used to say “hot numbers.” Writing down your assignments helps you organize a study plan and stay on top of things. Making side notes in your planner about which books you need to bring home at the end of the day is a helpful reminder—if you check your planner. To avoid being your family’s main basis for fighting, get it together and get your stuff home.
For the past two years on many of ESA’s sports teams, the mantra has been patience. With unusually young teams, on many of which underclassman held a majority of the starting positions, the win-now approach of a true contender took backseat to the goal of player development and the promise of success in the future.

This year will be the year that approach begins to pay off. The basketball team—having gone two seasons and having lost in that time only three players to graduation—will turn the corner this year, led by seniors Riley Nickel and Josh Broussard along with a deep and talented bench of juniors and sophomores. The volleyball team, after its worst finish in nearly a decade, looks to recapture its former glory with the return of Coach Ursula Quoyeser and a healthy Sarah Pierre supported by a more seasoned team. On the girls cross country team, two top seven graduates, Claire Storment and Grace Pecararo, will be replaced by Claire Pham and Jess Tetnowski along with a supporting cast a year further along in their development. Baseball loses only one starter and finally will have a majority of starters as upperclassmen. The state champion golf team had no seniors play in the state tournament and only figures to improve upon last year’s dominant season.

In high school sports generally, but even more so at a small school such as ESA, the athleticism of any given class is highly variable. After two years of relatively narrow athletic acumen from the class of 2014 and ’15, ESA now stand with a rare confluence of talent for a school known more for its brain than its brawn. This talent boon should lead to increased expectations for ESA athletics. The basketball team should be aiming to reach the Top 28 for the first time since Rosen and Dasgupta in 1997. The baseball team cannot be satisfied with merely making the playoffs and should be looking for a deep run into the postseason. The soccer team led by Alex Plauché should be aiming for no less than a championship. From cross country, volleyball, and golf, there is nothing less than the anticipation of continued excellence.

These raised expectations demanded a heightened focus by the players and a continued emphasis on training and honing their skills; merely growing older is not sufficient for becoming better. ESA’s athletes need to approach this year with a sense of urgency and focus going into each game, confident that they can win. The old saying goes that championships are won in the off-season. The preparation and training of years past fuel the key play in a single do-or-die game. As our seniors take the field for their last run at a championship banner, we will see how far ESA athletics have come over the past three years.

It’s game time for ESA sports.
Hi, for all of you that don’t know me, I’m Cassie. I’m also known as Cassandra, but I really prefer Cassie. I could go on and on talking about how cool I am, but I’ll just jump ahead to the point. My part in this wonderful group of individuals is to talk to you guys about what it’s like going into high school. Wow, quite a bit to take in, except for the fact that roughly 75 percent of the upperclassmen have already done so. I will admit it’s fairly scary, but I’m excited.

One little thing about me is I really, really like to procrastinate. If I’m being honest, which every ESA student should be, I totally ignored this *Eclectic* submission until it was due. So as you all have probably learned, procrastination doesn’t work very well. Sure, the pressure can cause it to go by a little quicker and make you feel like you did more, but both you and I know you could’ve done better if you had just planned it out. Also to all those in multiple extracurricular activities, you’re the ones who should be watching out for those last minute projects and staying up until four in the morning doing over 46 notecards for history the day they’re due. Sadly, I did that in eighth grade, so imagine me in high school!

Even though I have a lot on my plate, I love being involved in the ESA spirit. Sixth to eighth grade I was only playing on the volleyball team. I didn’t even have an elective because I was taking academic support due to my shortsighted demeanor. However, this year I am enrolled in Java programming, an elective, as well as volleyball, cross country, and cheerleading—not to mention being a part of *The Eclectic*. My first take on all these new things, including a new coach to a sport I’ve played since fourth grade, was more unsure and apprehensive than anything else. I thought I would have a heart attack from all the commitment, and I was sure I would end up quitting at least one of those activities. Yet here I am, not once being in the hospital for anything heart-related.

My point is: I didn’t think I could take the pressure of having so many things to do. I know how cheesy this is but I lacked confidence in myself; I didn’t believe 100 percent that I could do it. With all those bad thoughts in my mind, I realized I had already been through half the summer. I had been running cross country for a month, going to workouts and volleyball practices the whole time, learning routines for cheer, and stressing over this *Eclectic* entry. And I had barely noticed a day go by. While I was looking back at all these amazing feats I had achieved within such a short time I realized, it wasn’t all that hard. I’m not saying running seven miles for Coach Laura isn’t very physically draining, but I still did it and felt accomplished, which is what matters. So I’m just here to say for this upcoming year, I hope you all take a giant leap into a pool of discomfort and uncertainty and find out what you really love to do, and maybe just pick up that ESA pride and wear it like a superhero cape. Don’t think you’re too lazy to get up and go do something proactive. Trust me, Netflix was hard for me to turn off too, but it was totally worth it. Go on and put up that bowl of popcorn, turn off the TV, and make this year worth remembering.
Try looking up in the night's sky and finding V4641 Sgr. I challenge you. Now I apologize. Black holes are quite difficult to find with the unaided eye, or the aided eye; they are hard to find in general, and that is because they do not release or reflect anything detectable. Though we cannot detect them, we can detect their presence. Orbiting V4641 Sgr is a star, feeding gas and heat energy into this microquasar. We can detect the movement of gas and derive the existence of a black hole there. As we have all wondered, where does this gas go? Many scientists would say that anything that enters a black hole will collapse into a space-time singularity, a singular point which is infinitely dense, infinitely hot, and takes up no space. Well many scientists are right, because accepted theories by the scientific community are always right, right? In this instance, maybe. How should I know?

Recently, it has been theorized that there may be something else located at the center of a black hole—wormholes. These wormholes are called white holes. Like the theory of the spacetime singularity, the existence of white holes has yet to be disproved, so let’s continue to entertain the thought, and consider V4641 Sgr is a white hole as well. These white holes could possibly lead to other universes, alternate ones. White holes can be considered infinitely small interdimensional funnels. We can begin to think of our universe as a Russian doll which contains other universes, but also is contained in one.

Fortunately, this theory can be proved, possibly. With this theory, the Big Bang was a singularity being created in a parent universe; the birth of a white hole could be the birth of our universe. It is known that some black holes rotate, and if our parent black hole rotates, our universe in turn rotates, and if we can prove the preferred rotation of our universe, this theory could be more widely accepted.

With this theory, it could mean that when our universe becomes a dark abyss, filled only with black holes and darkness, a universe is destroyed, but others are created. This theory doesn’t tell us much; it entertains some thoughts, but does not explain our universe’s physical properties. So what’s the point? If anything, it sounds quite statedly point/less. But humanity is everywhere, even in science.

Where there is destruction, there is creation. Where there is nothing, there is everything. Where there is blindness, there is blinding light. When the darkest parts of our minds become comparable to the darkness in our universe, know that within everything is something greater, something new.
Texting Whether you are entering the elaborate courtship process of that crush of yours or trying to see what your friends are up to, you are probably finding yourself in one of the most inconvenient, tedious, and unstimulating conditions known to man—texting. Texting’s superior counterpart, the phone call, revolutionized everyday communication. You can exchange 10,000 words with a friend over phone in less than one hour. On the other hand, it would take an entire afternoon to even make a dent in a 10,000-word conversation over text.

Texting not only expends a great deal of time but also a great deal of energy and concentration. When you text someone, you have no idea if a response such as “lol” means the person thinks what you texted is funny or so boring it isn’t worthy of an actual word as a response. You don’t even know if one the most basic words in the English language, “Yes,” means that a person is excited about what you’re saying or extremely angry and wants nothing to do with you. If you misspell a word, a text might be incomprehensible, or, worse, might be altered by spell check so that “You are so awesome that I would buy you a castle if I could” becomes “You are so awful I should buy you a casket I should.”

A conversation over text is drastically different than an actual face-to-face conversation, and people act very differently over text than they do in person. Because of this, texting impairs people’s ability to make actual conversation with their friends. The worst texting conversations are always ones beginning with “wyd,” “hey,” or worst of all, “heyyy.” These dreaded conversations can drag on for hours, torturing both participants who have no idea why they allowed the conversation to begin in the first place.

Texting plagues many people as an addictive habit. Many people are so infatuated with texting that they can hardly hang out with friends or go on a date. They stare at their phones so that their friends or dates have nothing to do but awkwardly stare at them gazing into their phones. The addicts occasionally slightly grin, indicating that something they read was of interest. After that, their fingers explode into a frenzied barrage of their phone screens so that an awful clicking sound effect is played incessantly for what is a grueling few seconds for the awkward and desperate friends or dates. Lonely and ignored, they want nothing more than the slightest bit of attention from their friend or date, or of course, they simply pull out their phone and start texting.

Tangling Everyone has experienced it: you were listening to music with earbuds when a friend walks up to you and starts a conversation. You unplug your ear buds and stuff them into your pocket. Five minutes later, your friend leaves. You have trouble even tying your shoes sometimes, but when you pull out your ear buds, your pocket somehow managed to tie a triple-axle hitch and a mountaineering coil that takes you five minutes to untie.

It is incomprehensible how a few cell phone chargers left in a box seem to magically tie themselves into countless unbreakable knots that take sheer determination and a great deal of time to unsnarl. Intangible wires would be an invention so great that the only inventions anywhere near its glory and significance would be fire and perhaps the wheel and axle.
Again, I really like the piece. Really like your edits since the last draft. Production insisted I keep this quiet, so I couldn’t email you, but we’ve got our full budget on lock-down!

This is happening soon!

“In Our Loving Memory”

Short Film Screenplay

08-17-15

This is looking more and more like a final draft!!!
The protagonist is a young kid. He has recently developed an obsession of staring at photos of his late father for hours at time. His father died less than 6 months ago. Since then, he hasn’t acted normally. In addition to his photo obsession, he avoids any type of socializing with kids who used to be close to him; his mother can hardly get him to speak either, and when he does open up, his sadness – along with a bleak outlook on life in general – is evident. Even though he doesn’t deliberately display his feelings out of spite or anything of the sort, he behaves as a mere shell of the kid he used to be.

The pieces of motivation are – most importantly – the kid’s obsession with photos of his father and his phobia of seeing himself. In an almost antagonistic way, the idea of seeing himself scares the boy. This is something that began after the father’s death. He refuses to have his picture taken and in an almost surreal way, he goes through his day avoiding mirrors as much as he can. He consciously avoids looking at himself; his morning routine involves brushing his teeth facing away from his mirror for example. The self-image issue is a real deterrent for the boy. Throwing tantrums when people try taking pictures with him in them are isolated incidents of the boy showing any emotion aside from sadness.

As a prologue to the story, a man delivers a monologue. His lines begin in the middle of some sort of consolation. It remains ambiguous whether or not he is literally speaking to someone or functioning as a narrator.

Man: …you will miss me. Don’t worry yourself though… I’ll still be there… talk to me when you need… I’ll live through your loving memory…

As he finishes his monologue, the screen fades to black, symbolizing his death.

The story begins half a year after the man’s death. The boy is remarkably unremarkable – functioning as a two-dimensional character.

He wakes, goes to school, comes home, and goes about his evenings with little or no communication with his mother. When the boy is at school, he is unaware of what people think of him and doesn’t care either way, but as he passes through hallways, other kids whisper about his mother having killed his father or something of the like.

Schoolgirl 1: It’s that creepy kid again.

Schoolgirl 2: His whole family is a bunch of freaks. With a murderer for a mom, I can’t imagine how he was ever normal.

The mother is a two-dimensional character as well. The only aspect of her that is highlighted at all is that the boy occasionally finds her up late at night reading old, tattered papers of notes, drinking, and crying. As the focus of this portion of the story is the fact that the boy’s only interest in life is the collection of photos of his father that he has, the mother’s character isn’t elaborated upon. Her function at this point in the narrative is to show that the
boy's behavior has become so deeply embedded into their lives that she doesn't try to pry into
the boy, or to get him to be with his old friends, or to get him some sort of psychological help.
She wakes him up in the morning before he goes to school and has dinner ready for him in the
evening. The only genuine connections that the boy feels to anything is found with the photos of
his father and his fear of looking at himself.

The motifs detailed here are put into action through an exposition
montage of the boy going through a dull morning routine, walking through bleak
hallways at school as others whisper about him, and returning home without
interacting with his mother.

The shift into action comes along when one day the boy comes home to find his mother
burning the photos of the father that she found in a box in the boy's room. The boy does nothing
but watch. He mother is crying as she burns the photos, and once she finishes, the boy goes to his
room and cries as well.

The manic emotions that the mother is experiencing are conveyed through
crying and – more subtly – through physical actions such as clumsily dropping
her lighter and the shaking of her hands. The boy watches, peaking around a
corner. This should be done in a way that shows timidity.

Mother: Shakily, through tears. Go to your room.

A few days later, the boy decides to look in their attic and basement for more photos of
his father. He finds a box filled with framed pictures. He finds a framed photo of his father that
he had never seen before, he sets that one aside to bring down with him later. Another one of the
framed pictures he finds is of himself. His fear drives him to throw down the picture in a panic
and then to reach for a nearby object to violently smash the frame and its glass.

An important piece of this scene is the abruptness of the boy's shift between
contrasting moods. One moment, he is behaving as a curious child; the next moment, he
is acting like a savage. When he smashes the glass frame, he should be portrayed as
being taken over by a primal desire to destroy what he fears.

With the wooden frame in splinters and the shattered glass sprinkled on the floor in front
of him, he feels the rush pass over him as a wave of anger and fear. He slowly calms down
before taking another step. He gathers himself, standing in the dim fog of dust in the attic, with
his face moist from sweat and tears.

The camera moves away from the boy. The focus becomes the smashed frame with
a large crack centered on the boy's face. The boy's emotional cool down is underscored
by quiet, droning background music.

He breaks his trance and feels calmer. The next moment he locks eyes with his mother
who climbed the ladder to check on the noise he was making.
Both the mother and son are crazy. Neither acknowledges what has happened. The obvious psychological disconnect is highlighted as music begins to include dissonant notes that are akin to psycho flick tropes.

Boy: Is dinner ready?

Mother: Yes.

I like the revision. Less talking makes it even weirder.

The next moment we see of the boy, he is staring into his father’s new eyes. The older photos of his father—which were never in frames to start with—were cast out of mind; the now-empty box that used to hold them was off to the corner on his floor.

The framed portrait of his father is implicitly much more mesmerizing than the others. The strange background music persists into this scene and is used as a tool to set an uncomfortable tone for the audience.

He is laying on his bed, stomach-down and holding the photo at arms’ length. For a long time, he gazes blankly at the portrait. Suddenly he begins to speak to the photo. He talks to his father about nothing in particular. He lets the mind that was his before his father died pour itself out for the picture to hear. The boy begins to speak of things that he hadn’t even thought about since before his father died, but he doesn’t acknowledge this. To him, this occurrence goes unnoticed.

There is no actual scripted dialogue for this. The boy will be shown speaking, but room audio will be muted and the background music will play by itself.

He talks to his father for hours. Day after day, he returns to tell his father about something else. But outside of his bedroom, the boy is the same as before finding the photo. Not a word to his mother; no new attitude at school; no friends and no new news.

The next development of the story involves the mother. One day, she finally hears a voice coming from her son’s room. She quietly listens at the door for a while. She hears the boy talking; occasionally, she even hears him laughing softly as if talking to a dear friend.

Now we hear audio of the boy’s conversation, but since he is whispering, the audience can’t hear clearly what he is saying.

She slowly turns the crystal doorknob and pushes open the door, careful to avoid making a large creaking fit out of it. The boy is facing the opposite direction and the mother can see him holding a picture frame but she cannot see what is behind the glass. She watches for a while. She is interested in what the boy is doing, but makes sure to remain unnoticed. As she listens more closely to the boy’s rambling, she picks up on something that stuns her.

The boy is laughing softly as he was when she first heard him from the hallway as he speaks. Are you envisioning a creepy laugh?
"Boy", you will miss me. Don't worry yourself though... I'll still be there... talk to me when you need... I'll live through your loving memory...

This dialogue happens as the boy continues to stare dreamily into his father's inky eyes. The music shifts from dissonant and atonal to melodic and almost playful to accompany the boy's happy attitude and giggling.

The boy remains in his trance and repeats the same words over and over. The mother is dazed for a few moments but when she collects herself, she enters and asks in an angry voice about where he had read or heard those words before. The boy whips around, startled by his mother's sudden, imposing presence, and claims that he doesn't know what she is talking about.

Mother: Where did you hear that?

The mother should deliver her line with a tone abrasive enough to shock the audience. As the line is given, the melodic background music is cut and quiet, droning, and dissonant strings fade in as tension sets into the room and the boy's face develops an expression of fear.

She is enraged. She yells at him again – over and over – demanding to know how those words got into his mind. The boy denies having spoken any words whatsoever. His mother angrily rips the frame from his hands and half-unconsciously, locks eyes with her portrait husband. In the middle of her outrage, she stops to a cold silence.

She is pulled into the gaze of her late husband – all while holding what could be their last photographic memory of the man. She was near tears when she realized exactly that.

She snaps straight back into action, and as if remembering a long-lived mission of hers, she rips the photo from the frame and runs out of the boy's room.

The boy doesn't move or attempt to protest. From his room he hears his mother's crazed shrieks from the direction of the kitchen.

The beginning of the end comes as the mother rushes to the kitchen sink. Tears of rage and horror are spilling down her cheeks. She is still clutching the photo in her fist and as she reaches the counter, she stuffs her husband into the drain of the sink.

The music is louder than ever and, once again, atonal.

Mother: Leave us already! You wanted to be gone, so LEAVE!

Mother: She continues through her tears. You never loved us! We don't need you anymore!
As she is unleashing her lament, she grasps over to the side for a wall switch. She feels around the cold tile of the wall, unable to see through her red hot, burning tears. She flips a switch, and there's a guttural, metallic roar. Her husband starts to rip apart into ribbons at the torso. She slaps away tears from her eyes and looks down before her. Her husband, now without a body below the chest, smiles back up to her. She yells in rage at his spitefulness and pushes her lover further down into the sink's toothy grinder.

The monster in the drain had gorged her husband, and now it could almost taste the tips of her fingers.

There is a build-up of suspense as the mother's hand nearly enters the drain while the grinder continues to run. Alongside loud background music, the grinder's loud metallic sound is present.

A camera shot from inside the drain shows a perspective looking upwards at the woman's hand. As she gets dangerously close to hurting herself, she stops. Her face is still visible as she looks to the side to grab something with which to force the photo down deeper.

She breaks temporarily from her rage. She reaches for a spoon with which to feed her husband's head to the beast. The man is eaten, and the spoon brings the grinder to a loud, smoky death.

Another shot from within the drain shows the woman looking down into the drain, but now there is silence.

The screen fades to black once more.

The final scene begins without indication of how much time has passed since the preceding incident.

A quiet piano melody provides underlines for the final scene; the melody reprises themes from the earlier scene with the boy speaking to his father's framed picture.

Without any external audio the camera shows shots of various parts of the house: the spoon jammed into the sink, the dust in the attic against the golden twilight passing through the window, and the mother sitting, holding a familiar piece of tattered paper with one hand and holding a bottle with the other.

The woman is reading the paper through teary eyes, but the audience isn't shown what is on the paper. The boy is now in the room with her, sitting on the ground with his legs crossed. He is still staring at the empty frame.

Music fades back in as the camera focuses on the boy.
Boy: ...you will miss me. Don’t worry yourself though... I’ll still be there...

As the boy continues, the camera shifts over to the mother. She doesn’t speak out loud, but she mouths what the boy says as she reads it off of the paper in her hand. It isn’t shown explicitly, but the boy has been reciting his father’s suicide note.

Wife (mouthing) and Boy: ...talk to me when you need... I’ll live through your loving memory...

As the mother begins her following dialogue, the boy continues to repeat the lines from his father’s note in the background.

Wife: Why would you go?

Boy: I’ll still be there... I’ll live through your loving memory...


Now the mother uncovers her face and looks at her son. The two are making eye contact and music swells to amplify the tension in the room.

Boy: In a trance and without expression: You will miss me. I’ll live through your loving memory.

The wife stands up and drops the bottle onto the floor. The glass shatters and the floor is covered in tiny pellets of glass (glass but no liquid).

Wife: With a shaky voice. You didn’t love us. More quietly. You never would have left us if you did.

The mother and son continue to hold their eye contact and the boy slowly approaches from across the room. Music continues to build the tension.

Boy: I’ll live through your loving memory.

Wife: Pleading. Please... why must you stay to torture me? Why are you doing this? Please... just let me forget.”

He stopped speaking and his son looked at his wife. It was silent. Not a sound was to be heard. The world was mute. The spoon was sitting, jammed into the grinder. The tattered note was ripped and crumpled in the wife’s hand. The house was alive, filled with energy and emotion. But nothing was to be heard... nothing louder than the golden fog of dust in the attic... gently settling down upon old forgotten memories.
Once again, the camera shows shots of the sink, and the settling dust in the attic. While the shot in the attic is still onscreen, the voice from the opening monologue returns.

**Man’s Voice:** You will never forget.

*The camera now is now taking a close-up shot of the woman. She mouths the next words, but the audio of the man’s voice is played over it.*

**Wife (mouthing) and Man’s Voice:** I’ll live through your loving memory.

*The camera zooms out from close-up position in the final shot. As the frame expands, it is shown that the woman’s close-up was taken from her reflection in the empty wooden frame which the boy was now holding up in front of her.*
"I try to be very peppy a lot. I’m just peppy. I think it’s ’cause my mom and my dad are both pretty happy people, my dad especially; he’s crazy. I don’t know where I get all my energy from... But I’m just hyper. I get these weird points where I’m like Ahh! Yay! And I’m just happy a lot.”
- Breigh Rodriguez

"Music is a passion. In elementary school I played Guitar Hero a lot and I liked it, so I figured that I would learn the real guitar. I never really thought I would play guitar, or sing, or write music, but the hobby just kind of developed.”- Luke Bravo

"I always try a ridiculous amount for no reason. I put a lot of effort into everything I do... Seeing people do their best in what they do gives me drive. I’ve seen what people can do when they actually try and it empowers me. The best way, the most efficient way is to use, well not use [laughs], is to help others help you. You have to understand selflessness to understand how to be the best at something. Because to be the best can be a very selfish endeavor, but it’s not a one person effort.”
- Peyton Feuer

"I think [people] think social media when they associate my name. I think I post whatever I want and they’re surprised by it. They’re like ‘whoa, what is this girl doing?’ I think my confidence comes from, like I figured out that I can make people laugh, and I’m confident that I can entertain people.” - K@

"I’m pretty chilled out and artsy. I started doing art when I was really young; I’ve been doing art for a while. I like the feeling of finishing a piece. I like completing things.” - Evan Jordan
“I guess you could say I’m kind of goofy. I try a lot of weird things, and I like to experiment with different things. I think random is a good way to put it. I guess you could say I’m adventurous but only with certain things [laughs].”
- Davis Curry

“I think my independence has made me who I am right now. I’ve had a lot of opportunities to be independent, and I’m grateful that I’ve had them. My family doesn’t cook that often, so within the last three years or so I’ve taken it upon myself to learn how to cook and I found that I really enjoy it. I cook all the time... I think that when people hear my name they will either think of what cupcakes I’ll be baking next or if I bought cupcakes.”
- Rosemary Dupré

“I love art, especially cosmetics. I love to express myself with creating things that show how I feel or what I think about. I am embarrassed by it, but I’m trying to overcome my insecurities by sharing them and becoming more comfortable in my own skin.”
- Cassie Beyer

“A Jersey devil, Connecticut Yankee, hometown is Broussard. I’m a beach bum with swamp fever. I like my gumbo with a side of pasta.” - Clarke Patrone

“I think that humor can be one of the most useful and powerful things that a person has. That’s why I’m constantly trying to recycle old jokes and imitate characters from Parks and Rec.” - Libby Menard