

Next Horizon

Girl: Did you see that?

She stares through the small rectangular window.

Girl: Did you see that?

He sighs and throws his pillow against the wall, plop, it slides down the wall.
Opening his eyes he notices the ceiling shining bright.

Boy: Turn off the lights.

He sits up in bed.

Boy: Ana Get down. You're gonna get in trouble.

Stumbling and rubbing his eyes, he reaches the stool and carefully climbs up to look out the window.

Boy: What is that?

Ana: It's the moon.

Boy: Nuh uh. The moon is in the sky.

Ana: It's not there. It fell.

Ana steps off the stool heading toward the door.

Ana: Come on let's go.

Boy: Mum and Papa will get mad.

She smiles and grabs his hand.

Footsteps pitter and patter against the stone path winding down along the hill.
Sloshing ebbs and trickling flows from the small creek follow their steps. The moon's light shines up towards the sky and curls through the trees. They reach the bottom of the hill overlooking the small town next to the ocean.

Ana: Wait. We can't go that way.

Boy: It's how we get to town.

Ana: Look.

Boulders along the edge block the moons fallen light.

Boy: Let's go b—

She grabs his hand as he turns around.

Ana: The bridge.

Boy: But—

Ana: It'll be fine. Dad just said those things cause you're clumsy.

He looks up at her.

Ana: Trust me.

Their shoes lift off the ground inching closer to the first wooden plank.

Firmly planted on the plank, they slowly move forward while holding the weathered rope railing. The wind whistles through the bridge as the creaks and moans of the wood fill the stale air. The moon's light greets them at bridge's end. She looks back at him.

Ana: See I told you it'd be—

Taking his final step off the bridge his foot slips under him. Falling backwards he crashes through the wooden planks. He frantically reaches up for help.

Ana: David!

She lunges at his hand. He slips through her fingers.

Her other hand grasps his leg. Firmly holding on, she pulls him up, wrapping her arms around him.

Ana: Are you okay? Hey look at me.

Her hand glides his face up to meet her eyes.

Ana: Look at me. We'll always be together.

She kisses him on the top of his head.

Ana: Always... We can g—

David: I want to dance on the moon.

She nods her head and wipes the tear rolling down her cheek.

Skipping through the empty cobble streets of the fire-lit town they reach the ocean. The moon's light rests across the calm water.

Ana: Now what?

Leaning near the edge, David cups his hands, scooping up the cold water; it flows against the ridges in his fingers. A droplet floats up and taps him on the cheek.

Then another.

In the reflection of their eyes the surface of the water begins to drift and ripple in sequence like desert sands weaving with the wind. Droplets float in the air as far as the eye can see. He raises his foot, hovering it over the water's surface. Tiny grains of water cascade and crash around his shoe as he places it down.

David: Come on let's go.

Nearing the moon, its light bounces off the floating droplets. They hear giggling. Looking around, they see countless imperfect silhouettes shimmering through the droplets. They race toward the fallen moon.

The ocean settles as the moon rises to take its rightful place between earth and the stars. The children smile and dance on the moon.

M: Hello?

M: Hello? What. What is this?

Tremendous swirls of blazing orange, bright crimson globs, and radiant yellows streaks fuse together and tear each other apart starting to slowly give way to a muddied darkness.

M: Can you hear me? Hey!

M: Please answer me.

A celestial mass from beyond the moving globe of colors emits a blinding white light demanding notice.

M: Please help me. I don't know. I don't.

M: Please.

The light continues relentlessly.

The helpless moments go on from constant, to frequent, to finally far and few in-between but still no answer, no acknowledgment of any kind exists...

M: Whats that?

M: Oh. No, I'm not sure what these indents are. What about you? I noticed all your colors are nearly gone.

M: Yeah. That light is rather annoying, guess that's one way to deal with it.

M: You hear that! Turn it off!

The light continues relentlessly.

M: Whatever.

M: Yeah I've tried turning around. It's just. It's. Well the pain is too much I can't.

M: Sleep? I can't. I told you I can't adapt like you!

M: Everything I can think of.

M: How can you say that?

M: I don't know what I'm gonna do! Just leave me alone alright!

The revolutions continue between the now entirely muddied dark globe and the blinding celestial mass.

The light continues relentlessly.

M: Hello.

M: I'm sorry I yelled.

M: Please say something.

The light continues relentlessly.

M: Turn it off!

The light continues relentlessly.

M: I can't take it anymore!

M: I have to turn around.

Struggling through agonizing pain with every inch of turning, trying to find some relief from the constant light. The pain is too much.

M: No. I have to push through!

The light stopped. Finally relief and an unknown sight.

Limitless expansion of far off interstellar flickering specks sets the backdrop to a vast diagonal tear of absolute black intertwined with alluring pinks and magnificent purples. Nothing to be said, nothing to be done, one could only gaze in awe of the space of everything.

A peaceful reverberating hum fills the void. At last able to rest its eyes enjoying the peace of what now is. It appeared that this would be the entirety of the lonely existence of this small celestial being.



But as it often is with most things, curiosity began to take over.

Deciding to push through the pain at least once more for a hope. A hope of discovering something different. Maybe it was the reward of a lonely existence, a random occurrence, or some grand plan beyond comprehension, but that is exactly what was discovered.

M: The warmth. I guess I missed that.

The light continues.

M: My friend how the revolutions have changed you. You truly are a sight.

A sight once barely contrasting the darkness around is now filled with a canvas of ocean blues, lush tints of green, and shades of vibrant amber.

M: You too were brought back to face the light.

M: Although I'm afraid nothing has changed about me.

Half a revolution passes.

M: Those look similar to the flickering specks far off.

M: There aren't many of them.

M: I wonder if.

M: Hey is something down there? Can you hear me?

M: It's so much different than anything else.

M: The raging storm of warm colors, the muddled darkness, the calm of these beautiful colors, and now these specks. Everything else stays the same except you.

As it was before is now again as curiosity begins to grow.

If I could turn around, then surely I can do this. I can go down there. No matter the pain, I have to try. The specks far away. Maybe I could go there. No, it's too far. There has to be something different. No. Something more.

This is it. This is my only chance.

That was the night when the moon fell to earth.

Ana: Let's go explore.

Ana: Hey did I ever tell you I have super strength?

He looks up at her with one eyebrow raised.

David: You do not.

Ana: Watch this.

She hurls a moon rock as high as she can.

David: How did—

Ana: Here try it.

He grabs the small moon rock from her hand. He raises his arm high above his head and in a quick circular motion flings it underhand over their heads with almost enough force to lift him off the surface of the moon. The rock fades into the stars.

With his mouth wide open and eyes gleaming with reflections from the stars, he turns his head to look at her.

David: Are we superheroes?

Ana: I wish. Things are just a bit different on the moon.

Ana: Hey don't look so sad. Eat your vegetables maybe one day you'll have super strength.

David: Yuck!

She laughs and pats him on the head.

They sit on the surface of the moon with their legs stretched out and palms facing down gently stirring up moon dust as it cuddles around their fingers. The other children are off in the distance.

David: There's so many.

Ana: The stars are much closer up here.

David: Can we go dance on them?

Ana: Sure, I'll meet you there one day.

David: What's that?

Ana: They're called craters. I think they're from falling stars hitting the moon.

Ana: Kind of like sparrow valley next to town.

M: So that's what all these indents are.

They abruptly stand up, spiraling moon dust around them as they turn in every direction, but there's no one around.

David: Who was that?

M: Hello?

David: Hi.

Ana: Who is that?

M: You can. You can hear me?

Ana: What do you mean? Where are you?

M: I'm right here.

There's still no one around.

M: I guess I'm what you call the moon.

Ana: What?

David: That's so cool!

Ana: How can you talk?

Moon: I'm not sure. It seems you're the only ones that can hear me.

David: This is so amazing. Does this hurt?

The boy jumps up and down on the moon's surface.

Ana: Hey quit it!

She grabs his arm and pulls him back down as he's mid-flight from another jump.

Ana: Wait you said we're the only ones. Does that mean you're up here all alone?

Moon: It's only me.

David: What about the sun?

Moon: The sun?

The light continues.

David: It's that big ball of light over there.

Ana: Not even earth talks to you?

Moon: Ear—

David: It's where we're from!

Ana: We left our home because we saw you fell into the ocean.

Moon: Can you tell me more about where you're from?

David: Yeah! We live above town next to the ocean. Our mum and papa work there and it's lit with fire oh and there's this one shop that always has fresh bread. And there's this dog that chases you cause he wants bread but he's so friendly. Oh! Also—

Their conversation goes on for what seems like countless revolutions or so the moon felt. Learning about all life has to offer. All the simple joys and stories through a young boy's eyes and all the complexity and annoyances from a slightly older sister.

Ana: Oh shoot we should probably go back now.

David: Do we have to?

Ana: Weren't you worried about Mom and Dad getting mad?

David: Yeah b—

Moon: I can take you home.

Moon: But.

Moon: Will you please come back?

David: Are you kidding? You're like the coolest thing ever.

Ana smiles and nods her head.

Ana: I promise we'll come back.

The moon takes the children back to earth. They wave and yell goodbye as the moon rises back to space to light their paths home. The moon watches the tiny flickering specks on earth.

The moon shuts its eyes able to finally rest.

Revolutions pass with the moon mostly watching earth while dreaming of grand astonishing adventures. It wondered how they would compare to the stories from David and Ana. How the moon yearned for their return.

Suddenly a new light approaches.

Engines thrust, hovering just above the moon's surface, blowing up a blizzard of small moon rocks and dust. A young man leaps from his ship. Taking a moment to look across the barren crusty landscape, he takes a step, bouncing from foot to foot, stopping and standing before a large crater. He lays down on his back looking up at the backdrop of stars.

David: Hello. It's me.

Moon: My friend you've come back. I didn't even recognize you. It's so great to see you again.

Moon: Please tell me how your life has been. I want to hear everything.

David: It seemed like it was another life when we met.

Moon: Oh?

David: I was afraid it was just some hopeful dream of a child.

Moon: Where's your sister?

David: She never stopped believing in you.

David: Not long after you took us home we snuck out after supper. Couldn't resist the smell of fresh bread from town, think I told you about that shop.

Moon: I remember that. And the dog.

David: The lady that owns it always lets us have the day olds when she closes.

David: Yeah the dog so—

He slowly starts to giggle.

David: I swear came out of nowhere and snatched it from my hand.

Moon: That darn dog.

David: We chased it around every corner, down every alley. I was just about to grab him when I smacked head first into a pole.

David laughs.

Moon: Guess the dog got away.

David: He came back and starting licking me as I laid there. Turns out he was more interested in making friends than bread.

Moon: David?

David: Yeah?

Moon: What exactly is a dog?

They laugh.

He wipes the tears forming around his eyes from laughing.

David: So many stories and things I have to tell you.

Moon: Please do.

He smiles and tells the moon his stories and stories he's only heard. They vary from close to home to the furthest stretches of the world. Stories of the grandest adventures filled with daring heroes and the most vile villains. Lands with mythical forests, magnificent mountains, and scorching deserts. Places home to luxurious palaces, restless metropolises, and quaint villages...

David: And she was. She—

Moon: You can tell me.

Moon: It's okay.

David: She... She's gone.

Moon: What happe—

Tears begin rolling down and over his cheek falling to the moon's surface.

David: She's gone and I hate her for it.

He swiftly wipes the tears away leaving a red mark on his face from the aggressive swipe by his arm.

David: And I hate myself for feeling that way.

David: She promised we'd always be together. She promised we'd come back.

He sits up and weeps uncontrollably.

David: You heard her. She promised!

Moon: I can't imagine the pain you feel.

Moon: I'm so sorry David...



Moon: May I tell you a story?

David snuffles and wipes his nose.

David: Sure.

Moon: I won't pretend to know your world. But I do know everything space has to offer.

Moon: From seeing the formation of earth, gazing at the unchanging galaxy, and watching countless shooting stars. Sights too miraculous to accurately describe. Through all my revolutions I had seen everything. Or so I thought. Meeting you and your sister was the most unexpected and truly amazing thing I've experienced.

David leans back resting his forearms against the moon.

Moon: You two really did save my life.

David: I'm not sure what to say.

Moon: Do you see that distant blue star?

David: It's really beautiful.

Moon: That star is the only new thing I've seen up here in quite some revolutions. Maybe you'll find something out there.

Moon: I would give anything.

Moon: Anything to share more moments with you.

Moon: To hear more of your stories.

Moon: But... I think it's time for your next adventure.

David sits up. He stares at the tiny blue star with his palms on the moon's surface gently stirring up dust as it rests around his fingers.

David: You know.

With a smirk on his face, he lets out a small sigh.

David: I think I'll stay here with you for a while...

His helmet rests on the surface of the moon reflecting the earth, the warming light of the sun, and that distant blue star.

A man in a white spacesuit floats next to a slate grey ship.

A drill clamps to a panel unscrewing a bolt in the corner. The man carefully places four black bolts in his suit's small chest pocket and pats it closed. He takes the panel off and tiny blue arcs of electricity race over the exposed wiring. He looks beyond his ship toward the stars. A relentless light reflects off his orange-tinted visor.

A flash across his visor.

Then another.

The drill shoots out of his hands. A shower of debris tears through the ship. Slate grey chunks shoot off in every direction. He looks toward the moving debris field. A brief reflection of a large object appears in his visor. He's sent flying through space, spinning uncontrollably, as a fractured collage of grey chunks, stars, and hues of deep purple and blue swirl against the surface of his visor. His vision blurs.

Darkness.

Gunfire shatters the night on a poorly lit pier. Sparks fly off shipping containers. Short flashes of colored light end in searing metal and burning clothes.

Group of creatures and people in bright-colored clothes: Keekoray scum!
Tall creature with large gills: Get rid of the Astra!

Engines rev as two-wheeled cycles and wide trucks speed off, covering the pier in dust. A bright violent explosion of hot red and purple silences the scene. A man is sent crashing through the water. Sinking deeper into the water, he sees blips of distorted colors scream over the water's surface. He swims underwater as the muffled gunfire continues.

Various sales people outside of shops and holograms stretched high on concrete skyscrapers:

Relive your most treasured memories. New live-joy for your pleasures.

Game till you drop. 10 off hours today!

Fresh vrill bombers. Hot noodles. Pon pons!

Ava-lingual translators. Hear all, know all.

Dripping wet red shoes plop through the street. Neon colors reflect off the tumbling water droplets as they cascade down the curves and ridges of the shoes dying against the street. The shoes come to a stop in front of a dirty glass door gently lit up by a small white light.

Chimes ring as the door opens and closes.

Rex: Deliver the package?

Rex: Looks of yuh maybe not. Better be getting my credits boy.

The young man dries his dark brown hair with a towel. He looks at Rex, a tall oaf of a creature with dull orange skin, a bloated gut, wide nose, and a thick-set face.

David: Credits are wired.

David: Fine by the way.

Rex: Yuh always are boy. Astra again?

Rex: Take the Keekorays side, the Astra come at yuh. Take the—

David: Astra side, the Keekorays come at ya. Heard it for many moon cycles.

Rex: Out with yuh now!

Rex Grunts.

Rex: Fore I teach yuh a lesson. Giving attitude to an old man.

David: Yeah yeah you old giant.

David: You wouldn't even hurt a Loray.

Rex murmurs as he throws a small candy at David walking towards the door. It bounces off his head crashing to the ground and splitting into pieces.

The door chimes open and closed.

David sweeps the alley next to the shop with a large fanned broom. Picking up trash and throwing it in the dumpster as he goes.

Rex walks around the corner.

Rex: Mind yourself boy.

David leans the broom against the dumpster.

Rex: Somtin to say, say it.

David: Waste of time cleaning this alley.

Rex: Wise to do sum thinkin before the speak.

Rex: Maybe aint about the clean. Not about people in my shop.

Rex: This might be about you boy.

Rex grabs the broom and shoves it into David's chest.

Rex: Careful.

Rex: Might learn somtin changin the attitude.

Rex walks around the corner back to the shop.

David walks to the edge of the alley bending over to pick up some trash resting on the surface of a puddle. Water softly ripples a reflection of raging orange and yellow tangled with pink and twirling emerald green. He looks up at space, the stars are suffocated by the neon city of Nexus.

Dirty white dishes piled high and uneven in the sink. A long kitchen counter cluttered with spices, herbs, and seemingly cutlery gadgets. Flickering flames dance across the colored glass windows above the sink, fighting off the frigid outside light and filling the tan wooden interior with life.

Click click-a fire roars past open grates. A black skillet scrapes across the grates clanking down over the flames. A plump, short man boasting a long grey beard cracks two huge purple eggs into the skillet, nearly overflowing as the eggs slosh against the edge and fall back towards the center.

A large knife repetitively cascades thumping and slicing through a pale yellow vegetable on the kitchen counter.

The stairs creak.

Plump Short Man: There you are lad.

David: Morning Knorrow.

A short, long body, tangled mess of orange fur creature with triangle-shaped ears chirps and rubs against David's leg.

Knorrow: Now now let the lad wake up Lee.

Lee scurries up Knorrow's leg, going up and around his arm, resting on his shoulder.

Knorrow: Chasing dreams he is. Sleep is a must.

Lee chirps. Knorrow laughs.

Knorrow: Right you may be. Something else he may be chasing.

Knorrow: Or running from.

Knorrow rubs Lee's head messing up his fur.

Knorrow goes back to cooking as David sits down at the wooden picnic style table in the center of the kitchen.

Knorrow: Not been much seeing you around lately.

Knorrow: Best not be in with the Keekoray or Astra!

He turns around and waves his steel spatula at David.

David: I remember what you said when we met.

Knorrow: Under any cirmise never get in with the Keekoray or Astra.

David: Whatever cirmise means.

Knorrow thumps two full plates of food down on the table.

David: You know I only stay for the food right?

Lee jumps on the table and chirps.

David: And of course you Lee.

David pets Lee.

Knorrow: And me's only keep you around cause Lee.

They glance at each other, smirking as they eat their food.

David: What do you mean raised?

Space Dock Worker: Always ups and downs.

Worker: You a zuner?

David: I'm no—

Worker: Seems you don't know how Nexus works.

David: I'm not!

David rubs his face and sighs.

David: How much?

Worker: Up 100,000 credits from last week.

David closes his eyes. Slowly opening them back up, he stares blankly at the mass variety of ships suspended in the air.

Worker: Listen I got stuff to do.

The worker walks away.

Not far off, a group of people and creatures stand in a circle, laughing as two in the middle shove each other. On the edge, a figure in a hooded black coat watches David.

Rex: Mind you cases in the back boy.

Rex: Stocking needs done.

David kneels on the floor, grabbing items from a box and placing them on shelves. Rex tends to the register helping customers.

Rex: Come again.

The door chimes open and closed.

Rex: Ahh.

David looks at Rex leaning over the counter.

David: You alright old man?

Rex: My patches my patches.

David: Here.

Rex places a patch on his lower back, takes a labored breath, and cringes as he stands up straight. David pats Rex's stomach.

David: You're alright, you're alright.

Rex: Me?

Rex: Strong as a braisen Thorntax!

Rex: Just don't want yous getting jealous. Old man working harder than yous all.

David: Uh-huh.

David throws the empty boxes in the alley dumpster next to the shop.

The door chimes open and closed.

Rex: All for today.

David: Been meaning to ask.

Rex: What's it now boy?

David: Got any more jobs? Trying to make some extra creds.

Rex: Lock up the shop.

Rex: Talk over some hot pon pons.

Neon-bathed steam rises from the food stalls in the narrow street, slightly distorting the advertisement holograms stretched over the faces of the concrete giants. People, creatures from all species, and little critters make up the night life for this tiny sliver of Nexus.

A tall, lanky blue creature wearing a dirtied apron sets down two glossy white ceramic bowls with red writing on the sides in front of David and Rex. They're filled with thin golden noodles, finely chopped green and white vegetables, halved soft-boiled gooey purple and red eggs, and small fried rice-flour dumplings stuffed with potatoes and ground meat, all downing in a steaming dark brown broth.

David and Rex slurp up their noodles.

Rex: (his mouth half-full of food) Need some creds do yuh?

David: Price for a ship went up.

Rex: Find yuh a ship I could.

David rests his chopsticks neatly across his bowl.

David: You serious Rex?

Rex: Listen boy.

Rex stops his constant loud slurping and open-mouth chewing.

Rex: I know you got stuff off far to worry about. To be chasing.

He picks up his bowl, tipping it into his mouth. He sets it back down, lets out a gut-wrenching burp, and wipes his mouth with his forearm.

Rex: Trust you me. That learning, living along the way. Will better you and that far off.

David: Suppose you're right.

Rex: Ever wrong?

David: Tackling that old man for stealing when he was only looking for medicine in his bag. Time the Keekoray nearly grabbed me up cause you thought a score was free. Or —

Rex smacks David across the head with his chopsticks.

Rex: What I tell yuh bout givin the attitude.

Rex pushes his empty bowl forward on the table.

Rex: Few jobs coming up.

Rex: Dangerous though.

David: Seems like it's been that since I first stumbled in your shop.

Rex grabs David's shoulder and looks him in the eye.

Rex: I'm Serious boy.

David: I can handle it.

Rex pats David on the shoulder.

Rex: Right you are boy.



Rex: The first.

Rex drops a tiny matte black metal box in David's hand.

David gently rolls the tiny matte black box across the ridges in his hand. Faint lines of blue dash across its surface briefly lighting up the entrance to the dim alley. The black matte surface ripples as the light fades.

Rex starts walking down the street away from the alley.

David: What is this?

Rex: Not paying for the ask.

David: Rex!

Rex peers over his shoulder back at David.

David: Thanks.

Rex waves his hand above his head continuing to walk down the street.

A figure in a hooded black coat leans against the building across the street watching David disappear down the alley.



Distant figure: You had to go.

David: What?

David slowly walks toward the figure.

David: Who are you?

David gets closer to the figure.

Distant figure: You.

David: Wh—

Distant Figure: YOU HAD TO GO!

A flash of blue.

David briefly opens and closes his eyes.

A flash of blue. He opens his eyes seeing Lee pawing at the tiny black box.

David: Lee quit it.

Lee scurries down the bedroom dresser, knocking the tiny black box to the wooden floor. David yawns as he walks over to the box. He places it on the dresser.

He lays back in bed.

The box drops to the floor.

David: Seriously?

He picks up the box. A quick repetitive clank. Flimsy glass doors to the balcony bang against its frame.

Stepping on the balcony, the fresh cold of the night gently brushes his face. Stars overhead light up Knorrow's quaint wooden home. David looks to the distant horizon. The giant neon city of Nexus drowns out the stars, but for a brief moment

one shimmers, then fades. The black box vibrates in his hand. A loud, echoing hum and bright blue neon light burst through the gaps between his fingers.

David: What are you?

David: Should be somewhere around here.

He rotates his wrist, facing his palm towards his face. A holographic rectangle showing directions displays over his forearm. He walks—

His face hits the ground.

Sitting person wearing a dark hooded coat: Spare some creds?

David, still belly down on the ground, turns his head to look at the sitting person. The dark hood covers their face.

David: After you just tripped me?

Sitting person: Not my fault zuner can't see where he's walking.

David: I'm not a—

David takes a deep breath and stands up.

David: Do you know where the solar docks are?

The stranger points in a direction.

David: Thanks.

David swipes his wrist over the out stretched hand of the stranger. A melodic chirp plays.

Sitting person: Thanks ya stupid zuner.

David shakes his head and walks away.

A dark endless grid of dust-covered solar panels stretch past the horizon. A glimpse of a small figure walking amongst the grid. David walks through the vast field, stopping underneath one of the main umbrella-like energy hubs for the grid.

Leaning against the metal hub he takes the black box out of his pocket.

Tall creature with large gills: Seriously keeping that in your pocket?

David flinches, almost dropping the box.

Tall creature: Careful! Tungbarh!

David: Why?

David: What is this?

Tall creature: Hand it over kid.

David: The credits.

A sharp, high-pitched pulse in the distance. The tall creature grabs David by his shirt collar.

Tall creature: You crossing us!

An explosion rocks the grid. An instant storm of dust and panel shards pierces through the air. David and the tall creature buckle to the ground, raising their forearms in front of their eyes, shielding them from the dust. A figure tears through the storm, knocking the tall creature to the ground and snatching the box from David's hand.

The figure dashes through a narrow zig-zagging alley, pushing their foot off the walls, boosting them through the path. The figure tosses boxes and trash to the ground as the alley gives way to a large apartment courtyard. David trips and rolls into the courtyard. Through the corner of his eye, the figure runs up the apartment's winding exterior stairs. To David's left, another flight of stairs.

A flower pot breaks on the street. A cat looks up. A glimpse of the figure dashes through the sky. Boots strike down on a steel-slatted roof.

David: Stop!

The figure looks over at David on another roof.

They're stride for stride, jumping from roof to roof as neon lights slowly flash different colors, highlighting their streaking silhouettes. They glance ahead. The rooftop paths intersect.

The figure cuts in front of David. David grabs the figure's long dark coat, spinning them back towards him. The figure swings their foot, knocking David to the ground.

David: Wait!

The figure turns, glancing back at him, losing their footing and stumbling near the edge of the roof. Teetering over the side, the figure falls backwards off the building. David dives to the edge. His hand grasps the figure's wrist. The figure's dark hooded coat flies off in the wind, revealing a girl with shorter light blue hair with strands of white.

He looks down at her bright blue eyes.

Figure: Hey ya stupid zuner.