



PAUL ' S STORY



PAUL #1

So OK...

Seriously. Ahhh,I'm supposed to do this vblog for Mr. Thompson's class...and I don't have a clue what I should do for it...Kim told me just to take a vid and she'd come over later to help me make some titles and do some cool stuff.

Tell us something most people don't know about you...

I want to be a film maker some day.

Tell us something you're afraid of...

Uhhhh...I don't like to be alone.

Share a story from your life over the past 24 hours...

Oh, get this: yesterday Kim made me go shopping with her. It was nasty. We were in the store for...I don't know...five hours it felt like...and she tried on like a million of these poufy, glittery, crazy Miss America dresses and wanted to know what I thought of each and every one of them.

Dude, it was awful.

And then - and then! She didn't even buy anything.

Oh - and to top it all off, she's mad at me! Said I wasn't enthusiastic enough.

She is totally not going to help me make titles for this thing when she sees this...

THE END



PAUL #2

Ready? Oh dude, you should've told me.

Here's today's news.

And believe it or not, it's not a rejection!

Let's read, shall we?

"We are pleased to grant you admission to the General Arts program..."

UNB is pleased. Mom and Dad are pleased. We're pleased. Optimus out.

Now I just have to graduate.

Uggghhhh.

THE END



PAUL #3

I KILLED MY FRIENDS LAST NIGHT.

What does that even mean? I can't... I... I say the words and it's like they just bounce off. It's just not possible. I...

I don't know why I'm doing this - I just...There's some people out there I really need to talk to - but I know they don't even want to admit that I exist right now...

And on top of that I...I just want everyone to know that I...

You know how you hear people say that something was like a bad dream they couldn't wake up from?

Well...I know I'm awake - it's just...it's like my brain won't believe that it really happened. It's like it wants me to forget. But then I remember - over and over again. And every time I feel like...like a panic that's like nothing...nothing I've ever felt...

We were at a party at Sarah's house. Her parents are away.

Everyone was there. It was fun.

We had a few drinks...

But not that much. I only had a couple.

We wanted to get something to eat. It was cold and no one wanted to walk. Nobody had any cash for a cab...

Marc told me I was OK - he gave me the keys...said he couldn't do it. Everyone was waiting...

So we drove. I wasn't drunk, just...just a little buzzed...The place was like five minutes away!

I don't know what happened...everybody's asking me - like it makes a difference now! As if knowing where that car came from...as if knowing what I did wrong would bring them back...I don't know...



We were just laughing, goofing around, and then...I don't know...I managed to miss the other car, but we spun out, and the car flipped over.

It was so...loud and...and... confusing...and then so quiet...just a weird ticking.

I was upside-down. I remember pushing the airbag away from my face.

I looked over at Marc and he wasn't moving. He was bleeding a lot. He was dying - right there beside me, he died. I watched him trying to breathe, and then he just stopped.

I think it was then that I started screaming.

They told me they couldn't even find Colleen at first. She was thrown from the car.

They're not sure about Dave yet. He's in the hospital.

Mom said they've got him in an induced coma...whatever that means.

It took forever for everyone to arrive. I have no idea how they knew...There were flashing lights everywhere.

They pulled me out and checked me over...then they cuffed me and took me for a breathalyzer.

When Dad came to get me, he said I was really lucky to see a judge as fast as I did...Lucky.

THE END



PAUL #4

Marc's funeral was today.

I wanted to go...but...

Last night we had a big fight about it. The usual - Mom was crying, Dad was yelling.

I didn't get it. I figured...My best friend died - I should go.

I had no idea.

All I wanted was to show them how sorry I am. To let them know that I can't even sleep...I mean, I've known his parents my whole life.

So I snuck out.

They all turned to see who had come in. When they saw it was me - their faces changed...I'll never forget it.

I don't think they get it - I wanted to shout that I didn't mean for them to die.

But then they all started to whisper...and I...I just wanted wanted to run.

Marc's Mom looked at me as if I was - some kind of monster...

THE END



CHANTAL #1

Just got back from the funeral.

Did you notice how shocked we all were when you walked in?

By now I'm sure the whole school knows you were there, and I'm sure they're all thinking the same thing:

Don't you have any feelings at all? His parents were just trying to say goodbye to their child, and here you are...

That was cruel...and like hugely selfish.

I'm sure you just wanted to say how sorry you are for killing their only son.

Did it make you feel any better?

I hope not.

I was there - and I can tell you it didn't make his parents feel better. His Dad nearly lost it when you came in.

It's sure as hell not making me feel any better, either. I can tell you that much.

This is all that you've left me.

[She accesses a voicemail message and plays it on speakerphone. We hear MARC BROWN's voice]

MARC BROWN

Hey baby, we're getting some eats. Thought I'd check in to see how the studying is going...too bad you can't be here having fun with us..

Hey - did you get my text? I heard from UNB today, and I got in! Finally, eh? It's all falling into place for us, baby, I love you!!

BEN, IN ENGLISH

Oh baby, we'll be together forever.



MARC BROWN, aside, to DAVE, IN ENGLISH
Piss off, I'm trying to talk here!

MARC BROWN, into the phone, IN FRENCH
Sorry, he's totally wasted. I'll check in on you later.

Call me if you decide to give up on chem!

[CHANTAL shuts the phone off]

CHANTAL LEBLANC
So that's it....

Did you know we were going to get married? We were even
talking about kids some day.

There's no excuse for what you've done.

Stop making your pathetic videos. Stop saying sorry.

Just go away and leave us in peace.

THE END



PAUL #5

Couldn't sleep. Again.

Dad'll totally freak when he finds out I took the car - they only took my license for a day, but he doesn't want anyone to see me driving. He's worried about how it will look...[scoffs].

I needed to come here.

This is where the accident happened. This is where they died...where I...

I thought I would feel closer to them here. I feel like if I could talk to them, they would understand.

It's so...tidy.

THE END



CHANTAL #2

I saw your video the other day.

I'm wondering when you will actually start taking responsibility for what you've done.

I've got a newsflash for you: you weren't at the scene of the accident. There was no accident. There was a crash. People died. Colleen died. Marc died.

You were at the scene of the crime. Your crime. Get used to it. Own it, for God's sake!

You showed us how "tidy" it was there? That was nice.

But a friend of mine is doing a co-op at the newspaper, and she found pics from that night. The pics are posted on Flickr, in case anyone wants to see what it really looked like. And it wasn't neat and tidy. Anything but neat and tidy.

THE END



PAUL #6

Went back to school today...shouldn't have bothered.

It was really unbelievable.

It was like I died too...I was a total ghost walking those halls.

Nobody would speak to me.

The hardest part was lunch.

Needless to say, nobody sat with me...

...but I saw Kim. She came into the caf - and for a second she stood there, looking for her friends. She saw me, and she didn't freak out or anything. She just looked sad.

It took about two seconds, and then her friends mobbed her, and dragged her out.

Anyhow, she's going to prom...and university in the fall.

I guess I won't be going with her...or at all.

All I've got to look forward to is my court date.

THE END



CHANTAL #3

I saw Ben today.

If you're watching your video posts - and I have no idea if you are - you might noticed that yesterday he posted a bunch of replies.

You should check them out.

I'm thinking it might be nice if you went and visited him too.

He literally just woke up the other day. His parents have been totally freaking out.

The doctors don't know if he'll walk again. He can't feel his legs, but he can wiggle one of his toes, so...

I can't believe it, but he says he wants to see you.

THE END



PAUL #7

Chantal...

This whole time I've been wishing I could talk to those guys just once more. For the longest time it was all I could think about. I just knew they were the only ones who could understand, and maybe forgive me.

It took me a really long time to be able to look at your posts.

And now that Dave's awake...

But I just...don't think I can do it.

What would be the purpose?

You guys shouldn't have to forgive me - and who the hell cares how I feel about it, right?

Nothing I could say will make this better for him or for you or for their parents...

I don't want you to have to say anything to make me feel better. That would be just so obnoxious.

I just always wanted to...I don't know...feel like I might be a good person.

And now...it's been decided. I'm not a good person - I can't be - look what I've done! There isn't anything I can do about that.

Mom wants me to see a counselor, and I guess I can do that to make her happy, but...it's not going to change anything.

Even if I went somewhere where nobody knew me, it would still be with me. It's going to live my life for me. From here on in, I'm just along for the ride.

THE END