

TEXTS WITH MARCUS: SATURDAY NIGHT

Alex: Marcus

Alex: Please be there

Alex: Lauren left and

Alex: Fuck, I don't know what to fucking do

Alex: I can't stay, but I'm in no shape for driving

Alex: I'd fly home, but my goddamn car is here

Alex: Please

Alex: Please

Marcus: Alex, I'm going to call you as soon as I'm in a private space

Marcus: Give me five minutes, max

Marcus: In the meantime, I need you to look up flights from SFO to where you are

Marcus: I'll get the next plane out, and we'll drive down to LA together

Marcus: Hold on

Marcus: I'm coming, and it'll be okay, I promise

Marcus: I PROMISE

Alex: Thank you

Alex: I can't stop crying, and it fucking BLOWS

Marcus: I'm so sorry

Marcus: Just keep yourself together and safe until I get there

Marcus: Can you do that?

Alex: I can do that

Alex: I love you

Marcus: I know, Alex. I love you too.