



novel



every

ทฤษฎีความรัก

Theory of Love

every

ทฤษฎีความรัก

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Theory of you
SCENE 18 / CUT 3 / TAKE 3
DATE / PROD.CO / ROLL 2
CAMERAMAN

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Prologue

"Hi, everyone. It's me again on Thursday at exactly 8 p.m., no more nor less. Many of you might wonder why I haven't been replying to the comments on my fan page lately. I am truly sorry. I was busy with my assignments, but now I've finished all the tasks."

Damn it, the camera tilts. Fuck, it tilts. Just noticed. But I'm too lazy to get off my bed and waste time adjusting it. Just continue like this, then.

"Let's begin. Last week, my juniors and even my friends kept urging me to watch this movie."

I pause, building up the excitement. Tick, tock, tick, tock...

"That's right. It's the movie called...'*The Girl That Never Stopped Laughing 2*' or in Thai, you guys might be familiar with, '*Dek-Ying-Poo-Ha-Dun* (The Crack-Up Girl): *Episode 2*."

Clap, mothafucka! The vid will be dull if you don't.

It seems like the fake clapper whom I hugged his leg begging for help have logged out of the system or just dropped dead, gone for good, so I need to move on to the next topic real quick.

"The movie didn't appeal to me at first, and many said

the story had nothing to do with the first episode, then why in the bloody hell had they made the sequel? But now that I watched the movie, I GOT IT! The story follows a senior high school girl, Amy, who's been having this symptom since she was young—she can't stop laughing once she starts it. I think we can call it the jaw-lock symptom. I won't give away any spoilers. You guys just have to go watch it yourself. Now, let's talk about the plot, photography, and soundtracks..."

And there goes my long, detailed commentary from my point of view.

You guys must be wondering who I am. I'll repeat it again loud and clear in case you don't know. My name is 'Third,' an amateur Youtuber. Well, to say I'm an amateur is not really accurate because I've begun my channel for almost a year now. I'm pretty successful, actually. My channel has more than thirty thousand subscribers, and the fan page I mentioned before currently has, in an exact number, thirty-four thousand likes.

I feel like a fucking idol.

After the recording of the movie review is finished, the next steps are editing, adding sounds and music, uploading it to Youtube, revealing it to the eyes of everyone, then it's done. This is my hobby, and the person who always takes part in my hobby is this dear friend...

"Hey, the previous clip got looooooooooooooots of views." If you ask me which part he takes, I'll say every part. Well, it's mostly listening to someone like me blabbering away, just like today.

"Three hundred views."

"Huh?"

"It got three hundred views. I checked it fifteen minutes ago."

"There's got to be something wrong with Youtube. Try again."

"It's your channel. *Dek-Ying-Poo-Ha-Dun* review. The current view is three hundred and fourteen. You call that 'lots?'"

Shit, I thought he hasn't checked.

"If you want my vid to get at least ten thousand views, then help me review next time. The views shoot up every time you're in my vids." This is pure truth.

We're both studying Communication Arts, majoring in Film. People call us, 'Film Kids.' I'm in my third year now, occupied with studying and many activities that I barely have free time. But it's weird...there is one thing me and that best friend of mine have been doing together without a break: We'd buy tickets and watch movies in the theater together, watching them until end credits changed into a blank, black screen. We'd get out of the theater then, at the same time eagerly commenting on the movies, exchanging opinions from our points of view.

From this activity, I started my own channel on Youtube to exchange experience with the viewers. I just want to know if they think the same. It seems like everything is going well, doesn't it? But, uh...sometimes it just sucks.

My videos don't gain much attention from the viewers, except the videos that this friend of mine appears in, those videos will always get lots of views. If that guy sits beside me, reviewing a movie together, it'll sure as hell get at least ten thousand views.

"It's your channel, do it your-fucking-self."

"But it'll be more popular if you're in there."

"Quit making use of my popularity, Mr. Third. I'll never be a kind, handsome man for you." I was smacked hard on the head by his big hand, and then my frenemy strides away through the skywalk, rushing me to speed up to catch up.

"Who will you be handsome for, then?"

"My girlfriend, of course."

Shick! It's like a knife stabbing through my heart. So this is what it's like to be hurt so much you become speechless.

"Are you free today? Let's go to a movie." I change the topic.

"Nah, I'm taking Jam out to dinner today. You go watch the one you want without me." Adrift...is probably the right word to describe my feeling right now.

To me...the words, 'best friends' are just a status I use to hide my feelings. I actually fricking hate these words. It'd be great if they disappeared from this world because...I have a crush on my best friend one-sidedly.

And this person is different from others. This jerk is way more over the top than ordinary people. And I know all about him.

My best friend's name is 'Khai.' His full name is Khunpol Krichpirom, born on Thursday, September 7th. I won't tell the year he was born, but the year he'll die is definitely this year 'cause I'm gonna kill him.

Khai is such a pain. He's got these weird behaviors, for example, he has to have lunch at precisely noon because his stomach is the most precise organ in the world.

"Hia*! I'll have the usual."

"You have to wait, Ah** Khai. I've got lots of customers today."

"My stomach is growling. It's already noon."

"Then go eat somewhere else. Cutting the line is troublesome."

"What do you have left? Anything I can scoop it in my mouth without wasting time."

"Aaaaaah~"

"You have it, right?"

"Ah Kimhuai, get Ah Khai rice mixed with fish sauce."

"Again? We've used up two bottles of fish sauce for Ah Khai alone this month."

Every time I saw him eating rice mixed with fish sauce, he never said it tasted bad, only telling me he was lucky he got to eat in time. I'm really afraid he'll die from renal failure, not naturally by age with me.

Khai is super popular. He hasn't been ranked as a hot boy or anything to prove that, but he's a playboy with a look of a K-pop idol, and so he's had girlfriends from almost every faculty.

"Hey, answer honestly, have you ever counted how many girlfriends you had ever since we'd become friends?"

"Nah, too many."

"Not even a few?"

"Why the hell are you sticking your nose in my girlfriend business, Third?"

"What? I'm your best friend. Don't I have the right to know?"

* 'Hia' is an honorific title Thai people use to address older Chinese-Thai people who they're familiar to.

** A title Chinese-Thai people address others in general.

"Don't remember."

"All right. Then when I say the name of a faculty, can you tell me if you had a girlfriend from it?" Because I don't know if he hid more lovers some other times. The ones he dated openly was already a bunch, but the ones he's never mentioned must've been plenty.

"Go on."

"B.A."

"Three. I liked Noina the most." The scene, 'Jeab, why did you cut my string?*' instantly pops up in my head.

"Arch."

"AR major, cool but too flirty. Not my type."

"Ed."

"Poy, the faculty's princess."

"Agri. What about Agri.?" Ever since I knew him, I've never seen him dating any girls from this faculty.

"The last-year Plough Beauty."

Shick! You even got the Plough Beauty?

"What about health specialists? Med., Dent., Pharm., AHS., Nursing."

"All of them, I think."

"Law, Soc. Sci., Engin, Science."

"Um."

"The fuck is 'um'?"

"All of them."

"You shithole, are you trying to collect points?"

* The quote is from the movie, 'Fan Chan (My Girl),' spoken by the female lead named, 'Noina,' to Jeab, the male lead.

"But there's one faculty and major I don't date."

"Which one is that?" I ask excitedly. This could be hope— I might finally get to know that he also chooses people to go out with...

"Film Kids. My motto is to never date friends from the same major. Do you understand me?"

He patted my shoulder with that same charming smile on his face. The hell do I have to understand? That no matter much I have feelings for my best friend, we can never be together? It fucking hurts, but I can't do anything but nod understandingly... with tears.

Khai is not the type of person who gets possessive of his stuff. But there is one thing he's extremely possessive of, and nobody can touch it except the girls on his list. It's his dear child, the KTM 1190 RC8 big bike named, 'Charle.'

"So are we going to a movie today?"

"Yep."

"How do we go?"

"You drive your car, I'll take Chawee."

"What Chawee?"

"The nickname is Charle, the full name is Chawee."

"You kidding?"

"I'm serious."

"Can I ride pillion on Chawee?"

"Can't. It's for girls only. Got it, dude?"

I'm a bit confused, but I don't fucking get it at all.

Khai once told me...to love someone, if they really liked us,

they'd come to us. That's the reason why he's never taken a step towards his targets first. The girls have always been the ones marching towards him without a break.

"My girlfriend liked it."

"Liked what?"

"Photos of another girl I've been seeing."

"There she is. Your text's flashing. Reply now."

Mint Supreeya Who is this, Khai? She liked many of your photos and has mutual friends with you.

Khunpol Krichpirom I have no idea.

A sly and slick liar, that's a summary of his personality.

Most importantly...he's incredibly gooooooood at tossing everything in his life away, so good that I think nobody in the uni can ever top that.

Rrrrr...!

"Yes, I'm coming right now." The sound of my bestie's ringtone rings upon my ears, waking me up from the recall of the distant past to the present again.

Yes, we're on the covered walkway right now. Ten more meters and we'll be reaching the parking lots where Khai and I will be separating.

"What's the matter, Jam?"

"..."

"Is it like that? Don't be silly."

"..."

"Stop trying to pick a fight, I'm tired of it." Here we go, for fuck's sake. Same film, repeated scene. I think I've watched this scene for more than ten times already, and every time Khai would be the same, which is...

"Dare me to break up again? All right, then. Go your way, I won't stop you." And then he hangs up. It's probably me again who has to go pat his shoulder and comfort him like I always did.

"Are you...okay?"

"Not really," he says downheartedly. It's okay, I'm here, not going anywhere. If you have nobody left, I'll be here to comfort you. *I...love...you.*

Ding!

Someone texted him. No, don't pick up your phone, you shithead. DON'T!

"It's Milk from Accounting." I bet I look a hundred times more disheartened than him now, and my hand is even still on his shoulder.

"S...so what?"

"I'm checking her out."

"But you just broke up with Jam. Don't tell me..."

"I wasn't two-timing them. Haven't made a move on her yet. But I'm single now, so I think I can do it."

"...!"

"I'm leaving. I shall excuse myself to start a new relationship with my new love. See you tomorrow morning. Buy me a Tom Yum Goong noodle cup. Love you so damn much."

"Wait, Khai, you fucker!" I end up alone again.

I don't remember how many times I've been in this situation. For three years that I've had feelings for him, there hasn't been a single day he'd look at me. It's maybe because I've never told him how I feel. That's why the story always ends with me getting hurt by myself.

Tomorrow, he'll be having his new girl ridden pillion on his bike like usual. Tomorrow, I'll be walking to him with his favorite food, without him even realizing how I feel.

Tomorrow, the secret will remain a secret. If I don't want to lose him, all I can do is keep my mouth shut and just love him one-sidedly like I always do. This is fucking sad, but I can't do anything but walk with my head down to my car.

And every time I feel down, I'd go back to my room, turn on music on my old laptop, and go straight into the bathroom.

Let a sad song echo in my ears. I cry, not weeping, but still, it hurts. One of my hands leans against the wall, another turning on the water so that the cold will rinse off my sadness.

Play the MV!

"Fuck, the water isn't running."

This fucking ruined my mood. I rush out to replay the song and grab a bottle of water from the fridge. If the water isn't running, then I'll use the water from the bottle. Splash it down, striking my heart into pieces.

SPLASH!!!

Khai, you asshole. You should know how much drinking water I've wasted on you. What a damn fucking waste...



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