

Pack Up and Go

By Skya Theobald

5 Pinta Court, Greenlawn NY 11740

631-897-0260

skyatheobald@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. COLLEGE DORM JANUARY - DAY

SAM, 18, Asian-American, is walking briskly along the hall. She is wearing a We're From Antarctica band t-shirt and a painted denim jacket. She walks with purpose but seems a bit nervous. Another student passes and nods to her.

STUDENT

Hey!

SAM

Hey.

STUDENT

Haven't seen you around.

Sam turns and slows down to respond.

SAM

(nervous laugh)

Yeah, I umm, I got reassigned.

STUDENT

Oh, why?

SAM

Umm...rooming situation wasn't really for me. I just wanted my own space, ya know?

STUDENT

Oh yeah. Totally. Well shit, we'll miss you.

SAM

Yeah, thanks!

She turns the corner, takes a deep breath in as she approaches the room she's going to. Tight on her face.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM LAST MARCH - DAY

A younger Sam sits on her bed on her computer scrolling through a Facebook new admits page. She stops on Morgan's post. Sam reads the description on her post and smiles.

She clicks the message button, types out a message and hits send.

Sam: "We're From Antarctica is my favorite band"

Sam smiles and waits a moment. She gets a message back.

Morgan: "No way, I thought no one else heard of them."

Morgan: "What's your favorite song?"

Sam: "Boulder"

Morgan: "Classic"

Sam: "Want to call sometime?"

Morgan: "Sure, what's your number?"

Sam types and sends it. In a moment she gets a call, she is taken aback for a moment, then picks up.

SAM
(laughs)
That was fast.

CUT TO:

INTERCUT - INT. MORGAN'S BEDROOM / SAM'S BEDROOM LAST MARCH -DAY

MORGAN, 18, Korean American, lays on her bed in baggy clothes that cover up her body.

MORGAN
(comfortably formal)
This is Samantha?

SAM
Yup, that's me.

MORGAN
Hello. You didn't post on the Facebook.
I didn't see your post.

SAM

No, I didn't. I saw your post. You're an artist?

MORGAN
I don't make art. I appreciate art.

SAM
Cool. I do too.

MORGAN
Make or appreciate?

SAM
Appreciate mostly.

MORGAN
So what do you do?

SAM
I... write. I'm a writer.

MORGAN
Very cool. Is that what you're going to study?

SAM
Maybe, probably.

MORGAN
Well I guess we have four years to figure that out.

Morgan looks at herself in the mirror.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM PRESENT - DAY

Present Morgan is on the floor strumming on her guitar. She's wearing a black choker and a tank top that reveals the scars on her arms - drastic style change from the flashback.

Sam appears in the doorway behind her. She is silent for a moment. Morgan looks up and turns her head.

SAM
Hi.

Morgan stiffens slightly.

MORGAN
(somewhat formally)
Hello.

SAM
Just thought I'd stop by and say hi.

MORGAN
So I see.

SAM
How are you?

MORGAN
(measured)
I'm good. I'm great.

SAM
Yeah? Are you?

MORGAN
Do you actually care?

SAM
Of course I do.

MORGAN
You never texted or called over break.

CUT TO:

INTERCUT - INT. SAM'S CAR / MORGAN'S BEDROOM LAST APRIL - DAY

Split screen: Sam is driving, on the phone with Morgan.

SAM
I'm not much of an online person. I
like meeting people face to face.

MORGAN
I just like scrolling through and
seeing all these stupid cookie cutter
info dumps: Hey y'all I am blonde and
white and I like boba and Friends and I
volunteered with who-the-fuck-cares.

SAM

Oh? And what makes your post so different?

MORGAN

Mine has *content*.

SAM

Oh-kay.

MORGAN

You responded to my post didn't you?

SAM

I liked the art you posted.

MORGAN

A picture is worth a thousand words.

SAM

Shit. I just missed a turn.

MORGAN

Are you driving right now?

SAM

Yeah.

MORGAN

Is that safe?

SAM

Yeah.

MORGAN

You know what would be really funny?

SAM

What?

MORGAN

If you just like crashed and died right now because you're talking to me.

SAM

What?!

MORGAN

You get distracted because I'm saying something interesting and then you just - bam! Right into another car and you go spinning and then there's fire and-

SAM

Now it's your fault if I crash.

MORGAN

I would come to the funeral.

SAM

Really? Would you?

MORGAN

Yup. I would be there.

A lull.

SAM

You know, I didn't think I'd make any friends before we started school. But, I'm glad we talk.

MORGAN

Yeah, I messaged with some other people on the facebook but they're all losers.

SAM

Morgan!

MORGAN

What? That's a compliment. I'm saying you're *not* a loser. I mean I just told you I'd come to your funeral for christ sake.

The car turns and for a moment we're looking at the lights through the car window, then-

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM PRESENT - DAY

We see the campus outside and the girl's reflections in the dorm room window. They're quiet for a moment.

SAM

Yeah. Um... How was your break?

MORGAN

It was fine.

SAM

Good? Was it okay? Being at home?

MORGAN

Yeah, it was fine.

SAM

Your family was fine?

MORGAN

Fine.

SAM

Okay, good. That's good.

MORGAN

Yours?

SAM

It was nice.

MORGAN

Able to avoid all those assholes from your school?

SAM

Yeah, I don't live near them and I don't have to see them anymore, obviously, so...it was nice being home. Got to kind of rest and breath.

MORGAN

Oh that's good, I'm sure you needed it.

SAM

(exasperated)

Morg-

CUT TO:

INTERCUT - INT. SAM'S CAR / MORGAN'S BEDROOM LAST MAY - NIGHT

SAM

(excited)

-gan! Ohh I'm so glad you could call. I hate driving alone at night. I had this event at my school. It's bad enough driving forty minutes during the day.

MORGAN

Well, it's nice that you get to go to prep school. My mom really wanted me to go to one, but we couldn't afford it.

SAM

I guess. They're strict about grades with my scholarship. And everyone there is rich and white and like so concerned with grades and can't comprehend anyone not wanting to go premed.

MORGAN

White people are so stupid.

SAM

It's so frustrating like I got into college, I shouldn't have to care about fucking high school anymore.

MORGAN

Yeah.

SAM

I just can't wait until we're there ya know?

MORGAN

Believe me, I can't either.

SAM

Have you filled out your housing forms yet?

MORGAN

No, not yet.

(pause)

Do you...

SAM

Do you want to be roommates?

MORGAN

Yeah.

SAM

But, umm... You should know I really like hanging around naked.

MORGAN

Oh. Okay...

SAM

Not in a sexual way! I'm just, it's just a body you know. I'm very comfortable being naked, honestly I don't even like wearing clothes at all.

MORGAN

Okay, well I won't be walking around naked, but I guess I don't mind if you do.

SAM

What? You're not going to join me and make our own mini nudist colony?

MORGAN

Hah. Yeah no.

SAM

Why not! Free the body!

MORGAN

I've got... a lot of scars.

A beat.

SAM

Oh. From like, hurting yourself?

MORGAN

Most of them are from my mom.

SAM

Oh.

MORGAN

So no bikinis and no short sleeves and probably no nudist colony.

SAM

I'm so sorry.

MORGAN

What are parents for? But yeah I don't care if you like being naked.

SAM

Okay... so?

MORGAN

Yeah, fuck it. Let's be roommates.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM PRESENT - DAY

Sam stands in the doorway, a few moments of silence.

SAM

(looking around the room)

Have they set you up with a new roommate yet?

MORGAN

Not yet.

(pause)

Hopefully I'll just have the space to myself. That would probably be easier.

SAM

Well if they give you a new roommate maybe she'll be cleaner than me.

MORGAN

(thinks about it)

I doubt it.

SAM

I did try.

MORGAN

I did too.

SAM

It's honestly just really nice to have my own space - they put me in a single.

MORGAN

Oh wow.

SAM

Yeah, it's been nice.

MORGAN

I bet.

SAM

Yeah.

MORGAN

Well I have a...

(pause)

Single...basically...for now.

SAM

(awkward chuckle)

Yeah.

Sam looks at what used to be her bed.

CUT TO:

INTERCUT - INT. SAM'S ROOM / MORGAN'S BEDROOM LAST JUNE - NIGHT

Sam falls onto her bed with her earbuds in, her and Morgan are laughing. Under their laughter, the end of "Boulder" is playing.

MORGAN

Wait wait wait shhh I want to hear this part.

The images merge together so both girls are lying on their beds with their heads almost touching in the center. Their headset chords are splayed around their heads and seem to connect.

SAM

(singing along)

I'll pack up my things and go.

They are silent for a moment as the music ends.

SAM

Ugh. So good.

(pause)

I wish I could write music, like it's just so powerful. I love writing lyrics but I can't really get the music.

MORGAN

I've got a guitar... I haven't really picked it up yet but we could play around with stuff when we get to school.

SAM

Yeah, that sounds fun.

(pause)

Have you ever thought about making art? Like not just appreciating it?

MORGAN

Sure, I've thought about it. I want to someday.

SAM

We should cover our walls with like art and poetry.

MORGAN

(eww)

Poetry.

SAM

What?

MORGAN

Poetry is so try-hard.

SAM

Morgan. I'm a poet.

MORGAN

Sorry, sorry. I'll read some of your poetry. You should send me some of your poetry.

SAM

Well now I feel like you're going to judge me.

MORGAN

I probably will, so what? It's fine.

SAM

No.

MORGAN

Send me some of your favorite poems
then.

SAM

Send me some of your favorite artworks
so I can counter-judge you.

MORGAN

You can't counter-judge me.

SAM

Why's that?

MORGAN

You can't judge Van Gogh.

SAM

He cut off his ear so yeah I can.

Silence for a moment.

MORGAN

What time is it over there? Do you have
to get to bed?

SAM

Nah, I can stay on a little bit.

Silence for a moment.

MORGAN

What... is the most fucked up thing
you've ever done?

SAM

(laugh)

Morgan. What kind of a question is
that?

(thinks)

I used to close my eyes sometimes. When
I was driving.

MORGAN

What?

SAM

Like only if there weren't any other cars on the road or anyone around! I know it's bad, but like I don't know why but I used to drive around super depressed at night all the time and I didn't know where I was going and then sometimes I'd just close my eyes for a moment... just cuz I could I guess. And then I'd open them and I'd hate myself, I know it's stupid.

MORGAN

So... you are never driving us anywhere.

SAM

I don't do it anymore!

Morgan is laughing, Sam starts laughing.

SAM

Shut up!

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM PRESENT - DAY

They're silent a bit.

SAM

The walk over isn't too bad. I'm still pretty close.

Morgan nods slowly, she glances at the window. She notices a candle, burning softly. For a few moments we watch them through the flame.

MORGAN

It'll probably be getting cold soon.

SAM

Uh, yeah, right.

MORGAN

You left a candle here but I didn't know you were gonna stop by so I've just been burning it.

SAM

Oh, yeah, that's fine, don't worry about it.

MORGAN
But if you want it back-

SAM
No, that's fine.

MORGAN
Smells good. Blueberry muffin.

SAM
Does it? That's good.

Quiet for a moment. Sam is about to leave.

MORGAN
You're wearing the t-shirt I got you.

SAM
Yeah, yeah, it was a nice gift. Thanks.
Have you used the paint set I got you?

Morgan nods towards the wall where there's a painting of a lone yellow car driving away from the viewer at night.

Sam steps forward to look at it.

MORGAN
(like scolding a cat)
Psst!

Sam slips off her shoes and leaves them by the door. She approaches the painting.

The space around the car is blue and the edges of the painting are black. It is vaguely Van Gogh - esq. Lyrics from "Boulder" are written in the air and in the wake of the car: "We all want to be free" "Tell me if you're gonna leave" "Talk is cheap" "Waiting on a cure that won't be found." Sam examines it for a bit.

SAM
That's nice. You put words around it.
This is really cool.

MORGAN
So now you appreciate my art?

Sam is still looking at the painting. She closes her eyes with a sigh.

SAM

What do you mean?

MORGAN

You went to the art show without me.

SAM

Lily asked me to go. You don't like Lily.

MORGAN

Yeah, she's a dumb blonde.

SAM

You didn't have any art in the show.

MORGAN

Art is my thing. I know more about art than Lily Davis. You didn't even ask me if I wanted to go. You didn't even apologize after.

SAM

You locked me out of our room.

MORGAN

You seemed pretty happy to be rid of me for the night.

SAM

I slept on a couch. I didn't even brush my teeth. You know how anal I am about brushing my teeth. I had to get an RA to let me back in.

MORGAN

So that's what you care about?

SAM

Are you serious? I knocked and knocked and texted you all night and all morning and you didn't answer any messages, any calls - do you know how scared I was when the RA opened that door?

A beat.

MORGAN

Why?

Sam stares at Morgan.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S ROOM LAST JULY - NIGHT

Sam is writing in her notebook when she gets a text from Morgan.

Morgan: Hey, wyd?

Sam: Little writing, wbu?

Morgan: I just cut myself

Sam puts her notebook down.

INTERCUT HALLWAY - DAY

Sam follows an RA up the stairs.

INTERCUT SAM'S ROOM LAST JULY - NIGHT

Sam types.

Sam: Are you okay?

Morgan: Yeah, I'm okay now

Sam: Are you sure?

INTERCUT HALLWAY - DAY

Sam and RA going up stairs.

INTERCUT SAM'S ROOM LAST JULY - NIGHT

Morgan: Yeah

Sam: Do you want to call?

Sam paces, waiting for a response.

Morgan: I can't right now

Sam: Okay, do you want to talk about it?

INTERCUT HALLWAY - DAY

Sam and RA reach the top of the stairs.

INTERCUT SAM'S ROOM LAST JULY - NIGHT

Sam sinks into the corner of her room.

Morgan: I'm just

Morgan: so lonely

Sam: I'm so sorry

INTERCUT HALLWAY - DAY

Sam and RA going down the hall.

INTERCUT SAM'S ROOM LAST JULY - NIGHT

Sam: It'll be better soon

Sam: We're going to be around so many more people like us

Morgan: Yeah

INTERCUT HALLWAY - DAY

Sam and RA approach the door.

INTERCUT SAM'S ROOM LAST JULY - NIGHT

Sam: I care about you so much

Morgan: I know

Sam starts crying.

Sam: I feel lonely most of the time. And the fact that we've connected like this is amazing

INTERCUT HALLWAY - DAY

Sam stands behind the RA as they stick the key into the lock.

INTERCUT SAM'S ROOM LAST JULY - NIGHT

Sam: It's incredible that you live across the country and I don't feel alone when I'm talking to you

Morgan: I don't either

Morgan: :)

INTERCUT HALLWAY - DAY

THE RA gets the key in the lock. They turn the knob.

INTERCUT SAM'S ROOM LAST JULY - NIGHT

Sam: We're going to live together so soon

Sam: Less than two months before we pack up our things and go

INTERCUT HALLWAY - DAY

The door swings open. Morgan stares at them stone-faced.

INTERCUT SAM'S ROOM LAST JULY - NIGHT

Morgan: I can't wait

Sam sits back and breathes. The air is full of hope. Then-

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM PRESENT - DAY

Silence. Sam and Morgan stare at each other for a moment.

SAM

Do you really think I don't care?

Morgan half shakes her head.

SAM

Do you even know me?

MORGAN

I guess not.

SAM

I really care about you Morgan.

A long pause.

MORGAN

Okay.

Another pause.

SAM

I hope we can still be friends.

Morgan shrugs.

Sam nods, thinks if there's anything else to say - there's not. She goes to the door, slips her shoes back on, and leaves the room. Morgan picks her guitar back up and sits with it.

"Boulder" by We're From Antarctica begins to play.

We follow Sam down the hall as she leaves. Back in the room, Morgan stops picking at the guitar and looks towards the door where Sam has gone. We pull out, seeing how alone she is.

CUT TO BLACK.