

WHERE I SAY ALL MY THINGS

Written by

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INT. HALLWAY- NIGHT

A TEACHER (50s, kinda terrifying) glides down a dark linolium hallway, lined with bedroom doors. She hears students TALKING from behind one of the doors and KNOCKS on it.

TEACHER

Curfew.

She continues patrolling, unaware that under one of the doors, a pair of watching EYES blink.

INT. BEDROOM- CONTINUOUS

ETIENNE (17, timid and fragile), quietly pulls his eyes away from the door in the darkness. Moonlight from the window outlines the details of his simple boarding school dorm.

He JUMPS as a LIGHT on the other side of the room flicks ON, revealing BAPTISTE (17, aggressive & outgoing), his roommate.

BAPTISTE

-Where we going?!

For every step Baptiste takes forwards, Etienne takes one step back.

BAPTISTE (CONT'D)

Are we sneaking out?!

Etienne shakes his head timidly.

BAPTISTE (CONT'D)

Don't be lame. Let's go! You were thinking bout it.

Etienne slides into bed and pulls the blanket up to his chin.

BAPTISTE (CONT'D)

Really? You're sleeping now? With the light on? You don't even have the balls to ask me to turn it off. Let's hear you try. Let's hear it.

Etienne just shuts his eyes as hard as he can.

BAPTISTE (CONT'D)

Come. On.

Baptiste still stands, staring at Etienne.

BAPTISTE (CONT'D)

You woke me up, you know. I had a dream I had sex with your mom.

Etienne keeps his eyes closed.

ETIENNE

How do you know my mom?

BAPTISTE

Well it wasn't her but it was her.
You ever have dreams like that?

ETIENNE

Can we sleep, please?

BAPTISTE

You got it, boss.

Baptiste's face falls. He smacks the light OFF, sighs, and flops onto his bed, dejected.

INT. HALLWAY- LATER

A completely still hallway. Until-

A door CREEKS open and Etienne steps out. It CLICKS as it shuts behind him. Methodically, he tip toes down the hall.

At the end, he reaches a wooden stairwell. He quietly rushes up, wood panels CREEKING beneath him as he does.

Finally, at the top: a door. He gently opens it, revealing-

INT. THE ATTIC- CONTINUOUS

The school's attic. It's filled with deflated soccer balls from gym, extra school supplies, and cobwebs.

And in the very back, against the wall, is a vintage RADIO broadcast setup. Etienne makes a beeline for it.

He sits down in front of it, puts the headphones on as if he has done it a million times before, and grabs the mic.

His shoulders relax as he begins to speak into it.

ETIENNE

Good evening and welcome back to
LIVE from the attic. The question I
want to discuss tonight is: why is
thinking embarrassing?

He transforms into to a much more confident boy.

ETIENNE (CONT'D)

Okay, what I mean by that is, for example, journaling is a great substitute for talking, which we all need. But if you journal, it's physical evidence of a thought, which, for some reason, is not good if you live in a boys' dormitory.

INT. HALLWAY- MOMENTS LATER

The empty hallway. But this time, it isn't silent. FOOTSTEPS against the linoleum echo quietly throughout.

Quickly, they are followed by the familiar CREAKING of the wooden stairwell.

INT. THE ATTIC- MOMENTS LATER

Etienne, with his back to the door, falls into a rhythm.

ETIENNE

- I guess I'm kind of terrified of the idea of having a thought preserved, either in writing or even just by someone remembering something you said. On one hand, it's nice to be listened to, and on the other, it's nice to be able to talk with no consequences. When I-holy fuck.

He just realized BAPTISTE has been quietly sitting in the corner of the attic and listening to him talk for a while now. Baptiste stares with a toothy grin.

Etienne shoves the mic away.

BAPTISTE

No, keep going!

Etienne shakes his head, refusing to make eye contact.

BAPTISTE (CONT'D)

I didn't know you could talk!

ETIENNE

Yes, you did.

Etienne removes his headphones. Baptiste approaches the radio.

BAPTISTE
What is this? What are you doing?

ETIENNE
A radio show.

BAPTISTE
Are you a DJ?

ETIENNE
No, I just kind of talk.

BAPTISTE
And people listen?

ETIENNE
I imagine they do.

BAPTISTE
You talk to them every night but
you never talk to me? I thought we
were kind of friends.

ETIENNE
Not the type of friends that tell
eachother things. This is where I
say all my things.

He gestures to the air around them. Baptiste pauses.

BAPTISTE
Well it's bullshit.

ETIENNE
Okay well I stopped already.

BAPTISTE
No no, it's amazing bullshit.

ETIENNE
What's amazing bullshit?

BAPTISTE
That you - YOU!- Sneak out every
night and talk to a bunch of people
you don't even know. You're not
even scared even though you have no
idea who's listening?

ETIENNE
Well, I-

BAPTISTE
-It's fucking cool.

Etienne looks up and smiles, finally feeling comfortable around his roommate.

BAPTISTE (CONT'D)
 Why didn't you tell me about this before?

ETIENNE
 Ahh, I don't know. I actually-

BAPTISTE
 -Shit I'm interrupting, huh? Don't wanna keep you from it. Sorry.

ETIENNE
 No, um. It's alright, I'm done for the night. Let's just head back-

BAPTISTE
 - But I wanna listen to the show.

The nervousness re-enters Etienne's bloodstream.

ETIENNE
 It's not really your kind of material, it's more like-

BAPTISTE
 -I don't give a shit.

ETIENNE
 Um. Alright. Yeah, okay yeah. Okay.

Etienne guiltily grabs the mic. Baptiste smiles and shakes his head at him, like he's proud.

ETIENNE (CONT'D)
 And we're back. Sorry for the interruption. So, um, I was just talking about talking, and how we all need it. Obviously. And um, yeah, that's why I'm grateful that SOOO many of you tune in to listen to me talk every night. So many. Um so as we were talking about before-

Panning down, REVEAL: Etienne has kept the radio unplugged this whole time.