

THEY WERE ROOMMATES

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1 EXT. DORM BUILDING - DAY ESTABLISHING SHOT 1

2 INT. DORM HALLWAY 2

TAKE JACKSON walking down the hallway on the phone with his mom. He wears a backpack, a soccer jersey, and gym shorts and carries a soccer ball and 1 box.

JACKSON

Yes, Mom...I'm heading there right now. I got everything I needed. No! I'm not late...

3 INT. DORM LIVING ROOM 3

TAKE JACKSON walking into the dorm.

JACKSON

Love you too Mom, bye.

JACKSON drops his heap of stuff on the floor.

JACKSON

Honey, I'm home!

TAKE OTIS sitting on the couch watching Jeopardy, unamused.

JACKSON

This is a nice vibe you got going on...

JACKSON motions to the general area OTIS currently inhabits, raising his eyebrows in surprise.

OTIS drags his attention away from the screen reluctantly.

OTIS

Otis. This is your side and that's mine, if you couldn't tell.

TAKE WIDE of the living room, duct tape splits the entire room in half, including the couch.

JACKSON

Wow, you got it all set up... cool, cool.

JACKSON looks around, he picks up his soccer ball and places it gently on the shelf.

JACKSON  
There! Now this is officially *our*  
place.

JACKSON jumps onto the couch before OTIS can protest.  
Realization hits JACKSON-

JACKSON  
Oh shit! I'm missing the game!

JACKSON takes the remote and messes with the TV.

OTIS  
No, no! What are you doing?!

JACKSON  
I gotta catch this game man, my  
team is playing you wouldn't  
understand.

JACKSON shakes his head solemnly, genuinely sad that OTIS could never understand.

OTIS  
I could not care less about some  
soccer game, and I was watching  
first.

OTIS takes the remote from out of JACKSON'S hand, switching it back to Jeopardy.

JACKSON takes the remote and switches it back to the game.

JACKSON  
Uh...rude!

OTIS  
Oh, no you don't! This is my TV.

The two struggle, pulling the remote back and forth.  
Buttons are being pressed at random and the TV is playing  
all sorts of sounds.

JACKSON  
I swear if I let a nerd beat ME!

JACKSON gives the remote a good yank, and the TV lands on a  
different show as falls onto the floor. OTIS is sprawled  
over the couch, panting from the battle.

OTIS  
Ugh! Wait...is this...Love Island?

JACKSON  
(perks up) Yeah, I know that intro  
anywhere.

OTIS  
Wait, you're a love islander?

JACKSON  
Well, I prefer the term "lovelies"  
but yes this is my ultimate guilty  
pleasure...or (mumbling) regular  
pleasure.

OTIS  
(nervously) Uhh... yeah, I mean me  
too actually. (COUGH) This is my  
jam.

JACKSON and OTIS look at each other.

A beat.

JACKSON stumbles onto the couch, nearly knocking OTIS in  
the process, the two assume prime watching positions, eyes  
now glued to the TV, leaning forward.

JACKSON  
Yo, who's your favorite?

JACKSON'S mouth hangs slightly ajar, his eyes don't leave  
the screen and neither does OTIS'.

OTIS  
...Huh?

JACKSON  
Never mind, never mind.

JACKSON waves his hand at OTIS dismissing the remark.

SLOW FADE OUT