

FALL

Written by

Rebecca K. Levy

Rebecca.levy@uga.edu
678-218-7069

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY (ONE MONTH AGO)

THWACK. A completed EXAM sheet hits a desk. Scribbled at the top in red ink: 98.

A pair of hands graze the edges of the page.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSY STREET - SUNSET

It's gray except for the harsh glint of sun reflecting off of passing cars as they come and go. In between the roaring flow of traffic is a concrete MEDIAN, on which stands CASEY, a college student on the cusp of 21.

She stands, slouched, backpack dangling from her shoulders. Surrounded by traffic flowing in both directions, Casey remains still, gazing ahead.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY (ONE MONTH AGO)

We see hands crumple up the exam then carelessly shove it into a backpack. The hands pick up the bag and leave.

EXT. COLLEGE BUILDING - DAY (ONE MONTH AGO, CONTINUOUS)

The backpack and its owner, Casey, walk away from the building towards campus.

As Casey walks, the focus shifts towards the environment around her. It's Fall. Mid-semester. Trees dip over sidewalks, littering brown leaves in their shade. Twisted vines and cracked old buildings line the perimeter of a grassy lawn. The sun peaks over rooftops and bleeds through trees.

EXT. CAMPUS COURTYARD - BACK TO PRESENT

Casey sits cross legged opposite BETH, an early twenties college student nonchalantly snacking on a cup of yogurt. The pair's backpacks lay on the ground beside them.

BETH
You're being dramatic.

CASEY
I can't help the way I feel.

BETH
You're feeling dramatic.

Beth receives a notification on her phone and glances at it.

CASEY
No, I just- I know this isn't it
for me - Here, my life here.

BETH
I think your "life here" is pretty
good. Like, objectively, you're
young, healthy-ish, you're in
college...

CASEY
Right, but-

BETH
Whenever we walk to class together
you're always saying something
about how beautiful it is here.

CASEY
I know, I know. It is, I just...

Casey pauses and looks out at the campus. Students walking to
and fro blur out of focus, blending into a mass of legs.

She turns back to Beth.

EXT. COLLEGE BUILDING - DAY (THREE WEEKS AGO)

Casey leans against a building. She blankly looks to the
door, then back out towards campus, then door again.

CASEY (O.S.)
I haven't been to MicroEcon in
three weeks and four days.

CASEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)	BETH (O.S.)
For no-	Sanderson's 3:30 class?

CASEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Yes. For no reason at all really. I
walk all the way to the building
door...

EXT. BENCH - MOMENTS LATER

A bench lies meekly on the edge of a grassy area, empty for a
beat before disturbed by Casey as she sits down.

CASEY (O.S.)
Then I just leave and sit on a
random bench until class is over.

BETH (O.S.)
Everybody skips class sometimes,
Casey.

CASEY (O.S.)
I had a really high grade in that
class- A. High A.

BETH (O.S.)
Well-

CASEY (O.S.)
And Econ is my major.

EXT. CAMPUS COURTYARD - BACK TO PRESENT

Beth is quiet for a moment.

BETH
Yeah... Yeah, that's weird, Casey.

CASEY
...There's this, I don't even know...
this lingering feeling of...
heaviness or something. I keep
thinking about leaving here. I
could go to... go to Canada, to
start. Work at a ski lodge. Help
people go up and down a mountain
all day. Be happy.

EXT. SKI LODGE - DAY (**ARCHIVAL**)

A ski lift transports people across the snowy terrain - Up,
down, Up, down. SKIERS exit a lodge together, laughing.

EXT. CAMPUS BENCH - CONTINUOUS

Beth looks at Casey skeptically.

BETH
Right, because historically ski
lodges solve all the world's
problems.

CASEY

I just don't want to "think"
anymore— not anymore, but just for
a few seconds or, or days or, I
don't know.

BETH

Just take a walk or something.
You're gonna come back and tell me
how wonderful it is to be alive. I
know you.

CASEY

Right, yeah... I'll try it.

EXT. NORTH CAMPUS QUAD - SUNSET, THE NEXT DAY

A BELL TOLLS. A dead, orange leaf falls from a tree. Casey watches the leaf as it falls, standing stiffly at the head of a long sidewalk that weaves through the quad.

She puts HEADPHONES on and walks. Gentle MUSIC begins to play. Campus through Casey's point of view is beautiful: swelling orange and green colors, chipmunks running across the grass, towering brick buildings, clusters of trees.

Even the mundane has an element of intrigue to it: A grumbling gray air conditioning unit, weeds growing in sidewalk cracks, litter abandoned on benches.

EXT. BUSY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Grass gives way to concrete and trees to power lines as Casey approaches the commercialized street that borders campus.

CASEY (O.S.)

It was beautiful. Like Beth said.
Or, like Beth said I said. But...
it felt distant from me. Like it
was some kind of set, not real...

She keeps going. The sidewalk is now framed by gray buildings, billboards, and street signs. Cars speed by. Casey approaches the concrete MEDIAN, the same one seen earlier.

Finally, she stops walking. Her eyes are glassy.

INT. CASEY'S BEDROOM - DAY

It's messy but not too messy, dark but not too dark. Casey is flopped on her bed, talking to someone across the room.

CASEY

...Or it was real and I was the
part that was displaced.

Opposite Casey, on the floor, is BEAN, a small black pug. His
mind is absolutely devoid of consciousness. He blinks.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Do you ever feel like... like, say
there's a multiverse with an
infinite amount of timelines. You
know, other versions of you living
your life... I don't know, I think
the other versions have gotta be
living better than I am.

Bean blinks again.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Give me your secrets, Bean.

Nothing.

CASEY (CONT'D)

You'll like Canada, I think.

Bean walks out through Casey's ajar bedroom door, through
which the living room TV plays the NEWS, bleak as ever.

Casey sighs into her bed.

INT/ EXT. CASEYS CAR, BUSY STREET - DAY

Casey drives past the MEDIAN she once stood upon.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Casey walks with her backpack.

Beth walks up with two coffees in hand. She gives one to
Casey. They walk on together.

BETH

(elbowing Casey)

Love this time of year. Right?

CASEY.

(half-hearted)

Yeah. It's really beautiful.

EXT. COLLEGE BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Casey splits off from Beth as she approaches the same brick building seen earlier. She leans against the brick column, stares at the door, stares out at campus, then takes a sip of coffee.

The door mocks her. Campus again, door again, coffee again.

CREAK.

The door wins. Casey walks into the building, rejoining the civilized world of MicroEcon 3010 and leaving Canada behind.

FADE TO BLACK.