

PASTEL IS TYPING...

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INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

FADE IN:

A bright COLLEGE CLASSROOM. PASTEL (20) enters, short and mousy. SIMPLE looks. PINK SWEATER. She scans the room for a seat, heads to the back past STUDENTS chatting in clusters. She sits. The only alone student.

She hurriedly pulls a LAPTOP from her BACKPACK, boots up a CHAT ROOM. A MESSAGE from the username "**MIZU**" reads: "**I'm soooo bored. Someone talk to me :(**"

Pastel lights up, types out the reply: "**heya Mizu**". A REPLY from MIZU pops up: "**OMG hi pastel**". She looks up from the screen. MIZU (18) sits beside her. In the flesh. GLAM ALT GIRL. Cool A.F.

MIZU
O.M.G. Hi, Pastel!

PASTEL
(teasing)
Wow! You're up before noon!

MIZU
I have school, alright?

PASTEL
I do not miss getting up at 6 AM every day.

MIZU
Yeah, when I get to college, I'm taking all late classes too.

PASTEL
But listen, I have a presentation like any minute now and I'm trying not to freak out.

MIZU
Come on, bestie. You got this.

PASTEL
I know, but like I have to lead a discussion at the end and I'm worried no one's gonna talk to me.

MIZU
Nah, they will. It's gonna go great.

PASTEL

Maybe.

They sit quiet for a moment, unsure of how to continue.

PASTEL (CONT'D)

(acting official)

Alright, time for a Mizu check-in.
Did you drink water today?

MIZU

(rolling eyes)

Yes.

PASTEL

Have you eaten something that isn't
cereal?

MIZU

I'm about to.

PASTEL

Okay, and how are you feeling?

MIZU

(teasing)

Girl, you need to worry about
yourself. Your entire future
depends on the success of this 5
minute presentation.

Pastel laughs.

PASTEL

I guess its not that crucial. I
just want it to go well.

MIZU

And it will.

Pastel takes that in. Smiles.

MIZU (CONT'D)

Alright. I gotta switch classes.
Byeeee.

PASTEL

(disappointed)

Okay. See you later.

Pastel closes her laptop. Looks up. Mizu is gone. Pastel is left alone. Clusters of HAPPY STUDENTS surround her.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: "Pastel is Typing..."

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. PASTEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Pastel enters her tidy bedroom. CARTOON POSTERS, PLUSHIES. She goes to her bed. Urgently pulls out her LAPTOP.

PASTEL
(while typing, uneasy)
Anyone online?

Nothing. Pastel scans her empty room.

PASTEL (CONT'D)
(while typing)
Hello?

CUT TO:

INT. MIZU'S ROOM - DAY

Mizu sits at her DESK, eats CEREAL. It's the same Mizu, but she isn't a glam alt-girl. She's UNKEMPT, hasn't showered in days. Her room is a mess. TRASH and DIRTY CLOTHES piled up.

She's upset. A LETTER lays crumpled before her: **"The Admissions Committee regrets to inform you that we are unable to offer you a place in our first year class."** She eyes the letter for a moment, then tosses it in the trash.

She opens her LAPTOP, frowns at the screen then types. She looks up. Pastel has appeared on her bed. Same girl, but GLAM. STYLED AND FRILLY.

PASTEL
Hellooo?

MIZU
(moves to bed with laptop)
O.M.G. Hey.

PASTEL
(nervous)
Hey. You busy right now?

MIZU
Not really.

Mizu waits for Pastel to talk.

MIZU (CONT'D)
Do you wanna go to D.M.s?

PASTEL
(hesitant)
Yeah...okay.

CUT TO:

INT. MIZU'S ROOM / INT. PASTEL'S ROOM - SPLIT SCREEN - SAME
TIME

UNKEMPT Mizu sits on her bed with her LAPTOP. / SIMPLE Pastel
sits on her bed with her LAPTOP.

PASTEL
Can I vent a little bit? I don't
want to dump this on you if you're
like going through your own thing.

MIZU
(lying)
Nah, I got nothing going on.

PASTEL
Sorry. I don't know why, but it's
easier to talk to a stranger on the
internet than my own roommate.

MIZU
No, I get that. It's like...your
I.R.L. friends have a certain
perception of you. And you can't
vent to them without ruining that
perception.

PASTEL
Exactly. I just want my real world
to be stable for once. (beat)
You're the only person I can talk
to without things getting
complicated.

MIZU
I know, right? (beat) So, what's
going on?

Pastel shifts nervously.

PASTEL
My presentation was a mess. I
practiced it for hours and I
thought I had finally gotten over
this, and then I screwed it up.

Mizu's SISTER (23) barges into her room, but stays OFF
SCREEN.

SISTER (O.S.)
Did you see mom's text?

PASTEL
No one was listening, not even the
professor. And when it came time
for questions, I just-

MIZU
(to: Pastel, whispered)
One sec.

SISTER (O.S.)
Will you stop playing on your
laptop and talk to me?

Mizu sets her laptop aside. Pastel waits.

MIZU
What text?

SISTER (O.S.)
(annoyed)
Oh my god. You were supposed to be
ready.

MIZU
For what?

SISTER (O.S.)
Are you serious?

Mizu just stares.

SISTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Your niece's birthday?

MIZU
(under her breath)
Right.

SISTER (O.S.)
What have you been doing?

MIZU
I've...just-

SISTER (O.S.)
Just because you're suspended
doesn't mean you can sit around and
do nothing all day.

That hurts Mizu. She wants to retort but can't.

SISTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
We're leaving in 10 minutes.

Her sister exits. Slams the door. Mizu drops her head in her hands, breathes a heavy sigh. She grabs her laptop.

MIZU
(gently, while typing)
I just can't listen to you vent
right now. Can it wait?

CUT TO:

INT. PASTEL'S ROOM - SAME TIME

The SIMPLE Pastel sits next to the GLAM Mizu on the bed.

MIZU
(frustrated)
I just can't listen to you vent
right now. Can it wait?

PASTEL
(apologetic)
Oh! Yeah, of course.

Pastel slowly closes her LAPTOP. Mizu is GONE.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. MIZU'S ROOM - HOURS LATER

Mizu shuffles into her dark room. Exhausted. SUNDAY DRESS.
UNTIDY BUN. She plops on the bed. Opens her LAPTOP.

MIZU
(while typing)
Hey, Pastel. I can talk now.

Nothing. Mizu scans the empty room.

MIZU (CONT'D)
(while typing)
Sorry for not responding. I got
dragged to this party full of
people who don't even like me.

Nothing.

MIZU (CONT'D)
(while typing)
You okay?

CUT TO:

INT. PASTEL'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Pastel cries in her bed. Her LAPTOP sits by her, CLOSED.

CUT TO:

INT. MIZU'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Mizu huffs, typing something out.

MIZU
(frustrated, while typing)
Listen, I'm not really alright. So
lets just vent to each other, okay?

She pauses before sending that message, then DELETES IT. She
lets out a heavy sigh and closes her laptop.

CUT TO BLACK.