

“My Roommates Scandal”

Written by Aidan Keen

FADE UP: MUSIC

KEEN: It's late, nearly 3am, I'm sound asleep in my room. It seemed like a totally normal night, my windows cracked open to let in the cool air, I couldn't be getting better sleep. However, while I was asleep, I had no idea of the events that were about to unfold just two doors away in my own apartment.

FADE DOWN: MUSIC

FADE UP: NAT SOUND (outdoor noises from window, fan rolling, light snoring)

KEEN: The residents of my apartment include myself, Brennan, Valentine, and Dylan. Dylan's room was on the opposite end of the apartment from mine. Though often late into the night, you could still hear him awake. Probably talking to his friends on discord or just playing video games by himself. This night would be just like any other night. Dylan, awake by himself late into the night while the rest of us sleep.

FADE UP: NAT SOUND (Dylan playing video games in his room through his walls)

KEEN: Now what I'm about to tell you is all based on Dylan's own retelling of the events that night.

KEEN: Around 3 AM, Dylan sticks with his usual routine; he's playing on his PC, not really looking forward to his early start to classes tomorrow. And as usual Dylan gets hungry. He had already gone through the food inside of his own room, so he makes his way into the living room to check out what we have in our fridge.

FADE UP: NAT SOUND (Dylan opening his door. Footsteps. Sighing. Opening Fridge with Fridge Tone.)

KEEN: Dylan starts to make his way through the fridge trying to find something to satisfy his appetite. As he continues looking through the fridge, he suddenly hears a noise.

NAT SOUND: Door suddenly opening

KEEN: There's a man behind him, looking through our door staring right at Dylan.

DYLAN: What the?

NAT SOUND: (Door slams quickly, And tape-recording pause sound)

KEEN: Now you might be thinking, so Dylan probably woke up myself and the other roommates, maybe opened the door to try and see where the man went. Well, he didn't exactly do that, so he says. Instead, he did this.

NAT SOUND: Play button sound starting)

DYLAN: Uh, okay?

NAT SOUND: Dylan closes the fridge, starts walking back to his room while chewing on something. Door shuts.

KEEN: After seeing a man trying to come into our apartment, wearing a mask. This man's immediate reaction is to finish grabbing his snack, go back to his room, and eventually just go to bed like nothing happened!

FADE UP: Waking up music.

NAT SOUND: Early morning sounds

KEEN: So, the next day I wake up and go about my day, totally unaware of what happened the night prior. I sit through my classes, all is normal.

NAT SOUND: Classroom sounds, people talking

KEEN: By the end of my school day, I get back to the dorm

NAT SOUND: Keys unlocking door sounds.

KEEN: I unlock the door and walk in to see Dylan sitting by himself in our living room. He looks up to me and says:

DYLAN: Aidan, I got to tell you something. Something really strange happened last night.

NAT SOUNDS: Murmured talking

KEEN: Dylan describes in every excruciating detail what happened the night prior that I have already told you. I sit and I listen, astounded and shocked by the story. But of course, like most of you, I have questions.

KEEN: Why didn't you wake us up and tell us? He doesn't say. Did you call the cops? He said he didn't like talking to cops. Did you tell the desk manager downstairs what happened? He said he filled out some kind of report?

KEEN: It just didn't sound right. Hearing the story, from the way Dylan told it, none of it made sense. Either he saw someone try to break in, and he didn't tell us right away or maybe there was another option. He was lying. Myself, along with my other two

roommates, Val and Brennan, were going to try everything we could, exhaust all our options to find out what actually happened that night.

KEEN: Our first step was to talk to housing, to try and see if that report Dylan filled out even existed. After some back and forth emails, we eventually ended up in the office of the top administrator for SIUE housing. She told us:

ADMIN: I'm sorry, but we don't have any kind of reports that fit that description. Did he say who he talked to?

KEEN: Of course, he didn't. He probably talked to nobody.

ADMIN: I suppose we can take a look at the camera over the front desk, see where he stopped.

KEEN: We proceed to stand over the administrator's shoulder as she skims through the footage from midnight all the way to that current moment. There is no sign of Dylan. Not even for a second. We spend some time talking over what we were going to do, just not totally sure of what the plan would be. Eventually we come to the solution that we need to confront Dylan. Try and talk to him and see what he says. At this point his stories fallen apart, either someone broke into our apartment, and he didn't tell us right away, which makes him an asshole, or he lied about someone breaking into our apartment, which makes him an asshole.

KEEN: We eventually meet back at our apartment, Myself, Val, and Brennan had been out discussing the situation before coming back to confront Dylan. He was sitting in his room alone with the door shut. We knocked on his door and asked him to come out, and we sat down with him. We admitted to him we had met with housing, and they had no evidence of any report we had filled out. He was confused and looked at us like our heads had been cut off. He started to get defensive.

DYLAN: You guys are crazy what are you talking about? Why would I lie about that!

KEEN: We hadn't even accused him of lying yet. But now we knew he had to be lying.

VAL: We know, just admit it! Why would you lie about that?

BRENNAN: What is your problem.

DYLAN: I don't see what the problem is. Someone was here and they didn't take anything what does it matter.

VAL: It matters because you expect us to believe someone broke in here, and you decided to just not tell us in the moment. You didn't want to check and see if we were safe! That's the problem

KEEN: Dylan just stood there; he clearly hadn't thought ahead at all; he had no idea what to do. He just turned around didn't say a word and slammed the door to his room as loud as he could as if he was a kid trying to tell their mom they're pissed off. Myself, Brennan, and Val just looked at each other silent. We couldn't believe he would react that way. He thought he would talk to us but clearly, he wanted to do anything but that. We ended up leaving to try and give Dylan some space, and we got back a few hours later. Dylan's door was open, but when we looked in his room, there was nothing. He had packed up everything he had and left straight up. No note, no text or call, nothing. We didn't hear from him after that, we asked housing and they said that Dylan just moved out early and turned in his key.

It's been nearly a year since Dylan's lie happened, and he hasn't spoken to me or anyone else from the apartment since then. And to this day I still don't know for sure what actually happened that night. And honestly, I hope I never find out; it makes for a better story that way. I have been your host, Aidan Keen and thank you for listening.