

THE ROOMMATE

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INT. COLLEGE DORM ROOM - DAY

Sunlight pours through the window of an empty, silent dorm room. The room seems alive, somehow. As if it's waiting patiently for this year's kids. A long beat. The room darkens for an instant. Just the sun, right, dipping behind a cloud? Maybe.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - DAY

OVER CREDITS, we PAN DOWN a hallway full of COLLEGE KIDS. They carry boxes, stereo speakers, stand around chatting.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

SARA MATTHEWS, 18, gets out of a taxi in front of a dorm. She's pretty, with optimistic eyes and brown hair cut just above her shoulders. She's dressed casually, but still chic. No parents. She carries a backpack on one shoulder, a duffle bag on the other, and a huge suitcase in her hand. And she's staring through the building's window at... Newly-minted COLLEGE STUDENTS milling about inside. Their parents in tow, pride and sadness mingled in their faces.

INT. DORM LOBBY - DAY

Sara walks to the registration table. A RESIDENT ASSISTANT smiles up at her.

SARA

Hi. Sara Matthews.
She looks her up in the computer. She plays with a simple silver chain around her neck.

R.A.

Des Moines, Iowa. Wow. Flyover country.
She says it nicely, but it still stings. Sara smiles gamely.

R.A.

You're in room three-sixteen.
Welcome.
She hands Sara a room key. She fingers it, smiling.

2.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - DAY

ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN ON Sara as she...
Pushes an ancient, flat-bed cart out of the elevator and
down
the hall, struggling to control its wobbly wheels. She bumps into other carts, but everyone just laughs it off.
Sara stops in front of Room 316.

INT. DORM DOORWAY - DAY

She opens the door and looks in on:
A run-of-the-mill freshman dorm room. Tiny; bathroom down
the
hall; twin beds. Heaven.
Sara steps in. She looks at the two empty beds. Big choice here. She drops her stuff on the bed by the window.
She sits down on it. A beat. I'm really here.
First things first -- Sara takes a framed picture out of her duffle bag and sets it on the dresser. It's a picture of a YOUNG GIRL, maybe ten. She looks a little like Sara.
Sara hauls a white, Styrofoam DESIGN MANNEQUIN off the cart. It's full of pin and chalk marks. She sets it by her bed.

SARA

Told you we'd make it.
She steps back to the doorway. As she hauls her suitcase off

tumbles the cart... BOOM! Another cart slams into hers. A box
off the other cart.

GIRL

Sorry! Bad driver.
Sara kneels to help the other girl -- cute, frizzy hair --
clean up the mess. A slew of clothes lie on the carpet. And
peeking out from under them... a bottle of vodka. The girl
smiles sheepishly.

GIRL

In case of emergency.

(BEAT)

I'm Tracy.

SARA

Sara.

3.

Balancing boxes, they manage to shake hands.

EXT. CAMPUS QUAD - DAY

A gorgeous fall day. Sara strolls across the quad, taking it
all in. Kids tossing frisbees... hacky-sacking... sunning on
the grass. Music pours out of speakers mounted in dorm
windows.

EXT. CAMPUS COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Sara's cell phone buzzes. She answers it.

SARA

Hey. Yeah, it's amazing here. I met
this really cool biker? He's taking
me to Mexico this weekend.

(BEAT)

Hello?

(BEAT)

Hi, Mom. Just tell him I'm kidding.

Sara stops in front of the campus coffee shop. She eyes a work/study ad on the wall.

SARA

Everything's great.

(BEAT)

No, she's not here yet so I got to choose my side of the room. She tears a tab off the flyer.

EXT. COLLEGE DORM - NIGHT

Establishing shot of Carnegie, a solid red-brick dorm.

INT. SARA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Style. Sara's half-settled in now. The wall beside her bed is peppered with fashion pages ripped out of Vogue and In

She sits in a lounge chair, paging through a Vanity Fair photo shoot. She spots a cool outfit and tears out the page. A KNOCK ON THE DOOR. Sara walks over. She opens it expectantly to see...

4.

Tracy, Tracy's roommate KIM, and two other HALLMATES. All dressed to party.

TRACY

Psi U.'s throwing a bash. Let's go.

SARA

Psi U.?

TRACY

They're a frat. Beer... guys...

SARA

I don't know... I might just hang and wait for my roommate. Groans all around. "Come on"... "Lame-O"... Sara bites her lip, considering. She smiles.

SARA

Alright. Just let me change.
The girls cheer.

EXT. PSI U. FRATERNITY HOUSE - NIGHT

a
the
Establishing shot of a proud frat house. Students piled on
giant porch and there's a long line going up the steps to
front door. Music blasts out of the windows.

INT. PSI U. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

Sara, Tracy, Kim and the others from the floor are at the
head of the line, stepping into the house. They're met by a

FRAT BOUNCER.

BOUNCER

(motions to a crowded keg)
If you want beer, I'll need ID's.

TRACY

For a frat party?! Seriously?
He holds up a handful of ugly lime-green wristbands. Kim
steps around him.

KIM

I don't drink anyway.
Tracy looks at her, mouth agape.

5.

BOUNCER

There's punch and non-alcoholic
beer over there...
He points to a table with a giant bowl and cups. No one is
around it.
Tracy tries to flirt with the bouncer.

TRACY

Come on, just us. We won't tell.
The bouncer is tempted but not budging.

BOUNCER

Honestly, I'm just a pledge.
They'll kick me out.
She stomps by him.

TRACY

Wuss.
Defeated, Tracy walks over to the table. Turns back to Sara.

TRACY

You want something to drink?

SARA

What's the point?
Tracy huffs as Sara walks into A SEA OF KIDS. We're talking extreme fire hazard... extreme moral hazard.
Sara moves through the crowd. Her clothes are low-wattage, but stylish. She's drawn to the music coming from a large room.
A HIGH-ENERGY COLLEGE BAND on stage. They're not very good, but they don't care. Sara finds a spot along the wall and watches them. In particular --
THE DRUMMER. A cute goof, spastically whaling away. He's mouthing the lyrics, eyes closed. Really into it. Sara chuckles at the sight, not taking her eyes off him. He definitely stands out.
Suddenly, a hand grabs her shoulder. Tracy pulls herself in with Kim close behind and they start dancing to the band. Juice spilling over the brim of her cup. Sara stays by the wall, afraid of getting any spilled on her.

6.

TRACY

(yells over the music)
Why aren't you dancing?

SARA

To this?

TRACY

They're not that bad.
Tracy pulls Sara deeper in the crowd. Now all three start

jumping up and down to the music. Sara's getting into it as Tracy chugs her drink.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - DANCE FLOOR - LATER

A DJ rules the room now. Sara and Kim are dancing with others from the floor. Sara notices a speck of punch on her shirt. She stops dancing. Wets her fingers and tries to rub it out.

SARA

Crap.

Kim still dances as Sara starts to look around.

SARA

Where's Tracy?

KIM

She was getting more punch.

Sara then spots Tracy, with a full cup, precariously

climbing

onto the stage next to the DJ's table with a bunch of other girls already dancing. She starts dancing suggestively, egging on the crowd.

SARA

Uh oh.

Guys yell out. "Show em." Several hands armed with camera phones stretch out above the crowd.

SARA

(SHOUTS)

Tracy.

Tracy can't hear her. Sara starts making her way to the stage. Tracy is dancing, getting into it. She grabs the bottom of her shirt. Teases the crowd.

7.

SARA

(LOUDER)

Tracy. Don't.

who

Sara slams into STEPHEN, 21, the DRUMMER from the band...
inadvertently dumps his whole beer down her shirt. Sara gasps.

STEPHEN

Damn!
Sara's drenched as an enormous cheer erupts from the crowd. Camera phones clicking all at once. Sara looks up.

STEPHEN

Oh. Woops.

SARA

(ANNOYED)

I have to go clean this up.
She turns.

STEPHEN

Looks like my plan backfired.
Sara turns back towards him.

SARA

What plan?

STEPHEN

To spill beer on you so I can start
a conversation.

SARA

You spilled beer on me purposely?

STEPHEN

(NODS)

You pissed?
She looks at him. Pretty good looking. Goofy smile. It's hard to be mad at him. She then grabs a beer out of a dancing partier's hand and dumps it on Stephen.

SARA

I'll get over it.
He laughs, making her smile.

8.

SARA

I'm not sure how she's so wasted.
All she's had is punch.
Stephen grins conspiratorially and grabs her hand.

STEPHEN

Come on.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - BAR

Stephen, now with a full beer watches as Sara sips some of the punch.

SARA

It's pretty good.
She drinks some more.

SARA

It doesn't taste that strong.

STEPHEN

Exactly.
He takes a drink of his beer as Sara takes a long chug of hers.

STEPHEN

Stephen. By the way.

SARA

Sara.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - DANCE FLOOR: SOME TIME LATER

Stephen and Sara are dancing. She's holding her cup. Drinking, bumping into a couple of people. Stephen laughs, grabs her hand, pulling her back towards him and TWIRLS her, bringing her close. She notices, for the first time, that he's not wearing a wristband and grabs his wrist with her other hand.

SARA

Hey, why do you get to drink beer?

STEPHEN

Twenty-one.

SARA

Old man.

9.

STEPHEN

Tell me about it. My back is
killing me.
They don't move for a moment, Sara's resting her back
against
his chest.

STEPHEN

Besides, frat brothers don't have
to wear those ugly wristbands.

SARA

Ugh. You're in this frat?
He jokingly untwirls her away and she bumps into people
behind her. Sara laughs as she notices Kim, dancing,
Holding up a cup of punch.

KIM

(SLURS)

Did you try the punch? It's pretty
good.

SARA

What happened to Tracy?
Kim shrugs.

KIM

I'm the worst roommate ever.
Kim goes back to dancing Sara looks a little worried which
Stephen notices.

STEPHEN

Do you want to look for your
friend?
Sara looks at him sweetly. Nods.

INT. STAIRCASE

They spot Tracy propped up against the railing at the bottom
of the stairs. Sara rushes over to her. A couple frat boys
stand over her. Not sure what to do with her.

SARA

(BUTTS IN)

I got her.

10.

she

She struggles to hold Tracy up -- the girl's heavier than looks and Sara's balance is not so great, herself. The frat boys notice her struggling.

FRAT BOY #1

Who's got you?

Tracy nearly brings Sara down to the floor...

But Stephen's there to catch her.

STEPHEN

Guess that would be me.

But then he stumbles, nearly dropping them both.

SARA

Who's got you?

Stephen looks at Tracy in one arm. The other arm around Sara's waist.

STEPHEN

(SMIRKS)

Apparently God.

Sara rolls her eyes.

INT. CARNEGIE DORM - NIGHT

Sara, Stephen, and Tracy stumble into the dorm lobby. Sara wears a jacket Stephen gave her for the walk. Kim and ANOTHER GIRL step forward and grab Tracy.

KIM

Thanks Sara.

SARA

No problem.

They linger, smiling, checking out Stephen... They step into

the elevator. Holding it for Sara.

KIM

You want us to wait?

Sara turns and glares at Kim. An obvious "NO!" Kim lets the doors close as Sara turns back to Stephen.

11.

STEPHEN

You know, I'm going to be pulling kitchen duty all week for helping girls leave a frat party. It's like opposite everything we stand for.

Sara leans in and gives him a long kiss. Then separates, but her lips still very close to his.

SAEA

(low and romantic)

Does that make it worth it?

STEPHEN

Honestly, no.

She laughs out loud.

SARA

Do you want to come up?

STEPHEN

(DEEP BREATH)

More than I can tell you, but that wouldn't be fair.

Sara starts to take off Stephen's jacket. He stops her.

STEPHEN

Keep it... till next time.

SARA

Thanks again. For everything.

(BEAT)

And, sorry about kitchen duty.

He smiles... and walks away into the night. Sara looks after him... and now it's her turn to take a deep breath which suddenly makes her a little more queasy.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sara heads for her room, holding onto the wall as she goes. She reaches her door. She takes one more deep breath, then opens it.

12.

INT. ROOM 316 - NIGHT

Sara closes the door behind her. Almost pitch black; just a little moonlight through the window. Sara knocks into her lounge chair.

SARA

Ow!

She reaches her bed and plops down on her back. Breathing hard. Clenching her eyes shut. The room is spinning. She may puke at any second.

her
revealing:

She struggles to sit up. She fumbles for the lamp next to bed, almost knocking it over. She hits the switch,

The other bed.

Sara screams.

GIRL

Hi.

FLASH. The girl takes her picture, further blinding and disorienting Sara.

SARA

Who are you?!

GIRL

Rebecca. Your roommate.
Sara calms, catching on.

SARA

What are you doing?

REBECCA

Taking your picture.

SARA

Why?

Rebecca shrugs. Sara grabs her stomach.

SARA

Oh shit.

Her cheeks chipmunk as she rushes out the door. Rebecca smiles.

13.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT: LATER

Sara gingerly walks out of the bathroom back to her room, holding her head. The door is slightly open.

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

It's dark. Rebecca's covers are pulled up to her neck. Her eyes are closed.

SARA

(WHISPERS)

Rebecca?

No answer. Sara makes it back to her bed. She falls onto it, and turns toward the wall.

Rebecca's eyes open. And they stay open. She watches Sara go to sleep.

EXT. CAMPUS QUAD - DAY

It's the middle of the day and students carry their books everywhere.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

Sara wakes. Headache; dry mouth; the works. The sun through the window is way too bright. She slowly turns over to

see...

the
Rebecca, up and about, arranging her side of the room. In
light of day, we see that she's a knockout.
Mellow music plays through top-of-the line speakers that
flank an awesome stereo system.
Rebecca sees that Sara's awake.

REBECCA

Hey Sara.
Sara stares at her blankly. Who is this girl? What happened
last night? Rebecca smiles.

REBECCA

We met last night.

14.

SARA

Right...
(racking her brain)
Starts with a... "T"?

REBECCA

Close. Rebecca.
She hands Sara a glass of water and two aspirin.

REBECCA

Come on. It'll help, trust me.
Sara washes down the aspirin.

SARA

Thanks.
Rebecca smiles, genuinely touched.

SARA

(SUDDENLY PANICKED)

I didn't throw up on you, did I?

REBECCA

(LAUGHS)

No. You made it to the bathroom.
Sara looks around the room. Her lounge chair has been moved

to her side.
Rebecca starts to tape drawings to the wall.. .They're
various self-portraits of Rebecca. Sara looks at one where Rebecca
is staring straight back at us. No smile.

SARA

Did you do those?
Rebecca nods.

SARA

They're really cool.

REBECCA

I just like capturing my moods.
A beat. Sara closes her eyes. Bits and pieces of the night
before are coming back to her now.

SARA

Rebecca -- did you take my picture
last night?

15.

REBECCA

(LAUGHING)

Yeah. It's just something I do. For
my drawings.

(BEAT)

C'mon, let's hit the bookstore. The
walk will help your head.
Sara rolls over, groaning.

SARA

It's too damn early for me.

REBECCA

It's three in the afternoon.
Sara's eyes bug out.

SARA

Holy shit!

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

Sara walks along the back aisle, weighed down with textbooks.

All look used and worn. Fashion Design. Psychology. Calculus.

She spots the last book she needs and reaches for it just as another GIRL reaches too. They both pull back, neither sure who has claim to it.

GIRL

So what do we do?

Sara looks her over. Checks out her outfit.

SARA

Nice bag. Dior?

GIRL

(FLATTERED)

Yeah.

Sara snatches the book.

SARA

I'm on financial aid.

16.

INT. BOOKSTORE - LATER

Sara finds Rebecca by the art supplies, she's picking up the stuff she needs. Sara scans Rebecca's books. They're all art books, shiny and new.

Sara's phone rings. She looks at it: "JASON".

She sighs. Her finger hovers over the "talk" button. A beat. She hits it right before it goes to voicemail.

SARA

(ANNOYED)

Jason. What are you doing?

JASON (O.S.)

I just wanted to hear your voice.

SARA

I told you not to do this.

JASON (O.S.)

I need to talk to you.

SARA

You're just making it harder.

JASON (O.S.)

Sara, listen I... I want to come out there.

SARA

(SNAPS)

But you didn't come out here, remember. That's the problem. She says it too loud. Other students in line are eyeing her.

SARA (CONT'D)

(QUIETER)

I've gotta go.
Sara hangs up. She exhales, flustered.

REBECCA

That didn't sound good. Boyfriend?

SARA

Ex.
Off Rebecca's confused look.

17.

SARA

It's complicated.
A beat. Rebecca's warm smile makes Sara want to open up.
They walk along the stacks of books.

SARA

We dated since tenth grade and were

supposed to go to college together.

(BEAT)

We both applied to Brown. I got in; he got wait-listed. I stuck to our agreement and we both committed here. Then two weeks ago...a spot opened up at Brown ...and..

REBECCA

No?! He took it?
(Sara nods glumly)
What an asshole.

SARA

Yep.

REBECCA

Do you miss him?

SARA

Sometimes I think I do.

REBECCA

It's hard to let go.

(SMILES)

Believe me, I know. But, you're in college now. A girl's gotta move on.

Sara smiles, glad to find a kindred spirit. She looks at her phone... and stuffs it into her pocket as they reach the register.

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Rebecca sits on her bed, drawing. Sara is putting her books away on a shelf. As she reaches the end of it, she notices something out of the corner of her eye.

SARA

Oh my God.

REBECCA

What?

18.

Sara walks to the closet. Her modest clothes hang on one side. But the other side is now taken up by Rebecca's KILLER

COLLECTION.

SARA

I am so jealous.

REBECCA

I know... I've got a lot of clothes.
Mind if I put some on your side?

SARA

No problem.

REBECCA

Borrow anything you want. Really. I haven't worn half of them.
Sara reverently fingers through them. Chloe. De La Renta. Alexander McQueen. Jimmy Choo shoes. A Miu Miu handbag. Some still carry their price tags.

SARA

Jesus, some of these I've only ever seen in Vogue.

REBECCA

My parents idea of bonding is to turn me loose in Beverly Hills with a Platinum card.

SARA

Oh, you here?

REBECCA

Pasadena.
Off Sara's confused look.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

About 20 minutes away.

SARA

That's cool. You can go home on weekends. Free laundry. Free meals.

REBECCA

Not gonna happen.
Sara gives her a puzzled stare.

19.

REBECCA

It's a long story.. .Let's just say nothing's free in my house. She wants to know more... but it's too soon to pry. She nods at Rebecca's drawing pad.

SARA

Can I take a look?
She walks over. Rebecca clutches the pad to her chest.

REBECCA

No.
Sara stops dead in her tracks. Rebecca realizes that came across pretty harsh.

REBECCA

Not till it's done. Nothing personal. It's just my... process.

(SMILES)

I wouldn't want to show you anything unless it was perfect.

SARA

(SMILES BACK)

Sure.

EXT. CAFETERIA - DUSK

Establishing shot of a big college cafeteria.

INT. CAFETERIA - DUSK

Sara and Rebecca have just finished their dinner.

REBECCA

I thought you were a design major. Why are you taking Calc and psychology?
The girls get up with their trays.

SARA

(with a smirk)
I am. I want to be well-rounded.
(off her look)
And they're requirements.

20.

TRACY (O.S.)

Hey Sara.
Sara sees Tracy sitting by the window with Kim. Sara walks over, but Rebecca doesn't follow.

SARA

Hey. Tracy... Kim... this is my roommate, Rebecca.
She turns, but Rebecca is standing at a distance. Sara waves her over.
Rebecca comes, reluctantly. She flashes a small wave.

REBECCA

Hi.

TRACY

RRRRRREBECCA. How formal. What can we call you?

KIM

How 'bout Reba?
Tracy sticks her finger down her throat. Gag me.

SARA

I like Becca.
Tracy's grimace vetoes that one, too.

TRACY

How 'bout Becky?

SARA

Becky's good.
The girls all turn to Rebecca for approval.

REBECCA

I like Rebecca.

Buzzkill.

TRACY

OOKAAAY.

Rebecca walks out. Sara shrugs at Tracy and Kim.

21.

EXT. DESIGN BUILDING - DAY

Sara enters the Design building.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Sara peeks in the open door of a classroom. Frustration in her eyes -- the class she couldn't get into. She watches PROFESSOR ROBERTS -- long-haired, dashing -- lecture his students.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

So... here we are. Design 101. And each one of you is asking yourself the same question...

(he taps his own chest)

Who is this guy? Why should I turn off my Blackberry and pay attention to him?

Mild laughter from the class.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

I'll tell you why -- because I hold the keys to the kingdom. Think of your favorite designers. Marc Jacobs. Vera Wang. Rick Owens. Magicians, right? I've got news for you: All of their magic stems from the same source: the fundamental principles of design.

(BEAT)

I can teach you those principles. He lets the power of his words sink in.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

The journey to the catwalks of New York... Paris... Tokyo... starts right here, in this room. And all you have to do is open your minds. Man, she wants in.

DISSOLVE TO:

22.

INT. SAME HALLWAY - LATER

Sara stands by the door, watching the students file out. As the last one leaves, she screws up her courage and walks in.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Professor Roberts is gathering up his papers.

SARA

Professor Roberts?
He flashes a disarming smile.

SARA

I'm sorry to bother you, it's just...

(BEAT)

I absolutely must take this class.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

I'm afraid we're full. But don't worry -- Intro Design has three other sections.

SARA

But you're not teaching them. I want to learn from the best.
He smiles at her.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

What's your name?

SARA

Sara Matthews.

(BEAT)

I brought a request form.

stay She holds it out to him. He takes the form, but his eyes
on Sara. Roaming over her.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

Tell me, Sara -- why should I sign
your request form when I've turned
down a dozen others? Would that be
fair?

Sara's face falls. A long beat.

23.

SARA

No, I guess it wouldn't. Thanks
anyway.

She walks toward the door. Roberts' eyes go to her ass.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

But...

(SHE TURNS)

Who said life was fair? You happen
to have two things I can't teach...

He walks to her... and hands her the signed form.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

Style. And Desire.

clutches He smiles, signs the form and hands it to Sara. Sara
the form to her chest, smiling.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

Sara and Rebecca sit on their respective beds. Rebecca
listens to her Walkman. Sara types on her laptop.

SARA

Hey.

Rebecca removes her earbud.

SARA

What's your Facebook page? I'll add you as a friend.

REBECCA

I don't have a Facebook page.

SARA

Myspace?

REBECCA

Nope. I don't spend a lot of time

ON-LINE

Sara stares at Rebecca. No way.

SARA

Come here.

Rebecca walks over and looks at the computer over Sara's shoulder.

24.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN: Sara's Facebook Page. Her picture in the corner. Pictures and posts from a dozen friends. Among them: A STYLISH, ATTRACTIVE WOMAN in her 20s.

REBECCA

Who's she?

SARA

Irene. She graduated from the Art Institute out here last year.

REBECCA

(INTRIGUED)

She's an artist?

SARA

A design apprentice for Marc Jacobs. Hey, check out these posts.

Sara scrolls down Irene's recent posts: "Paris was amazing"... "Milan in the Fall"... "Off to Barcelona"...
etc.

SARA

I mean.. .who doesn't have a Facebook page?!
Rebecca laughs.

REBECCA

Okay, okay. I'll get one.
Tracy knocks on the partially open front door... and marches right in.

TRACY

Cancel those library plans. Guess who made the guest list at Rebar?

(BEAT)

You guys in? I trust you have fake IDs?

SARA

Of course.

REBECCA

I don't.

TRACY

Yes you do. Thanks to my badass self.

25.

Tracy pulls out a fake ID. She walks to Rebecca and holds it out to her. A peace offering.
Rebecca stares at Tracy for a beat... then goes back to her sketchbook.

REBECCA

I'll pass. Clubs really aren't my scene.
Tracy stands there, hung out to dry, the ID in her hand.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

A posh Los Angeles bar. Loud and packed to the gills with mostly young students. Sara and Tracy stand at the bar, getting jostled, looking like... two naive college kids. As they try to get the bartender's attention, older guys check them out, smiling and mouthing "Hi." Sara tries to ignore them, but Tracy's in heaven.

TRACY

How great is this? No parents. No curfews.

SARA

No shit!
They clink their empty glasses in a toast.

SARA

Can I?
She puts her wallet and cell phone into Tracy's purse.

TRACY

Too bad Rebecca blew us off. Talk about the life of the party.

SARA

Don't be mean.

TRACY

I'm just saying.

SARA

She's just a little hard to get to know.

TRACY

Yeah right...

26.

As Tracy rolls her eyes...
The BARTENDER sets two drinks down in front of them. He nods down the bar at...
TWO MIDDLE-AGED SUITS. Tracy flashes them a smile. Sara's
so sure about this.

not

SARA

What do you think?

TRACY

I think...

Tracy raises her shot glass. She and Sara clink and drink. Tracy waves at the suits again. Thanks guys.

TRACY

We can do better.

She takes Sara's hand and pulls her out onto the dance floor.

INT. CLUB - DANCE FLOOR - LATER

Sara and Tracy whirl in the hot mix of bodies. Having the time of their lives. A HANDSOME GUY moves in, his eyes on Tracy.

Tracy loves it. They dance together as Sara watches, smiling.

Tracy and the handsome guy drift further away from Sara. Sara is now dancing by herself. A GUY moves in on her, but she politely dances away. She scans the dance floor for Tracy. Where'd she go?

She steps off the dance floor and scans the bar -- no sign of her.

INT. CLUB - BATHROOM

Sara walks into the crowded ladies' room.

SARA

Tracy?

27.

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

A bummed Sara walks out of the club alone. She rubs her arms against the chill. She nervously tugs on her silver chain as she scans the STRAGGLERS loitering outside.

SARA

(LOUD)

Tracy.
She takes one last peek into the club doorway, hoping
against
hope that Tracy will magically appear. No luck.
She starts walking down the street, away from the club.
Weary and unnerved.

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Rebecca lies in bed, wide awake in the dark. Her cell phone rings. She stares at it. Two more rings. She picks it up.

REBECCA

Hello?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Would you accept a collect call
from... Sara Matthews?

REBECCA

Yes.
She smiles.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

An old school gas station on a barren corner of the city. No cars in either direction. A lone white 328i BMW with a black soft top sits next to an ancient pump. Rebecca, half asleep, climbs out and grabs the nozzle, sticking it in the fuel tank. Starts pumping.

MAN (O.S.)

Can I help you out?
She turns to see a 20-year-old, good-looking gas station attendant. His name tag: "Rick".
Rebecca sizes him up.

28.

REBECCA

I'm fine. Just in a hurry.

She keeps pumping. Speeding it up. Rick ambles up to her, treading beyond appropriate personal space. He points to the "Full Service" sign.

RICK

Just doing my job.
She stands her ground as he places his hand over hers on the gas pump and squeezes. She looks down at his hand on top of hers. Then lets go of the pump, nudging his hand away.

REBECCA

All done.
She pulls the nozzle out of the tank and tries to place it back at the pump. He stops her. Motions to her face.

RICK

You have a little something.
No, she doesn't.
He, ever so gently, rubs his index finger and thumb on her cheek to remove the imaginary smudge until he lurches back.

RICK (CONT'D)

The hell?
His crotch is wet as gasoline drips from the nozzle.

REBECCA

Sorry.
But she does it again, holding the lever down, dousing him head to toe. He scrambles backward out of range.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Sorry again. Rick.
The nozzle's still in her hand, pouring gas in every direction. She opens her car door, grabbing a lighter. Rick's pissed. Charges towards her.

RICK

You spoiled c---
He spots the lighter in her hand. Dead stop. She absentmindedly flicks it. It sparks but doesn't light.

29.

The gas is now pouring towards him. The meter on the pump is still ticking up.

He scrambles again as she casually flips the lighter at him and drops the still pouring nozzle.
A hint of a grin and a pitying shake of her head as she
pulls out a loose hundred dollar bill. Places it on top of the pump.

REBECCA

Pussy.
She gets into her car and drives off. Leaving Rick soaked in gasoline.

INT./EXT. DINER - NIGHT

Sara sits by herself in a booth by the window. Hugging a cup of hot, sobering coffee.
Rebecca's car pulls up into a parking spot. The headlights shine right in Sara's eyes... and now turn off.
Sara's tired eyes light up as she sees Rebecca get out of
the car. She waves. Rebecca doesn't wave back as she heads for the door.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Rebecca walks up to Sara's booth.

SARA

Nice car.

REBECCA

Thanks.

(BEAT)

So, where's Tracy?

SARA

No idea, I couldn't find her.
Rebecca sits down, dropping her purse and keys on the table.

REBECCA

As long as I'm here... you hungry?

SARA

Starved.
Sara smiles gratefully. Rebecca opens the menu.

30.

REBECCA

I can't believe she ran out on you.

SARA

I know. Thanks for coming.
Rebecca looks up from the menu.

REBECCA

Tracy had her shot tonight.
Tomorrow you're all mine. I'll show
you the big city.. .the right way.
And I promise I won't abandon you.
Deal?
Sara smiles.

SARA

Deal.

INT. MOCA - DAY

Rebecca leads Sara through the sculpture room.

REBECCA

These are the modern pieces. A
little wilder than the old stuff.
She's a savvy tour guide, confident, at ease. She doesn't
just walk past pieces -- she studies them. Sara's impressed.
Sara's cell phone buzzes. She checks the display: "Jason".
She tilts it so that Rebecca can see and rolls her eyes. She
buries her cell phone in her purse.
Sara spots a bizarre metal structure and walks over to it.

SARA

Okay, I have no idea what this is
supposed to be.

REBECCA

(LAUGHING)

Even I don't get that one. Come
on, I want to show you something.

INT. MOCA - LATER

Rebecca shows Sara into a room full of paintings. In the
background is a banner announcing an upcoming Richard Prince
exhibition.

31.

They stop in front of Richard Prince's "Nurse of Greenmeadow." It's a portrait of a woman in a nurse's mask. Her eyes peer directly at the viewer. Blood is smeared on her smock.

REBECCA

This is my favorite.
Sara steps closer to examine it. Rebecca stays behind her.

REBECCA

I love how he captures her personality through her eyes. It's like she really wants to help you. Rebecca's hands tug anxiously at her shirt. She really wants Sara to like this painting. Sara moves even closer. She squints, trying to see what Rebecca sees. The woman's expression in the painting is actually pretty sinister. Sara's a little freaked out... but she turns to see Rebecca's hopeful expression. Sara brightens.

SARA

Amazing. I love it.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Sara and Rebecca window shop along a block of thrift stores. Sara spots a graffiti-laden wall next to a tattoo parlor. Some first-rate tagging here -- bright colors, funky shapes.

SARA

That is so cool.

REBECCA

No graffiti in Des Moines?

SARA

Sure. "Bobby loves Jenny. Chrissy loves Rick." Nothing like this. Rebecca pulls out her camera.

REBECCA

Hey, smile.
Sara poses... but now grabs Rebecca and pulls her in.

SARA

Both of us.

32.

They both hold the camera, extended at arm's length. Rebecca clicks. She looks at the picture. She can see the tattoo parlor in the background.

REBECCA

Now that's one "art form" I don't get. Needles into skin? No thanks.

SARA

I have a tattoo.
Rebecca smiles. Yeah, right. But she can see in Sara's eyes that she's serious.

REBECCA

Really?
Sara pulls down her shirt and sweater a bit to reveal, over her heart, a simple tattoo: "Emily".

SARA

My older sister. She died when I was nine.

REBECCA

Oh, I'm sorry.

SARA

(pats her heart)
This keeps her with me.

REBECCA

I always wanted a sister.
Sara smiles and interlocks her arm with Rebecca's as they walk down the street.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

Sara sits on her bed in sweats, typing on her laptop.
Rebecca sits on her own bed, glancing over at Sara as she draws.

SARA

Guess who I'm listing as my favorite artist on my Facebook page?

(BEAT)

Richard Prince.
Rebecca smiles, genuinely touched. She walks over to check out the rest of Sara's Facebook Favorites. Favorite book, favorite band, etc.

33.

REBECCA

(LAUGHING)

Your favorite movie is "Coyote Ugly"?

SARA

Don't laugh. It's about a small town girl making it in the big city.

REBECCA

Isn't every movie?!
They both laugh.

EXT. CITY STREET - DUSK

Sara, in shorts and warm-up jacket, runs down the sidewalk. Her head's on a swivel, taking in the city sights.

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Rebecca takes down a few of her drawings. In their place,
she puts up a big "Coyote Ugly" poster. She straightens it out. Satisfied.

She checks her watch and walks to the window. She looks out, anxious for Sara to come home. She looks over at Sara's side of the room. Curious, she starts perusing her things. Books... CDs... She walks to Sara's dresser and picks up the picture of Emily. She tenderly brushes Emily's face with her thumb. She spots Sara's silver chain. She picks it up and places it around her neck. She fingers it carefully and looks at herself in the mirror. She smiles.

EXT. CARNEGIE DORM - NIGHT

Sara finishes off her run strong, striding out the last ten yards to the dorm. She catches her breath and hears a kitten.

Sara looks in-between the columns outside the dorm and finds a STRAY KITTEN. She's cute as they come, a black-and-white furball.

SARA

Hey there.

34.

The kitten purrs.

SARA

Look at you.

She kneels and pets it. The kitten purrs.

SARA

No collar, baby?

Sara glances around to see if anyone is watching.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Sara quickly walks in and closes the door. Rebecca sits in her windowsill, drawing. Sara sits down on her own bed. She notices the "Coyote Ugly" poster.

SARA

(TAKEN ABACK)

Wow.

REBECCA

I thought you'd like it.

Rebecca sees the moving bulge under Sara's jacket. She cuts Sara a look. Sara sighs. Apprehensively, she unzips her jacket and the kitten pops out. Rebecca sits up. The kitten jumps over to her bed. She pets it.

REBECCA

Sara...

SARA

I know, I know. It's stupid, and I've just broken about forty different dorm rules, and I should just take it to a shelter...

REBECCA

(BEAT)

What do you want to name it?
Sara's face lights up. She smiles gratefully.

SARA

Really?

35.

REBECCA

It'll be our secret. Just between us.

Rebecca keeps petting the kitten. Getting more attached.

SARA

I named her in the elevator.
Cuddles.

She smiles and scoops her up. Suddenly, her smile vanishes.

SARA

Is that my necklace?

Rebecca touches it. She'd forgotten she still had it on.

REBECCA

Sorry. I was just trying it on.
Sara puts down the kitten and walks to Rebecca, who quickly takes it off. Sara takes it back, annoyed. She rubs it protectively.

SARA

This was my sister's.

REBECCA

Oh.

Sara looks at it a moment longer. She looks at Rebecca.

SARA

You can borrow anything of mine.
Except for this. Okay? It's the
only thing I kept of hers.

Rebecca nods. Sara sits down on the bed next to her.

REBECCA

I'm really sorry.

SARA

It's okay. You didn't know.

REBECCA

Were you two close?

SARA

Yeah. You're the first roommate
I've had since she died. So, it
feels a little odd.

36.

REBECCA

In a good way or a bad way?
Sara smiles.

SARA

A good way.

EXT. CAMPUS QUADS - MORNING

Establishing of life at the quads.

INT. CAMPUS COFFEE SHOP - DAY

comfy
A cool college hangout lined with old wooden tables and
couches. More like a living room than a coffee shop. Lots of
laid-back STUDENTS and...
One stressed-out Sara, dropping drinks off at a table and
now
rushing back to the register for the next order. Her CO-
WORKER, clearly stoned, moves in slow motion. Not a care in
his world.

SARA

(TO CUSTOMER)

You wanted a mocha smoothie, right?
O.K. Do you know what's in that?
The kid shrugs. Sara hops to the blender and guesses some
ingredients. She starts it up. She takes her hand off the
lid, and...
THE BLENDER EXPLODES, splashing mocha smoothie all over her
apron. She's frozen in shock. The co-worker casually hands
her a towel. She snatches it. She turns to find...
STEPHEN, standing at the front of the line.

STEPHEN

This seems like a pattern.
Sara smiles. She's psyched to see him, in spite of the
havoc.
She leans in and speaks quietly.

SARA

Just because I kissed you doesn't
mean I'll let you cut in line.

STEPHEN

So what does it mean?

37.

She coyly shrugs.

STEPHEN

Hey, the gentlemen of Psi Upsilon

are reviving a sacred tradition
tonight.
Sara stares at him blankly. He smiles.

STEPHEN

We're having another keg party.

SARA

I.. dunno. I'm still having
flashbacks from the last one.
Sara laughs.

STEPHEN

You know what? How about if I use
you as my excuse not to go.
Sara smiles, bits of smoothie dripping from her apron.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - DAY

Sara walks off the elevator, still sky-high. She walks
through the lounge, where Tracy sits on the couch. A
television plays in the background.

TRACY

Hey.
Sara thinks about ignoring her but stops. Her tone is cold.

SARA

Hey.

TRACY

Psi U. tonight?

SARA

So you can ditch me again?

TRACY

Sara... the guy had a Porsche. And
a hot tub.

SARA

That's your apology?
Tracy jumps up and walks over.

38.

TRACY

What I meant to say is -- I'm sorry
-- I totally screwed up.
Down the hall, we see Rebecca open her door and peek out.

She

watches Tracy and Sara.
Tracy gives Sara sad, puppy dog eyes. Sara laughs.

SARA

I forgive you.
Tracy gives her a big, exaggerated hug. Over Sara's
shoulder,
she spots Rebecca looking at them. Tracy flashes a big
smile.
Relief at making up with Sara. But that's not how Rebecca
takes it.

SARA

But you're on your own at Psi U.
Because...

(DRAMA BUILDING)

Someone has a date.
Rebecca hears this. She slips back into the room and closes
the door. Sara turns and walks down the hallway.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

Sara walks in to find Rebecca slipping into a black dress.

SARA

You look... nice.

REBECCA

(EXCITED)

Thanks. Richard Prince is having a
showing. I bought two tickets.

(BEAT)

Since he's your favorite artist...

SARA

Actually, I... sort of have a date?

REBECCA

(DISAPPOINTED)

Oh. Okay.
Major downer. Rebecca goes back to getting dressed. Heavy

silence in the room. Sara watches her. A beat.

SARA

You know, I could reschedule.

39.

REBECCA

(being a martyr)
You don't have to.

SARA

I want to. On one condition...
Sara pulls a cute jacket from her closet and puts it on
Rebecca. They both look at Rebecca in the mirror. Wow.
Rebecca smiles.

REBECCA

I love it, who's the designer?

SARA

What are you, a label whore?! Who
cares ...I got it at a flea market
and it looks great with the dress.
Rebecca nods in agreement.

SARA

It just needs one last touch...
She grabs a pair of small, gold hoop earrings from her
dresser. She places them in Rebecca's hand.

SARA

I'm gonna jump in the shower, then
we'll head out.
She grabs her stuff and hurries out the door.
Rebecca eyes the earrings in her palm. She turns towards the
full-length mirror behind the door. As she leans into the
mirror, we see that her ears aren't pierced.
She takes one of the earrings and touches the pin against

the

skin of her right lobe. After a moment of hesitation...
SHE PUSHES THE PIN IN HARD. A small pop. She flinches. Blood
trickles down her ear onto her neck. She wipes it off with
her thumb and touches the other hoop to her left ear.

INT. ART GALLERY - DUSK

Sara and Rebecca at the Richard Prince showing. The
paintings are all similar to the one we saw in the museum. A series of
women, peering at the viewer.

40.

Rebecca wears her hair up, showing off her earrings. Every
guy in the room is checking out these two babes. But
Rebecca's into the art, and Sara is texting Stephen.
ON CELL PHONE: "sorry. next time : ("
Rebecca notices and frowns. Sara puts the phone away and
starts studying the paintings.

EXT. COLLEGE DORM - NIGHT

It's night and there's not a soul in sight.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT

We track slowly down the empty hallway, towards the door to
the...

INT. DORM ROOM - LATER

Sara sleeps peacefully. Cuddles lies on top of her, awake.
Her eyes glowing in the dark. Creepy. But not as creepy
as...

Rebecca in the other bed. She's staring back at the kitten.
Envy in her eyes. Of Cuddles... or of Sara?
Rebecca removes the covers and quietly gets out of bed. She
walks over to Sara's bed... but not to pet Cuddles. She
stands directly above Sara. Looking down at her. If Sara
would simply open her eyes, she'd see her.

INT. DORM ROOM - BARELY SUNRISE

Tracy is passed out in her bed. She stirs as she wakes. She
reaches around her, slapping her end table.

TRACY

Water. I need water.

She stumbles to the mini-fridge and looks in: Empty. She groans. She grabs an empty cup... opens her door... And lets out a sharp little scream.

INT. DORM - HALLWAY - SAME

Rebecca sits right across from Tracy's door, her back against the wall. Staring at Tracy.

41.

TRACY

Rebecca? What are you doing?
Rebecca cocks her head at Tracy, as if she's trying to comprehend her. A beat. She stands... and walks to her. Tracy takes a step back, shaken by Rebecca's calm, morose demeanor. Rebecca stares right into her eyes. She makes a slight move towards Tracy, who flinches. Rebecca turns and walks down to her room. At her door, she turns and smiles. She disappears into her room. Tracy stands there, spooked.

EXT. QUADS - DAY

AERIAL VIEW of Sara and Rebecca walking to class. Tracy walks ten yards behind them, waiting until... Rebecca and Sara wave "goodbye" to each other and head down different paths. Tracy hurries after Sara and catches up.

SARA

Hey. How was the party? Are you still the beer bong queen? But Tracy's in no mood to joke. She pulls Sara to a stop.

TRACY

Listen... something is up with your roommate.

SARA

What do you mean?

TRACY

She was outside my room this morning.

SARA

Doing what?

TRACY

Waiting for me. I opened my door... and there she was. Just sitting there, staring. Like some psycho.

SARA

Are you sure?

42.

TRACY

You don't believe me?

SARA

No, it's just... why would she do that?

TRACY

Why don't you ask her? I've gotta go...I'll see ya later.

Tracy stops and watches Sara as she continues on. Tracy turns to go the other way, but before she leaves her eyes catch Rebecca standing in front of a nearby building. Rebecca stares at Tracy much like she did in the hallway. Tracy leaves in a hurry.

INT. CLASSROOM / STUDIO

Sara sits in her Design class. Professor Roberts stands at the podium. Three white design mannequins behind him, each sporting a different fashion style.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

Contrary to popular opinion, beauty is not in the eye of the beholder. It's in the hands of the designer.

Sara listens intently, soaking it all in. Her cell buzzes with a text message. She discreetly takes a look.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

Who can tell me the difference
between fashion and style?

FROM IRENE: "4th & ford. be there now." Sara smiles at the
message.

Professor Roberts notices Sara looking at her cell phone and
calls on her.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

Miss Matthews?

Without missing a beat, Sara replies.

SARA

Fashion's something you can buy,
but style you either have or you
don't.

43.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

Exactly. All the money in the
world can't buy you style.

SARA

But it can buy you a good stylist.
The class chuckles. Professor Roberts smiles.

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Sara comes out of the building, texting on her cell as she
walks. Rebecca is waiting, holding two cups of coffee.

SARA

Hey. How'd you know when my class
got out?
Rebecca shrugs, playing it off.

REBECCA

I'm your roommate.
Sara smiles and grabs a cup.

SARA

Thanks.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUADS - LATER

They walk through the quads. Other students are around, some strolling leisurely, others rushing to get to class.

SARA

Listen... Tracy told me something kinda weird. She says you... scared her this morning.
Rebecca stops and looks at Sara. She starts laughing.

REBECCA

What?

SARA

Yeah.

44.

REBECCA

It's more like she scared me. She was racing to the bathroom like she was gonna hurl. She almost knocked me over.
A beat as Sara ponders it all. She smiles.

SARA

The girl does like to party.
Anyway, I wouldn't worry about it.
Rebecca takes a victory sip as Sara gets another text from Irene: "where r u?!?!?!"

SARA

I gotta go meet Irene.
(raises her cup)
Thanks for the coffee.
Rebecca watches her walk off. She takes another sip.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Sara gets out of a cab. She looks up at a big building.

INT. STUDIO - HALLWAY

Sara walks through a design studio. Models and make-up artists are rushing around, dragging thousands of dollars worth of dresses. Sara loves the place's chaotic energy. She knocks on an open door and sees a YOUNG MODEL being worked on by a designer who isn't much older. IRENE, 28.

IRENE

(mouth full of pins)

Finally.

She gets up to hug Sara. Nearly tearing the dress.

INT. STUDIO - BACKSTAGE - LATER

in Irene is putting a dress together on a MODEL. Sara watches
awe. An OLDER DESIGNER walks by... checks on Irene's work...
nods his approval... and leaves.

SARA

I so want to be you when I grow up.

45.

IRENE

Hell, I wanna be me when I grow up.

MAKE-UP GIRL

(TO SARA)

She's going to be a star.

Irene rolls her eyes.

IRENE

You know, your dad left me four messages last week. Making sure I'm looking out for his baby.

SARA

Oh god. I hope you told him I'm closing down the library every night.

IRENE

I told him I haven't seen you. And that for all I know you're a crack ho by now.
Even the model laughs.

SARA

Perfect.

INT. LIBRARY - DUSK

Sara walks along, looking for a table. She spots Stephen sitting by himself. Drumming on his leg with a pencil. Ignoring the open textbook in front of him. She sits down across from him. They both smile.

STEPHEN

I haven't seen you around too much since you blew me off for dinner.

SARA

Sorry again. Actually, how about dinner tonight?

STEPHEN

Hellllo. I'm studying.
She takes his book. He's on page two.

SARA

Page two? Busted!

46.

STEPHEN

Yeah, but it's really dense.
Off Sara's smile.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Okay. Let's go.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kim exits the bathroom and passes Tracy coming the other way.

KIM

How's it goin'?

TRACY

Hey.

Tracy, wearing just a towel, and brushing her teeth as she walks, steps into the bathroom.

INT. DORM BATHROOM - NIGHT

She hums to herself as she spits out the toothpaste. She removes the towel and steps into the shower, pulling the curtain closed. As she shampoos her hair... The lights go out.

TRACY

You have to be kidding me. Hey!
The only light is some distorted moonlight through the window. Tracy steps out of the shower, grabbing her towel. Just as she starts to feel her way along the wall... The lights come back on. She sighs happily... sheds her towel... and steps back under the steaming water. A beat. The lights go off again.

TRACY

Goddammit !
She turns off the shower. A beat of silence, but now... one of the other showers turns on. What the hell?

TRACY

Hey, how about turning on the light?

47.

No response. Yet another shower turns on.

TRACY

Who's out there?
Tracy, back in her towel, nervous now, feels her way along the wall again. She turns on the lights. The curtains are drawn in front of both running showers.

Tracy stares at them. A beat.

TRACY

I know it's you.
She walks over to the shower. A beat. She rips away one curtain. Nothing behind it but the running shower. She turns it off. She stares at the other curtain.

TRACY

Sara thinks you're weird. She told me.
She pulls back the other curtain... nothing. She turns off that shower, too. But she can still hear running water. She looks back. The curtain from her own shower is closed again. The sound of running water behind it. She walks over.

TRACY

Not funny, Rebecca.
(under her breath)
Bitch.
She grips the curtain. She steels herself. She yanks the curtain open to see...
Just running water. Tracy shakes her head. She looks around

--

no one. She slips her towel off and slips back under the water. Screw Rebecca -- she's going to finish this shower.

TRACY

Freak.
Just as the warm water starts to relax her...
THE SHOWER CURTAIN CRASHES OVER HER, pile-driven by Rebecca. The curtain comes right off the rings. Tracy is slammed against the shower wall. She hits the floor hard, with Rebecca on top of her. Water pelting them both.

48.

Rebecca clamps a hand over Tracy's mouth and pins her against the wall. The shower curtain covers her from the neck down. Tracy -- wide-eyed and terrified -- stares at Rebecca.

REBECCA

So Sara thinks I'm weird? Let me

tell you what I think. I think you're a little whore, and a bad influence on her. And I think that if you tell anyone about... what I'm about to do... you'll regret it.

Rebecca, one hand still on Tracy's mouth, slides her other hand beneath the shower curtain. Tracy's eyes widen further. Rebecca finds what she's looking for... gets the grip she needs... and violently jerks her hand out of the curtain. A muffled scream from Tracy. Tears stream down her face. Rebecca stands. As Tracy sobs quietly on the shower floor, Rebecca looks down at... The bloody ring in her hand.

REBECCA

Nice belly ring.
She tosses it to Tracy... and walks away.

INT. FRAT HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sara and Stephen are sitting on a couch. His arm around her shoulder, lightly playing with the ends of her hair.

STEPHEN

I'm going to flunk my test tomorrow, thanks to you.

SARA

Then let's make sure it was worth it.
She gives him a slow, lingering kiss.

STEPHEN

Duh, joke's on you. I was going to flunk anyway.
She smiles.

49.

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Rebecca sits on her bed, petting Cuddles, blood still on her fingers, humming the tune that Tracy was humming in the

bathroom. She hears steps and voices in the hallway. She smiles -- must be Sara. She quickly turns off the light and pretends to sleep. But the steps pass her door and keep going. Not Sara. She turns on the light. Worry in her eyes. She picks up her cell phone and dials.

INT. DORM LOUNGE - NIGHT

Sara and Stephen step off the elevator. Time to say goodbye.

STEPHEN

Thanks for helping me... not study.

SARA

Anytime.

He kisses her. Sweet and tender. Until... Sara sees Rebecca. Standing just five feet away. Staring at them.

REBECCA

Where were you?

SARA

Oh, hi.

REBECCA

I kept calling and calling.

SARA

Oh. I turned my cell off at the library and forgot to turn it back on.

(FRAZZLED)

Rebecca... this is Stephen. He flashes a smile. Rebecca doesn't even look at him.

REBECCA

I'm going to bed now. I'm glad you're okay. She walks out of the lounge. A beat. That was awkward. Sara bites her lip, as if to say: "What can you do?"

STEPHEN

You got a curfew?

SARA

Well, she's right...I shoulda called.

He smiles -- no big deal. He kisses her and steps into the elevator. They look at each other, waiting for the ancient doors to close. Stephen steps forward and sneaks in one more kiss. The doors close.

Sara smiles; what a night. She glances down toward her door and sighs.

EXT. QUADS - MORNING

Sara and Rebecca walk in silence, sipping their coffees. Rebecca looks straight ahead, listening to her Walkman. As they reach the fork in the path...

SARA

I guess I'll see you later.

REBECCA

Sara...

(SHE TURNS)

Last night. I was just worried about you.

SARA

You don't need to worry about me. I can take care of myself. Okay? Rebecca slowly nods.

REBECCA

Sara. We're good, right? A beat. Sara nods and smiles.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Sara and Stephen at a table, books spread around them. Stephen is reading Rolling Stone. Sara's on her laptop, checking her Facebook page. She gets a message for adding a new friend... from Rebecca. She clicks to add her.

51.

INT. LIBRARY

Rebecca sits in a chair on the other side of the library.
Unbeknownst to Sara and Stephen, Rebecca watches them
through
the glass.

INT. LIBRARY

Sara clicks onto Rebecca's Facebook page. She's listed only
one friend: Sara. She's posted the picture of her and Sara
in
front of the graffiti wall. And some of her drawings. And a
picture of a pretty brunette teenager, captioned "Maria."
Sara looks at Rebecca's interests. Favorite Artist: Richard
Prince. Favorite Passion: Drawing. Favorite movie: Coyote
Ugly. Sara smiles. Best Friend: SARA. Her smile fades.

SARA

I'm already her best friend?

STEPHEN

That's a little sad.

SARA

Stop.
But the look on her face says she agrees.

STEPHEN

Maybe she REALLY likes you...if you
know what I mean.
She looks at him quizzically.

SARA

I don't.
He just looks at her, raising his eyebrows suggestively.

SARA (CONT'D)

You... are...a...moron.
He grins.

INT. LIBRARY - PERIODICAL RACKS

Rebecca watches Stephen kiss Sara, her expression is tough
to
read. Is she jealous... or entranced? Sara gets up and
leaves. Stephen goes to the stacks.

52.

INT. LIBRARY - STACKS - LATER

Stephen, alone, searches for a book among the remote stacks. The stacks are massive and endless -- row after row of them. Stephen thumbs through books, not finding the one he needs. He drops a book and bends down to pick it up. Over his shoulder, we see...

REBECCA'S EYES in the space between the shelves. She's in
the
next aisle over.

Stephen replaces the book. He walks down the aisle, looking at the numbers of the books.

Rebecca mimics his pacing as she follows him down her aisle. Her hands gently brush against the books, her eyes on Stephen. He turns in her direction and stops in his tracks. So does Rebecca. She's completely still.

Stephen walks over. He puts his hand on the book that covers Rebecca. He's about to pull it out and reveal her. But it's not the right one. He keeps walking.

He reaches the end of his aisle... and Rebecca the end of hers. She's right around the corner from him. He reads the markers at the end of the aisle, trying to figure out which direction to go.

Rebecca's hands are sweaty. She's nervous. Does she want to get caught? Stephen turns right, away from her, and starts down the next aisle.

Rebecca softly exhales. And now whispers to herself.

REBECCA

Stephen.

Stephen stops dead. Did he hear something? Guess not. He keeps going, scanning the book numbers again.

STEPHEN

Shit, wrong aisle.

He doubles back, and turns into Rebecca's aisle. But it's... EMPTY. We hear a door close in the distance.

53.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

He
Stephen and Sara walk on a tree-lined path. Holding hands.
checks his watch.

STEPHEN

Should we head back home?
They walk by a small playground comprised of the slide,
jungle gym, etc.

SARA

The question is "whose home?"

STEPHEN

Hmmm...

SARA

I'll make you a bet. I go back to
your place or you take me home to
my twin bed and roommate.

STEPHEN

What's the bet?
She eyes the jungle gym.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

Sara and Stephen are each hanging from the jungle gym. This
has been going on for a few minutes. Both straining.
Stephen's worse off.

STEPHEN

This is kind of a stupid bet.

SARA

Why'd you agree?

STEPHEN

Apparently, I'm kind of a stupid
guy.

SARA

Making me laugh isn't going to help
you.
They stare each other down. She's stifling a laugh, much
more in control as Stephen is straining.

54.

He tries to swing his legs and kick her. She avoids him. He
catches a peek at her bare midriff. Finally, this makes him
fall. She then lets go, victorious.

SARA (CONT'D)

I was a gymnast until I hit a
growth spurt my freshman year.
Stephen brushes himself off. Dejected that he was "this
close". She walks up to him. Cocky. Gives him a playful
shove.

SARA (CONT'D)

So I win.
He gives her a playful shove back.

STEPHEN

So.
She seductively walks back towards him. Takes his hand.

SARA

So...let's go back to your place.
She gives him a seductive grin.

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Rebecca sketches in her bed. She looks at the clock: 1:00
a.m. And no Sara. History is repeating itself.. .and
Rebecca's
pissed. She rips out her sketch page and throws it away.
She starts pacing the floor. She angrily moves Sara's chair
back to her side. She whips out her phone and eyes the dial
button. She starts to dial... but kills the call.
She picks up her sketchpad again. Suddenly:
A BUZZING SOUND from Sara's desk. Rebecca pulls out the desk
drawer and finds Sara's cell phone. On the call screen:

"JASON".

A long beat. She pushes the talk button... but just listens.

JASON (O.S.)
Sara?

REBECCA
Mmmm?

55.

JASON (O.S.)
Sara, you answered. Thank you. Can we talk... about us?
Rebecca's eyes clear. She's in control again. She sits down on Sara's bed, tossing Cuddles roughly to the floor. And she lies down.

now

REBECCA
(WHISPERS)
I miss you.
She moves her hand across her stomach.

JASON (O.S.)
(RELIEVED)
You do?

REBECCA
I want you, Jason.

JASON (O.S.)
I.. . want you, too. But...
Rebecca's hand moves toward her panties.

REBECCA
I miss touching you. Do you miss touching me?

JASON (O.S.)
Like you wouldn't believe.

REBECCA
Prove it.

INT. PSI U. FRAT HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sara and Stephen slam along the walls, in a fever. Kissing madly, missing each other's mouths. At his door... he cracks it open and peeks inside.

His room is a disaster. Definitely a new world record for empty beer cans, pizza boxes, and strewn clothes.

STEPHEN

Just give me thirty seconds.

SARA

You're kidding.

56.

But he slips into the room and closes the door behind him. Sara leans back against the wall. Flushed, breathing hard.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - ROOM - SAME

Stephen is a whirlwind. He tosses everything -- beer cans, clothes, study papers -- into one big garbage bag.

STEPHEN

Almost there.

SARA (O.S.)

(through the door)

I'm going to start taking my clothes off out here.

STEPHEN

Yeah, right.

He's not quite buying it... but he's cleaning faster.

SARA (O.S.)

Oops! There goes my shirt...

She's got his attention now. He speeds up.

STEPHEN

You know I don't believe you.

(WORRIED)

Wait, goddamnit, that's supposed to be my strip tease.

SARA (O.S.)

There go the jeans.
He's popping breath mints... while clearing off his bed.

STEPHEN

I'm just going to put your clothes back on and make you strip again.

SARA (O.S.)

Hmmm. What's next? Top or bottom?
Stephen stops and stares at the door.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - HALLWAY - SAME

Sara stands there, fully dressed. She looks down the empty hallway.

57.

SARA

Who do we have here? Hey guys! Let me ask you. Bra or panties? Bra? Okay, okay. Just calm down.
The door swings open. Stephen stands in front of her, grinning.

STEPHEN

I knew you didn't have the guts.
She flicks her bra at his face. He catches it, shocked. He tosses it aside and yanks her into the room. The door slams shut behind them.

INT. DORM ROOM - SAME

the
Rebecca is breathing harder and faster now. Still holding phone, from which we hear Jason's moans.

REBECCA

Say my name, Jason. Until I tell you to stop.

She puts the phone on speaker and lays it on the pillow beside her. Both her hands ease back under the covers.

JASON (O.S.)

Sara... Sara... Sara...
Rebecca writhes, eyes closed.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - ROOM

Sara and Stephen make out in bed, half-naked. He lies on top of her. Looking into her eyes. Sweet and intimate.

STEPHEN

Sara...

INT. DORM ROOM - SAME

Rebecca writhes and moans.

JASON (O.S.)

Sara... Sara...
They moan together. Louder and louder... and now they
finish.
A long beat.

58.

JASON (O.S.)

(catching his breath)
Jesus, Sara. That was incredible.
Rebecca smiles.

JASON (O.S.)

I miss you so much.
Her smile dies. She picks up the phone. A cruel gleam in her eyes.

REBECCA

Don't ever call me again.
She kills the call. And now deletes it from the phone log.

EXT. CARNEGIE DORM - MORNING

Carnegie Dorm on a bright, clear morning.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

down
Sara, hair mussed up but eyes shining. Sara opens her door and steps in. She's tentative, expecting Rebecca to jump her throat. But Rebecca smiles.

REBECCA

Well, good morning.

SARA

Hey. Sorry I didn't call. I forgot my phone.

REBECCA

No problem.
Sara opens her desk drawer and grabs her phone. She quickly checks. No calls.
Rebecca looks Sara over and smiles.

REBECCA

Come on...don't I get any details??

SARA

(SMILING)

A nice girl doesn't kiss and tell.
They laugh. A nice, easy vibe between them.

59.

SARA

You want to go get some breakfa--
Before she can finish, Cuddles bolts out the door and down the hallway.

SARA

Oh no.
Sara chases after her as Rebecca gets up from her bed.

INT. HALLWAY

Sara turns the corner to see...

The resident assistant, with Cuddles cradled in her arms.
Sara apprehensively walks up to him.

R.A.

Is this your cat, Sara?

SARA

Maybe...

R.A.

She's cute...

She nods as she gingerly takes Cuddles from his arms. She
turns to walk back to the room.

R.A.

And if you keep her, I lose my job.

Do we understand each other?

She stops. Turns. Looks at him.

SARA

Yes.

Sara walks back to her room. Rebecca stands in the doorway.
They exchange despondent looks. Screwed.

INT. IRENE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Irene opens the door and Sara walks in.

IRENE

What took you so long?

SARA

I walked.

60.

IRENE

You didn't!

SARA

It's ten bucks for a cab and I'm a
student.

IRENE

Sara! You can't just walk around
downtown L.A. at night. This is
not Des Moines.

SARA

Duh?

IRENE

Seriously, listen to me. That's
why I own a gun.
Sara's shocked.

SARA

What?!

IRENE

Absolutely! Big cities are
crawling with crazies.
Sara moves into the apartment. Her phone rings. She
answers.

SARA

Hey. Oh, Hi. Yeah, I'm over at
Irene's. I meant to leave you a
note. Uh huh, uh huh, oh! That's a
good idea. Let me check, hold on.
Sara covers the phone and turns to Irene.

SARA

(TO IRENE)

Do you like cats?

IRENE

Yeah, why?

SARA

We have to get rid of one.

IRENE

Can't. Travel too much. Poor
thing would starve to death.

SARA

You're right.
(back into phone)
No, she can't. Huh? Oh I don't
know... whenever I get there. Bye.

IRENE

Who was that?

SARA

My roommate. More than a little
overprotective.

IRENE

That's no fun.

SARA

So, where is it?

IRENE

What?

SARA

You said you had a surprise for me?

IRENE

Oh yeah. I went through my
closet. There's nothing here I've
worn in the past six months.
Irene walks toward the couch where there's a pile of
clothes.

SARA

You're kidding, all of these?! Oh
no.

IRENE

What ...what?

SARA

We have no closet space at the
dorms. Rebecca's already using
half of mine.

IRENE

Oh my God, I just had the best
idea.

SARA

What?

IRENE

Why don't you move in here with me?

62.

SARA

Seriously?

IRENE

Yeah, I'm never here. The place is huge. Ditch the roommate. And, the building allows pets.

SARA

Huh. Let me talk to Rebecca about it.

IRENE

Great.

(BEAT)

So, how's Jason? I really liked him.

SARA

We broke up.

IRENE

Yeah ...he sucked.

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Sara stuffs her new clothes into her tiny closet. The bags spill out into the room, taking up floor space. Rebecca sits on her bed, her laptop open. She's staring at Irene's Facebook Profile. There are some racy pictures of Irene and some girlfriends.

REBECCA

Hey. What're those?

SARA

Irene gave them to me. She had a lot more but we don't have the

room.

REBECCA

Too bad she couldn't take Cuddles,
huh?

SARA

Well, maybe that's not a problem.

REBECCA

Really?

63.

SARA

Yeah. She actually suggested that
I move in with her.

REBECCA

What?

(BEAT)

You want to move?

SARA

No, of course not. I love living
here... with you.

Sara smiles as she sits down next to Rebecca, trying to put

a

bright spin on things.

SARA

Look, I'd still technically be
living here. So you wouldn't have
to get a new roommate. Her place is
huge and it's not like you couldn't
use the extra closet space. I'd
just move some of my stuff over,
and spend a few nights a week
there. We'd both have a lot more
space.

REBECCA

I don't want more space. I want...

She checks herself. A beat of awkward silence.

SARA

Nothing's set in stone. It's just something to think about. Plus we'd be able to keep Cuddles.

As Sara hangs more new clothes in her closet, Rebecca stares across the room at...
Cuddles.

EXT. QUADS - DAY

As Sara crosses the quads, she spots Tracy up ahead, walking by herself.

SARA

Tracy!

Tracy slows for a split-second, then keeps walking. As if

she

didn't hear anything. Sara hurries to catch up with her.

64.

SARA

Tracy... hey.

TRACY

Oh, hey.

Tracy smiles, but weakly. The girl's lost all her sparkle. Her eyes dart around nervously, like a bird's.

SARA

I heard you changed dorms.

TRACY

Yeah, Conrad Hall. Seemed like a better vibe.

SARA

Well, we should get together. Like grab a bite or something. Right?

REBECCA (O.S.)

Sara!

Sara turns and waves at Rebecca.

SARA

Hi.

Rebecca starts to walk over to Tracy and Sara.

TRACY

(TO SARA)

I'll call you.

But she's already walking away.

SARA

Tracy?!

REBECCA

What was that about?

SARA

I don't know. She just walked away.

REBECCA

Well, she's always been a flake.

65.

INT. CAMPUS COFFEE SHOP - LATER

Sara whips up a latte for a customer, her cell phone to her ear. She's really got the hang of this job now. In charge, moving with a purpose.

hand She snatches an issue of High Times from her co-worker's

and points him toward the sink. He starts washing blenders.

SARA

(INTO PHONE)

Hey. I do so call, Mom. Geez.

Her latte customer rolls his eyes. Moms. He takes his drink and walks away.

SARA

Well, actually, I was thinking I'd do Thanksgiving here and see you guys for Christmas. She listens, her face telling us that she doesn't like what she's hearing.

SARA

Ya know what, I'm at work, and I'm really getting slammed... There isn't another customer in sight.

SARA

I'll call you later, okay? Tell Dad I said hello. Bye. She hangs up the phone and sighs.

INT. DORM ROOM - DUSK

Rebecca gathers her laundry into a giant duffle bag. As she carries it toward the door, she passes Cuddles, curled up on Sara's bed. She scoops her up.

REBECCA

Looks like it's just you and me tonight.

INT. DORM BASEMENT HALLWAY - DUSK

Rebecca walks downstairs, down the hallway to the laundry room.

66.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - LATER

Rebecca waits for her clothes to finish drying. Cuddles
plays with a sock on top of a nearby washer. Rebecca checks on her clothes. They're dry, with two minutes still left on the timer. She stuffs the clothes into her duffle bag. She walks to the washers and picks up Cuddles. She pets her gently. She walks back to the dryer and places Cuddles inside.

REBECCA

(BABY TALK)

See how nice and warm it is in there?

Cuddles seems to enjoy the warmth. Rebecca closes the door and watches the confused kitten paw at the glass.

She gently pushes the start button, just enough to get the dryer moving for a sec. Cuddles stumbles, falls over, and gets back up.

Rebecca pushes the button again, a little longer this time. Cuddles stumbles. Flips over.

The dryer beeps. OUT OF TIME. Cuddles meows at Rebecca, wanting out. She reaches into her pocket... and pulls out

her

last quarter. She gently places it in the slot.

ON DRYER DISPLAY: 15 MINUTES. Rebecca stares through the glass at the kitten. She fingers the button.

Before she pushes it --

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM - LATER

Sara walks in to find Rebecca sprawled on her bed, crying. She rushes over.

SARA

Hey, what's wrong?

Rebecca looks up at her, eyes red. Ashamed.

REBECCA

Cuddles got out.

67.

SARA

Oh no. In the dorm?

REBECCA

Outside.

SARA

What?!

REBECCA

I was doing laundry... I took her with me... She jumped out of the bag and ran outside. I went after her, but...

(WHIMPERS)

I'm so sorry.

Sara stands, pissed. She wants to really go off on Rebecca...

but the girl's so distraught, so fragile.

SARA

Maybe she'll come back.

REBECCA

(EMPHATIC)

She won't.

SARA

I'm going to go find her.

REBECCA

Do you want me to help?

But Sara's already gone, slamming the door behind her.

INT. CAFETERIA - MORNING

Sara and Rebecca sit alone at a table. Eating quietly.

SARA

Maybe it's... just karma or something. We weren't allowed to keep her anyway.

REBECCA

You're not mad at me?

SARA

It was an accident.

(BEAT)

It's just... stress after stress, you know?

68.

REBECCA

Is something else wrong?
A beat as Sara decides whether to confide.

SARA

My parents really want me to come
home for Thanksgiving.

REBECCA

You don't want to go?

SARA

It's not exactly the most festive
holiday in the Matthews household.

(BEAT)

Emily died two days before
Thanksgiving.
A beat. Rebecca pats Sara's hand.

SARA

I know I should be there with them,
but it's like there's a ghost at
the table.

REBECCA

You can come with me.

SARA

(THROWN)

What?
Rebecca sits up, her excitement growing.

REBECCA

Yeah, spend Thanksgiving at my
house.

SARA

Your folks wouldn't mind?

REBECCA

(LAUGHS)

Please. Like they'd even notice.

SARA

Okay, we'll see. Thanks.

69.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Professor Roberts stands at the blackboard, wrapping up a lecture.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

Your midterm designs are due Friday. Remember, class: Simplicity. Who founded our industry? Eve -- when she handed Adam that fig leaf. Students laugh on their way out the door. As Sara walks past Roberts...

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

Sara. Could I see you in my office, please?

SARA

(SURPRISED)

Sure. I've got a class right now. But I'll come right after it.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

along Sara knocks on Professor Roberts' open door. She steps into his office. It's small and intimate, with books stacked every wall. Scraps of fabric are pinned to cork boards. Roberts smiles at her from his chair. He walks to the door and closes it. He walks back, pulls a chair close to hers, and sits down. She crosses her legs, her knees accidentally brushing against his.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

I don't think I need to tell you how impressed I've been with your work.

(BEAT)

Every year I go to Fashion Week in Paris. It's dazzling. The photo shoots... the parties... that incredible runway. When the first model bursts through the curtain and hits that catwalk? Sara, a roar goes up from that crowd that's like... nothing you've ever heard.

(BEAT)

The college allows me to take one student. All expenses paid.

(MORE)

70.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS (CONT-D)

Full backstage access. Usually, it's a senior.

(BEAT)

But it doesn't have to be. Sara's pulse is racing.

SARA

I'm not sure I understand. Are you saying what I think you're saying?

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

I'm saying you have a shot. You'd have to earn it, Sara.

SARA

Of course. I'll do... anything. Roberts stands and walks to the window. He looks out at the quad... and now turns back to Sara.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

I'd like to see more danger in your work. Your designs are always crisp; they're always clear. But they're a little... safe.

That stung. Sara can't keep the red from rising in her face. Roberts walks over to her.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

Don't be afraid to go to some of the...

He delicately taps her temple.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS (CONT'D)

darker places in here.

SARA

Okay...

He squats beside her, his hand on her shoulder now. He looks into her eyes.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

The best designers push the boundaries of what's... acceptable. They take chances. Do you like to take chances, Sara?

SARA

Sometimes.

71.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

So do I.

He kisses her. Sara pushes him away, jumping out of her chair. She stands in front of him, shaking.

SARA

I can't believe you just did that.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

I took a chance, that's all. With a student that I trust.

SARA

I better go.

Sara grabs her books. As she heads for the door...

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

Paris, Sara. Fashion Week. Don't
blow the chance of a lifetime.
She hurries out of the office.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Rebecca sits alone at a study table. Sara walks up and drops
down her books. THUD. Students look over from other tables.
Sara doesn't care. She sits down and stares blankly into
space, trying to forget what just happened. Rebecca leans
over, concerned.

REBECCA

What's wrong?

SARA

My design professor just kissed me.
Rebecca turns very serious. She gets up and sits down next
to Sara.

REBECCA

Are you alright?
Sara nods.

SARA

Yeah, it just really creeped me
out. And I think the asshole's
married.

72.

Rebecca puts her hand on Sara's.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Professor Roberts at his desk, set to call it a day. He
tosses some design sheets into his briefcase.
He opens a desk drawer... grabs his wedding ring... and

slips

it onto his finger.

He hears FOOTSTEPS in the hallway. The sexy, unmistakable
clicking of a woman's heels. They come closer... and now

stop

at his door.

Roberts watches the door, waiting for a knock. Nothing. He

walks to it. He can see the silhouette of two feet at the bottom of the door. He smiles -- Sara, coming back to him. He opens the door, revealing: Rebecca. She wears a snug v-neck cardigan, skin-tight black jeans, and silver stiletto heels. A small purse on her shoulder. Roberts swallows his surprise.

REBECCA

Professor Roberts?

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

That's right.

REBECCA

I'm glad I caught you.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

Actually, I was just...

But Rebecca steps past him into the office, her heels snapping on the worn hardwood floor.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Roberts, a little annoyed but also intrigued, follows her back inside. They face each other.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

You're not one of my students.

REBECCA

Not yet. That's why I'm here.

73.

She steps to his desk and leans against it. Her cool manner is disarming. A beat.

REBECCA

I'm failing Intro Psych.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

And why is that?

REBECCA

Because I'm bored. I thought it would be all about Freud, and deep dark secrets. But it's brain chemistry. Synapses. I can't stay awake in class.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

I'm sorry to hear that. But I'm not sure what I can do to help.

REBECCA

Tomorrow's the last day to drop a course without penalty. Unless I can add another one in its place, I'll fall way behind in credits. Daddy won't take that very well. He might even pull the plug. Which means...

(BEAT)

I'm pretty much at your mercy, Professor.

Roberts smiles. This girl is a trip. Is she for real? She's so calm, so steady. Roberts can't get a handle on her.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

Look, I've always made it a policy not to accept any students this late in the term.

REBECCA

Do I look like just any student to you?

She smiles... and eases up onto his desk. Facing him. Pretty feet dangling, ankles locked. Jesus.

She eases her purse off her shoulder and onto the desk. She sees the framed picture of a WOMAN AND TWO KIDS. She picks

it

up.

REBECCA

Your wife is very pretty.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

Ex-wife .

The game is on now. Roberts slowly walks around the desk, until he's behind Rebecca.

off In the picture frame's reflection, Rebecca sees him slip his wedding ring. He palms it.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

A few things I'd need to know.

REBECCA

Ask me anything.

He's circling the desk now. Predator and prey.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

Do you have any design experience?

REBECCA

None.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

What do you know about clothes?

REBECCA

Only one thing.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

And what's that?

REBECCA

I definitely look better out of them than in them.

What an answer. Roberts stops in front of her. He moves in close, between her parting legs. He looks into her eyes. Still steady.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

I think we might be able to work something out.

REBECCA

Great. Just tell me and I'll do anything.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

Kiss me.

(BEAT)

I'll take it from there.

75.

He kisses her. She opens her lips for a tantalizing second, and now gently pushes him away. He holds his ground. He's

had

a taste -- he wants a lot more.
Suddenly, Rebecca's face hardens.

REBECCA

Ow! You're hurting me! Professor,
stop!...

Roberts stares at her in shock. He's not even touching her. What's going on? Rebecca smiles again.

This girl is whacked. But damn, Roberts wants her. And her eyes are inviting him back. As he presses in to kiss her again...

She rockets a knee into his groin and he crumples to the floor, gasping for air. He drops his wedding ring, which rolls away across the floor.

Rebecca steps to the desk, where her purse sits open. We can see the Walkman inside. She takes it out. Smiles at him.

REBECCA

Birthday gift. You should get one,
they're great.

She slips on the earbuds... plays with the Walkman for a few seconds... and now hits the play button. We hear their prior conversation, played back.

WALKMAN

Great. Just tell me and I'll do
anything.

(BEAT)

Kiss me. I'll take it from there.

(BEAT)

Owl You're hurting me! Professor,
stop!...

Rage and betrayal in Roberts' eyes.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

You bitch tease!

REBECCA

Oh, I'm not teasing.
She starts to circle him now, as he writhes in pain on the floor.

76.

REBECCA

Do you see enough danger in me now,
Professor? Did I go to a dark
enough place for you?
He recognizes his own words to Sara.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

What? How did?... Who are you?
He lunges at her ankle. She steps out of his grasp... and
slams the sharp spike of her heel down on his hand. He yells
again.

REBECCA

She trusted you.
She walks toward the door.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS

Please don't do this. Twenty years.
Everything I worked for. I'll pay
for that tape.
Rebecca stops at the door. She kneels, picks up his wedding
ring, and rolls it across the floor to him.

REBECCA

Yes you will.
She walks out the door.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - ROOM

Sara sits on Stephen's bed. She is looking out the window,
holding a theory book in her hand.
Stephen watches her from his side of the bed.

STEPHEN

Anything wrong?
Sara is taken out of her own world

SARA

What?

STEPHEN

Are you ok?

SARA

Yeah, sure.

77.

She smiles. Stephen smiles back.
Sara looks down in her book again.

EXT. QUADS - DAY

Sara looks up at the building. She sighs before she enters.

INT. HALLWAY

She walks slowly toward the classroom, letting other
students pass her. She steps into the doorway and sees...

INT. CLASSROOM

A WOMAN, standing at Professor Roberts' podium. She gestures
for everyone to come in. Sara, like the rest, is confused.

WOMAN

Welcome. I'm Professor Jacobs. I'll
be taking over the class for the
rest of the semester.
Sara can't believe it. She takes a seat and turns to the
STUDENT next to her.

SARA

(WHISPERS)

What happened?

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Sara walks in with a tray, still a bit dazed. She sees a
half-dozen hallmates milling about and Rebecca sitting by herself

in the corner, drawing. Sara joins her.

SARA

Remember what I told you about
Professor Roberts?

REBECCA

Yeah?

SARA

He's gone.

REBECCA

What do you mean?

78.

SARA

Well, they're calling it a leave of
absence. But what I heard... someone
sent the dean an anonymous
recording of him hitting on another
student.

REBECCA

Oh My God.

SARA

I know.

REBECCA

That's called Karma.

INT. CAMPUS COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Sara serves up two fresh lattes... and now leans against the
counter to watch the band. Stephen's band. He catches her
looking at him. She smiles. Seriously smitten.

INT. CAMPUS COFFEE SHOP - LATER

Stephen, sweaty, is behind the counter helping Sara clean

up.

STEPHEN

I've made a decision. You ready?

SARA

Lemme hear it.

STEPHEN

I'm gonna quit the band.

SARA

No. Really? Why?

STEPHEN

It's a waste of time-and we suck.

SARA

Why would you say that?

STEPHEN

Well, let me think about this. The only places we can get booked is at my own frat house and at my girlfriend's coffee shop.

79.

SARA

(SMIRKS)

You're right. You guys do suck.
A beat.

SARA

Hold it. Did you just say
girlfriend?

STEPHEN

You heard me.

SARA

So you think it'll be fun to stay
here during Thanksgiving?

STEPHEN

Dinner at the frat, the football games. Don't forget the always awkward, homoerotic humor.

SARA

Sounds like a blast.

STEPHEN

Oh. For sure.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

A somber Rebecca stares at herself in the full-length mirror on the back of the front door. A very strange expression in her eyes. She looks herself over, makes a fist, and now... Punches herself on the temple. Hard. She staggers, nearly knocked out. She straightens. Looks in the mirror. Her skin is already bruising. She punches herself again. Same spot. And again, with her other fist this time. And now a shot to her shoulder. And another. It's painful to watch. But she's getting more and more numb to the blows. She inspects herself closely... and now reaches down and grabs an artist's UTILITY KNIFE. It looks like a large, retractable box cutter. She extends the blade all the way out. She pulls up her shirt. Turns to the side a bit. Places the knife against her skin and...

CUT TO:

80.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

Sara opens the door and finds Rebecca curled up in a fetal position in a corner of the room. Sobbing. Sara drops her things and runs over to her.

SARA

Oh my God. What happened?
She cradles Rebecca, who buries her head in between her knees. Sara checks the bruises on her head and arms.

SARA

Rebecca. It's okay. You're safe

now. Talk to me.

REBECCA

I was looking for Cuddles. A man...
pulled me into an alley. He
tried...

Sara holds her. She can't finish.

SARA

It's okay. It's okay. Shhh.

REBECCA

I got away.

SARA

You're alright now.

Sara notices a streak of blood against Rebecca's shirt. She
pulls it up and sees a slash. Gasps.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

Rebecca, newly showered, hair still wet, sits on her bed in
her underwear. Sara is tending to her wounds. Ice for the
bruises. Disinfectant for the cut. Rebecca flinches.

SARA

It's not deep, thank God. But you
should see a doctor.

REBECCA

No.

SARA

Rebecca, you need to. And then the
police.

81.

Rebecca pulls back on her bed, ruining the gauze job.

REBECCA

I don't want to. I can't.
Sara pulls out her cell phone.

SARA

You're calling them, or I am.
There's a psycho walking around
this campus.

REBECCA

(CRYING AGAIN)

Please. I didn't see him.
She's so frazzled, she's undoing Sara's nursing efforts.

SARA

Okay, okay. I won't call. Just let
me help you.
Rebecca calms down. Let's Sara finish. Watching her intently
as she works.

EXT. STREET - DORM - DAY

Sara's on the sidewalk in front of her dorm with Stephen.
Inside, the lobby is busy with students getting ready to go
home for the holiday.

SARA

Sorry about not staying. But,
Rebecca...

STEPHEN

I get it.

(KISSES HER)

I'm going to make out with my
pillow and pretend it's you.

SARA

Just say you'll miss me.

STEPHEN

I'll miss you.
Rebecca pulls up in her car. Sara gets in. Rebecca gives
Stephen an "I win" look as Sara closes the door.

82.

INT. CAR - DRIVING: LATER

Sara looks down at her phone.

SARA

I haven't heard from Jason in weeks. It's weird how he just stopped calling.

REBECCA

It's what you wanted, right?
Sara nods, reassuring herself.

SARA

Yeah. Yeah it is.
Sara looks out the window. Rebecca shows a hint of a smile.

EXT. GATED MANSION - DUSK

Rebecca's car pulls up to the iron gates of a huge mansion that could be straight out of Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DUSK

Rebecca and Sara stand in the driveway, looking up at the mansion. Sara is in shock.

SARA

This is your home?

REBECCA

It's my parents house. It was never a home.

INT. FOYER - DUSK

Rebecca and Sara walk in. Rebecca's on edge, flinching as Sara closes the door.
Rebecca's parents rush in from the living room. Her father gives her an awkward hug.

DAD

(SURPRISED)

We didn't think you would make it.

83.

Her mother sees the bruises on her face.

MOM

(ALARMED)

What happened?

REBECCA

Nothing.

DAD

Nothing? This isn't nothing.

REBECCA

(SNAPS)

Leave it alone.

Sara is stunned. But Rebecca's parents cease. Her mom gives her a tender, protracted embrace. Rebecca endures it, barely raising her arms.

DAD

Hello. And you are?

SARA

I'm Sara.

She puts out her hand, but cuts Rebecca a look. You didn't tell them?

REBECCA

Sara's my roommate.

DAD

(PLEASED)

I'm Jeff.

Rebecca's mother comes over and unexpectedly embraces Sara.

MOM

It's so great to meet you, Sara.

I'm Alison.

Rebecca grabs Sara by the arm.

REBECCA

Come on, let me show you my room.

INT. REBECCA'S ROOM - DUSK

Rebecca slams the door behind them, startling Sara.

84.

SARA

You didn't tell them we were coming?

REBECCA

They didn't need to know. Rebecca plops down on the bed. Sara looks around. It's a typical teenage girl's bedroom. Except, no posters. Just drawings covering the walls. The drawings are of teenage girls -- more precisely, they're different drawings of one teenage girl. They're odd, but compelling.

SARA

These are interesting.

REBECCA

Yeah, some of my high school work. I haven't gotten around to takin them down.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Family and guest sit around a very nice, but not too large dining table. The contents of the house are expensive but not pretentious.

Rebecca plays with her food, clearly not wanting to engage her parents, who are undaunted. All smiles and warmth.

SARA

Rebecca's a pretty great artist.

JEFF

Yeah, we think Rebecca is so talented.

Rebecca shakes her head, uncomfortable with the flattery.

SARA

She's an awesome roommate, too.

JEFF

(looks at his daughter,

POINTEDLY)

That's nice to hear and I'm sure she likes you because she never brings anyone home before. Rebecca stares at her father.

85.

REBECCA

Dad!

JEFF

What? As a parent you worry. You protect your daughter all her life and then she goes off to college and she's on her own. I'm just relieved she got a good roommate. Sara cuts discreet looks around the table. Who are these people?

ALISON

Sara, I'll make up a room for you --

REBECCA

She'll stay in my room. Sara turns to Rebecca, confused but willing to go along.

INT. REBECCA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sara and Rebecca are getting ready to sleep. Sara has made a makeshift bed in the middle of the floor.

REBECCA

We can share the bed if you want. Sara looks down at her own "bed" and takes a glance at the walls. On the floor, she's going to be surrounded by the drawings of Rebecca looking at her.

SARA

Sure. Sara climbs into bed with Rebecca. They lay back to back. Rebecca turns the lamp off next to the bed.

REBECCA

Thanks for coming.

SARA

Next Thanksgiving, you can run interference with my family.

REBECCA

Done.

Sara closes her eyes. It's silent. Rebecca turns over. A beat. She opens her eyes -- just inches from Sara. She ever so slowly raises her hand and gently strokes Sara's hair.

86.

Sara opens her eyes for a second. Not sure if she felt something. She closes them again.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Jeff walks from the stairs into the pitch black kitchen.

He's

lived here long enough to know his way in the dark.

KITCHEN

Jeff opens the fridge. The soft light barely illuminates Rebecca, sitting stoically at the table behind her father. Jeff jumps. He recovers, standing by the open fridge.

JEFF

Becs. You scared me.

Rebecca, glass of milk in her hand, gives her father a dirty look. We know how much she hates nicknames.

INT. REBECCA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sara wakes up alone in bed. She can hear soft voices from downstairs. She climbs out of bed and walks to the door.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Sara stands at the top of the stairs. She walks down them

and

to the kitchen doorway. She peeks inside to see...

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rebecca and her father sitting at the table. Just the moonlight through the window falling over them. Spooky.

JEFF

How're you doing?

REBECCA

Fine. My grades are good.

JEFF

That's not what I meant.
She looks down at the table.

87.

REBECCA

I'm making friends.
Jeff, very subtly, cringes. A long beat.

JEFF

Rebecca, look at me for a second.
Now she looks at him.

JEFF

Your mother and I are very fond of
you.

REBECCA

I know.
He doesn't know what else to say.
Outside Sara sees the framed photos on the wall.
Each features Rebecca's parents in some exotic locale: On
the beach... on the ski slopes... on a cruise ship. They smile
happily at the camera. Rebecca isn't in a single picture.

JEFF

I just wanted to make sure. Good
night, I'm heading back to bed.
He rises. Sara turns and walks up the stairs.

INT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

Sara waits by the front door. Alison walks in.

ALISON

Hi Sara.

SARA

Hi. Rebecca's going to show me some of her high school hangouts.

ALISON

Wonderful.
Alison peers up the stairs.

ALISON

Rebecca seems to be doing well.

SARA

Uhhh, yeah. I think she is.

88.

ALISON

Is she taking her medication?

SARA

Medication?
Alison turns to see... her daughter at the top of the stairs.
Did she hear them? She walks down.

ALISON

Hey sweetheart.
She kisses her on the cheek. Rebecca is annoyed.

REBECCA

(TO SARA)

Ready?
Sara nods, but she's still reeling from Alison's words.
Medication? She looks back, but Alison waves cheerfully.

ALISON

Have a great time, you two.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

It's an affluent but quaint little town's main street. Rebecca and Sara stroll down the sidewalk. Sara cuts discreet, sideways glances at Rebecca.

REBECCA

Is everything okay?

SARA

Yeah. It's just...
She wants to ask her about that medication.

SARA

Nice to see where you come from.

REBECCA

(EMBARRASSED)

Come on.

INT. COFFEE SHOP DAY

Sara and Rebecca are in line for their drinks. The TEENAGE CASHIER takes their money... but keeps staring at Rebecca. She doesn't pay any attention to him. Sara takes her coffee.

89.

SARA

Thanks.
The cashier stares at her, as if trying to figure Sara out. What's she doing with Rebecca?
The girls sit at a table. The cashier and BARISTA keep glancing over, whispering to each other. Rebecca shoots them a look. Like a warning. They quiet. Start doing busy work.

REBECCA

(TO SARA)

I used to come here like every day
after school.
The door opens. THREE GIRLS walk in, laughing and chatting.

One BRUNETTE spots Rebecca and stops dead in her tracks. Sara recognizes her. It's MARIA, the girl from Rebecca's Facebook, and the subject of all those wall sketches. The chatting girls all fall silent.

SARA

You know them?

REBECCA

They went to my high school.

SARA

Friends?

Rebecca doesn't answer her. She's focused on making eye contact with the Brunette. The girls linger by the door, whispering among themselves. Finally, the Brunette sits down at a table by the entrance. As far away from Rebecca's and Sara's table as possible. The other two girls walk to the counter. They sneak glances at Rebecca as they order their drinks. Sara looks back and forth between Rebecca and the girls. Rebecca doesn't waver. She keeps staring at the Brunette. Suddenly, Rebecca gets up.

REBECCA

Let's leave.

Rebecca walks towards the door. Sara, confused, gathers her things and gets up. Rebecca stops at the Brunette's table. The Brunette sits there, like a deer caught in headlights.

90.

REBECCA

Hello, Maria.

MARIA

(WARY)

Hello.

The other girls walk over. Rebecca, unfazed, looks them over, sending shivers down their spines. They want to back up their

all

friend, but they look as scared as she does. Sara watches this from a few feet away. Rebecca suddenly turns cheerful.

REBECCA

Oh, I wanted to introduce you to Sara. My roommate. Sara gives a small wave to Maria, who looks her over. Almost as if she feels sorry for her.

MARIA

Hi. Rebecca keeps eyeing Maria, a superior grin on her face. An awkward beat. Everyone's tense. Sara clears her throat.

SARA

as

Well, we better go. Rebecca snaps out of it. Nods. They start to walk out. But they open the door...

MARIA

Rebecca. Everyone turns to Maria. She looks Rebecca in the eye.

MARIA

We were never friends. Rebecca stares at her, grinding her teeth. The tension building. Maria doesn't back down, though. She needed to say this. Sara grabs Rebecca's shoulder, gently.

SARA

Come on, let's go.

INT. CAR - DAY: DRIVING

Headed back to school. Sara looks out the window. Lost in thought.

91.

SARA

I guess college is a fresh start

for both of us.
Rebecca doesn't look at her. Just a hint of acknowledgement
on her face.
Sara's phone buzzes. This gets Rebecca's attention. Sara
looks at the text message she just received from Irene:
"back in LA. lemme know abt movin in."

SARA

Irene's back in town.
Sara types and sends a text back. Rebecca watches her.

EXT. CAMPUS QUAD - DAY

Sara's running through the quad.

EXT./INT. DORM - DAY

Sara, coming in from a run, times it perfectly, sneaking in
the front door as a student walks out. She bypasses the
elevator, heading straight to the stairs.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - DAY

She bursts out the door and into the hallway.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

She walks in, still a bit out of breath. Rebecca is packing
her back-pack.

REBECCA

(not looking up)
Good run?

SARA

(between deep breaths)
Great. You wanna go get dinner?

REBECCA

I'm going to the art studio.

SARA

Oh. Okay. Catch you later then.

92.

REBECCA

Don't wait up, Sara...

(GRINS)

I feel inspired.

She's out the door. Sara notices that Rebecca left her sketchpad behind on her bed. She eyes it for a beat. Looks

at

the closed door.

As she steps toward the sketchpad... Rebecca charges back

in.

REBECCA

Forgot my pad.

She snags it from her bed and leaves. Sara eyes Rebecca's dresser. But first... She walks to the door and opens it.

INT. DORM HALLWAY

Sara peeks her head out and looks down both sides of the empty hallway. She hears the elevator ding.

INT. DORM ROOM

Sara heads straight for Rebecca's dresser. A beat. Is she really going to do this? Yes. She slides open the top

drawer:

Supplies. The second drawer: sketchpads. She leafs through them: Empty.

She searches the third drawer: Sweaters. She feels around beneath them. Wait a minute. She pulls out: Two bottles of prescription medicine. "LITHIUM... For APD." Both bottles are full of pills. As Sara stares at them...

A HAND TAPS HER SHOULDER.

She leaps out of her socks. But it's just Stephen.

STEPHEN

Your door was open.

SARA

Oh my God.

STEPHEN

Sorry.

Sara grabs him and gives him a long hug. Stephen holds her tight and speaks, muffled by her neck.

93.

STEPHEN

What are those?

A beat. Should she bring him into this?

SARA

That's what I intend to find out.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

Rebecca is standing up, back pack around her shoulder, her drawing pad in her other hand. Her arm is wrapped around a pole for balance. She stares out the window. No emotion. She looks like she's staring at her own reflection. The train comes to a halt. Riders shuffle around.

Rebecca sees a seat open up and sits down. She opens her drawing pad and starts on a blank piece of paper. She looks up and we see what she's been staring at:

Irene.

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Sara and Stephen stand at Sara's desk, over her computer. Sara googles "Lithium and APD", and clicks on an entry.

SARA

(READING)

APD -- anti-social personality disorder. Also known as sociopathy. They look at each other.

STEPHEN

Jesus. I thought she was just weird.

SARA

It says lithium can control the condition.

(nodding at the bottles)

Maybe these are refills. Maybe she's been taking it all along.

STEPHEN

Certainly doesn't seem like she's

been taking them.
He's right and she knows it. A beat.

94.

SARA

I think it's time I moved in with Irene.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

A stylish, hip night club. A sophisticated crowd. Irene and three FRIENDS sit in the lounge section, sipping exotic martinis and watching the dance floor.

And on that dance floor one particular woman dances by herself, lost in the music, oblivious to everything around her. She turns as she dances and we see that it's Rebecca. Irene gets up and heads towards the bathroom. As she winds her way around the borders of the dance floor, she notices Rebecca. She pauses to watch her. THEIR EYES MEET FOR MORE

THAN AN INSTANT, IRENE SMILES AND WALKS AWAY. REBECCA CLOCKS

IT, WHAT'S UP WITH THAT?

INT. NIGHT CLUB - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Irene stands at the mirror, fixing her make-up. The door opens and closes. She glances over to see Rebecca walking

in.

Rebecca steps to the sink, just a few feet down from Irene. She's out of breath, a sexy sheen of sweat on her arms. Irene breaks out a tube of lip gloss. Rebecca is watching

her

in the mirror, and Irene knows it. She applies the gloss and smiles at the little kick it gives her. Her eyes find Rebecca's in the mirror.

IRENE

I'm sorry to stare, but you are so beautiful.

REBECCA SMILES

REBECCA

Thanks. So are you. Great lips.
What kind is it?

IRENE

It's cinnamon. Caffeinated. A girl
never knows how late she's gonna
party.
Rebecca smiles. A beat.

95.

REBECCA

Can I try it?
Irene hands her the lip gloss... Rebecca takes her hand and
pulls her close. She kisses Irene full on the lips.

REBECCA

You're right... cinnamon.
Irene smiles.
This room's heating up fast. Irene's eyes meet Rebecca's.

REBECCA

Why don't we get out of here. I'd
invite you to my place, but I have
a roommate.

IRENE

As luck would have it, I'm only two
blocks away and...no roommate.

REBECCA

What are we waiting for?

INT. IRENE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

An alarm clock buzzes with no effect to Irene who is dead to
the world. She grunts and finally opens her eyes. She wipes
the sleep from her eyes, she looks around confused, looks to
the empty side of her bed where someone had obviously spent
the night. Irene sits up and turns off the alarm..

IRENE

Shit.

She looks at an empty glass on her bedside table.

CUT TO:

INT. IRENE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Irene get's up with the empty glass in her hand. She stumbles out into the...

HALLWAY.

She staggers to keep her balance on her way to the kitchen. We stay in the hallway as Irene enters in the kitchen and switches on the light.

96.

We can see her shadow in the hallway and hear Irene fill her glass. It's quiet for a moment. She drinks. She fills the glass again.

Irene comes back into the hallway with glass in hand. She switches off the light in the kitchen. But as she starts to go back to her room ...WHAM!!

Rebecca charges out of nowhere and crashes into Irene.

CLOSE UP: GLASS EXPLODES ON THE FLOOR

EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

old

Sara is going for a run through the city. She stops at an art deco apartment building.

INT. LOBBY - MORNING

Sara spots Irene's name on the buzzer and calls up. No answer.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

She walks out the door. Looks around. And takes off running again.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM HALLWAY - MORNING

Sara, hands on hips, walks down the hallway and opens the door.

INT. DORM ROOM - MORNING

up She finds Rebecca, sitting on her bed. Drawing. She lights when she sees Sara.

REBECCA

Hey!

SARA

Hey yourself. Where were you all night?

97.

REBECCA

Oh, I got inspired. I just lost track of time.

Sara pulls off her sweaty top and throws it in the hamper, grabbing a towel. She's wearing a sportsbra, revealing her tattoo. Sara grabs a robe.

the A beat. She's nervous, but she needs to do this. Time for "big talk." She sits on her bed and faces Rebecca.

SARA

REBECCA --

REBECCA

I want a tattoo.

(SARA'S SHOCKED)

Will you come with me?

SARA

Uhhh...

REBECCA

Please. It would mean a lot to me.

I won't be able to do it without
you.
Sara looks into her plaintive eyes. So much want in them.

SARA

Um... sure. Okay.

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - DAY

The girls walk along the wall, checking out the samples.

SARA

You can't rush this, Rebecca. We
can always come back.

REBECCA

I know what I want.

SARA

Okay. I'm out here if you need me.
Sara sits down as the TATTOO ARTIST escorts Rebecca
upstairs.
She looks giddy and nervous. Sara waves. When she's gone,
Sara takes out her phone and texts Irene.

98.

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - LATER

Sara, bored, leafs through a tattoo magazine for the 100th
time. Her phone buzzes. A response from Irene:
"outta town for a gig. will call when back ;)"
Sara's relieved.

STAIRS

Rebecca walks slowly down the stairs. Wincing in pain. Sara
puts the phone back in her pocket and stands up.

SARA

Let's see it.
Rebecca pulls down the collar of her shirt to reveal, just
under her collarbone:

"EMILY"

Sara, stunned speechless, starts backing away from her.

REBECCA

(SWEETLY)

Think of me as your sister.
Rebecca is oblivious to the rage building in Sara.

REBECCA

If you want... you can call me
Emily.
Sara clenches her fists. She's shaking with rage. She moves
toward Rebecca, whose grin fades.

REBECCA

What's the matter?
Sara steps up to her, inches away, ready to beat the shit
out
of her. And Rebecca can't believe it. She's that far gone.
Her eyes search Sara's for an answer.
Sara abruptly turns and walks out the door. Rebecca watches
her leave through the front window. Sara never looks back.

CUT TO:

99.

INT. DORM LOBBY - DAY

The elevator doors open. Sara, emotionally exhausted, steps
out, carrying a box of her things. Stephen waits by the
door.

STEPHEN

This is all you're taking?

SARA

I'll get the rest of my things when
Irene comes back to town.
He takes the box. Then notices --

STEPHEN

Where's your necklace?
She instinctively rubs the base of her neck.

SARA

I can't find it. It's okay.

STEPHEN

Sara...

SARA

I'm not going back up there.
He hands her the box. Time to man up.

STEPHEN

Wait here. I'll go look for it.
She kisses him tenderly, unbelievably appreciative.

EXT. STREET - DAY

back
Sara walks out to the cab. Pauses. She's tempted to look
at her dorm room window... but she doesn't.
Good thing, too. Rebecca sits on the ledge, looking down.
Her face is blank. Not hurt, not angry -- completely blank.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

Rebecca still sits at the window. She holds her camera up,
taking a picture down below. She turns as Stephen enters.
She puts the camera down.

100.

STEPHEN

Have you seen Sara's necklace?
Rebecca solemnly shakes her head. He looks around the
dresser. In the drawers. Flips over Sara's pillow. Rebecca
watches him.

REBECCA

What did I do?
He stops searching. Looks at her.

STEPHEN

She just needs to move on.

REBECCA

With you?

He doesn't answer. He keeps searching... but he can feel Rebecca's eyes on him now. Creepy. He gives up.

STEPHEN

If you do find it, can you let me know?

his

Instead of answering, Rebecca raises her camera and takes

picture. Stephen stares at her, unnerved. He finally snaps out of it and walks out the door.

She watches him go.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - ROOM - DAY

Sara is cleaning, trying to make a dent in a world-class mess. She doesn't mind -- a big weight's off her shoulders.

STEPHEN

You should call someone. The dean's office. Or at least your R.A. She keeps cleaning.

SARA

And tell them what? What has she really done to me? No one can do anything.

(BEAT)

It's the weirdest thing, Stephen. The girl's own parents are afraid of her.

101.

STEPHEN

Well, she sure scared the shit out of me.

Sara really wants to change the subject. She holds up two of his t-shirts.

SARA

Are these dirty or clean?

Stephen sniffs the shirts.

STEPHEN

Somewhere in between.
She throws the t-shirts at him.

EXT. CAMPUS QUADS - DAY

Sara heads to class, walking faster than usual. Bumping into people as she looks around, making sure she'll spot Rebecca before Rebecca spots her.
She makes it to the front door of the building. She looks back at the quads.

EXT. CAMPUS COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Sara locks the front door and heads back home.
She walks down an empty quad. She slows at the sight of... Rebecca. Walking directly towards her from the other end of the quad.

the

No one else is in sight. Sara thinks about veering off to

side. No. She can do this. She walks straight ahead. Rebecca keeps her pace; hooded sweater up, looking down at the pavement, listening to her Walkman.

Sara takes a deep breath as they get closer to each other, preparing herself for the confrontation. Ten feet away now. Five...

But Rebecca passes her without looking. Sara walks a little further and turns around.

Rebecca keeps walking. Did she even see her?

102.

EXT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

Sara hurries up the stairs to the fraternity house.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

looks

Sara reaches Psi U. and closes the door behind her. She

looks around at the messy first floor. At the PACK OF GUYS in the living room, yelling at the hoops game on TV.

Sara smiles. She's safe.

INT. ART STUDIO - NIGHT

Rebecca is alone, with just a crack of light coming from the open door to the hallway. She's sketching, still wearing her Walkman. Hundreds of sheets of paper are scattered around the floor, but we can't see what she's drawing.

INT. FRAT HOUSE ROOM

Sara is trying to study at a cramped desk but the music from outside the room is too loud. Stephen is on the bed, reading. He's used to it. She hears a loud commotion from the hallway. Frustrated, she gets up.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - HALLWAY

It's a couple of guys playing nerf basketball.

SARA

Seriously. Is it a game to be as loud as you possibly can? She waves her arms like a crazy person.

SARA (CONT'D)

How many walls can you possibly bump into!? They just return blank stares. She slams the door shut.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - ROOM - NIGHT

Sara tries to study while the fraternity brothers continue to shout down the hall. Stephen eyes her warily. Her cellphone rings. She pulls it out of the purse: Jason.

103.

She hesitates... and now stuffs the phone back in her bag as she gets up from the table.

SARA

Hey, I'm going to hit the library.

STEPHEN

(GETTING UP)

I can walk you there.

SARA

No, it's okay.

STEPHEN

Party starts at ten. Really cool band...

SARA

I hear the drummer's really hot.

STEPHEN

He may be, but I'm sleeping with his girlfriend... She kisses him.

EXT. DORM - EVENING - NIGHT

JASON, a handsome all-American Midwestern kid, stands in front of Sara's dorm. He's talking into his cell phone.

JASON

Sara. I'm actually... I'm in front of your dorm. I just flew in. I'm at the Roosevelt Hotel, room 210. Call me, okay?

He hangs up. Some students leave the dorm and he grabs the door before it closes.

INT. DORM ROOM - DUSK

Rebecca kneels down in front of her dresser. Opens the bottom drawer. Her sweaters. She fishes underneath them. Pulls out her lithium pills. But just looks at them. Anger in her eyes. She puts the bottle back.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jason walks through the hallway, checking the numbers on the doors. He stops in front of Sara's room. Knocks lightly on the door. No answer. Knocks again.

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Rebecca sits back into Sara's chair, staring at the door, ignoring the knocks. Almost catatonic. Her right hand slowly drags a utility knife over the armrest, shredding it to pieces.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jason writes a note. He folds it and slides it under the door. He hesitates for a second, hoping this is the right thing to do, then walks back down the hallway towards the elevator.

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Rebecca stares at the note for a moment. She walks to the door, picks it up and begins to read Jason's note.

SARA -

I know you won't take my calls, but I'm here and I just want to see you. I'm at The Roosevelt Hotel, Room 210, until... however long it takes. Please.
Love,

JASON

Rebecca crumples up the paper and throws it in the trash.

INT. DORM - SHOWER - NIGHT

Rebecca lets the water soak her. Eyes open. She runs her fingers through her now long dark brown hair. Black water trickles down her legs and puddles near the drain.

INT. DORM BATHROOM - NIGHT

Rebecca stands naked in front of the mirror, staring at her reflection. She then digs into her bag and pulls out a long pair of shears. Her "Emily" tattoo is starting to heal. She gently traces the letters with the sharp tips of the shears, still looking at it in the mirror. She lifts the shears and starts cutting her hair shorter. Just above her shoulders.

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Rebecca walks over to Sara's closet. She opens it and thumbs through some of the clothes that Sara left behind. She pulls out a dress. Holds it in front of herself as she stands in front of the mirror. Nice -- but something's missing. Rebecca goes to her drawer and pulls out Sara's silver chain. Which she caresses in her hand.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Sara's kicked her feet on the table, reading a book. Enjoying the silence.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

A raucous party in full swing. Stephen's band has just finished playing and he's walking off the cheap stage. A HOT GIRL smiles at him.

GIRL

Help me find the keg?

STEPHEN

Sure, I have to go look for my girlfriend anyway. She walks away. "Jerk". He grins... and now checks his watch. Where's Sara?

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The elevator door opens, revealing Rebecca. Or is it Sara? The hair. The dress. The tattoo. Rebecca looks just like her.

106.

she As she steps into the hallway, she gently fingers the necklace. She walks along, looking at the room numbers. She stops in front of a room. She's about to knock... but

sees a housekeeping cart a few doors down, in front of an open room.

She walks to the cart. She peeks inside the room... and now plucks the master key card off the cart.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jason Jason, shirtless, sleeps on his stomach in bed. The front door clicks and slowly creaks open just enough for a silhouette of a woman to appear. She closes the door.

barely acknowledges the noise in his sleep. Rebecca walks to the bed in the soft moonlight. She stares down at Jason. She slips off her dress, which falls to the floor. She's in just bra and panties now. She climbs onto the bed beside Jason. He starts awake.

JASON

WHA--

REBECCA

Shhhh.
She crawls onto him, not letting him turn over. She starts kissing the back of his neck.

JASON

Sara?

(BEAT)

You got my voicemail.

REBECCA

Mm-hmmm.
Kissing his back now, moving lower.

JASON

Oh, man, Sara. Oh, that feels good.
She works her way back up to his ear.

REBECCA

(WHISPERING)

Turn over.

107.

Did that sound like Sara? But as Jason turns over, he
sees...
The hair. The necklace. That unmistakable "Emily" tattoo.

REBECCA

(WHISPERING)

Close your eyes.
He does. She reaches beneath the blanket, and does what she
needs to. She settles onto him. And now starts to move.
And as she moves we go behind her and see, shining in the
low
light, the utility knife beneath her bra strap. Flat against
the skin of her back.
Jason lies still, eyes clenched shut.

JASON

I love you, Sara.
She lets him have one, two, three seconds of heaven. Her
hands reach behind her and ease out the utility knife.

REBECCA

But she doesn't love you.
Jason's eyes fly open. That wasn't Sara's voice. And those
aren't Sara's eyes boring into his.
Rebecca leans down, her face to his. Jason's eyes widen in
shock, horror, and now pain as her unseen hands drive the
knife deep into his gut. He gasps.

REBECCA

You hurt her.
She kisses him -- the last thing he'll ever feel. He
shudders, trembles, and lies still, eyes open.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Sara's still reading. A hand touches her shoulder. She
jumps,
but it's just the LIBRARIAN.

LIBRARIAN

We're about to close.

Sara can't believe it's so late. She puts her things away. Grabs her phone to check the time, distracted by the "1 new voicemail" message. She's about to press the voicemail button...

But a text comes in from Irene:

108.

"Im back. Get your butt over here, I've got another surprise for you."

INT. FRATHOUSE - NIGHT

Stephen walks around, beer-less, searching the crowd for Sara. He checks his watch. Pats his pocket -- no cell phone. He heads up the stairs and into his room.

INT. FRAT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Stephen picks his phone off the dresser. Sees he has a new voicemail from Sara. He plays the message

SARA (V.O.)

Hi Stephen, it's me. I'm stopping by Irene's, come on by. I want you guys to meet ...it's on 524 South Grand, Apt. 708. Love you.

He groans. A sharp knock, and the bedroom door opens.

FRAT BOY

All hands on deck -- the keg's still alive.

EXT. IRENE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sara comes fast-paced down the sidewalk. She enters Irene's building.

INT. IRENE'S ELEVATOR

Sara rides up the elevator.

INT. HALLWAY / DOORWAY

Sara walks to the door of Irene's apartment. It's open but

there's not a sound. No music, no cocktail chatter.
She checks the apartment number again. It's the right one.
She knocks lightly. No answer.

SARA

Irene?

INT. IRENE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sara steps into the foyer.

109.

She walks down the long entryway into a newly-renovated living room. Dark and empty. Sara's starting to feel uneasy.

SARA

Irene?

There's a bedroom dead ahead. Warm light pours out. She slowly walks to the open door... looks in... and freezes. CLOSE ON SARA'S EYES. Horror-stricken by what she sees. The bedroom is dark, except for the single lamp, above... Irene. She lies on the bed, each of her wrists cuffed to a bedpost. A red Hermes scarf is stuffed in her mouth. Sara can't move. She stares at Irene in shock.

SARA

(WHISPERING)

Irene.

Irene mumbles, her eyes wide open in terror. As Sara starts toward Irene...

REBECCA (O.S.)

Some role model she turned out to be. Couldn't even take care of herself.

Rebecca steps out of the darkness, a gun in her hand. Sara drops her phone on the floor.

SARA

Rebecca!

Rebecca holds the gun steady on Sara.

REBECCA

Sit down and shut up.
Sara lowers herself into a black chair, her eyes on Irene.
Rebecca picks up Sara's cell phone.

REBECCA

Listen to me. All I ever wanted
was to be your friend.
A beat. Sara knows she has to play this just right.

SARA

Rebecca, you are my friend.

110.

REBECCA

No. Shut up. We're not friends.
We're here because you betrayed me.

SARA

Rebecca, I'm sorry--

REBECCA

Stop it. Stop saying things you
don't mean. I protected you.
From that whore Tracy and that
nasty little kitten... and That
scumbag of a professor...

(BEAT)

Even that loser ex-boyfriend of
yours.

SARA

What're you talking about? What'd
you do to them? What'd you do to
Jason?

REBECCA

I got rid of them all. And how do
you repay me? By leaving me.
Sara sinks out of the chair onto her knees in astonishment.
She looks at Irene.
Sara digs deep... lifts up her face... and looks Rebecca in
the eye. She puts everything she has into this.

SARA

Rebecca, please forgive me.
A long beat. Rebecca's face lights up.

REBECCA

Now we can start all over again.
Let's make things the way they
were, Sara. That first day. Just
the two of us.
Sara sees Rebecca start to twist a garbage bag in her hands.

SARA

Rebecca...

REBECCA

After all... you can only have one
best friend.

SARA

No! Don't!
Rebecca whips the bag around Irene's head. Irene starts to
buck and thrash. But it doesn't help her...

REBECCA

Lay still bitch.

SARA

Please. Don't do this...
Sara stands. She stares at Irene. She can't watch her die.
She walks toward the bed, ignoring Rebecca's gun.

REBECCA

Stop! I mean it.
Rebecca raises the gun to Sara's face but Sara keeps coming.
Rebecca realizes she can't stop Sara. She cracks Sara across
the temple with the gun-butt, knocking her to the floor.
She kneels down beside Sara. Worried... clearing the hair
from Sara's face.

REBECCA

(GENTLE)

Shh... I'm so sorry.

Sara backhands her, knocking the gun out of her hand. It skitters across the floor and out the door into the living room.

grabs Sara stands up first and dives for the bed, but Rebecca

Sara by the neck and rips her off the bed. She puts her in a chokehold.

Sara backs Rebecca into the wall, trying to loosen the chokehold. She slams her back against the wall. And again. Sara smashes her elbow into Rebecca's jaw, breaking her

grip.

She heads for the door, but Rebecca trips her. As Sara rises...

Rebecca knees her in her stomach, knocking the wind out of her. As Sara gasps for breath...

Rebecca races out into the living room for the gun.

Sara gets up quickly and slams the door shut and locks it. Rebecca turns around and goes for the door.

112.

Irene's Sara goes to the bed and rips open the garbage bag on head.

IRENE'S EYES POP OPEN. Huge relief in Sara's face. But... Rebecca bangs the door.

REBECCA (O.S.)

Don't do this Sara!

INT. BEDROOM

Sara takes the scarf out of Irene's mouth and pulls against the steel handcuffs. Useless.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rebecca wipes blood off her lip and leans up to the door.

REBECCA

Don't make me hurt you, Sara. I just want to be your friend.

INT. BEDROOM

Sara and Irene are frantic.

IRENE

My phone. My phone.
She nods her head and Sara sees the phone on the bed table.
She rushes for it. No good the wire is cut!

SARA

Shit!

IRENE

The window! There's a fire escape.
You can reach it.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Rebecca looks around for the gun. Throwing chairs and
furniture around. She finds it.
Picks the gun off the floor.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sara races to the window and throws it open. There's just an
empty street below. She eyes the fire escape. A nearly
impossible leap away. But Sara's out of options.

113.

EXT. BUILDING LEDGE - NIGHT

foot Sara takes a tentative step out onto the slim ledge. Her
hits a flowerpot, which plummets ten stories... and smashes
to pieces in the alley. Sara shuts her eyes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rebecca, back at the bedroom door, raises the gun and fires.

BLAM!

INT. BEDROOM

The door shatters, and the bullet continues straight ahead

and tears a pillow open, just beside Irene's head. Feathers go flying. Irene screams.
Rebecca kicks the door open and steps in, gun in hand.

REBECCA

I know you're scared, Sara. But I promise, everything is gonna be okay.

She stops short at the sight of...Sara on the ledge. Rebecca turns and stares at Irene. Fresh panic rising in Irene's eyes.

REBECCA

Sorry, Irene. But she's my friend, not yours.

She raises the gun at the helpless Irene...

But out of nowhere STEPHEN, RUSHING UP FROM BEHIND, knocks her arm. The gun fires wildly, one bullet...

EXT. BUILDING LEDGE - NIGHT

Exploding through the window, shattering it and startling Sara, who loses her balance and slips off the ledge. She grabs on by her fingertips, her face hitting the brick wall.

SARA

(CRYING)

Ohgodohgodohgod.

The more she screams, the more she loses her grip.

114.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rebecca fires another shot, hitting a giant bedroom mirror, shattering it's reflection of Rebecca's struggle with Stephen.

Rebecca slams her head into his lip, knocking him backward. He keeps hold of her, and they hit the floor, the gun flying out of Rebecca's hand.

Stephen gets on top. He lifts his arm high and balls his

fist

before he puts it right in her face full throttle, knocking

her out cold.
He quickly takes the gun and puts it inside his belt as he races for the window.

SARA (O.S.)

(SCREAMING)

Stephen! Help!

IRENE

Hurry!!
He sees Sara dangling outside and reaches for her.

EXT. BUILDING LEDGE - SAME

Sara's crying, barely mouthing Stephen's name. He grabs her arms. Leaning halfway outside, he starts to pull her up. Part of the way up, he holds her against his chest and lets her cry. He smiles.

STEPHEN

Okay I've got you. Everything is gonna be okay!
He pulls her halfway in the window...
But a shadow rises behind him.

IRENE

STEPHEN!!!!

A loud unpleasant sound. THUD! Irene screams. Then Stephen stiffens, his body straightening in shock. Something's wrong. And now Sara stares in horror as... Blood runs down his face. He looks into Sara's eyes... and lets go of her.

115.

She falls, but manages to hook onto the ledge as Stephen disappears from the window frame. Using the brick wall for leverage, she arduously lifts herself up into the window in time to see...

Stephen, glassy-eyed, backing away from the window. He slumps

to the floor, revealing:
Rebecca. She's a crazed mess, hair and eyes wild.

Rebecca drops the bloody fireplace poker and rushes to the window. She helps Sara in. They tumble onto the floor. Sara tosses Rebecca to the side and rushes over to Stephen.

SARA

Stephen.
Stephen is out. She sees the gun in his belt. She pulls it out, spins, and levels it at Rebecca. The gun shakes violently in her hand.
Rebecca stands and walks calmly towards Sara, who is still
on
the floor.

REBECCA

You won't do it. We're fr--
Sara pulls the trigger. Click. Rebecca stares in shock. Click. Click. Click. Click. Sara closes her eyes in frustration. She drops the gun.
Tears stream down Rebecca's face. She can't believe Sara pulled that trigger. But as if flipping a switch...
Rebecca's sadness turns to rage. She balls her fists, her knuckles white, and...
CHARGES at Sara full force, slamming her against the wall. She tosses her like a ragdoll across the room, where...
Sara's head slams the nightstand, knocking the contents of Rebecca's purse everywhere.
Rebecca wipes the tears from her eyes. It hurts her to hurt Sara.

REBECCA

Friends help each other. They take care of each other.
Sara, dazed and weak, stares at Rebecca.

116.

SARA

Rebecca. We were never friends.
That's the last straw. Rebecca comes hard, murder in her eyes. She grabs Sara around the throat, pulls her up from the floor, and slams her against the wall.
She starts choking the life out of her. Sara's face turns red. Redder...

But suddenly Rebecca's grip loosens. Her eyes stare in shock.

Sara pulls Rebecca's hands off her neck with one hand. The utility knife is in her other hand... stuck between Rebecca's shoulder blades.

Rebecca falls to the floor, bringing Sara down with her. She won't let go of Sara. As she gasps for air, she sees... Sara's tattoo, visible beneath her torn shirt. Sara self-consciously notices her looking at it. Rebecca reaches out and grabs Sara's hand. Sara lets go of her hand, and removes the necklace from around Rebecca's neck. Irene is trembling in the bed. Too shocked to say anything.

STEPHEN

(GROANING)

Sara.
She races over to him. He's barely alive.

SARA

Stephen. Hold on.
She finds her phone on the floor. She steps back to Stephen and cradles his head in her lap as she dials 911.
He looks into her eyes and smiles.
She smiles through her tears, love in her eyes.

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

It's a warm, spring day. Sara, melancholy but looking in much better shape since the last time we saw her, stands in front of her dorm, looking to restart her college career. She plays with the silver chain once again around her neck.

117.

She opens the front door and walks in. Students milling about look at her. Know who she is. We see Kim and Tracy. They don't say anything. Don't know what to say.

INT. DORM ROOM

Sara opens the door. The simple room is identical to her

previous one. She hesitates at first but then walks in. There is a box marked "SARA" filled with the things she left behind in her old dorm. There's a knock on the open door.

STEPHEN (O.S.)

Welcome back.

SARA

Hey. How are you feeling?
Stephen enters the room.

STEPHEN

Better now. You being here's gonna help.
Sara smiles.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

How's moving in going?

SARA

Just got here.

STEPHEN

Well let me give you some time to get settled in.

SARA

Actually, I need you right here, right now.
Stephen grins. He likes where this is headed.

STEPHEN

Okay.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM HALLWAY

Sara and Stephen push the twin bed into the hallway.

118.

STEPHEN

This isn't exactly what I had in

mind.
Sara grins.

SARA

Now I can get settled in.

STEPHEN

I'll be back to pick you up for
dinner. You gonna be ready?

SARA

Absolutely.
Stephen takes off down the hall. Sara follows him with her
eyes before she goes back into her room.

INT. DORM ROOM

Sara sits down on her bed. She watches the empty space where
the other bed used to be. She just stares at it. The camera
slowly tracks sideways until we see the side of the
bookshelf
where unseen by Sara, there's a flyer hung with a picture of
Richard Prince's Nurse of Greenmeadow announcing an upcoming
gallery exhibition.

CUT TO BLACK.