

LOSING MY RELIGION

Written By

Stephanie Mickus

610 393 3831
Stephanie.mickus@gmail.com

ACT ONE

INT. CLASSIC CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - MORNING

CLOSE ON: A girl's face. She could easily be the Virgin Mary-- not a stitch of makeup, tied-back hair, gently pursed lips, closed eyes.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: Two faces smash against each other. One with bright lipstick, the other, has a square jaw with a hint of scruff. WE HEAR heavy breathing.

INT. CLASSIC CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The virginal face belongs to SARAH HANNIGAN (just shy of 18) She's calm, confident, poised, and almost glowing. She kneels, hands folded, in a JESUS IS MY HOMEBOY T-SHIRT and a skirt that hits the floor.

SARAH

And finally, please take care of my
mom...

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Two bare chests press up against each other. Unzipped pants clink. A pair of shaven legs wraps around a muscular waist as it thrusts and pushes the woman they're attached to against a garage door. Over and over and over.

MAN

Babe, she'll be down any minute.

WOMAN

(commanding)

Twenty more seconds.

He smirks, grabs the sides of her face passionately, and gets back into rhythm.

INT. CLASSIC CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah makes the sign of the cross and kisses a crucifix necklace that hangs high on her clavicle.

SARAH

In Jesus' name, we pray.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The woman dismounts and lovingly zips her partner's pants up. He stares at her in post-coital awe.

WOMAN

Empty nesting makes me hot.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The woman from the garage is NINA (early 40s). She is Sarah's mother, now in a leather jacket and tight black jeans. She places the last few duffle bags into a full STATION WAGON.

NINA

How many bibles did she pack?

The man from before walks out from the garage. He is in all black too, with the small exception of a WHITE CLERICAL collar around his neck. He is FATHER SCOTT, a ruggedly handsome CATHOLIC PRIEST in his late 30s.

FATHER SCOTT

It's okay to be nervous.

NINA

I'm not nervous.

Nina tries to close the hatch door, but it bounces back.

NINA (CONT'D)

The child who used to live inside me will now live seventy-five miles away from me at college.

FATHER SCOTT

Yeah, but it's Catholic. Just like your uterus.

Nina still can't get the hatchback to shut.

FATHER SCOTT (CONT'D)

She's a great kid. A testament to the strong single mother who raised her.

NINA

Nah, she's nothing like me and it's fantastic.

Father Scott reaches to help close the door.

NINA (CONT'D)

I hope I used the "if everyone else jumped off a bridge..." analogy enough.

Just then, Sarah bursts into the driveway, full of childlike wonder and zeal for life.

SARAH

This is the first day of the rest of my life!

She puts her hands in the air and twirls.

FATHER SCOTT

I'm excited to see you so excited.

Nina clocks Sarah's shirt.

NINA

Aw. You're wearing your favorite shirt.

Sarah practically marches in place and grins from ear to ear.

SARAH

Obviously.

(then)

I'm on a bit of a post-prayer high. I might have stayed up until 3 AM making rosaries for every girl in my dorm.

She holds up a quilted flowery Vera Bradley bag full of them.

NINA

That's not gonna fit.

SARAH

I'll sit with it. I want Father Scott to bless them anyway.

Nina and Father look at each other.

NINA

Well, we should hit the road.

Sarah opens the door to the back seat.

SARAH

Hey mom?

NINA

Yes?

SARAH

Can you not ask me if I'm sure I
wanna go away? At least not until
we get there. I wanna enjoy the
ride.

Nina nods. Sarah ducks into the backseat and climbs over to
the middle seat. Nina opens the driver's side door, Father
Scott the passenger's side.

NINA

Hear that? She wants to "enjoy the
ride."

FATHER SCOTT

Ooo. Maybe she's rolling on MDMA.
Think she needs the bridge speech
again?

Nina shoots him a look.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

All three are in the car as Nina backs it out of the
driveway.

SARAH

(to Father Scott)

Will you hear my confession? I
accidentally looked at the cover of
a beauty magazine last night.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF SCRANTON - TWO HOURS LATER

It's a lush, green, sprawling COLLEGE CAMPUS. Old buildings,
benches, stain glass. Picturesque.

They pull up to a cul de sac next to several other cars. A
group of PEOPLE IN PURPLE POLO SHIRTS descend upon them.
Sarah emerges eagerly holding her bag of rosaries. Nina is
close behind. They are greeted by A GIRL WITH A CLIPBOARD.

GIRL WITH CLIPBOARD

Name?

SARAH

Sarah Hannigan.

GIRL WITH CLIPBOARD

(rehearsed)

We're the Freshman Move-In Helpers.

(MORE)

GIRL WITH CLIPBOARD (CONT'D)
 We'll carry everything to your assigned dorm. This way the University doesn't get sued by a bunch of parents who threw their backs out lifting an entire Bed Bath And Beyond's worth of mini-fridges.

NINA
 I promise I'm not litigious.

GIRL WITH CLIPBOARD
 I take it you're Mrs. Hannigan?

Nina grabs her chest as if she is having a heart attack.

NINA
 We don't say that word.

SARAH
 Yes, she's my mom.

Father Scott emerges from the car.

GIRL WITH CLIPBOARD
 Is this your father?

SARAH
 What? No! I mean, he's a Father. But no, he's not my father. He's a priest. He's my priest. And my youth group leader. See, I work at the church rectory...

Clipboard girl has already moved on to the next car. Nina and Father Scott smile at each other then back at Sarah.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 You guys, I don't know what to say.
 (then)
 Father, you've really been there for me, for us, these last few years--

FATHER SCOTT
 Sarah. It's been my honor.

SARAH
 And mom, seriously, I'm gonna cry.
 (then)
 Mommy.

Nina squeezes Sarah's hands.

NINA

Remember in eighth grade, after you received the Sacrament of Confirmation, when you accidentally kissed me on the lips in front of your entire class without thinking cause you loved me so much?

Sarah's face is a mix of fond remembrance and mortification.

NINA (CONT'D)

I will always remember that.

(then)

You don't have to say anything else.

(then)

I love you.

Nina has an afterthought.

NINA (CONT'D)

But I upgraded us to an unlimited plan, so call/text/email or whatever. Anytime. For anything. Seriously. I mean I pay so much for it, it's just practical. You could even FaceTime me and just prop the phone up on your desk while you study.

SARAH

Mom?

NINA

Yes, hunnie.

SARAH

You're spiraling.

Sarah turns to Father Scott.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Hey. Will you check in on my mom from time to time?

(then)

I hear she has an unlimited plan.

Father Scott swallows. He feels such a deep sense of pride in Sarah, but also so much guilt in this moment.

FATHER SCOTT

You got it.

Nina pulls Sarah in for a big hug. After a moment, Sarah pulls Father Scott in to join. With Sarah's head down, they catch each other's eyes.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF SCRANTON - A LITTLE LATER

All of Sarah's earthy belongings are piled onto a dollie, ready to be transported to her new home. Except for her bag of rosaries, which she still clutches.

ENTER TONY, (21). In addition to a purple polo, he rocks a backwards Red Sox cap and a smirk. Most girls would immediately go crazy with thoughts of him serenading them with an acoustic version of Shawn Mendes' Treat You Better. At first sight, this is lost on Sarah.

SARAH

Excuse me, sir?

Tony has his nose in his clipboard and this choice of greeting catches him off guard.

TONY

Umm. I'm a junior.

Tony looks up from his clipboard. He notices Sarah's religious tee.

TONY (CONT'D)

(sarcastically)

Nice shirt.

She can sense his sarcasm, a thing she learned from her mother.

SARAH

(a little fiery)

Hey, I didn't mean anything by calling you sir. But that wasn't a very nice thing to say. This is my favorite shirt.

Tony now notices much more than her shirt. The self-confidence it took to speak her mind like that makes him smile.

TONY

You're right. I'm sorry. I should be one to talk. I look like the Purple People Eater.

She doesn't laugh at his joke, but appreciates his apology.

SARAH

Thank you.

(then)

Hey, do you know what dorm I'm in?

TONY

Name?

SARAH

Sarah.

(then)

Hannigan.

Tony flips through the pages of his clipboard.

PURPLE POLO GUY

Looks like...Lower Quad. Hmmm.

Casey Hall.

(then)

Nice.

SARAH

Oh. Is that a good one?

TONY

Yeah, it's...new.

(then)

And it's mine.

(then)

You're gonna be mine.

Sarah is taken aback. Before she can say anything, Tony starts pushing her bags toward a group of buildings.

EXT. LOWER QUAD - MOMENTS LATER

They reach the LOWER QUAD. FOUR, THREE-STORY BRICK BUILDINGS face each other, making a safe little square. Inside are a few benches, bushes, and some flower beds. The nearest dorm is clearly marked CASEY HALL.

SARAH

I'm confused. How is a girl's dorm yours?

Tony ignores this question with a slight smirk.

TONY

The ID card you get later will swipe you into the building. You're in room 104.

Sarah presses him further.

SARAH
Can I talk to my Resident Advisor?

He ignores her question again.

TONY
Two keys will be in the door. Save
one for your roommate.

Sarah tries to see his clipboard papers.

SARAH
I bet her name is written somewhere
on there.

Tony pulls the clipboard closer to his body. He's having a
little fun withholding information.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Can I please just see it?

Now Tony is having a lot of fun. Sarah is not. He finally
decides to give her what she wants.

TONY
I'm your RA.

A beat.

TONY (CONT'D)
It's two floors of girls and then
guys on the top.
(then)
Welcome to Casey Hall.

Game over. Sarah is stunned. Her mouth drops and so does her
rosary bag.

PURPLE POLO PERSON (O.S.)
Hey Tony! We need you!

TONY
I gotta go. They'll carry your
stuff up.

He runs off. Sarah stares at Casey Hall in disbelief. Tony
looks back at her. Maybe he thinks she'll look back too. She
doesn't. Instead, she takes a deep breath and clutches her
cross necklace.

SARAH
Forgive them for they know not what
they do.

INT. FIRST FLOOR CASEY - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah stands in front of her room. The door is open, her things are inside. She pulls a ring with two keys out of the knob and takes a step in. JUST THEN WE HEAR:

EMMA (O.S.)
(high-pitched)
Ehhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

From the room next door, scurries EMMA, (18), wonderfully whimsical in both appearance and gait. Sarah turns to see what's wrong. What she finds is a screaming naked girl.

Emma expertly covers her breasts with one arm and her nether regions with the other. Sarah freezes. Emma wiggles around, very concerned with what's going on DOWN THERE.

EMMA (CONT'D)
I'm dripping!

Emma scampers down the hall and into the bathroom. Sarah remains stunned and unable to move.

Then, WE HEAR a male voice from that same room.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Baby come back!

Out pops the owner of the voice. He is also naked and hides his junk with a BEER CAN.

NAKED BOY
I swear you said it was okay to cu--

He realizes he's not alone. He lifts his beer up to Sarah.

NAKED BOY (CONT'D)
Natty Ice?

She pulls her JESUS IS MY HOMEBOY SHIRT over her eyes. Jesus' image perfectly covers her face. She lifts up her bag in offering.

SARAH
Rosary?

TITLE CARD -- LOSING MY RELIGION

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. SARAH'S DORM ROOM - LATER

Hip-Hop music blasts from someone else's room into the hallway. Trying to ignore it, Sarah unpacks quietly. Her belongings are simple -- a white fleece blanket, some books, a teddy bear, a laptop. With the gingerly placement of each item, Sarah tries to shake the shock off.

She hangs up her clothes in the armoire -- pulling out cutesy religious shirt after cutsey religious shirt. I MAY NOT BE PERFECT, BUT JESUS THINKS I'M TO DIE FOR. KEEP CALM AND PRAY ON. One with a Jesus fish on it and a LIFE IS GOOD shirt for good measure.

On the wall, she has taped up a poster of a cartoon Jesus surrounded by baby animals, ones for the Christian rock bands SWITCHFOOT and JARS OF CLAY, and one of a kitten grasping onto a tree branch with one paw that reads HANG IN THERE.

Her phone buzzes. CALL FROM MOM. She answers, hesitantly.

SARAH

Hey mom.

NINA (O.C.)

Hey hunnie. Just calling to make sure you got to your dorm okay.

SARAH

I did.

The hallway music floods the phone line.

NINA

Hey Sarah, you at a Drake concert?

SARAH

Must be one of the girls on my floor.

NINA

If it's too loud you can always...

SARAH

Nope. All good here.

NINA

So besides the music, your dorm seems good?

SARAH

I'm still getting a feel for it. I haven't even met my roommate yet.

NINA

You excited?

Just then, the door swings open, almost hitting her.

SARAH

Mom, I gotta go. She's here.

ENTER, VICTORIA VITULLI, (18), curly hair, perfectly contoured makeup, tight jeans, knee-high riding boots, and a phone glued to her ear.

VICKI

(in a thick Jersey accent)
Your lasagna is in my arms. Yes, I'm gonna put it in the fridge right now.

A purple polo carries in EIGHT THROW PILLOWS, one for every color of the rainbow, and all NEON.

VICKI (CONT'D)

I gotta go, ma. My roomie's here. Gotta make a good first impression.

Vicki hangs up, marches up to Sarah, and extends her hand.

VICKI (CONT'D)

Hi, I'm Victoria. Victoria Vitulli. But you can call me Vicki.

SARAH

(like a reflex)
Would you like a rosary?

She pulls one out of her bag and hands it to Vicki.

VICKI

So cool. Is this from Top Shop?

INT. DINING HALL - DINNER TIME

Sarah and her new roomie Vicki sit together at an otherwise empty table in a buzzing cafeteria. Sarah's head is bowed in prayer, which she completes with the sign of the cross.

A GROUP OF STUDENTS approach -- a BOY DRESSED IN DOCKERS, a GIRL IN A FLOWERED HEADBAND and a cardigan, and a third GIRL IN A T-SHIRT THAT SAYS ST. PAULS ANNUAL RETREAT 2012.

FLOWERED HEADBAND GIRL
We don't mean to interrupt. But we
saw you saying grace.

RETREAT T-SHIRT GIRL
You're a freshman, right?

Sarah nods.

RETREAT T-SHIRT GIRL (CONT'D)
We're juniors. I'm Kathleen.

Kathleen now points to the flowered headband girl.

KATHLEEN
This is Rebecca.

Rebecca smiles. She turns to point to docker boy.

REBECCA
And that's Mark.

Mark raises his hand shyly.

SARAH
Hi, I'm Sarah.

She doesn't think to introduce her table-mate.

VICKI
(with gusto)
And I'm Vicki. Sarah's roommate.

REBECCA
It's nice to meet you two. We're
from the religious studies major.

KATHLEEN
We go to mass together.

MARK
And just kinda generally look out
for one another.

Sarah's face brightens.

SARAH
That's amazing. Back home my youth
group was pretty much my life.

Vicki interrupts territorially.

VICKI

I mean. Here she'll have her floormates. And of course her roommate.

(then)

She already made me a necklace.

Sarah appears confused at this show of ownership. It's slightly off putting to Kathleen, but she ignores it.

KATHLEEN

Anyway. We're having a get together on Thursday night to make signs to protest that new co-ed dorm.

VICKI

Ummm, Casey Hall?

Sarah freezes.

MARK

Oh good. You've already heard about it.

VICKI

Yeah, we l--

Under the table, Sarah steps on Vicki's toes. She is wearing flip flops.

VICKI (CONT'D)

(in pain)

Jesus Christ!!

SARAH

(thinking on her feet)

---We loveeeee Jesus, so of course we will be there.

Crisis averted.

Just then, a tray slams on Sarah's table. The slamee is GENNA, (18) short, spunky, dressed for Burning Man.

GENNA

Oooo Casey Girls unite!

Sarah keeps eye contact with Kathleen, Rebecca, and Mark. Kathleen looks at Sarah with a very "do you know this girl?" vibe. Sarah shakes her head with a subtle "no" and a laugh.

KATHLEEN

Anyway, we're meeting in the
basement of Reddington at 8PM on
Thursday. We'd love to have you.

Sarah waves goodbye as the three head back to their table.
Genna picks at her tray which is filled with nothing but
desserts.

GENNA

Vicki, was that our first party
invite?

Sarah clams up.

VICKI

I have no idea what just happened.
But I'm guessing no.

SARAH

(very apologetically)
Hey, sorry I stepped on your toes.

Genna unwraps a cupcake.

GENNA

Oh, look at me being rude and shit.

Genna extends her hand to Sarah.

GENNA (CONT'D)

I'm Genna.

SARAH

Sarah.

They shake hands.

SARAH (CONT'D)

They were inviting me to a
religious thing. Vicki too. I mean
you could come if you--

GENNA

You're Catholic?

Sarah nods.

GENNA (CONT'D)

I dig it. My mom was raised
Catholic. I was raised by TV.
(then)
So you've met Vicki. Have you met
my roomie Emma?

Genna points across the caf to Emma who flirts with the guy refilling the salad bar. Sarah glances over.

SARAH
(blushing)
You could say we met.

VICKI
I ran into her in the bathroom but she was naked so we only spoke for a few minutes.

GENNA
Tell me about it. Some cute-ish guy on the move-in crew compliments her and BAM! I get sexiled.

A blank stare from Sarah.

GENNA (CONT'D)
Sexiled. Exiled for the sake of sex.

SARAH
Oh, I "met" him too. I assumed he was her boyfriend.

GENNA
Emma isn't the relationship type. Me? I have several.

VICKI
Mine is back home in Long Island.

GENNA
You got a boyfriend?

SARAH
No.

GENNA
Aww. Don't worry, we'll find you one.

Sarah is a Bambi in headlights.

INT. CASEY HALL - ENTRYWAY - LATER

As Sarah walks in, A PURPLE POLO hands her a hot pink flyer.

IT READS: WANT TO BREAK THE ICE? WE'VE GOT ICE CREAM! LOWER QUAD ORIENTATION 6:30 PM. CASEY HALL COMMON ROOM. GET THE SCOOP ON COLLEGE LIFE.

SARAH

Will you have information about switching dorms?

Sarah is asking no one. While she was reading, the polo moved onto another group of students.

INT. CASEY HALL - COMMON ROOM - LATER

An ICE CREAM SOCIAL is in full swing. Boys and girls intermix and chat. An ice cream topping bar lines the back wall. Genna giggles in the back corner as Emma tries to sexily tie a cherry stem with just her tongue.

BRIAN, (18) a tall, studious-looking, bearded guy who vaguely resembles Jesus stands close to Sarah. He eyes her a little. She, oblivious, fidgets with her cross necklace.

BRIAN

No ice cream for you?

Sarah looks down and answers politely.

SARAH

Oh, maybe. I just got here.

BRIAN

Have a scoop for me.

Brian points to his BELT. An INSULIN PUMP is attached.

SARAH

Oh, man. My cousin has diabetes.

BRIAN

It's becoming quite popular these days.

He laughs nervously.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I take it you live here in Casey? You excited about college? Sorry. That's a lot of questions. I'm a journalism major. Let me get you some ice cream. You don't have diabetes do you? No, that's right. Your cousin does. Although I suppose you could--

He's doing that rambling thing young men do when they are overwhelmed by the beauty of a young lady. While Sarah doesn't pick up on this, she does sense he is struggling for some reason, and jumps in politely.

SARAH

Hi. I'm Sarah Hannigan. It's nice to meet you.

BRIAN

I'm Brian McCullough.

Sarah's face lights up.

SARAH

You're on my list!

BRIAN

(intrigued)

What kind of list? A hook up list?

SARAH

What? No!

Brian notices Sarah's embarrassment and teases her a little.

BRIAN

Dude. If it's a hook up list you have to tell me.

SARAH

It's nothing like that. My priest gave me a list.

BRIAN

Wow. A member of the clergy wrote you a hook up list?

SARAH

Definitely not. It's a list of people who went to Catholic youth groups.

BRIAN

Well. That's a little weird, but, you're in luck. I was in a youth group. Not Catholic though.

SARAH

But your last name's McCullough.

BRIAN

Christian. But practicing.

Those words flood over Sarah in relief. A religious person in her dorm. This is good. Brian senses an "in".

BRIAN (CONT'D)

So, would you maybe wanna go to church together sometime?

Suddenly, WE HEAR a few taps on a live mic coming from the front of the room. Sarah jolts away from Brian and toward the sound.

SARAH

I think they're starting.

The guy behind the mic is Tony. Next to him is a girl in purple as well.

TONY

Testing. Testing. If we can pull you away from your sundaes for a second. We'd like to welcome to the lower quad. I'm Tony.

He motions to his sidekick.

TONY (CONT'D)

And this is Maria.
(then)
We're your Resident Advisors.

He really is her RA.

TONY (CONT'D)

We know college can be a little overwhelming.
(then)
Feel free to come to us if you have questions about anything.

Tony notices Sarah in the back of the room and makes eye contact with her.

TONY (CONT'D)

We just want you to feel comfortable.
(then)
No issue is too small. No question too silly.
(then)
We're here for you.

By this point in his speech, Sarah is mesmerized.

INT. CASEY HALL - COMMON ROOM - LATER

Sarah makes herself a sundae. At the far end of the table, Tony and Maria are chatting. Sarah tries to build up the courage to go over there. She inches closer with each topping choice. By the time she is at the sprinkles, SHE HEARS:

MARIA

Ugh. Have they socialized enough? I wanna get out of here, the kegs always kick early on Saturdays.

TONY

I just wanna go see what the new freshman class has to offer.
(classically sleazy)
If you know what I mean.

Even innocent Sarah knows what he means. The sprinkles in her hand drop onto her whipped cream. But she has lost her appetite.

INT. SARAH'S DORM ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Sarah tosses and turns in bed. Her eye catches the crucifix she has hung on her wooden armoire. It's illuminated by the light of her nightlight. It greatly resembles a confessional.

INT. SARAH'S ARMOIRE - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah is jammed inside the armoire.

SARAH

Bless me Father for I have sinned.
It's been one day since my last confession and these are my sins.
(then)
I heard people say bad things.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. SARAH'S ARMOIRE - SUNDAY MORNING

Sarah wakes up on the hard floor of the armoire. You can tell she feels silly. Who wakes up inside a closet?

She places a call to FATHER SCOTT. It rings a few times then goes to voicemail.

SARAH

Hey, it's me. You're probably saying mass or something. But if you could call me back that'd be great.

EXT. COMMONS COURTYARD - LATER

Sarah walks down the commons, dressed in her Sunday best. The campus is deserted. The only signs of life are empty solo cups and half eaten pizza slices.

Down the hill a little, she spots a familiar figure. An old man in a black CASSOCK and CLERICAL COLLAR. She rushes to catch up with him.

SARAH

Father!

FATHER MOHR, (77) a Jesuit faculty member, stops. He turns around, displaying his white hair and bushy white beard.

FATHER MOHR

Good morning, my child.

A wave of familiar comfort rushes over Sarah.

SARAH

Good morning, Father.

She nods her head in respect.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Are you on your way to the chapel too?

FR. MOHR

I am. I always say the 9AM. Happy to see you up. Very few wake up this early. Especially not after Slosy Saturday.

SARAH

Oh. I would never miss mass.

Father Mohr is pleasantly surprised. As they continue to walk, they pass a statue of ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA. He's been defaced with TOILET PAPER. He reaches to take some down, but can't quite make it. Sarah helps.

FR. MOHR

The only Saint most of these kids would recognize is Kim and Kanye's son.

Sarah shoves the TP into a nearby trash can.

SARAH

That's St. Ignatius of Loyola.
Right? He founded the Jesuits.

Fr. Mohr is impressed. The CHURCH BELLS chime as they walk towards the CHAPEL.

EXT. COMMONS COURTYARD - LATER

Sarah walks up the hill alone. She is invigorated by that mass. Must have been a good homily. As she passes the cafeteria, Genna, Emma, and Vicki are about to enter. All three of them show signs of wear from the night before. Genna notices Sarah and stops. The group follows suit.

GENNA

Hey girl! Come brunch with us.

EMMA

Brunch is a verb now.

VICKI

Commeeeeeeee.

It's just a meal. Jesus ate with sinners all the time.

SARAH

Yeah. Okay. I'm starving.

INT. DINING HALL - LATER

The table is covered in WAFFLES, OJ, EGGS, BACON, LUCKY CHARMS, BURRITOS, and CURLY FRIES.

GENNA

Pass a burrito.

EMMA

You didn't get enough protein with
this morning's blow job?

Emma passes the burrito with a biting glance.

GENNA

What got up your ass?
(then)
Wait. Don't answer that.

EMMA

Next time could you at least cover
your head with a blanket?

Genna takes a huge bite of the burrito.

GENNA

(with a mouth full)
Love you. Mean it.

Emma rolls her eyes with a smile and they all move on.

EMMMA

(to Sarah)
Sorry about our introduction the
other day. Never trust a guy with a
Simpsons tattoo.

SARAH

I won't. I know God will find the
right guy for me one day.

EMMA

What's God got to do with it?

GENNA

Girls, Sarah is religious and we
respect her right to choose that.

VICKI

It's like A Walk To Remember.

EMMA

You do look like Mandy Moore.

VICKI

Oh my God, how good does she look
in This Is Us?

GENNA

Guys, you're missing the point.
(then)
We think it's great.

(MORE)

GENNA (CONT'D)

(then)

You do you girl.

Just then Tony walks by. Sarah's face furrows and her eyes transfix with disdain. Emma clocks this.

EXT. LOWER QUAD COURTYARD - MONDAY

Sarah struggles with a PILE OF TEXTBOOKS. Brian approaches dressed in an ALL PINK RUGBY PRACTICE UNIFORM.

BRIAN

Let me help.

He grabs a few books from her arms and reorganizes them.

SARAH

That's very chivalrous of you.

Brian glances at her top book.

BRIAN

Wait. You're taking Heroes And Villains In Biblical Tradition too? I thought I'd be the only underclassman in it!

Sarah is intrigued.

SARAH

Oh yeah. My AP religion credits transferred in and counted as Theology 101. So I got to pick an upper level elective. I'm super excited. You?

Brian goes in for a joke.

BRIAN

I just like comic books.

It doesn't quite land.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

That was a joke.

(then)

The AP credit thing for me too.

His failed attempt to connect with a joke makes him self-conscious.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Well, I should get to practice.

Sarah clocks Brian's Peep of a uniform.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Yeah. About this. I'm at the mercy of my rugby captain. He thought it would be a fun hazing ritual, I guess.

SARAH

Oh man.

BRIAN

I'm on a full sports scholarship. Only way my family could pay for a private school. So I just roll with it.

Sarah wants him to feel accepted.

SARAH

I hear team sports build good life skills.

BRIAN

There's no I in life skills.

Brian immediately cringes at the dumb joke that flew out. In an attempt to save face, he turns and walks away.

A beat.

Sarah chases after him a little.

SARAH

Hey, Brian? Heard about that co-ed dorm protest organizing thingy on Thursday?

Still too embarrassed, he responds without turning around.

BRIAN

I have.

(then)

But I'm not really a sign guy.

SARAH

But you're religious. It doesn't bother you that you're in a co-ed dorm?

Now he turns around to face her.

BRIAN

Nah. I don't let it. A co-ed dorm doesn't change anything. I'm still gonna act the same as I always do.

A beat.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Plus, I like the co-eds I've met in Casey so far.

(then)

Don't you?

Sarah nods. Brian heads to practice. We are left unsure if she was nodding about Tony or Brian. Or both.

EXT. RUGBY FIELD - LATER

A large SCRUM moves in unison. TEN RUGBY PLAYERS are sweaty and intertwined. On the sideline sits Brian. He gives himself an insulin injection and wipes sweat from his brow.

The scrum breaks up and a few more players come off. One is CHAD (21), extremely tall and built.

CHAD

Nice work today, sugartits. Pretty good for a diabetic.

BRIAN

Thanks, man. Might as well play while I still have my limbs.

CHAD

Jesus, is it that bad?

Chad gulps from a full gallon of water.

BRIAN

Nah, man.

(then)

It was a joke.

CHAD

Phew. Cause you wouldn't make a very good wing man with no arms.

Brian takes a sip of his much smaller water bottle.

CHAD (CONT'D)

You're in Casey Hall, right?

BRIAN

Yep.

CHAD

Man, those girls are hot as fuck.

BRIAN

Yeah, they're really nice.

CHAD

And I bet they're down for
whatever. You're gonna get laid
round the clock.

(then)

Just remember-- bros before hoes.

Brian nods his head in forced agreement.

INT. HOUSING OFFICE - TUESDAY MID-MORNING

Sarah walks up to the front desk. A SECRETARY shuffles papers.

SARAH

Hello. My name is Sarah. Sarah
Hannigan. How are you today?

The woman looks up, but ignores Sarah's pleasantry.

SECRETARY

What can I help you with?

SARAH

I need to change dorms. I'm in the
co-ed dorm, but I'm not supposed to
be. I need to change into an all
girls dorm.

The woman sets a paper on the counter in front of Sarah.

SECRETARY

Fill out this form. We'll call to
schedule a meeting with your
advisor. Sometimes it takes a
while. By then, the student has
usually worked out whatever it is
they thought was the problem. Use
pen. Press firmly. Yellow copy is
yours.

She places a ball point pen on the counter as well.

SARAH

Well, this time, I'm sure that
won't happen. But thank you.

Sarah starts to fill it out right there. The woman points to a few chairs and a table of magazines.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Sorry.

She heads over to one of the chairs and sits down. She checks the time on her phone, then starts to write even faster.

INT. CLASSROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Sarah rushes into the room, books in hand. Ten students are already seated. Among them are Kathleen, Rebecca, Mark, and Brian. The front row is completely open. Kathleen spots Sarah and motions for her to sit with them. Sarah takes a seat in the second row, next to her.

SARAH

(whisper to Kathleen)

Heyyy.

Sarah waves to the rest of them. They all wave back. Brian's wave is accompanied by a giddy smile. Sarah doesn't see it. She is busy meticulously opening her notebook. She takes out a few pens and places them on her desk, then creases a notebook so it will lay flat.

In walks Father Mohr. He carries an old leather briefcase and a cup of tea, in a ceramic coffee mug. Under his other arm is a real-life print newspaper. As he puts them down on the table in front of the chalkboard, he notices Sarah.

FATHER MOHR

This is one of my favorite classes
to teach. Why you may ask?

No one has asked. But half the class does appear interested.

FATHER MOHR (CONT'D)

I find that understanding the
symbolism in the Bible is one of
the keys to understanding your
faith in the modern day. I'm sure
all of you could talk for hours
about your favorite characters in
Star Wars, Lord Of The Rings, or
Game of Thrones. When this class is
done, I want you to be able to do
that with the Bible too.

Everyone seems intrigued. Sarah seems a little confused, but hey, it's the Bible and he's a sage priest.

FATHER MOHR (CONT'D)

Open the Book to page one.

(reading)

In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep.

Sarah smiles and starts to take notes. Brian looks over at her feverishly scribbling and smiles.

INT. SARAH'S DORM ROOM - THURSDAY EVENING

Sarah lays on her bed next to a pack of SHARPIES, some POSTER BOARD, and ALPHABET STENCILS. She stares at a yellow carbon copy in her hand. Genna walks by her room in a towel.

GENNA

I love the smell of Sharpies.

(then)

Just be careful.

A beat.

SARAH

Wait, why?

GENNA

Never mind.

(then)

You've been studying too much this week. Come out with us tonight.

Emma walks by in a towel.

EMMA

We're starting to get ready soon.

Suddenly, Vicki walks in from outside.

VICKI

We showering?

She quickly takes off her shoes, shirt, and pants as she reaches for a bath towel.

GENNA

Your roomie's coming.

Genna heads for the bathroom with Vicki close behind. Emma hangs back for a second. She rocks from side to side like an eager kid with a secret.

EMMA

You have an admirer.

Emma scurries to the bathroom. Sarah tries to ignore her curiosity. But then, takes a deep breath and runs down the hall.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

We hear the rush of water. There are three shower stalls covered by curtains, each has a pair of feet peeking through.

GENNA (O.C.)

Then try this one.

A shampoo bottle pops up from the center stall and over to the left one.

VICKI (O.C.)

Gracias.

Through process of voice elimination, she now knows where Emma is. She hesitantly walks up to the right side curtain.

SARAH

(sotto)

Hey Emma.

Emma is in her own world.

EMMA

(singing Ariana Grande)

These friends keep talkin' way too much. Say I should give you up.

SARAH

(louder)

Hey Emma.

EMMA

And boy, got me walkin' from side to side.

SARAH

(shouting)

EMMA!

Emma pulls open the shower curtain. She is completely naked except for a shower cap. Unashamed, Emma waves.

EMMA

Hi.

(then)

What can I do you for?

Sarah pauses, off put by Emma's nudity and also unsure if she should ask about her admirer. She decides to.

SARAH

Why did you say that thing you said in my room?

EMMA

That you have an admirer?

SARAH

Yeah.

EMMA

Cause you have an admirer.

Emma reaches down for shaving cream.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Tony. He's the RA in our quad. I saw you look at him in the caf when we had brunch.

SARAH

Yeah cause he said something inappropriate the other night.

Razor in her teeth, Emma props her leg up against the shower wall, wedging it enough to hold steady. This position is very compromising, you can just imagine what it shows.

EMMA

(through a razor handle in her teeth)

So you hate him?

SARAH

I don't hate anybody.

EMMA

So you like him. That's what I thought. That look you gave him screamed sexual tension.

Sarah gets uncomfortable at the very mention of the "s" word. To Emma, it reads as fear.

EMMA (CONT'D)

It's okay. It's only natural.
Wanting someone and not being sure
exactly sure why is what makes the
world go round.

(then)

Plus, it's so much fun, I promise.

Sarah takes this in, but then, just as quickly, puts an end
to it.

SARAH

I'm gonna close the curtain now.

Sarah slides the curtain shut.

A beat.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(a shift in tone to
curiosity)

Wait, so how do you know he admires
me?

EMMA

Well, I slept with a boy from our
dorm last night.

Sarah's eyes pop open.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I forget his name. But I don't
really feel bad about that cause
when I woke up he said, "Hey Amy."

SARAH

What does this have to do with me?

EMMA

Oh yeah. I'm getting there.

(then)

So, I was sneaking out this
morning. And Tony stopped me. Guess
he was doing rounds.

Emma has Sarah's full attention.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I totally thought I was gonna get
in trouble. But instead he asked me
if I was a freshman.

(then)

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

And when I said yes, he asked if I knew the girl from the ice cream social with the funny t-shirt. And what was her "deal."

Sarah's attention begins to change to anxiety.

SARAH

Did you tell him what my deal is?
(then)
Wait. What's my deal?

EMMA

Don't worry, I got your back girl. I told him you were unattached and that you were the sweetest.
(then)
He's super hot. You could do much worse.

SARAH

What? No. No. No. No. No. No. No.
(then)
I mean...
(then)
Wait. No.

Sarah is confused, but intrigued.

EMMA

You can open the curtain if you want. I'm done shaving my legs.

SARAH

(firmly)
I'm good.

INT. BOY'S FLOOR - CASEY HALL - NIGHT

Brian reclines on a bean bag chair and spins a nerf ball. A few other RUGBY GUYS mix drinks. Chad tries on a pair of shoes and admirers.

BRIAN

Are those KD 9s?

CHAD

You know it.

RUGBY GUY

New kicks for new chicks?

CHAD

Please. I don't need hundred dollar shoes to pick up girls at this school.

(then)

Catholic girls are easy marks.

BRIAN

Did you just call girls "marks"?

CHAD

Relax. Everyone knows Catholic school girls are crazy. That's why half of us came here.

Chad holds up a few belts to match his pants and checks them in the mirror.

CHAD (CONT'D)

If you can find a girl who feels like she has something to prove...you're golden.

Brian's face says he does not subscribe to this particular school of thought. But that is his rugby captain.

INT. GENNA AND EMMA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Genna, Emma and Vicki pregame and primp. Music blares. There are handles of alcohol and clothing strewn about. Emma takes her top off.

EMMA

Nothing fits.

GENNA

That top was fine. You just want them to think about taking it off anyway.

Emma puts the top back on. She reaches inside her bra and lifts her breasts up till one of her nipples almost pops out.

EMMA

Too much?

GENNA

Too much is the new not enough.

INT. SARAH'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah sits alone on her bed making a rosary. She tries to work her thoughts out with each added bead. But they have to compete with the music from next door.

She pounds on the wall. But the beat she chose seems to blend in with the song. Nothing happens. Before she adds a new bead, she decides it's too much. She pops up out of bed to go scold them.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As Sarah opens the door, she is greeted by Tony. His hand is up. He was a second away from knocking. They are face to face. Closer than they've ever been.

SARAH

Hi.

TONY

Hello.

Just then, Maria peeks out from behind it.

MARIA

Don't be alarmed. We do room checks on weekend nights.

SARAH

It's Thursday.

MARIA

That's the start of the weekend here.

(to Tony)

I'll get the next room.

Everyone can hear the music booming from the room next door. Maria projects her voice toward Genna and Emma's room. Seemingly in a warning.

MARIA (CONT'D)

(loud)

Like I said, I'm gonna check the room next door.

She positions herself right in front of their door.

MARIA (CONT'D)

(very loudly)

I said, I'm going to check this room right here.

(MORE)

MARIA (CONT'D)
To make sure nothing conspicuous
like underage drinking is going on.

She perches her hand to knock.

MARIA (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Wouldn't wanna see anything I'd
have to report. Would love if
everyone just put whatever they are
imbibing away. Would make a lot
less paper work for me.

Bottles clink. Bodies thud. The music stops. She takes her
hand down.

MARIA (CONT'D)
Excellent.

Tony is still inches from Sarah. She has been too dumbfounded
by what she just saw to move. As she snaps herself out of it,
she takes her outrage out on Tony.

SARAH
You guys aren't gonna do anything
about that?

TONY
College students will be college
students. I'm not looking to get
anyone in trouble. They aren't
hurting anyone.

Sarah is disgusted with this response. She seems like she
might be ready to make a big point. But is interrupted by
Maria.

MARIA
(to Tony)
Ready to head upstairs?

Tony is fixed on Sarah.

TONY
I'll be up in a sec.

Maria rolls her eyes, then heads up. Tony leans up against
Sarah's door frame. Casual as a cucumber. Sarah is still
running a little hot.

TONY (CONT'D)
So, what are you up to tonight?

Sarah doesn't know how to nor care to respond. Tony turns on the charm even more.

TONY (CONT'D)

Well. I'll be at the rugby house on Vine. If you happen to find yourself out.

Sarah feels her face flush and her stomach tingle. Is this was Emma was talking about? The "s" word tension? He pivots and walks toward the hall entrance. Then looks back over his shoulder.

TONY (CONT'D)

I imagine your neighbors will know where the party's at.

He flashes a smile, causing Sarah to feel all the feels.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. GENNA AND EMMA'S ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Sarah runs into Genna and Emma's room. Genna opens a gigantic handle of liquor. Vicki has a FORTY of beer strapped to her hands with silver DUCT TAPE. Emma watches a YouTube tutorial on eyeshadow application.

SARAH

(trying to be casual)

Hey, does the party you're going to happen to be at the rugby house?

GENNA

(to Emma)

Hey Emma where is the party we are going to?

(to Sarah)

Sorry, Emma is the deets girl.

As Genna downs a shot of whiskey, Sarah is a little startled. Before now, it was all talk. But this is the first time she's actually seen it firsthand.

GENNA (CONT'D)

(to the empty glass)

Why you do me like that, Jack?

Emma pops her head out from behind the armoire door she's been using as a vanity.

EMMA

It's at the rugby house. 1822 Vine.
Enter through the back.

Genna turns to Sarah.

GENNA

Yes. Do you know it?

Vicki chugs from her forty then burps loudly. Sarah is equally startled to see her roommate drinking.

SARAH

Why are you doing that?

VICKI

I can't handle my liquor. But I also hate beer. So this way I have to drink it.

Not the answer she was expecting. Now, Genna pours MALIBU into a glass, adds a splash of cranberry juice, and stirs it with eye-liner. She offers it to Sarah.

SARAH

No, thanks. I'm gonna get going. I was just curious. I heard the RAs talking about it. Better be careful. I should get back to my room. My mom is probably gonna call soon to wish me a happy birthday and--

GENNA

It's your birthday?

SARAH

Tomorrow.

GENNA

(to Vicki)

Did you know it was her birthday?

VICKI

I did not.

GENNA

Oh. My. God. This changes everything. Birthday girl has to drink. Them's the rules.

She holds a cup out, this time close to Sarah's face.

EMMA

It'll relax you.

SARAH

I'm not not relaxed.

Sarah leans her arm up against the wall casually and flashes a poker face.

EMMA

Wait. You heard the RAs talking?

SARAH

Yeah. In the hall. Maria and ummmmm
(under her breath)
Tony.

Emma's face light's up like Christmas morning.

EMMA

So he's gonna be there?

Sarah nods. Emma whispers to Genna, who then whispers something to Vicki.

VICKI
 Oooooooooooooo.
 (then)
 What's your cup size?

Sarah is very unsure if she should answer.

SARAH
 I wear a camisole. It's one size fits most.

Genna walks over and feels Sarah up.

GENNA
 (discerningly)
 Large A. Small B.

Sarah cannot believe someone just touched her breasts.

GENNA (CONT'D)
 What? I worked at Victoria's Secret three summers in a row.

INT. SARAH'S DORM ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

CLOSE ON: The back of Sarah's head. She's on the phone.

FATHER SCOTT
 Sounds quieter than the picture your mother painted.

SARAH
 She exaggerates.

FATHER SCOTT
 That's very true. But I got worried when I got your voicemail.

Sarah touches her hair, uncomfortable with its volume.

SARAH
 I didn't mean to worry you. Just wanted to talk and no one here was awake yet.

FATHER SCOTT
 We forgot to tell you. College students sleep in.
 (then)
 But everything is okay?
 (MORE)

FATHER SCOTT (CONT'D)

You're getting along fine? Meet anyone from my list? Excited about your birthday? Didn't join the Bloods?

We still only see her from behind, but now, she stands up and pulls at some very tight pants.

SARAH

Pretty okay. Met a person from your list. And a few other upperclassmen who are in my major. The priest who teaches my favorite class reminds me of you in like a hundred years. I have no plans for my birthday. And I'm more of a Crips girl.

Just then, Vicki walks in and interrupts. When she sees Sarah, she can't help but gush.

VICKI

(loudly)

OMG. You look so hot.

NOW WE SEE WHAT SHE SEES: Sarah is in low cut jeans, black lace top, and high heels. Whatever bra they chose is giving her some noticeable assistance. Her face has sparkles, fake lashes and glossy pink lips.

Sarah throws her hand over the mouthpiece of her phone.

SARAH

I gotta go. Call you tomorrow.

She hangs up, worried he might have heard that.

Vicki grabs a small purse. She piles in some gum, lip gloss, a debit card. Sarah fidgets with her outfit in front of Vicki's full-length mirror.

VICKI

Seriously, you should dress like this all the time.

(then)

It's a big step up from your t-shirts.

Sarah is offended. She shoots Vicki a look.

VICKI (CONT'D)

I mean, don't get me wrong. I loveeee your usual look, but this, is just, like, next-level.

Sarah doesn't exactly know what "next-level" is, but she's pretty sure it's not for her. She turns away from her reflection.

SARAH
(decidedly)
I'm changing.

VICKI
That's a shame.

Sarah turns back toward the mirror.

SARAH
I mean, I can't actually go to the party.

VICKI
Why not?

From the hallway WE HEAR the unmistakeable sound of heels clicking. Emma and Genna walk up to Sarah's door.

VICKI (CONT'D)
You gotta come out with us. It's roomie bonding time.

GENNA
And it's your birthday.

EMMA
Plus how about some "RA" bonding time?

Sarah freezes. She remembers that look Tony gave her. She smiles. Then furrows her brow. Then smiles again. In a daze of Tony combined with her new heels, she fidgets her feet around then trips over a pile of her rosaries.

SARAH
Fine. But I'm wearing sneakers.

INT. DIRTY ASS BASEMENT - LATER

Picture the most quintessential party from a teen movie. Now picture it in a moldy basement. It's complete with a keg, makeshift bar, flip cup game, and beer pong table. The walls are covered in graffiti and the floor is somehow dripping.

In walks Sarah, flanked by Genna, Emma, and Vicki. Her hair and makeup are the same, but she is now in sneakers and she tightly wraps an oversized denim jacket around her torso.

SARAH
I feel like people are staring.

Emma gives a coy wave to the room.

EMMA
It's the best, right?

GENNA
People were always staring. You moved into college wearing a t-shirt with a saint or something on it.

A beat.

SARAH
Jesus isn't a saint.

Genna guides them further into the party. RANDOM GUY #2 hands them each a RED SOLO CUP. Sarah puts her hand up, dismissing the drink.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Designated driver.

Genna and Emma accepts theirs.

RANDOM GUY #2
You have a car on campus?

GENNA
(to random guy #2)
She's just getting her feet wet.
Shoo.

He walks away. Emma downs her drink.

EMMA
You might want a little liquid courage.

SARAH
(firmly)
No, thanks.

EMMA
In case we get separated.

What? Sarah didn't know that was an option. No, no, no. She didn't sign up for this.

GENNA

You'll be fine. Just give me your phone.

Genna grabs it from Sarah's pocket. It already shows two missed calls from "MOM".

GENNA (CONT'D)

You're blowing up.

Genna grabs Sarah's thumb and uses it to open the phone. She enters something.

GENNA (CONT'D)

Here's my number.

Genna places a call.

GENNA (CONT'D)

I'm calling my phone from your phone. So I'll have yours too now.

(then)

I'd give you Emma's too but she keeps her phone in her bra and right now she isn't wearing one.

(then)

I'm sure we won't get separated. But if we do. Just call or text.

INT. DIRTY ASS BASEMENT - A LITTLE LATER

Sarah's worst fear has come true. She is in a corner, completely alone. A group of students push by her and spill beer on her shoe. As she crouches down to wipe it off, from above her, comes a deep voice.

TONY (O.S.)

Here, let me help you.

Sarah freezes. She knows that voice. The power of this recognition almost makes her fall on her butt.

TONY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You're smart to wear sneakers. I don't get girls who wear heels.

He grabs a paper towel from the bar nearby and hands it to her. She accepts it with a smile and a hand that's shaking slightly.

SARAH

Thanks.

TONY

You came.

If this is flirting, she likes it. But doesn't wanna seem desperate.

SARAH

Yeah, I mean the Casey girls were making a night of it.

She stands up now.

TONY

And where are they now?

SARAH

I seem to have lost them. I'll probably head out soon anyway.

TONY

Me too. I gotta get back for my next set of rounds. Plus, they're playing way too much Ed Sheeran.

Sarah smiles. She now feels comfortable enough to pry further into their conversation from before.

SARAH

I know it's none of my business and I don't even know you, but, should you even be at this party? On account of the underage drinking and all.

She waits for his answer, hopeful.

TONY

Nope. It's strictly forbidden.
(then)
But that's what makes it fun.

Those words hit her like a ton of bricks. Tony giveth and Tony taketh away. Defiance of authority is not her thing. She wants out.

SARAH

I have to go.

She runs away. Tony is left confused, like no one has ever abruptly left him in the middle of his best bad-ass flirting.

INT. BASEMENT BATHROOM - A MOMENT LATER

Sarah hides in the quietest place she can find. Although, bathroom is a loose term for this toilet surrounded by three walls. She holds her phone tightly to her ear.

SARAH

I don't know how to say this any other way, so will you please just hear my confession?

FATHER SCOTT

Oh boy.
(then)
Of course.

Sarah cups her hand around the phone.

SARAH

(lightning fast)
Bless me Father for I have sinned, it's been too long since my last confession and I live with boys.

FATHER SCOTT

Say what now?

Sarah sits down on the gross ass toilet.

SARAH

I ended up in a co-ed dorm. It's some kind of mistake, and I'm trying to fix it. But I didn't tell mom. And also, I saw one naked. Well, mostly naked. A beer protected me. Oh, yeah, everyone drinks. I mean, not me. I just watch them drink. Is that a sin?

FATHER SCOTT

No.

Relief washes over Sarah.

SARAH

Please don't tell my mom.

FATHER SCOTT

I can't. Seal of the confessional.

Sarah hangs up, pained. She reaches for her cross necklace, but it didn't make the cut during her recent makeover.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. BASEMENT BAR AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah frantically calls and texts Genna. No response. She looks around, unsure of what to do. She spots Brian and scurries up to him.

SARAH
Will you please please please go
home with me?

BRIAN
Uhhhhh.

Sarah plays her words back in her head.

SARAH
I mean, I gotta get out of here.
Will you walk me home?

Brian looks torn.

BRIAN
This is the rugby house. I can't
leave till the captain says I can.
One of the fullbacks was late and
now he has to drink from his cleat.

Sarah goes back to texting and calling Genna. Brian is torn up that he couldn't be the help Sarah needs right now.

INT. SARAH'S CHILDHOOD HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Nina dumps a half-eaten bowl of popcorn into the trash. Father Scott walks up to the sink with two empty wine glasses.

FATHER SCOTT
You've been awful quiet tonight.

NINA
Did you want me to talk during the
movie?

FATHER SCOTT
You've seen Amélie a hundred times.
Last week we played Taboo during
it.

Father Scott comes up and hugs Nina from behind, grabbing her at the waist, tightly, as if to squeeze the truth out of her.

RUGBY PLAYER 1
 (sing-songy)
 Jesus can't play rugby/Cause he
 only has twelve friends.

RUGBY PLAYER 2
 Cause the Jew won't pay his
 dues/Cause his dad will fix the
 game.

CHAD
 (finishing out the song)
 Jesus can't play rugby cause he's
 motherfucking dead.

Chad is very proud of himself. He cues the rest of the team
 to go grab drinks. Sarah eyes these large men is disbelief.

CHAD (CONT'D)
 B-Mackkkkkkkkkkkkk!

SARAH
 You're friends with these guys?

BRIAN
 (reluctantly)
 This is Chad.
 (then)
 The rugby captain.

Chad extends his hand to Sarah.

CHAD
 Sarah. Such a unique name.

It's not. He's accustomed to using that line on girls with
 names like Kaila or who are named after states. Sarah folds
 her hands and holds them tightly into her body.

CHAD (CONT'D)
 Ooo, we've got a feisty one.

SARAH
 Excuse me?

CHAD
 Down girl.

Sarah is at a loss for words. Brian jumps in.

BRIAN
 Come on, man.

Chad looks back at Brian, caught off guard by his attitude.

CHAD
 (threateningly)
 You wanna play in the first game?

Just then, Emma and Genna reappear. They might be sloshed, but they can sense Sarah is upset. Emma hands Sarah a cup.

EMMA
 It's jungle juice. You're shaking.
 Sarah takes a few sips. Genna turns to Brian.

GENNA
 Thanks for trying. But this is a girl's job. We've got this.
 Genna stares Chad down.

CHAD
 You're all Casey girls, right?

GENNA
 What's it to ya?

CHAD
 Word on the street is you like to have fun. I think a couple of my boys would love to have your services.

Brian tries to intervene again.

BRIAN
 Dude, Chad. Chill.

GENNA
 No, it's cool.

Genna pulls her body close to Chad. She leans in like she's gonna kiss him. Chad gets ready for it.

GENNA (CONT'D)
 Yeah, why don't you pull up to Nevergonnahappen Lane and I'll "service" you. Today's recommendation is...

She grabs his junk and squeezes.

GENNA (CONT'D)
 Castration. Two for one special.

Genna lets go. Chad gulps hard but doesn't exactly back down.

CHAD

I was just telling Sarah I like my girls feisty.

Genna immediately grabs his balls again. Sarah takes a few more gulps of juice.

GENNA

Sarah? This perfect little doll right here who you will never be good enough for?

Chad nods his head 'yes' for fear of Genna tightening her grip.

GENNA (CONT'D)

If you ever touch this angel, I will hunt you down and I will pluck every single one of your pubic hairs out with tweezers. Then I will put them in your protein shake and force you to drink it.

Chad desperately clings to his pride.

CHAD

Jokes on you. I hear that actually makes your junk look bigger.

GENNA

Get the fuck away from us.

EMMA

You're pathetic.

Chad backs away. Yet somehow makes it seem like his idea.

CHAD

Whatever. I need more beer anyway.

The team gathers at his command and heads into the other room. Brian remains.

CHAD (CONT'D)

You coming, B-mack?

Brian looks at Chad and then back at Sarah. Sarah looks at the girls and then back at Brian.

SARAH

Thanks for keeping me company. I mean it.

Brian and Sarah share a moment. Then he heads into the other room with the team. Sarah remains. She starts to get flushed and takes her jean jacket off.

GENNA

You okay?
 (then)
 Chad's an idiot. But he won't bother you again. Trust me.

SARAH

Why would someone act like that?

GENNA

Testosterone. Fragile Masculinity. Steroids?
 (then)
 It happens.

Before Sarah can say anything else, something hits her.

SARAH

My ears feel warm.

EMMA

It's probably the jungle juice.

Realizing what she's done.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Oh. Crap. It's probably the jungle juice. Crap. Crap. Crap. Crap. Crap.

SARAH

What happened?

GENNA

Noooo. You gave her jungle juice?

SARAH

You gave me jungle juice?
 (then)
 Wait. What's jungle juice?

EMMA

It's juice.
 (then)
 And then like a bunch of leftover alcohol.

SARAH

Oh my gosh. Am I drunk?

EMMA

You're probably just tipsy.

Sarah grabs for her necklace. It isn't there. She is exposed and vulnerable in the middle of a party surrounded by people she now realizes she's basically just met.

SARAH

This is all your fault.

GENNA

Don't blame Emma, she was just trying to help.

SARAH

No. It's both of your faults. It's all of your faults.

The girls move in closer around Sarah, even though she's yelling at them. And form a protective circle so no one else can see her fall apart.

SARAH (CONT'D)

You dressed me up like a doll and made me come to this party instead of the sign party that I already had the stencils for. Did you know I had the stencils already? Bet you didn't know that.

They let her vent.

SARAH (CONT'D)

And you girls fawning all over each other acting like best friends already? You met a week ago. You don't even know each other. Are you that desperate to fit in? Do you like playing games with people? Making me think about Tony. Pushing him on me. Tony. Tony. Tony. And then you give me an alcoholic beverage without my consent. I'm a minor!

Sarah pulls her phone out. It's 12:04AM.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Well, I was till four minutes ago.
(then)
Happy Birthday to me.

Sarah walks out quietly, with the weight of the world on her now bare shoulders.

Genna, Emma, and Vicki feel terrible. Or at least they know they will when the drinks wear off.

EXT. LOWER QUAD COURTYARD - LATER

Sarah walks back from the party, a little wobbly. Her makeup is smeared and her cheeks are still flushed.

SARAH
 (to herself)
 Oh, it'll probably be resolved
 already by the time you call me for
 a dorm change? As if.

Kathleen, Rebecca, and Mark pile out of a dorm. They carry piles of poster board attached to wooden stakes. Rebecca clocks Sarah across the way.

REBECCA
 Pssss. Look at 6 o'clock.

KATHLEEN
 That's not. Is it?

MARK
 Sarah?
 (shouting)
 Sarah!

Sarah looks over, but then immediately ducks into her dorm.

REBECCA
 Did you just see that?

KATHLEEN
 What just happened?

MARK
 Casey Hall happened.

INT. A DARK ARMOIRE - LATE NIGHT

Sarah sits up frantically making rosaries with both hands as she watches something on her laptop. A movie.

ANGLE ON: The imagine of Jesus, writhing in agony as he is whipped. His blood soaked head bears a crown of thorns. Well, it's not Jesus Christ, himself. It's JIM CAVIEZEL

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

INT. SARAH'S ARMOIRE - THE NEXT MORNING

A sliver of light shines through a crack in the door. Sarah is curled up next to her laptop. She stirs and hits her arm on the hard wood. It jolts her awake. Still lying down, she pushes one door open. More sun shines in.

SARAH
Noooooo. Lightttttt.

She is clearly hung over. There's a stray set of fake lashes stuck to her cheek. It tickles and she freaks out.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Aaah! Spider!

She swats at it.

INT. SARAH'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sarah walks like a zombie to her bed, Vicki's is empty and still made from last night. She lies down and checks her phone. It's 10:16am She has TWO MISSED CALLS, TWO VOICEMAIL, and THIRTY TWO TEXT MESSAGES. The texts are from Genna. Sarah ignores them.

She checks the voicemails. WE HEAR:

SECRETARY
This message is for Sarah Hannigan. Sarah we've received your request for a dorm change. The next step is to meet with your faculty advisor to discuss. Your advisor is...
(a pause)
...Father Mohr. We scheduled you for this coming Monday afternoon at 3:15. You can call us back at this number if anything changes. Have a great day.

A deep breath. This is good news. She checks the second voicemail. WE HEAR:

NINA
Happy Birthday sunshine. You're 18! We've never been apart on your birthday. So... I figured...why start now! We called the Registrar's Office.
(MORE)

NINA (CONT'D)

Apparently your first class on Fridays is at 12PM, lazy bones. So meet Father Scott and I outside of your dorm at 10:30 for your birthday brunch. That's in like an hour. Sorry for the short notice.

Sarah clocks the time. It's 10:17. That's not an hour anymore. Her anxiety is mounting. She runs over to the mirror. Her face is puffy, with caked-on eyeliner and hair stuck to smeared lip gloss.

SARAH

I can't do this.

She stares at herself again. Really stares at herself. Her eyes begin to water. Her lip quivers. She needs help. She picks up the phone and dials KATHLEEN. It rings.

KATHLEEN

Hello?

SARAH

Hey, Kathleen. It's Sarah. Sarah Hannigan.

KATHLEEN

Surprised to see you up so early.

Sarah can feel the judgment through the phone waves.

SARAH

I'm sorry. I know you must be wondering what was going on with me last night. Why I didn't come to your thing.

KATHLEEN

We assume it had something to do with your outfit last night.

Kathleen is really laying the guilt on thick.

SARAH

I'm sorry I didn't tell you before that I live in Casey Hall. I should have told you when you mentioned the protest, or after class this week. I was just scared. I'm trying to get out anyway. So it's not like a big deal. But I could really use your help right now.

Sarah takes a breath. Kathleen takes her turn.

KATHLEEN

Listen. Sarah. I'm really sorry, I don't mean to be rude, but I have class and I gotta go. I'm sure I'll see you...around.

Ouch. Kathleen hangs up. Sarah is defeated. No cross, Jesus shirt, rosary, or prayer will help her now. She looks back down at the phone she clutches. She begins to dial a few times but stops. Finally, she lets it go through.

SARAH

Please pick up. Please pick up.

A male voice answers.

BOY (O.S.)

Hello?

Sarah sighs.

SARAH

Can I please speak to Genna?

BOY (O.S.)

Which one's Genna?

SARAH

The girl you're with.

Nothing.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Any girl in the room. Put any girl in the room on please.

A beat.

GENNA (O.S.)

Hello?

SARAH

Hi. It's Sarah. I know I'm not your favorite person right now. But I need your help--

In her ear Sarah hears a BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP. Did Genna just hang up on her? She tries her again.

Just then, there's a knock at the door. Sarah opens it a crack. It's Genna, Emma, and Vicki. They rush in, barely dressed in underwear and t-shirts.

VICKI

Sorry, I slept in Genna and Emma's to give you some space.

GENNA

We're here now. What do you need, baby girl?

SARAH

My mom and my priest from home are outside our dorm to take me to my surprise birthday brunch--

EMMA

(squealing)
Happy Birthdayyyyyy!

GENNA

Emma, focus.

Genna looks Sarah up and down and springs into action like some kind of hangover triage nurse.

GENNA (CONT'D)

We're gonna need some makeup wipes. Dry shampoo. And gum. I prefer spearmint, but obviously anything will do.

(then)

Emma! Go!

Emma rushes back to her room to follow doctor's orders. Vicki searches her dresser for makeup wipes. Sarah is beside herself.

SARAH

They've never seen me like this. They're gonna be able to tell. Even if you wash it all off. They'll be able to see the sin. My mom thinks of me as the little thirteen year old who kisses her in front of everyone.

GENNA

I think that's the liquor talking.

SARAH

Oh no. Am I still tipsy? How do I get un-tipsy.

Vicki heads to her mini-fridge. Inside is a row of bottles of Starbucks Vanilla Frappuccinnos. She grabs one and hands it to Sarah.

Sarah takes it, but refuses to take a sip.

VICKI

It's coffee. Just coffee.

GENNA

It's sealed. And you can check the ingredient list.

Sarah chooses trust her. She opens it and takes a sip.

GENNA (CONT'D)

I know it all seems scary right now. But you didn't do anything wrong.

(then)

You didn't know it was alcohol. Emma wasn't thinking. And makeup is just makeup. It doesn't change who you are.

Sarah is still panicky.

SARAH

My mom doesn't even know I live in a co-ed dorm.

(then)

I guess the jig is up now.

Genna has sympathy and an idea.

GENNA

Hey Vicki? Will you please go down and stand at the base of the steps and if a guy wants to come out of the dorm. Don't let him.

(then)

Do whatever you gotta do.

Vicki runs downstairs in just a t-shirt and undies. Sarah takes a deep breath.

SARAH

Wow. You really know how to handle things. And you're being so nice. Why are you being so nice when I yelled at you?

GENNA

They're called beer tears. It happens to the best of us.

SARAH

It wasn't your fault. I wanted to go to the party. I wanted to see Tony. There's something about him. Sometimes I want him to go away and sometimes I never want him to leave.

GENNA

That's boys for ya.

SARAH

I wasn't really mad at you. I was mad at myself. I should have kept my word and gone to that meeting. I just need to be stronger.

Sarah's lip begins to quiver.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I still don't know why you're being so nice to me. The only people who have ever been there for me have been my youth group, my mom, or a member of the clergy. So it's a little confusing. I thought life was so black and white.

GENNA

Fifty Shades Of Grey.

Sarah shoots a disapproving look. She knows about that book. Bad Genna. Genna grabs Sarah's hand.

GENNA (CONT'D)

Now take a deep breath and go put on that weird lose-fitting dress I see hanging in your closet. I'll be right back with one more thing.

Genna runs out. Even though she is alone, Sarah hides behind the armoire to change.

Genna returns and holds something up. It's Sarah's cross necklace. She must have left it in their room last night.

GENNA (CONT'D)

Maybe this will help.

Sarah's face lights up. Genna motions for Sarah to turn around. She puts the necklace on her and closes the clasp.

GENNA (CONT'D)

Casey girls stick together.

Sarah turns around and smiles. Emma rushes back in with supplies.

EMMA

Let's get you ready for some birthday pancakes.

Emma wipes Sarah's makeup off. Genna motions for her to down more coffee. When Sarah has, Genna pushes in a stick of gum. Emma sprays Sarah's hair with dry shampoo.

GENNA

Now shake it off.

Sarah gives a little shimmy.

GENNA (CONT'D)

No, literally, flip your head over and shake the shampoo around.

Sarah blushes in embarrassment for a second, which goes away as they all share a giggle. Then Sarah flips her hair and massages her scalp.

EXT. LOWER QUAD COURTYARD - 10:30 AM

Nina and Father Scott pace in front of Sarah's building.

NINA

I can't lie anymore. I wanna tell her.

FATHER SCOTT

We talked about this. Today is a bad idea. What am I going to say. Hey Sarah, Happy Birthday! I've loved being a father figure to you these last few years. So much so that I started having carnal relations with your mom. Yep. I know I'll probably get kicked out of priesthood. And I'm not even sure what I believe anymore, anyway. But who cares, right? French toast!

Somewhere in between the pacing and the French toast, Sarah came out. WE WHIP to a CLOSE ON her.

Her heart POUNDS. Her ears FLUTTER. We can almost see her heart break through her chest.

SARAH
(to Father Scott)
What are you talking about?

Father Scott stares back at her, but can't bear to answer.

SARAH (CONT'D)
(to her Nina)
Mom, what is he talking about?

No answer. Sarah barely fights back tears.

SARAH (CONT'D)
(pleading)
Mommy?

The pair looks back at Sarah with the guilt of parents who just told their child Santa wasn't real. Times a million. Their non-responsiveness emboldens her.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Alright, cool, don't answer me.
Wait you know what, do answer me.
How long have you guys been lying
to me? Have you just been dying for
me to go off to school so you could
be free to live in sin? Do you even
believe in sin? You obviously don't
believe in Catholicism cause you
just totally threw it away.

(then)
I confessed my sins to you. How
could you let me tell you what I've
done wrong and guide me on how to
make it right when you knew very
well you weren't doing it yourself?

(then)
Oh, I guess it's do as I say, not
as I do now, right?

(then)
You're supposed to be Jesus on
earth. You take vows where you
marry the church. You can turn
water into wine and bread into the
body and blood of Jesus.

(then)
Did you hear that? You're already
married to the church.

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

And you made my mom the other woman. You guys really thought I would take this well? That I would hear you guys out and then just eat some Eggs Benedict?

(to Mom)

And to think. A few minutes ago my biggest fear was you finding out I was in a co-ed dorm. And I get it. I get that there's this thing called sexual tension. I get it.

Nina is shocked.

SARAH (CONT'D)

But, wow, mom. Just wow.

MOM

Sarah. I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you. I just fell in love.

Father Scott jumps in to protect Nina.

FATHER SCOTT

Sarah. Nothing is a lie. I mean, we lied. But religion isn't a lie. It's not so black and white.

SARAH

I know. It's fifty shades of grey.
(then)
Thanks for the cool birthday present.

Sarah turns around and walks into Casey Hall.

INT. SARAH'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah tries to catch her breath, as she wipes away tears. While alone, Sarah's confusion and hurt seems to turn into certainty and action.

She lunges towards her wall. She rips down her poster of Jesus with the small animals. Then pulls apart the Jars of Clay and Switchfoot ones. Last to go is the poster of the kitten that says Hang In There. It meets a very violent death.

A beat.

She un-crumbles it and flattens it back up against the wall where it was, trying to tape it back up.

SARAH

I'm so sorry, you didn't do anything to deserve that.

Next, she rips the beads off the rosaries she'd been making. Then pulls the cross necklace off her neck and throws it at the far wall.

Finally, she turns to her armoire, where her crucifix hangs and addresses him.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Is my whole life a lie? Have I just been blinding trusting you and your priests and the church? Has everyone just been lying to everyone? What's the point of religion then? What's the point in having faith in something if you're just gonna find out it's not real?

(then)

I can't do this anymore. I'm out.

She gets even closer and gets in Jesus' face.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I was confirmed Catholic and now I'm un-confirming myself.

Sarah looks directly in Jesus' eyes, then tears the crucifix clear off of her armoire. It lands on the ground and breaks in two.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I, Sarah Rose Hannigan, am officially unreligious.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT