

**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.

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

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

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

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...

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

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

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.

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.

SARA  
(louder)  
Tracy. Don't.

Sara slams into STEPHEN, 21, the DRUMMER from the band... who 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.

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.

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.

She struggles to hold Tracy up -- the girl's heavier than she 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.

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.

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.

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

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...

Rebecca, up and about, arranging her side of the room. In the 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.

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?

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.

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.

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?

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.

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.

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  
OOOKAAAY.

Rebecca walks out. Sara shrugs at Tracy and Kim.

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:

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.

She holds it out to him. He takes the form, but his eyes stay 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.

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.

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

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.

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...

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 not so sure about this.

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?

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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?

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.

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

A cool college hangout lined with old wooden tables and comfy 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?

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.

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.

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.

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.

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?

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.

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.

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

Irene is putting a dress together on a MODEL. Sara watches in 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.

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!

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?

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

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

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?

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 now  
she lies down.

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.

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.

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

Rebecca is breathing harder and faster now. Still holding the  
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.

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

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

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.

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?

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?

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.

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.

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.

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

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.

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?

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.

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

Sara knocks on Professor Roberts' open door. She steps into his office. It's small and intimate, with books stacked along 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)

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.

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.

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.

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

REBECCA  
I'm failing Intro Pysch.

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.

In the picture frame's reflection, Rebecca sees him slip off 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.

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)

Ow! 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.

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.

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?

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.

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:

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 taking 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 friend, but they look as scared as she does. Sara watches all 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  
Well, we better go.

Rebecca snaps out of it. Nods. They start to walk out. But as 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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

Sara is going for a run through the city. She stops at an old 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

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

REBECCA

Hey!

SARA

Hey yourself. Where were you all night?

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.

A beat. She's nervous, but she needs to do this. Time for the  
"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.

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:

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

Sara walks out to the cab. Pauses. She's tempted to look back 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.

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?

Instead of answering, Rebecca raises her camera and takes his 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.

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.

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

EXT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

Sara hurries up the stairs to the fraternity house.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

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**.

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.

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 she 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, 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. Jason 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.

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:

"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.

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.

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.

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

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

EXT. BUILDING LEDGE - NIGHT

Sara takes a tentative step out onto the slim ledge. Her foot 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.