

Definitely Headed Somewhere

By

James Gauntt

Story by James Gauntt and Evan Nicholas

© 2006 James Gauntt

Please Contact:

James.Gauntt@gmail.com

(858) 395-5881

EXT. LA CIENEGA PARK, OLYMPIC AND LA CIENEGA, L.A. -- LATE AFTERNOON, THIS AUGUST

A racially diverse assortment of JOGGERS and WALKERS, young and old, approach heading south on the jogger's track.

Traffic flows on the road next to them.

Two ELDERLY IRANIAN WOMEN are passed by a speed-walking MEXICAN MAN who is overtaken by a blonde, busty, STRUGGLING ACTRESS.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS RESIDENTIAL STREET - LATE AFTERNOON, AT THE SAME TIME

A street in L.A. that feels Hawaiian for all the tropical foliage and the global warming.

DR. TEDROFF (44) is walking home from temple with his four CHILDREN.

He walks hand in hand with his eldest daughter, SARAH (18).

Sarah is radiant - there is so much life in her.

His younger children run back and forth, ten steps ahead of them.

They pass a MERCEDES SUV parked diagonally across the front lawn of a handsome Spanish bungalow.

Dr. Tedroff removes his hat, and fans his sweaty brow.

Playfully, he fans his daughter, too.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS RESIDENTIAL STREET -- LATER

THE TEDROFFS arrive at their modest mansion house.

The younger children run inside.

In the driveway, we join the conversation of Dr. Tedroff and Sarah.

DR. TEDROFF

I think - I think the reason they are called community colleges, Sarah, is because, primarily, they are meant for young people who were raised in that community.

SARAH

So - you think I shouldn't go?

DR. TEDROFF

That's not what I am saying, no - But, I think -

He sees that a single tear has begun to fall down Sarah's otherwise expressionless face.

DR. TEDROFF (cont'd)

Oh Sarah, no, no - Of course I think you should go, it's merely that I am warning you, so that if someone is puzzled by it, or asks you why you are up there, you won't get caught off guard.

She hugs him.

DR. TEDROFF (cont'd)

I'm sorry, Sarah. I'm sorry.

Sarah looks up at the house, and sees movement at the curtained window above the garage.

SARAH

(with a quick kiss on the cheek)  
I'll see you in the morning, daddy.

DR. TEDROFF

Okay - what? Where are you going?

She turns, and walks away briskly - but his attention is diverted by a noise coming from the window of the house.

Up there we see MRS. TEDROFF (44), opening the blind. She is a handsome, spirited lady.

MRS. TEDROFF

It boggles the mind... Boggles the mind!

We see Sarah - she is twenty yards away from the driveway, walking very quickly, never looking back.

MRS. TEDROFF (cont'd)  
Sarah? Where did she go?

DR. TEDROFF  
What do you mean where did she go...  
(surprised) she's gone!

MRS. TEDROFF  
*Where?*

DR. TEDROFF  
She's running.

Indeed, we see Sarah from behind, halfway down the block, jogging as briskly as one possibly could in pumps.

MRS. TEDROFF  
Why is she running?

DR. TEDROFF  
I dunno... probably off to the Sherbournes.

MRS. TEDROFF  
Sarah!

Sarah pretends to be out of earshot.

MRS. TEDROFF (cont'd)  
Well, go get her!

DR. TEDROFF  
In my suit? It's ninety four degrees  
out here -

MRS. TEDROFF  
So...

DR. TEDROFF  
But it's the Shabbat - running - running  
would count as work!

MRS. TEDROFF

How can she expect to move up to college without my help? She has no bedding, she has no school supplies, her prescription's expired..

She SHUTS THE BLIND on her husband, but we can still hear her ranting to herself from within the house.

Dr. Tedroff stands there, in the driveway, dressed down.

He goes to the big black MERCEDES SEDAN parked in the driveway.

STROKES A FINGER on the car's roof. No dust.

DR. TEDROFF

(to the car)

I'll talk to you, tomorrow.

INT. NICK'S COFFEE SHOP. PICO AND LA CIENEGA, L.A. -- LATE AFTERNOON

Nick's is a greasy spoon. There is no kitchen. Just a row of booths, a counter, and the stove.

An OLDER BLONDE cracks TWO EGGS, one in each hand, into a simmering pan. It's one of those minor feats.

On the wall are signed HEADSHOTS OF ANONYMOUS CELEBRITIES.

At one booth dine three ANONYMOUS CELEBRITIES.

At the other booth, we notice BLAIR SHERBOURNE (18).

Blair has tied back hair, and extraordinary features, though she appears less attractive than she could so as not to provoke jealousy in her very average dude of a boyfriend, JEFF (21), who sits across from her.

Blair takes a little bird sip from the straw of her nearly empty STRAWBERRY MILKSHAKE.

She chases it with two little LACTOSE PILLS.

JEFF

You've taken like six of those.

BLAIR

It's okay. You can take them with every bite, if you need to.

JEFF

Okay... (deep breath, about to make a speech)

Blair SLURPS the last of the milkshake.

BLAIR

Sorry.

JEFF

Okay. What I'm just saying is that - you're better at saying this stuff than me, but, I don't know, you're going to be traveling a lot, and I...

BLAIR

I'll be gone two nights (beat) I'm gonna' be here all next year.

JEFF

I know. But you going up to Norcal this weekend, it just kind of got me thinking, you know? I just feel too - attached right now. I feel like, I don't know, like you're headed in a totally different direction all of a sudden.

They look at each other for a moment.

BLAIR

I'll be right back.

JEFF

(to the server on the other side of the diner)  
Do I pay at the counter!?

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS -- LATE AFTERNOON, AT THE SAME TIME

Close in on Sarah jogging. She has her stride. She is definitely headed somewhere.

INT. NICK'S, LADIES ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A small, one-person restroom.  
The faucet at the sink is turned all the way on, and some  
WATER SPLASHES out of the sink.

BLAIR comes out of the stall, goes to the sink, turns off  
the faucet.

Out of her PURSE comes a green TRAVEL TOOTHBRUSH with a  
protective cap over the bristles and tied to it, with a  
rubber band, is a sample tube of TOOTHPASTE.

Blair brushes her teeth, looks at herself in the mirror -  
she looks as if she has just stopped crying.

Someone KNOCKS on the door.

BLAIR  
(surprised)  
Just a second!

She turns the faucet back on, rinses the brush.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS RESIDENTIAL STREET -- AT THE SAME TIME

SARAH is still jogging. She is flush and lovely. A  
conservative SHOE is in each hand.

She approaches a family of ORTHODOX JEWS, walking the other  
way.

MAN  
Are you all right?

SARAH  
(jogging)  
Oh, yeah. I'm fine. Just stepping it out.

She passes them with a smile.

SARAH  
(looking back)  
Pumps were a bad choice!

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS, BLAIR'S HOUSE - LATER AFTERNOON

BLAIR nears her front door. Behind her, we see JEFF rev up his off-road modified CHEVY TAHOE.

Some MODERN ROCK vibrates from his s.u.v. as he starts a quick u-turn. His right front wheel goes on top of the sidewalk as he makes the turn. Hauls away.

BLAIR does not turn to watch him leave. But she listens.

She goes into her house.

INT. BLAIR'S HOUSE, BEVERLY HILLS -- MOMENTS LATER

BLAIR ENTERS.

This is a well appointed, conspicuously crafted mansion. But everything - EVERYTHING - is brand new. The TAGS are still on the ELEGANT LAMPS.

The heavy bass of RAP MUSIC invades from upstairs.

INT. KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Meet MARILÚ. She is wearing the official Beverly Hills Housekeeper Jumpsuit. She is whipping up the foam for an ICED LATTE.

MARILÚ  
Buenas, Blarita.

BLAIR  
Hi, Marilú.

MARILÚ  
(disapproving)  
How is *Jeff* ?

BLAIR  
He's fine.

Marilú feigns a smile, goes to the open kitchen WINDOW.

MARILÚ  
Mrs. Hilary, Blair is home.



Through the OPEN WINDOW, we see MRS. HILARY SHERBOURNE (46), by the pool.

Very fit, She is FULLY EXTENDED across a large, red, EXERCISE BALL. What she is doing looks really difficult.

HILARY  
(from outside)  
Hi sweetie. How is Jeff?

BLAIR  
He's fine.

HILARY  
Great. Dad had to run to the office for a few. But he's very excited - he's got a surprise for you!

The PHONE RINGS in every room of the house.

SOMEONE ANSWERS in another room.

HILARY  
(voice from outside)  
I'll call back in five - if it's for me.

We hear the voice of ERIC (16), Blair's little brother, on the INTERCOM. GANGSTA RAP in the background.

ERIC  
(voice)  
Is Blair home yet?

BLAIR  
Yeah, I'm here.

ERIC  
(voice)  
Cool. Dad's on line one.

HILARY  
(voice, from outside)  
Is that dad on the phone? Oh my God,  
That's total E.S.P.!

BLAIR walks to her father's office, which is filled with U.S.C. TROJANS MEMORABILIA.

She picks up the phone.

BLAIR

Hi Dad.

INT. MR. SHERBOURNE'S OFFICE, CENTURY CITY -- SIMULTANEOUS

MR. SHERBOURNE (54), shirtless, is strenuously pedaling on his STATIONARY BIKE. He speaks through a HEADSET. He SWEATS a good deal. He is in fantastic shape.

From his window on the twenty-sixth floor of a thirty five story building, He can see little sailboats in the Pacific.

MR. SHERBOURNE

(talks fast)

Hi, Beacon. How are you? How is Jeff?

Cut back to Blair, who is playing "Minesweeper" on his COMPUTER.

BLAIR

I'm good. He's good.

Cut back to MR. SHERBOURNE.

He is watching himself pedal via the glass door of his impressive BOOKCASE.

MR. SHERBOURNE

(very fast)

Great! So, spoke to *Clive Janus* today..  
from B.P. - British Petroleum - Well  
they don't have an internship program for  
high school grads - but he got to thinking  
about it, well, I got him thinking about  
it, and, he's English - he had a gap year-  
and he loves that you're taking a year  
between like him - so he's going to start  
one - a program for high school grads -  
so you're a pioneer! we set you down for  
tea - tea! on Wednesday.

Back to Blair:

BLAIR

Oh - okay - what are we going to talk about? Do I need to write something?

MR. SHERBOURNE

No, no - just be yourself - and I'll be there with you. Anyway, I thought some congratulations were in order, so I booked you - I made a call to my guy at my hotel in San Fran, and he got you and Sarah in there for Monday night! Fun, huh?

Back to Blair:

BLAIR

Wow, thanks Dad.

MR. SHERBOURNE

(loud voice)

Oh, you want to be in the city, not Menlo Park - though that's a pretty little town.

BLAIR

Yeah - Sarah's pretty excited about it.

Back to Dad:

MR. SHERBOURNE

Well all right Beacon. I'm gonna' get out of here in twenty. Grilled salmon tonight!

INT. STAIRCASE -- A BIT LATER

Blair ascends the curving staircase amidst a crescendo of RAP MUSIC.

BLAIR

(whispers to herself)

Hello, this is Blair Sherbourne - from British Petroleum.

INT. HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

BLAIR walks down the hall.

ERIC (16), is doing PULL-UPS in the DOORWAY.

Eric is a sweet-looking, athletic boy. He wears a sleeveless T-SHIRT with "HARVARD WESTLAKE FOOTBALL" emblazoned on the front.

ERIC  
(as he does pull-ups)  
What's up, Blair?

BLAIR  
(loud, over the rap)  
Hey, Erik.

ERIC  
That's pretty sweet dad hooked you up  
with that hotel room.

BLAIR  
I know.

ERIC  
Sarah called a while ago. She was pissed  
your phone was off. I said you were with  
Jeff, and she started talking some serious  
shit.

BLAIR  
Whatever.

ERIC  
You going out tonight, or you gonna'  
Take it easy before your trip?

BLAIR  
I don't know. We'll see.

ERIC  
Cool.

Blair goes into her room, which is soft and spacious.

Outside, we hear Eric RAPPING along to some obscene lyrics.

Blair heads straight into her private bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

BLAIR opens the mirrored MEDICINE CABINET - she positions it so she sees herself in profile.

BLAIR  
(to her profile)  
Fine, Jeff. You need a break - I get it.  
But- don't do anything - don't see anyone  
just because you think I'm seeing someone,  
because - I don't know - I don't see it  
like that. Goodbye.

Scrutiny.

BLAIR  
(to her profile)  
Goodbye, Jeff.

More scrutiny.

BLAIR  
(to her profile)  
Goodbye.

Above the bass of the RAP she hears CONVERSATION outside.

She recognizes SARAH'S VOICE, and Blair's face brightens up automatically.

Blair closes the medicine cabinet, and heads to the door.

She opens the door, leans her head out.

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

In the hallway, SARAH chats up a now shirtless ERIC, no longer doing pull-ups. They exchange sips from Eric's WATER BOTTLE.

BLAIR  
Sarah.

SARAH  
(barely taking her eyes off Eric)  
Oh, hey Blair.

BLAIR  
Get in here.

SARAH  
What's wrong?

BLAIR  
Now.

SARAH smiles.

SARAH  
(to Eric)  
Later, E.

They go into Blair's room.

As they enter, Sarah makes an "O" FACE (thinking of Eric).

BLAIR  
Don't make that face.

SARAH  
What face? So - excited for the trip?

BLAIR  
Yeah.

SARAH stiffens herself into the shape of a pencil and  
BOUNCES onto the bed, then back onto her feet.

SARAH  
How's *Jeff*?

BLAIR  
Go to hell.

SARAH  
(bouncing again)  
I love your bed. Can I spend the night?

BLAIR  
No.

Done bouncing, Sarah has taken a picture from the headboard. It is of Blair and Sarah aged thirteen, in Halloween costumes - Blair is a SOCCER PLAYER, Sarah is THE DEVIL.

SARAH  
(showing Blair the photo)  
I love this picture.

EXT. ROOFTOP OF BLAIR'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

A nearly starless L.A. night that leaves a lot to the imagination.

We see BLAIR and SARAH from above, in BOXER SHORTS, SLIPPERS, AND T-SHIRTS, their backs on beach towels, gazing up at the sky.

Sarah is smoking.

A CELL PHONE SOUND is heard, the phone in Blair's hand LIGHTS UP.

She reads the text, then thumbs a response as Sarah says the following..

SARAH  
You know what's amazing? Up there, at Menlo College, or anywhere, in the whole San Francisco vicinity, are like five or six people that I'm going to be really passionate about - there are all these people, that are total strangers to me now, but in a year, if I found out they were sick, or dumped, or pregnant or something, it would, change me. Isn't that weird to think about?

BLAIR  
(without much enthusiasm)  
I guess.

SARAH  
(mimicking her bland response)  
I guess.

A CELL PHONE SOUND, another text message for Blair.

SARAH

When do you think your little brother's getting home?

BLAIR

Shut up, Sarah.

Blair starts thumbing a text message.

SARAH

Do you think he'll be drunk?

The sound of a PASSING CAR, and a loud CAR STEREO, is heard.

SARAH gets onto her hands and knees and looks down to the street.

The car passes.

SARAH lays back down.

BLAIR, oblivious, thumbs a text message.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS STREET, OUTSIDE TEDROFF RESIDENCE - NEXT MORNING

BLAIR is still thumbing a text message, but now we see her in the driveway of the Tedroff residence.

She sends the message.

SARAH is chatting with DR. TEDROFF.

The garage door is open, showing Sarah's brand new, SILVER JEEP LIBERTY, rear hatch open, parked next to her mother's TOYOTA SIENA minivan. Dr. Tedroff's MERCEDES is in the driveway behind the Siena.

A neat assembly line of SARAH'S SIBLINGS flows out of the front door - each carries some of SARAH'S THINGS to the Jeep Liberty.

Sarah glances up to the window above the garage. No sign of MRS. TEDROFF.



DR. TEDROFF  
(loud enough so the window can hear)  
Well, Sarah, our eldest daughter, I guess  
You should be *leaving* now.

The FRONT DOOR SLAMS just as he finishes.

MRS. TEDROFF COMES OUT, with a large RED PAIL full of  
CLEANING SUPPLIES.

She goes to Sarah, takes out a bottle of CLOROX TOILET BOWL  
CLEANER, unscrews the CAP.

MRS. TEDROFF  
(slowly demonstrating for Sarah)  
You put the seat up - squeeze it out,  
Evenly, all around the underside of the  
Bowl. Let it sit for ten minutes. Flush.  
Then, repeat.

SARAH  
Thanks, mom.

MRS. TEDROFF  
(bursting into tears and embracing Sarah)  
My daughter!! My Sarah!!

During the embrace, MRS. TEDROFF unintentionally gives a  
STRONG SQUEEZE to the bottle of bleach, and a steady,  
lovely, BLUE STREAM OF LIQUID fountains high up into the  
air.

The smallest child deftly avoids the splash.

Mrs. Tedroff holds onto Sarah - she won't let go.

Blair gets into the passenger seat of the Jeep.

Dr. Tedroff TRIES TO SEPARATE the two women, to no avail.

The oldest son, at the open rear hatch of the Jeep, gets on  
his tiptoes, raises his arms, and jumps up a little to grab  
the top of the hatch and slam it down shut as he lands.

EXT. GAS STATION, PICO AND LA CIENEGA - MINUTES LATER

BLAIR comes out of the minute shop with TWO BAGS - one full of WATER BOTTLES, and one full of SNACKS.

SARAH, though at a safe distance from the pump, is SMOKING, which is still foolish.

She wears a pair of SAFELY ECCENTRIC SUNGLASSES that say, "please look at me".

FASHION-WISE: the girls dress "safe-indie" : if they were going to an indie-rock concert, they'd have on the right clothes, but as they walked out the door, both of their grandmothers would think they looked really cute.

BLAIR

(to Sarah)

What the hell are you doing? Like fifty of  
Your family members live three blocks away.

SARAH

(taking a drag)

So what? I'm a college girl.

BLAIR

Well, you shouldn't smoke next to the  
pump. It's dangerous.

SARAH tries to BLOW SMOKE in Blair's face, but Blair avoids.

BLAIR

(as she avoids)

Don't!

SARAH

Don't tell me what to do.

A MIDDLE-AGED MALE CELEBRITY emerges from the other side of the pump. He had been filling up his B.M.W. SEDAN.

CELEBRITY

(startling Sarah)

Your friend is right, you know.

SARAH  
(putting out the cigarette)  
Oh - Okay - I'm so sorry - sorry.

By the time she is done apologizing, the CELEBRITY is back on the other side of the pump.

BLAIR  
(to Sarah, mouthing it mockingly, inaudibly)  
I'm a college girl.

SARAH  
(mouthing it, inaudibly)  
Fuck you.

BLAIR  
(opening the car door)  
Let's go.

SARAH  
(looking to the DRIVE THRU CAR WASH)  
Wait - one more thing.

BLAIR  
The car is brand new.

SARAH  
I know - But it's so fun.

BLAIR  
There's going to be traffic. we were supposed to be in Santa Barbara, by now.

SARAH  
It'll be five minutes (beat) and I already paid for it.

Blair scoffs, gets in the car.

Sarah, smiling, joins her.

INT. JEEP LIBERTY -- MOMENTS LATER

They are waiting for the car in front of them to exit the drive thru car wash.

Sarah watches her SUN ROOF shut.

BLAIR

That guy... at the pump... that guy was on  
C.S.I.!

SARAH

Couldn't be. That show shoots in Las Vegas.

BLAIR

It's him. It had to have been -

SARAH

Ssshhh - you'll ruin it.

AUTOMATED MACHINE

Please pull forward.

Sarah removes her sunglasses. The car pulls in.

The girls are in half-darkness. A Heavy BLUE RAIN of soap falls upon the car; large WHIRLING YELLOW BRUSHES pelt the sides.

From the look of childlike wonder on her face, it is clear that this is one of Sarah's favorite things to do. Blair is more amused by Sarah's enjoyment than by the carwash itself.

Then back in L.A.

SARAH

Like new again.

BLAIR

It is new.

Blair puts on a conservatively fashionable pair of SUNGLASSES.

Sarah puts on her eccentric pair.

Blair clicks the stereo to Neutral Milk Hotel's, "Holland, 1945."

Sarah makes a BOLD RIGHT TURN onto the street in front of a couple approaching cars.

Sarah sings along to the song as loud as she can. Blair doesn't sing, she just bobs her head back and forth to the beat.

SARAH (sings, fast)

*The only girl I've ever loved was born  
with roses in her eyes but then they  
buried her alive one evening 1945 with  
just her sister at her side and only weeks  
before the guns all came and rained on  
everyone now she's a little boy in Spain  
playing..*

As they pull up to a red light, Sarah's voice quickly trails off to silence.

She turns the stereo way down.

SARAH

Play it cool.

BLAIR

What?

SARAH

Don't look don't look.

Blair looks to Sarah's left and sees TWO MARGINALLY CUTE GUYS IN A COOL CAR next to her.

SARAH

You're looking! Are *they* looking?

BLAIR

Oh my god - that's amazing.

SARAH

What? What is it? Can I look?

BLAIR

I don't know - one of them -

SARAH

Which one? The driver? He's cuter.

BLAIR

Yeah - the driver - he - I don't know he must have put the car in park or something because he's kind of standing up in his seat - and he's grabbing his crotch, and just sort of bobbing his head at you - so yeah - look!

The LIGHT TURNS GREEN.

SARAH

Fuck you.

They continue down the road.

BLAIR

Pull over.

SARAH

I'm about to get on the freeway.

BLAIR

Before we get on the freeway. Pull over.  
*Do it.*

SARAH

(confused)

O-kay.

She pulls over.

BLAIR

Look, this weekend, don't shack up with the first guy you meet that's in a band, okay? Don't leave me alone at some party so I have to get a cab back to the hotel by myself at three in the morning, all right?

Sarah scoffs.

BLAIR

Promise me.

SARAH

Do you really think that's what this trip is about for me? "Shacking up"?

BLAIR

Yes -

SARAH

(cutting her off)

Well it's not.

BLAIR

Why? Are you on your -

Sarah scoffs loudly, interrupts her.

BLAIR (cont'd)

Oh - what is today? (looks at her watch)

Today is the twenty-fourth - you are!

Sarah puts the car back in drive, zooms out, gets on the freeway.

BLAIR (cont'd)

Well, I'm relieved. Glad we had this little talk.

SARAH

Go to hell. Let's get on the road already.

EXT. L.A. 405 FREEWAY, NORTH -- MOMENTS LATER

The JEEP LIBERTY is caught in dead-stop traffic.

INT. JEEP LIBERTY -- MOMENTS LATER

A SONG plays on the stereo.

A CELL-PHONE SOUND alerts BLAIR of a new text message. She reads it quickly.

SARAH has the side of her face mashed against the driver's side window, looking down at the road.

SARAH

Isn't it weird how the freeway has all these little lines grooved into it? It's ribbed.

Blair, thumbing her text message, ignores Sarah.

SARAH

All right - can I request a "pull over the car now" - metaphorically?

BLAIR

What?

SARAH

(feigning the motions)

Okay - I am pulling over the vehicle.

I am putting the vehicle in park.

I am (as she swipes Blair's phone)

Taking this fucking cellphone from you and-

BLAIR

What the hell?

SARAH

Listen! Listen. This weekend is not about shacking up, and its not about your never-ending text message melodrama with Jeff - okay?

BLAIR

Give me back my phone.

SARAH

Hey - Where are you? Who are you with? Are you with me? Your best friend? An actual person? The only reason he's texting you is to make sure you haven't met some guy - and if you did, to frickin' ruin it for you.

BLAIR LUNGES for the phone. Sarah keeps it away.

BLAIR

Are you going to give me back my phone?

Or am I going to have to fight you for it?

Sarah PUTS THE PHONE IN HER PANTS.

BLAIR

(turning off stereo)

Wake me up when you're dead.



SARAH

Okay.

Blair starts to try to go to sleep.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- SIMULTANEOUS

the LIBERTY changes lanes erratically.

INT. JEEP LIBERTY -- LATER

Blair wakes up.

No more traffic - the Liberty is cruising.

Sarah is on her phone.

She mouths, "I'm so sorry", to Blair, as she listens.

SARAH

Exclusivity, Steve? But what does that even mean? I just feel like that's a word, that's it like a business term, you know...for a corporation or something... and I just don't feel like we should be demanding anything like that from each other.

Blair disapproves of this conversation, and curls back up to go to sleep.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SIMULTANEOUS

THE LIBERTY cruises up the freeway.

INT. JEEP LIBERTY, MIDDAY -- LATER

Blair WAKES UP.

SARAH is driving up the road to the entrance to U.C. Santa Barbara. Everything is classy and coastal.

BLAIR

Where are we?

SARAH  
The University of California at Santa  
Barbara.

BLAIR  
Oh my god - you're torturing yourself.

SARAH  
Give me a break - I have to pee.

They pull up to the SECURITY KIOSK.

A VIETNAMESE SECURITY GUARD, steps out to meet them. His  
nametag says, "PHUONG".

PHUONG  
Good afternoon.

SARAH  
(pronouncing his name correctly)  
Hi, Phuong. We're new students, here for  
orientation.

PHUONG  
Oh, congratulations! I'll get you a map  
and show you where to park...

He goes back to the kiosk.

BLAIR  
(singing softly)  
*Torturing yourself...*

EXT. UCSB, COFFEE SHOP - MINUTES LATER

The outdoor patio of an idyllic, coastal, collegiate café.

The girls are finishing ICED LATTES, sunglasses on.

They look like untalented spies.

SARAH  
Look - there's another one.

On the walking path next to the patio, we see a HANDSOME,  
PROUD, KOREAN FAMILY walking three steps behind their  
GOLDEN CHILD.

They all wear NAMETAGS around their necks that look like backstage passes.

SARAH

I want a nametag.

We see that other COLLEGE KIDS and their PROUD PARENTS roam the grounds.

BLAIR

Can we go now?

SARAH

I totally would have gotten in here.

BLAIR

Probably.

SARAH

Definitely.

They SLURP the rest of their iced lattes.

SARAH (cont'd)

Come on, tell me. What did you get on the S.A.T.?

BLAIR

I didn't tell you ten minutes ago, I Didn't tell you last month, and I'm -

SARAH

I bet I would have scored better than You.

BLAIR

Probably. *But...* (savoring it) you cheated.

SARAH

Don't call it that - I wouldn't call It cheating.

BLAIR

Why not? Do you deny that you cheated?

SARAH

Well...

BLAIR

If you had just kept it to yourself -

SARAH

If I had kept it to myself I would have gotten away with it because Chris Santore wouldn't have had a frickin' nervous breakdown during the verbal.

BLAIR

Maybe, but if you hadn't turned it into this huge conspiracy, even if you still had been caught, I think they would have let you retake it.

SARAH

Well I never got you into it, never got you involved, so you don't need to be getting involved with it now, okay?

BLAIR

Fine.

SARAH

Just know that I would have scored better than you.

BLAIR

Probably.

SARAH

Definitely.

BLAIR

But you cheated.

Sarah has no response.

Blair gets up.

BLAIR

I have to go to the bathroom - then we should head out.

SARAH

Wait - I'll come with you.

BLAIR

But you just went.

SARAH

I know. I'll just - talk to you from outside the stall or something.

BLAIR

You're so weird.

Sad Sarah makes it clear that she does not want to be left alone.

BLAIR (cont'd)

All right come on let's go.

EXT. CAFÉ RESTROOM - A MINUTE LATER

SARAH, on her cell-phone, but not talking to anyone, stands outside the door to the LADIES' ROOM.

She looks right and left - nervous - insecure.

EXT. UCSB. PARKING LOT, AFTERNOON - MINUTES LATER

THE JEEP LIBERTY pulls out of the parking lot.

PHUONG, the friendly security guard, waves goodbye to them.

INT. JEEP LIBERTY, AFTERNOON - MINUTES LATER

SARAH drives up the 101 freeway. The ocean to the west.

Nothing on the stereo.

BLAIR reads a careworn paperback copy of WOMEN IN LOVE, by D.H. LAWRENCE.

Blair looks up from her book, looks at Sarah, then out to the west, to the ocean.

In the distance a LARGE BIRD turns and turns over the ocean, then suddenly becomes a spear as it falls, piercing the sea.

BLAIR

I think it's going to get really pretty soon.

SARAH

(elsewhere)

Cool.

EXT. HIGHWAY ONE, BIG SUR, AFTERNOON -- LATER

THE LIBERTY wends around an ocean cliff.

INT. JEEP LIBERTY. BIG SUR, AFTERNOON - MINUTES LATER

BLAIR looks up from her book, clicks on the stereo to A QUIET SONG.

Blair looks west, sees a trio of PELICANS flying close alongside the car.

Sarah is absorbed in her own thoughts.

EXT. HIGHWAY ONE. BIG SUR. AFTERNOON

The JEEP LIBERTY crosses a dramatic bridge over the ocean.

INT. JEEP LIBERTY - MOMENTS LATER

BLAIR turns, looks back at the bridge they just crossed.

BLAIR

You know, I think they film a lot of car commercials back there.

SARAH

(bursting into tears)

I am such a frickin' idiot! Why did I cheat on the S.A.T. - I would have aced it on my own, I *know it*, and I *cheated!* On the S.A.T.! Who does that? Who does that!?

BLAIR

Pull over.