

SARAH
I can't - it's dangerous.

BLAIR
Up there - pull over up there.

They pull over in a safe spot.

Get out of the car.

Blair takes Sarah by the hand and they cross the street.

A Cliff-side view of the CRASHING WAVES on the rocks.
The SOUND of the waves is loud. It's surreal how beautiful
it is.

Sarah's teeth start to CHATTER for the cold sea breeze.

BLAIR gives her a hug, and holds her, tightly, for a long
while.

SARAH
Wait - you can't see the ocean. Twist.

Still hugging, they twist - now both of their faces front
the ocean.

SARAH goes to her pocket, takes out her CAMERA-PHONE.
She uses it to TAKE A PICTURE OF THE OCEAN.

BLAIR
this is really pretty.

SARAH
Yeah.

EXT. HIGHWAY ONE, BIG SUR -- MINUTES LATER

THE JEEP LIBERTY hesitantly merges back onto the highway.

Drives off.

INT. JEEP LIBERTY, BIG SUR -- MINUTES LATER

They have moved on, headed North.

BLAIR is reading.

SARAH, driving, puts out the palm of her right hand, offering it to Blair, without words.

Blair looks at Sarah, whose eyes are still focused on the road.

Blair puts the book in her lap, takes Sarah's hand, and HOLDS it. Starts reading again.

EXT. BIG SUR, LATE AFTERNOON -- SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

The drive has taken THE LIBERTY into the forested part of the drive north.

The road is full of sharp turns.

INT. JEEP LIBERTY, BIG SUR - MOMENTS LATER

SARAH, looking herself again, negotiates the curves with the focused intensity of a race car driver.

BLAIR is reading. She looks concerned.

Blair looks at Sarah, who is SLIDING BACK AND FORTH with the turns.

Blair looks VERY QUEASY now.

BLAIR
Pull over.

SARAH
(defensive)
Why?

BLAIR
(going to be sick)
Pull over.

SARAH
Oh shit.

She pulls over quickly.

EXT. BIG SUR, SIDE OF THE ROAD -- A COUPLE OF MINUTES LATER

BLAIR mopes back to the car.

INT. JEEP LIBERTY - MOMENTS LATER

BLAIR gets back in the car, shuts the door.

SARAH has been sitting in the car.

SARAH

Do you need to brush your teeth or something?

BLAIR

(still a bit queasy)
Oh - yeah.

She reaches for her purse, takes out the TRAVEL TOOTHBRUSH AND TOOTHPASTE.

She grabs a BOTTLE OF WATER, opens the door again.

Brushes her teeth by the door.

SARAH

Blair?

Blair pauses, half out the door.

BLAIR

(brushing her teeth)
Yeah?

SARAH

Why do you keep a toothbrush - and
Toothpaste - in your purse?

BLAIR

(brushing teeth)
I don't.

Blair stops brushing.

BLAIR (cont'd)

I packed it this morning - for
the trip.

SARAH

No - it's always in there.

BLAIR

Why are you snooping through my purse?

Sarah doesn't answer. Just stares back at Blair.

BLAIR

Look, I know it's weird, but I brush
My teeth after every meal - I don't know
Why I do it - it's just - one of
those weird little things people do.

SARAH

Okay.

BLAIR

Stop looking through my purse.

Blair walks away from the car.

Rinses with the water bottle, rinses the brush.
SARAH watches her in the rear-view mirror.

BLAIR catches SARAH watching her through the rear-view
mirror.

Sarah FIDGETS WITH THE STEREO.

Blair comes back into the car.

SARAH

We should stop at Muir Beach - its
Supposed to be really cool. Like, famous.

BLAIR

(putting away the toothbrush)
Really? How do you know that?

SARAH

I read about it - in a magazine.

BLAIR

I think you just saw that sign
for it three minutes ago.

SARAH
(she's thinks she's a great liar)
No, I read about it. But really?
There was a sign? Good, then we're
close.

EXT. MUIR BEACH, PARKING LOT -- MINUTES LATER

The girls are looking at the LARGE GREEN SIGN before the
entrance to Muir Beach.

SARAH
We have to hike?

BLAIR
Come on - it's .4 miles.

Sarah is WAVERING.

BLAIR (cont'd)
(already on the trail, looking at her watch)
Round trip! .4 miles walk! Not a hike.
Come on.

SARAH
I'll get a water bottle.

EXT. MUIR BEACH TRAIL, DUSK -- MINUTES LATER

SARAH and BLAIR walk on a shadowy trail, deep in forest
cover. A coastal estuary flows on their left.

SARAH, ten steps ahead, pauses, waiting for Blair to catch
up.

SARAH
Come on, Blairsey - step it out!

BLAIR
I'm not stepping anything out - I'm
admiring the scenery. It's really
Pretty here, you know.

SARAH

I know.

Blair catches up.

BLAIR

Wow, this is beautiful. See how beautiful
it is when you stop and look?

They look.

SARAH

Yeah, one of the photos in the article
was right here.

A PARK RANGER on a CANOE appears from out of the reeds,
and passes them on the placid water.

He lays the PADDLE across his lap so he can TIP HIS HAT to
the ladies as he passes.

RANGER

(tipping his hat)
Afternoon.

The girls are too shy, they just sort of nod and whisper
hello to themselves.

BLAIR

(once he is out of earshot)
He was kind of cute.

SARAH

(checking that he is out of earshot, then)
Are you kidding? He was like fifty.

BLAIR

Forty-five.

SARAH

What a cool job, though. Hey, maybe
that's what you should do with your life -
be a junior park ranger!

BLAIR

Shut up.

SARAH

But you know what, you probably have
To go to college for that, and you
Aren't going to go to -

BLAIR

I'm going to go to college.

SARAH

Really? When?

BLAIR

*Of course I'm going to go to college.
But I don't feel - what's the rush? -
I have no idea what I want to do with
my life, I have no clue what I want to
study, so why would it be smart to just
throw myself into some random institution,
wasting my parents' money, when, after
I've had a year or so to think about it,
and some work experience, I might actually
know where I want to go - and what I want
to do?*

SARAH

I'm just sayin'... Just brainstorming here.

BLAIR

Right.

SARAH

Hey - when do you think Jeff will have
enough credits to transfer to a four-year
school?

BLAIR

He should have enough for U.C.L.A. by
the spring - so he could be there by next
fall - he only has a couple more g.e.'s.

SARAH

That's... good.

Blair looks at Sarah suspiciously.

SARAH (cont'd)

I think we're getting close.

EXT. MUIR BEACH, DUSK - MINUTES LATER

The girls reach the beach.

The secluded, un-peopled beach looks like the earth when the dinosaurs roamed it - mounds of gigantic kelp, frothing sea, lush, green hills, and a setting sun like a blood orange. The sun makes pools of colored light on the wet sand.

They admire it all, quietly.

Then Sarah starts to take off her clothes.

BLAIR

What are you doing?

SARAH

(her shirt stuck on her head as she pulls it over)
I'm going swimming!

BLAIR

You're crazy!

Sarah, in her COLORFUL SKIVVIES, prances the forty yards to the shore.

Blair sits carefully on a driftwood log and watches.
She holds Sarah's clothes.

Watching Sarah's lively body in the waning light, Blair almost looks jealous.

But the moment Sarah reaches the water - A SHRIEK!

SARAH

(as she makes a beeline back to Blair)
That's so freaking cold!!!

What was the step of a wild, woman-of-the-earth on the way to the water has turned to that of a scared little girl on the way back to Blair.

Blair LAUGHS - we haven't seen her laugh like this before.

Sarah arrives, breathing hard.

SARAH
(comfortable in her underpants)
Wow... That was like... really cold!

BLAIR
(tossing her jeans to her)
Put your jeans back on...

SARAH
Well - can we at least play in the sand
For a little bit?

BLAIR
No - check in at the hotel was at three.

SARAH
(zipping up her jeans)
This place is really cool - it's just
As I pictured it in the article...

BLAIR
You never read any article!

EXT. BIG SUR TRAIL, MARGIC HOUR - MINUTES LATER

THE GIRLS are hiking back - a narrow trail through high grass.

Blair, leading, FREEZES.

A DOE is drinking from a little puddle twenty yards ahead on the trail.

The deer looks up at them, unafraid - a beautiful image of assertive, feminine grace.

The girls watch, in awe.

The doe disappears into the high grass.

The girls look at each other - wow.

INT. JEEP LIBERTY, BIG SUR, NIGHT -- LATER

BLAIR drives now.

SARAH appears from her sweatshirt down, because she has her HEAD OUT THE MOONROOF.

EXT. BIG SUR, HIGHWAY ONE -- CONTINUOUS

And there is SARAH, with a big hooded sweatshirt on, an elbow on each side of the roof of the LIBERTY, looking up in wonder at the stars.

INT. JEEP LIBERTY -- CONTINUOUS

BLAIR witnesses a small, yet surreal, BLINK OF WHITE LIGHT out of the driver's window.

She taps SARAH'S waist.

EXT. BIG SUR, HIGHWAY -- CONTINUOUS

SARAH, neck arched back, looks straight up at the MILKY WAY.

She ignores the tap on her waist.

INT. JEEP LIBERTY -- CONTINUOUS

BLAIR searches out the window for another sign of this weird little blink of light.

Nothing.

A subtle look of wonder on her face.

EXT. BIG SUR, HIGHWAY -- CONTINUOUS

THE LIBERTY curves elegantly north, into the night.

EXT. BIG SUR VILLAGE, NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

A little street of commerce, centered by the PINE CONE INN. One on side of the inn is a series of KNICK-KNACK SHOPS, on the other side is a PIZZA PLACE and a BAR.

The JEEP LIBERTY pulls up quickly, stops quickly.

THE GIRLS get out, stretch.

SARAH brushes a mess of PRINGLES FRAGMENTS from her SWEATSHIRT.

SARAH
(checking out the Pinecone)
This is... quaint.

BLAIR
Don't be a princess.

SARAH
My dad books "The Pinecone", your dad
Books the...

BLAIR
(spotting the parlour, in the parlance of Homer Simpson)
Mmmmm... pizza.

SARAH
(spotting the Bar, in the parlance of Homer Simpson)
Mmmmm... beer.

BLAIR
(to Sarah)
No boys!

INT. MOTEL ROOM, PINECONE INN -- LATER

The bedroom is empty. THE GIRLS are in the bathroom. E's *Project Runway* is playing on the television. At the LITTLE TABLE in the corner, there is HALF OF A VEGGIE PIZZA, still in it's BOX.

THE GIRLS are cramped and cute next to each other, before the mirror. They each have on PALE GREEN TOWELS wrapped under their shoulders. Blair has a towel wrapped around her head, putting on LIPSTICK. Sarah is BLOW-DRYING her hair.

SARAH
(to Blair, over the noise of the blow-dryer)
You look hot!!!

BLAIR
What!?

SARAH
I said you look hot!!!

BLAIR
Oh! Thanks! You too!!

SARAH
Thanks!

BLAIR
But no boys!!

SARAH
(agreeing)
No boys!!

EXT. BIG SUR. IRISH PUB. NIGHT

THE BOUNCER, A rocker fleeing middle age with a TRUCKER HAT on, sits on a stool outside the pub, SMOKING.

The sound of LIVE ACOUSTIC MUSIC heard from within.

The bouncer admires the approach of SARAH and BLAIR, who are looking EXTREMELY CUTE and definitely not twenty-one.

They know he is watching them, and they try to walk with maturity.

Seeing the bouncer is smoking, SARAH takes out a CIGARETTE quickly as they approach.

The bouncer LIGHTS A MATCH.

SARAH
(as she nears him, cigarette in mouth)
Thanks.

BOUNCER
(as he lights her cigarette)
I'm gonna' need to see some id's, please.

SARAH
(raspy)
Of course.

The girls try not to appear nervous as they hand him their
FAKE ID'S.

He SAVORS THIS - holds the id's up to the LIGHT, FLICKS the
edges, BENDS each one BACK AND FORTH.

BOUNCER
(to Blair)
Where are you from?

BLAIR
(she'd been holding her breath)
Tempe, Arizona.

SARAH
(to the bouncer)
Go Sundevils!

These are clearly fakes. Good fakes, but fakes.

But the girls are SO DAMN CUTE.

BOUNCER
Have a good time.

They HEAD IN.

BOUNCER (cont'd)
(to Sarah)
Theresa.

Sarah pauses a little too late.

Then turns.

BOUNCER
You can't smoke inside, darling.

SARAH
(pivoting on the CIGARETTE with her RED HEEL)
I'll just have to come out and see you
again, sometime.

She goes into the bar.

Bouncer SMILES.

INT. BAR -- MOMENTS LATER

The girls walk into the pub like pretty young things.

They are only a little crestfallen when they get the lay of the land - it's your average small-town bar.

Playing on a little raised stage in the corner is a YOUNG MUSICIAN. He has an ACOUSTIC GUITAR, a STOOL, and a MICROPHONE. He plays a quiet, pleasant tune.

The girls go to the bar.

Behind the bar is a WEATHERED BLONDE BEAUTY in her forties, who meets the girls at the front of the bar.

SARAH

Hi. We'll have a whiskey and water,
and a...

BLAIR

And a rum soda please.

BARTENDER

(smokes a pack and a half a day)
That'll be eight dollars, honey.

Sarah scans the room.

Quickly she spots TWO YOUNG BOHEMIANS, the only two worthy gentlemen in the bar (other than the SINGER, who is very cute).

The boys are definitely checking the girls out.

Blair, oblivious, counts out NINE DOLLARS.

SARAH

(brushing Blair's wallet aside)
No, Blair, I'll get this.

Sarah TAKES OUT HER WALLET the way you would if you had to pantomime "taking a wallet from your purse" for an audience. SLOWLY and with STRONG GESTURE.

By the time she has her fingers on a TEN DOLLAR BILL, One of the young guys has appeared behind the girls.

DALE
(to the bartender)
I'll get this one.

BARTENDER
It'll be eight dollars, sweetheart.

SARAH
(to the boy)
But, sweetheart, aren't you going to ask
for my permission?

Blair rolls her eyes.

INT. PINECONE MOTEL ROOM -- LATER THAT NIGHT

BLAIR is tucked neatly into bed. A SLIVER OF LIGHT enters from the WINDOW. The other side of the bed is PERFECTLY MADE and UNOCCUPIED.

Blair looks to the window, and we see the SHADOW OF SOMEONE on the other side of the BLIND.

The SOUND of QUIET CONVERSATION heard from OUTSIDE.

Blair appears exasperated.

EXT. MOTEL, SECOND FLOOR BALCONY -- CONTINUOUS

SARAH teases THE YOUNG MUSICIAN, the singer from the bar, in the institutional motel room exterior LIGHT. It is intimate yet innocent. Dale has his hands on her hips, Sarah smiles.

He tries to kiss her, but Sarah turns her cheek.

Sarah is IN CONTROL of the situation.

SARAH
Kelley.

KELLEY
Right. Sorry.

SARAH

We don't even know each other. You don't
Even know how old I am.

KELLEY

How old you are?

SARAH

For all you know, you might have been
feeding alcohol to a minor, all night.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

BLAIR has been eavesdropping. She is frustrated.

Blair gets out of bed, goes to SARAH'S JEANS on the floor.
Takes out her CELL-PHONE. turns it on.

She DIALS HER VOICEMAIL.

BLAIR (voicemail voice)

Hi, this is Blair's phone -

Blair, irritated by the sound of her own voice, quickly
punches in her password.

VOICEMAIL VOICE

You have one new message. To listen to
This message -

Blair quickly presses "one" to hear it.

THE SHERBOURNES (voice)

Mother: Hey, Blairsey...it's Mom. (then
Dad's voice) - and Dad. (then Mom's voice
Again...) We just thought we'd check in, -

Blair quickly presses "seven" to delete the message.

Hangs up the phone.

EXT. MOTEL. SECOND FLOOR BALCONY -- CONTINUOUS

Kelley's hands still on Sarah's hips. He goes for the kiss,
and briefly they connect - then Sarah grabs Kelley's
wrists.

SARAH

Those hands - what are we going to do
about those hands?

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

BLAIR is ON THE PHONE again. It's RINGING.

She gets the voicemail.

JEFF LEBOWSKI (voice)

(it's The Dude's answering machine
greeting from the film, *The Big Lebowski*)
*"The Dude, is not in. Leave a message
after the beep. Thanks.* (then Jeff's
voice) What's up this is Jeff - I'll
call you back.

VOICEMAIL VOICE

To leave a message for this person,
please press one.

Blair HANGS UP THE PHONE.

BLAIR

(rehearsing)

Hey, Jeff, it's me. Um...

She can't think of anything else to say.

Outside, SARAH GIGGLES.

She looks at Sarah's shadow on the window with real
irritation.

EXT. MOTEL BALCONY -- CONTINUOUS

SARAH and KELLEY are very close to making out.

BLAIR opens the door, pokes her head out.

BLAIR

(to Sarah)

Hey.

SARAH

(startled)

Hey.

BLAIR

So Mom woke up - she says she needs to talk to you inside.

Sarah is FLABBERGASTED.

KELLEY puts his hands up, SMILES.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- LATER

THE GIRLS are tucked into their DOUBLE BED.

SARAH

I thought he was cute. He reminded me of Dan. If Dan was talented.

BLAIR

Dan?

SARAH

You know. Dan. He worked in used vinyl at Amoeba.

BLAIR

Oh, Dan. Was he the one who used to drunk-dial you all the time and sing to your voicemail?

SARAH

(fond remembrance)

Yeah... he was funny.

BLAIR

And then you kissed his little brother.

SARAH

Yeah.

BLAIR

(judgment on her mind)

Sarah, -

SARAH

Can we talk about this tomorrow?

BLAIR
(after a pause)
Okay.

SARAH
(kissing Blair on the cheek)
Good night.

BLAIR
Good night.

INT. MOTEL ROOM, EARLY MORNING - NEXT DAY

BLAIR is WIDE AWAKE, though still under the covers.

She opens the blind a little - it is very early in the morning. Sarah is SOUND ASLEEP.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM -- MINUTES LATER

BLAIR sits in the BATHTUB, her arms folded around her knees, under the shower head. The shower is on. She faces the FALLING WATER, lets the rain fall on her closed eyes.

She looks down, and lets the water fall on the back of her head and neck.

Faces the falling water again.

This is one of her favorite rituals.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM -- MINUTES LATER

BLAIR is fully dressed for the day, but she is still TOWEL-DRYING her hair.

SARAH, still asleep, has not moved an inch.

She puts her hand on Sarah's shoulder, rocks her back and forth.

BLAIR
(as she rocks her)
Come on - wake up.

No response.

Blair goes to the window, OPENS the BLINDS.

BRIGHT LIGHT fills the room.

No response from Sarah.

BLAIR

All right your eye just flinched a little-
I know you're up.

SARAH

(very out of sorts)
What time is it?

BLAIR

9:14.

SARAH

Really? Okay.

SARAH goes back to sleep.

BLAIR

Well I'm going to breakfast.

SARAH

(still curled up in bed)
Give me... four more minutes.

BLAIR

(going to the door)
No.

SARAH

Okay okay I'm up I'm up.

SARAH, very, very slowly, gets out of bed.

Gives a BIG YAWN as she stretches to the sky.

BLAIR

Come on.

SARAH meanders towards the sink.

SARAH
(at the mirror)
Oh. a zit. (sarcastically) That's fun.

BLAIR
I'm going to go.

SARAH
What are you going to get a table for
one?

SARAH makes a little scoff that says, "fat chance."

SARAH
But I love the little noise they make
when you pop them.

BLAIR opens the door.

SARAH (cont'd)
(as the door slams shut)
Pop.

EXT. MOTEL BALCONY -- MINUTES LATER

BLAIR is at the railing, looking out at the PARKING LOT.

SARAH comes out of the room, shuts the door.

SARAH
Let's go, I'm starving.

BLAIR scoffs.

INT. PINECONE BREAKFAST NOOK -- LATER

THE GIRLS are halfway through breakfast in a tiny little
breakfast nook.

There are THREE TABLES, and one is EMPTY.

At the third table are two fat, TRAVELING SALESMEN wearing
short sleeve button down shirts and ties.

The girls drink their coffee like children - little bird sips from a MUG held with both hands.

SARAH
(offering a SPEARED SAUSAGE on a FORK)
You've gotta try this.

BLAIR
What is it?

SARAH
Chicken applewood.

BLAIR takes the sausaged fork, takes a bite.

BLAIR
(returning the fork)
It tastes like Thanksgiving.

SARAH
Yeah. Yeah! It makes me want to take two big handfuls of leaves off the ground, and just crumple them in my hands.

BLAIR
You're weird.

SARAH
You started it.

Sarah goes back to her breakfast.

BLAIR
Look, I want to say something - something I haven't told you - and you should know.

SARAH
(intrigued)
Really?

BLAIR
Oh, I feel like Seacrest...

SARAH
Really? Tell me tell me tell me.

BLAIR

No - it's not like - I'm not going to make you cry - but I have - I know something you don't and it's been on my mind this entire Trip.

SARAH

Okay.

BLAIR

Okay. Jeff and me - are on a break.

SARAH

Oh.

BLAIR

Well?

SARAH

Sorry. I mean - I'm sorry, Blair. That sucks.

BLAIR

(quietly, so the salesmen can't eavesdrop)
Go to hell. I know you're not crazy about him, but, *jesus*, you could at least have some sympathy.

SARAH

Sympathy?

BLAIR

Yeah, *sympathy*. I mean, you might take a moment out of yourself, to actually consider what someone you're supposed to care about is going through.

SARAH

No, I do - I do care - I care a lot about you.

BLAIR

You obviously don't.

SARAH

Well sympathy, one of the principles of sympathy, is that it's based upon - something... exceptional happening. Something completely out of the ordinary, something really frickin' unfortunate - a fire in your house, bone cancer, something like that - but when it's something that happens all the time - do I hold a box of tissues for my dad every night because my mom walks all over him? No - that's just how it is - and if you're telling me for like the eighth time that you're having your seventh break with your valet parker boyfriend - that's not tragic, Blair - that's just your life... I'm just sayin'...

BLAIR

I'm not even going to respond to that. But I guess, I guess my best friend, you just can't even count on your best friend to care about anything that's not directly related to themselves - so I'm sorry - I'm sorry I even brought it up.

SARAH

I'm not sorry you brought it up - In fact I am very happy you brought it up -

BLAIR

Why?

SARAH

No reason. Just - happy you shared.

Sarah takes a MILDLY INSINUATING BITE of the chicken applewood sausage.

BLAIR

You're disgusting.

EXT. PINECONE INN PARKING LOT -- MINUTES LATER

The JEEP LIBERTY pulls out very fast, hits the open road.

INT. JEEP LIBERTY -- MOMENTS LATER

SARAH turns the stereo on.

BLAIR
(turning off the stereo)
No. I'm gonna go to sleep.

SARAH
That's not fair - you can't do that.

BLAIR
Yes I can. I'm entitled. You and the Rock
Star kept me up 'til three in the
morning last night.

SARAH
Well what am I gonna' do?

BLAIR
You are going to drive.

SARAH
(fishing around in her purse)
Well - can I do - this?

Sarah takes out a HARMONICA. Plays a happy little TUNE.

BLAIR
What the hell is that?

SARAH
I got it at the gas station. I'll play it
soft.

BLAIR
Fine.

Blair puts the back of her hand on the window. Feels the
temperature.

Sarah keeps playing her happy tune.

BLAIR

I think it should get really hot again
today -

Then, Blair GRABS the harmonica from Sarah and PUTS IT IN
HER POCKET.

Sarah is shocked.

BLAIR
Revenge. You took my phone.

SARAH
You have it back now.

BLAIR
And now I have revenge.

Sarah looks to the road for a while. They just drive for a
couple moments.

SARAH
So - why aren't you texting *Jeff*?

BLAIR
Because. I'm not.

Blair curls back up into sleeping position.

Sarah is pleased.

Then, SOUND of SARAH'S CELL-PHONE RINGTONE.

SARAH picks up.

SARAH
Hey. You know, now is really not a good
time. Yeah, I'm still in town. I go up in
a few days. Yeah, you know, I have thought
about it. A lot. Steve, I just, I don't
know. I feel like what you say you need
from me, at the moment, is just a commitment
that I'm not ready to provide. I know that.
You know, today's not good for me, no.

Blair turns to Sarah.

SARAH (cont'd)

(mouths silently, to Blair)
I'm so sorry.

Blair, irritated, turns back into sleeping position.

SARAH (cont'd)
I miss you too Steve. Yeah. Me too.
All right. I gotta go. Yeah, I gotta go.
Bye Steve. *Thank you.* thank you. I hope
you are only saying that because you
want to, not because - okay. I know.
Bye Steve. Bye. Okay, bye.

SARAH clicks off the phone.

SARAH (cont'd)
(to Blair)
I hear the drive gets really pretty again.
Are you just going to sleep?

No response.

SARAH (cont'd)
(whispering)
Okay.

EXT. FREEWAY, MIDDAY - HOUR LATER

THE JEEP LIBERTY cruises up a desert highway.

INT. JEEP LIBERTY, ON THE ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

SOUND OF THE WIND entering THE OPEN WINDOW.

SARAH, smoking, ashes out of the window.

Sarah silently sings to herself a lively song, BOBBING HER
HEAD BACK AND FORTH.

BLAIR wakes up.

SARAH
Sorry.

BLAIR curls up to go back to sleep.

SARAH

I have to get gas soon.

No response.

EXT. GAS STATION, JUST OFF THE HIGHWAY - MINUTES LATER

BLAIR opens her eyes - sees a simple highway GAS STATION.

SARAH ISN'T THERE. Her car door is open.

Blair looks to the MINI MART across the way - sees SARAH APPROACHING with a HUGE FOUNTAIN SODA of Diet Coke and her BIG SUNGLASSES on.

SARAH gets to the car, makes a SUCTION CUP FACE onto Blair's passenger-side window.

Blair OPENS the door.

BLAIR

Where are we?

SARAH

Dunno. We're getting close, though.

BLAIR

Cool.

SARAH

(as she crosses to the driver's side door)
Gas is so cheap here. Like three bucks a gallon.

SARAH gets in the car.

SARAH

So - you gonna go back to sleep?

BLAIR

No - I'm up.

SARAH

Are you hungry?

BLAIR

No.

SARAH STARTS THE CAR.

SARAH
Good. Because I just had the best
gas-station hot dog.

BLAIR
Gross.

SARAH
With mustard and onions. I hope it was
kosher. I think it was kosher. It was
kosher.

EXT. HIGHWAY OVERPASS - A MINUTE LATER

THE JEEP LIBERTY gets back onto the HIGHWAY.

INT. JEEP LIBERTY, FREEWAY -- MINUTES LATER

On the highway.

BLAIR is READING *WOMEN IN LOVE*.

A SONG plays at VERY LOW VOLUME.

SARAH SINGS ALONG with it, bobs her head to it, quietly.

SARAH looks at Blair, immersed in her dog-eared, well-worn
novel.

SARAH
Blair.

BLAIR
What.

SARAH
Pay attention to me.

BLAIR
No.

SARAH
Blay-er.

No response.

SARAH (cont'd)
Blair-sey.

BLAIR
Don't call me that.

SARAH
Watcha readin'?

BLAIR
Women in Love.

SARAH
I know *that* - you've been reading it for
like six months- but what's it about?
Lesbians?

BLAIR
No.

SARAH
Then what's it about? I really want to
know. I'm curious.

BLAIR
(after some thought, then professorial)
It's about - passion. Intensity. About
having the courage to live your little
life as if it were of, mythical significance.
About not living your life as if it were
just an accident, something that just -
happened to you.

SARAH
Oh. That's a good book for you to read.

BLAIR
What do you mean?

SARAH
No - I mean, it's a good book for, one,
to read.

Blair GLARES at the page, and starts to read again.