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'The Roommate': The Next Generation of Stars

By Unknown

- Hi.
- Hi.
- Sara Matthews.
- Sara Matthews.
You're in Room 316.
- Welcome.
- Thank you.
Bad driver. Hey. I'm Tracy.
Sara.
- Let me help you.
- Okay. Oh, thanks.
Hi.
It's great.
No, Mom, she's not here yet.
At least I got to pick
my side of the room though.
All right, I'll talk to you later.
I love you. Bye.
Hey. Tau Sigma Kappa's
throwing a bash. You have to come.
- I'm sorry, Tau--?
- They're a frat. You know, beer, guys....
You know, I think I'm gonna
wait for my roommate.
Come on! It's gonna be fun.
Me and Kim are coming.
Please, please, please.
All right.
- Cheers. Yes.
- College!
Did you see that guy?
He's checking you out.
Thank you. We're gonna take a break.
Someone get us a beer!
I'm gonna get some more punch.
You guys want some?
No, no, no. I'm good.
Oh, no. I am so sorry about that.
I really am sorry.
Whoa, wait. Where you going?
I'm feeling a little dizzy.
Let's find you a seat
and I'll grab you a towel.
- Here. Here you go.

- Thank you.
I'm gonna grab a beer.
Do you want one?
Oh, no, thanks.
I'm just having punch.
That might explain a few things.
We tend to spike the punch.
- You spike it?
- Yeah.
- Nice.
- When a girl has had three cups....
Four.
If we don't get her up into a room...
...we have to pull kitchen duty
for, like, a week.
I'm gonna go to the bathroom.
I have to clean this up.
Plan didn't work.
I guess it backfired.
What plan?
I purposely spilled beer on you
to start a conversation.
- You purposely spilled beer on me?
- Yes, I did.
Sara! Sara!
I think you better come here.
- Take it off! Take it off! Take it off!
- Oh, no.
- Is she a friend of yours?
- Yes.
Take it off! Take it off! Take it off!
Tracy!
Shit.
- Yeah!
- I got her, I got her, I got her.
Get off of her. Get off her!
- Yeah, who's got you?
- I guess that would be me.
Yeah? Who's got you?
Apparently, God.
- You okay, Kim?
- Yeah, yeah.
- Oh, God! Oh, God!
- Okay, here we go.

Should we ride the elevator?

- All I had was punch.

- Here we go.

- You got her?

- Thanks, Sara. Okay.

Hey, you're that cute drummer guy
from that shitty band.

Oh, you're hot.

Yeah.

You know, I'm gonna get yelled at for
helping girls actually leave a frat party.

It's kind of like the opposite
of everything we stand for.

You know?

Good night.

- Wait.

- No, keep it. Save it till next time.

I'm sorry about kitchen duty.

I was just bullshitting you.

- Shit.

- Hi.

- Who are you?

- I'm your roommate, Rebecca.

Oh, God.

Rebecca?

Hey, Sara.

You met me last night.

Right.

Starts with an R.

Rebecca.

Here, take these. It'll help.

Thanks.

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

No.

Did you draw those?

- Very cool.

- Thank you.

Come on. Let's hit the bookstore.

The walk will help your head.

It's too early for me.

It's 3:

Oh, God.

Jason, what are you doing?

I just wanted to hear your voice.

- I told you not to do this.

- I need to talk to you.

You're just making it harder.

Sara, listen,

I wanna come out there.

Yeah, but you didn't, remember?

That's the problem.

I gotta go.

That didn't sound good.

Was that your boyfriend?

Ex. It's complicated.

We were supposed to
go to college together.

We both applied to Brown,
and I got in but he didn't.

And I stuck to our agreement.

And we both committed to ULA.

And a couple of weeks ago,
a spot opens up at Brown, and--

- No.

- Yeah.

- He didn't.

- He did.

What an asshole.

- Do you miss him?

- Sometimes I think I do.

It's hard to let go.

Believe me, I know.

But you're in college now.

A girl's gotta move on.

Oh, my God.

- What?

- I am so jealous.

Yeah, I'm kind of a clotheshorse.

Actually, can I put some stuff
on your side?

- No problem.

- You can borrow anything you want.

- Some of this I've only seen in Vogue.

- My parents' idea of bonding...

...is setting me loose

with a platinum card.

- You're from here?

- Twenty minutes away.

That must be nice. Go home on the weekends, free laundry, free meals.

- Yeah, not gonna happen.

- Why?

Let's just say nothing is free in my house.

What is that?

Oh, it's nothing. It's just some ideas.

- It's good.

- Thanks.

Do you mind if I take a look at what you were doing?

Actually, I do.

It's nothing personal.

It's just my process.

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

Okay.

Hey, Sara.

- Hey.

- Hey.

Tracy and Kim, this is my roommate, Rebecca.

Rebecca. How formal.

What can we call you?

- How about Reba?

- How about Becca?

How about Becky?

- Becky's good.

- Yeah, Becky.

I like Rebecca.

Okay.

Well, I gotta go, guys. Bye.

Bye.

"Why should I turn off my BlackBerry to listen to this guy?"

Because this class...

...will make you understand that you're aspiring to do something great.

To emulate the likes

of Marc Jacobs...

...or Vera Wang, Rick Owens...

...perhaps even surpass them.

What you create
will be considered art...
...and don't let anyone
tell you differently.
The journey starts right here,
right now.
And it's my job...
...to make you understand
that each of you...
...can be artists.

- Professor Roberts?
- Yes?

I'm really sorry to bother you.
It's just, I must take this class.
I'm sorry, class is full.
Late girl, right? What's your name?
Sara Matthews.
I brought a request form.
And why should I sign your form, Sara,
when I've turned down a dozen others?
Would that be fair?
No, I guess it wouldn't.
Don't worry.
Intro Design has three other sections.
That's okay. I'll take it next year.
I wanna take your class. Thank you.
Sara.
You happen to have
two things I can't teach...
...and that is style and desire.

- Thank you.
- You're welcome.
- Don't be late.
- I will not be late.

Who is that?
My friend Irene. She graduated from
The Art Institute out here last year.
She's an artist?
She used to be a design consultant
for Marc Jacobs.
"Paris was amazing."
"Milan in the fall."
And now she's off to Barcelona.
Hey. You guys free?

We're going to Seven Grand.

- How are we gonna get in?

- We're hot.

- You guys in?

- Sure.

Clubs aren't really my thing.

So, what should we wear?

Ladies!

From the two gentlemen

at the end of the bar.

Hey. Hi.

- Cheers.

- Cheers.

- Let's dance.

- Can I put these in your bag?

- Yeah.

- Thanks.

- Watch this guy hit on me.

- Yeah.

- Hi.

- Hi.

- How you doing?

- Good. What's your name?

- Adam.

- Hi. It's Tracy.

Tracy. I was watching you
from across the bar.

Tracy?

Damn, see her?

Yeah, I see her. She's hot.

Hello?

Would you accept a collect call
from Sara Matthews?

Yes.

Nice car.

- So where's Tracy?

- I have no idea.

Well, as long as I'm here....

- You hungry?

- I'm starving.

- Me too.

- Oh, good.

I can't believe she ran out on you.

- Thank you for coming.

- Of course. I was up.
- What are you having?
- Pancakes.
That's what I was thinking.
You know, tonight Tracy had her shot.
Tomorrow you're all mine.
I wanna show you the big city
the right way.
And I promise I won't abandon you.
- Sounds good. Deal.
- Good.
These are the modern pieces.
They're a little wilder
than the older stuff.
This is nice.
It's Jason again.
Come on,
I wanna show you something.
This is my favorite.
I love how he captures her personality
through her eyes.
It's like she really wants to help you.
It's amazing. I love it.
I'm so glad you liked it.
- It's not everyone's taste, you know?
- Yeah.
That's cool.
What, you don't have graffiti
in Des Moines?
Well, yeah. "Lana loves Kevin,"
"Stacy loves Robert."
But nothing like that.
Smile.
Come on, both of us.
Oh, now that is one art form
I don't get.
Needles in skin. No, thank you.
I have a tattoo.
- No, you don't.
- Yeah, I do.
It's my older sister.
She died when I was 9.
I'm sorry.
It's okay. This keeps her with me.

I always wanted a sister.
Come on.
Guess who I'm adding
as my new favorite artist.
Who?
Richard Prince.
The Devil Wears Prada
is your favorite movie?
Yeah, why?
Nothing. It's just not a classic is all.
I know that.
But it is about a small-town girl
making it in the fashion world.
- Like you.
- Yeah.
Hey there.
Look at you.
Hi, kitty.
Hi.
No collar, baby?
I thought you'd like it.
Sara?
I know, I know, I know.
I probably broke
about 40 different dorm rules...
...and I should just take it to a shelter,
but I just can't.
What should we name her?
- Really?
- It'll be our secret.
Well, I kind of already named her.
Cuddles.
Cuddles.
Sweetie.
Is that my necklace?
Sorry.
I was just trying it on.
It was my sister's.
You can borrow anything of mine
except for this.
It's the only thing I kept of hers.
I'm sorry.
It's okay. You didn't know.
Were you close to her?

Yeah.

You're the first roommate
I've had since she died...

...so it's a little odd.

In a good way or a bad way?

A good way.

Here you go.

Jake, do you mind?

- You wanted a mocha smoothie, right?

- Yeah.

Shit.

Now, there appears to be
a pattern forming here.

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

Then what does it mean?

Okay, so tonight,

the men of Tau Sigma Kappa...

...will be reviving a sacred tradition.

A frat party? I don't know.

Thank God. You're going to be
my excuse not to go.

- Am I gonna get my mocha?

- Yes.

Can you get him a mocha, please?

Thank you.

- Yeah. First day.

- All right.

- So I will see you tonight. Okay.

- Yes, you will. All right.

- Okay, bye. Bye.

- Bye.

Hey.

So Tau Sigma Kappa tonight?

- Kim and I are going.

- Why, so you can ditch me again?

Sara, the guy had a Porsche
and a hot tub.

That's your apology?

Listen, I-- Okay.

What I meant to say is I'm sorry.

I totally screwed up.

Forgive me? Please?

I forgive you.

Thank you.

- Hi.

- Hi.

- You look nice.

- Thank you.

Richard Prince is having
a showing tonight.

I bought two tickets,
since he's your favorite artist.

I-- I actually have a date.

Okay.

- I can reschedule.

- You don't have to.

I want to. Under one condition.

It's cute. Who's the designer?

Who cares?

What are you, a label whore?

I'm just curious.

I got it at a flea market for 20 bucks.

It's vintage.

One more thing.

Perfect.

I am jumping in the shower
and then we'll go.

Shit.

Rebecca.

- I gotta go that way.

- Okay.

- I'll see you later. Have a good day.

- Bye.

Hey, Sara.

Listen, something is up
with your roommate.

What do you mean?

She was outside my room
this morning.

Doing what?

Waiting for me.

I opened my door and there she was,
sitting there staring like some psycho.

Why would she do that?

You ask her.

I'm staying away from her.

Okay. I gotta go.

Contrary to popular opinion...
...beauty is not
in the eye of the beholder.
It's in the hands of the designer.
Now, tell me, looking at
these two options, which one's best?
Is there a right or wrong in fashion?
Who can tell me the difference
between fashion and style?
Miss Matthews?
Fashions fade, but style is eternal.
Yves Saint Laurent. Exactly.
All the money in the world
can't buy you style.
But it can buy you a good stylist.
Touch.
Hi.
Hi. Thank you.
How'd you know what time
my class got out?
I'm your roommate.
Tracy said something about
you scared her.
- What?
- Yeah.
No. It's more like she scared me.
She was racing to the bathroom
like she was gonna hurl.
She practically knocked me over.
Well, the girl does love to party.
Anyway, I wouldn't worry about it.
I gotta go meet Irene.
Thanks again for the coffee.
- Sara!
- Hey.
- Irene!
- Finally!
- Hi.
- Hi.
- Sit, sit, sit.
- Okay.
I so wanna be you when I grow up.
- Hell, I wanna be me when I grow up.
- Irene. Ready?

Two seconds. Your dad keeps leaving
me messages. Like, four this week.
I hope you told him I'm closing
the library every night.
I told him I haven't seen you.
For all I know, you could be a crack ho.

- Perfect.

- All right, you're done.

- Thank you for coming.

- Of course. I wouldn't miss it.

I haven't seen you around much.

Since you blew me off
for dinner and all.

- I'm sorry.

- Yeah.

Actually, I was thinking
maybe dinner tonight?

I'm studying, so....

- Oh, I see.

- Yeah. Yeah.

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- It's very dense.

Right.

All right. All right. Let's go.

- Okay.

- Let's go quick...

...before I change my mind.

Goddamn it.

Hey! How about
turning on the light?

Hello?

I know it's you.

Bitch.

Freak.

You wanna know what I think?

I think you're a trashy,
little party-going whore.

And you are a bad influence on her.

You tell anyone about this
and I will kill you.

Okay.

Okay.

Nice belly ring.

Hey, it's Sara. Leave a message.

Well, thank you
for helping me not study.

Oh, any time.

Yeah?

Where were you?

Hi.

I kept on calling and calling.

- Rebecca, this is Stephen.

- I'm going to bed now.

I'm glad you're okay.

- You got a curfew?

- No.

I guess she's right.

I should have called.

Okay.

Good night.

- I'll see you later.

- Sara.

Last night,

I was just worried about you.

You don't need to worry about me.

I can take care of myself. Okay?

- We're good, right?

- Yeah, we're good.

- I'm already her best friend?

- It's kind of sad.

Stop it.

Maybe she really likes you.

- You know what I mean?

- No, I don't.

- No?

- No.

- I think you do.

- You are a moron.

Thank you.

Stephen.

Tracy. Tracy.

Hey.

- Hey.

- I heard you changed dorms.

Yeah. Conrad Hall,
it seemed like a better vibe, so....

- We should get together. Grab a bite.

- Sara.

Hi.

Tracy.

What was that all about?

I don't know. She just walked off.

Well, she's always been a flake.

- It's not a great view.

- No, it's not. It's all right.

It's all right. Yeah.

It's about a six out of 10.

- I give it a four.

- A four?

That's quite critical of a view.

- So?

- So?

Should we--? Should we go home?

- Yes, we should.

- Yeah.

But the question is:

My place or yours?

- Okay.

- Yes, and I'll make you a bet.

- Okay.

- Okay.

A, we go to your place.

B, you take me home...

...to my twin bed and roommate.

What's the bet?

This is kind of a stupid bet.

Why did you agree?

Apparently, I'm kind of a stupid guy.

Oh, don't touch the ground.

Don't touch your feet.

All right, you win.

- So....

- So we go to your place.

So.

- Wait a second.

- What?

Can you give me 30 seconds?

- You're kidding me.

- No, I'm not.

Thirty seconds. Thank you.

Almost there.

I'm just gonna have to start

taking my clothes off out here.

Yeah, right.

- Oops, there goes my shirt.

- I don't believe you.

- There go my jeans.

- Damn it, that is my striptease. Stop it.

What's next? Top or bottom?

You know, I'm just gonna
make you strip all over again.

I knew you didn't have...

...the guts.

Sara, you answered.

Sara?

Sara. It's Jason.

Can we talk...

...about us?

Sara?

I miss you.

You do?

I miss touching you.

Do you miss touching me?

Yes.

Prove it.

Jason.

I miss you so much.

Don't ever call me again.

What?

- Don't ever call me again.

- Wait, Sara, what do you mean? I--

Good morning.

Hi. You're up early.

Yeah.

Sorry I didn't call. I left my phone.

No problem.

Hello, Cuddles. Hi, kitty.

Do you wanna get some breakfast?

Oh, no.

- Is this your cat?

- Maybe.

- She's cute.

- Thanks.

And if you keep her, I lose my job.

- Do we understand each other?

- Yes.

Hey. Come in.

What took you so long?

I walked.

- You didn't.

- I did. Cabs are too expensive.

Sara, you can't just go walking around downtown in L.A. by yourself.

- This is not Des Moines.

- I know.

The city is full of crazies.

Let me make us one drink and then we'll go.

Hello?

Yeah, that's a great idea. Hang on.

- Hey, Irene, do you like cats?

- Yeah. Why?

- We need to get rid of one.

- I travel too much.

- The thing would starve to death.

- You're right. No, she can't.

I'll be home when I'm home.

Bye. It's all right.

- Who was that?

- My roommate.

- She can be overprotective.

- That sounds fun.

- So where is it?

- Where's what?

You said you had a surprise for me?

Oh, yeah.

So I was cleaning out my closet...

...and I have not worn any of this in the last six months.

- You're kidding me. All of this?

- There's more.

- Oh, no.

- What?

We don't have a lot of closet space...

...and Rebecca's already taking half my side.

Just move in with me.

- Seriously?

- Yeah, why not?

This place is huge. I'm never home.
Ditch that roommate of yours
and live here.
Besides, you can have pets.
- I'll talk to her about it.
- Good.
Irene really likes the girls.
Always has.
It's too bad she couldn't
take Cuddles, huh?
That might not be a problem.
Really?
She suggested I move in with her.
What?
- You wanna move?
- No. I--
I love living here with you.
I'd still technically be living here, so
you wouldn't need another roommate.
Her place is huge.
It's not like you couldn't use
the extra closet space.
I don't want more space, I want....
It's just something to think about.
Nothing's set in stone.
Plus, we'd be able to keep Cuddles.
Yeah, well, I was thinking maybe
I'd stay here for Thanksgiving...
...and see you guys at Christmas.
You know what, Mom?
I'm really swamped right now.
Could I call you guys back?
Okay. Bye.
Feel how nice and warm
it is in there?
Oh, my God. What's wrong?
- Cuddles got out.
- What?
I took her with me to do laundry
and she was in the basket...
...and she ran off.
And I went after her but....
I'm sorry.
I'm gonna go find her.

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

- It's all my fault.
- It was an accident.

It's just stress after stress, you know?

Is there something else wrong?

My parents really want me to come home for Thanksgiving. And you don't wanna go?

Emily died two days before Thanksgiving.

It hasn't always been the most festive holiday in the Matthews household. I know I should be there, but, I don't know... ..it's like there's a ghost at the table, you know?

So....

You can come with me. Spend Thanksgiving at my house.

- Your folks wouldn't mind?
- Please.

Stephen also asked me to stay... ..but thank you.

Midterm designs are due Friday. Now, remember, people: simplicity. Who is the founder of our industry? Eve. When she handed Adam the fig leaf.

Have a good day.

- Sara.
- Yeah?
- Can I see you in my office?
- Sure.

I love the danger in your work. It's kinky and edgy. I love the fact that there's all these, like, dark recesses in this... ..innocent exterior. The juxtaposition is awesome. That's great.

- Thank you.
- And I mean, styles, you know--

They change so rapidly

in the fashion world.

Because you got your particular cut,
your technique, you know, the--

Which is what makes it
so amazing and exciting.

Exactly. Which is why I go
to fashion week every year in Paris.

To catch up on what's fresh
and amazing and.... What else?

- Exciting.

- Exciting.

- And, let's face it, to go to the parties.

- Sure.

The budget allows for me
to bring an assistant every year.

Usually it's a senior, but not always.

There's a lot of talent in this class...

...but the best designers push
the boundaries on what's acceptable.

They take chances.

I should go.

All right. Well, good meeting.

The offer still stands, Sara.

Chance of a lifetime.

- What's wrong?

- My design professor just kissed me.

- Are you all right?

- And I think the asshole's married.

- Are you gonna tell Stephen?

- No, that'll just cause problems.

I'm here for you.

- I know.

- Thank you for telling me.

- What can I do?

- Nothing.

- Professor Roberts?

- That's right.

I'm glad you're still here.

Yeah, well, I was just leaving.

- You're not a student of mine.

- No, not yet.

That's why I'm here.

- I'm failing Intro Psych.

- Yeah, and why is that?

I'm bored.

Well, I'm real sorry about that,
but I don't know what I can do to help.
Tomorrow is the last day
to drop a course.

If I don't add another one in its place,
then I'll fall way behind in credits.

Daddy won't take that very well.

He might even pull the plug...

...which means I'm pretty much
at your mercy.

Look, I really don't take--

It's not my policy to take on students
in the middle of the term.

Do I look like

just any student to you?

- Oh, your wife's very pretty.

- Oh, it's my ex-wife.

I might have to ask you
a few questions first.

- Ask me anything.

- You have design experience?

- None.

- What do you know about clothes?

Only one thing.

Yeah, and what's that?

I look better out of them
than in them.

Well, I think we can work
something out.

- Just tell me and I'll do anything.

- Kiss me.

- What?

- I said kiss me.

Professor Roberts,
you're hurting me.

Oh, you little tease.

Get off of me! Stop it! Stop!

- Quiet!

- No!

- Shut up! Quiet!

- Get off of me! Stop! Leave me alone!

- You're hurting me!

- Quiet. Shut up, would you?

- No! I said no!
- Shut up, you little bitch tease!
Sylvester, stop it! No!
- Quiet! Quiet!
- Get off of me! No! I said no!
- What--?
- Stop!
- Just tell me and I'll do anything.
- Kiss me.
- What?
- I said kiss me.
What do you want?
- Professor Roberts, you're hurting me.
- Give me that!
You don't have to do this.
You don't have to do this.
What do you want? Okay, come on.
- I'll pay for it. All right, I'll pay for that.
- Yes, you will.
Come on in.
Come on in. Hello.
Just take your seats, please.
Welcome.
I'm Professor Jacobs
and I'll be taking over the class...
...for the rest of the semester.
What happened?
They're calling it a leave of absence,
but I heard...
...someone sent the dean a recording
of him hitting on a student.
- Oh, my God.
- Yeah, I know.
I know.
Well, that's what you call
instant karma.
- Bye, Sara.
- Bye, Jake.
Okay, I have made a decision.
- You ready?
- Yeah, let's hear it.
All right.
- I'm gonna quit the band.
- What? Why?

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

I disagree,

but why would you say that?

All right, let me think about this.

The only places

that we can get booked...

...are my frat house

and my girlfriend's coffee shop.

That's not good.

- Did you just say "my girlfriend"?

- Oh, you heard me.

So do you think it'd be fun

to stay here for Thanksgiving?

Yeah, you know, you got dinner

at the frat house, football games...

...and the always awkward

homoerotic humor.

- That sounds like a blast. It's fun times.

- Oh, yeah. It's very good.

A little awkward at times, but....

Rebecca. Oh, my God.

What happened?

- What happened?

- I was looking for Cuddles.

A man pulled me into an alley.

And he--

Okay.

- I got away, though.

- Okay.

Okay.

Oh, my God.

It's not deep, thank God.

You should see a doctor.

- No.

- Rebecca, you need to.

- And then the police.

- No, I can't.

You're calling or I am.

There is a psycho walking around.

- Please, I didn't even see him.

- It doesn't matter.

- You still need to talk to the police.

- Please. I only want you to know.

- Rebecca.
- Don't tell anybody, please.
Okay, I won't tell them.
- Just let me help you.
- Are you mad at me?
Why would I be mad at you?
Sorry again about not staying,
but Rebecca....
No, I get it. I get it.
I'm just gonna make out with my pillow
and pretend it's you anyway, so....
Just say you're gonna miss me.
I will miss you.
I'll miss you too.
You know, I haven't heard from Jason
in weeks.
It's weird how he stopped calling.
That's what you wanted, right?
Yeah.
Yeah, I guess it is.
This is your home?
This is my parents' house.
It was never a home when I lived here.
Hello?
Is anybody here?
Hi, Rebecca.
- Hi.
- Hi, honey.
- Oh, my God. What happened?
- Mom, stop. Nothing.
- What do you mean? It's not nothing.
- Leave it alone.
We didn't think you'd make it.
Why wouldn't I?
And you are?
I'm Sara.
- Sara's my roommate.
- Hi, I'm Jeff.
- Nice to meet you.
- Hi. Welcome. I'm Alison.
Thanks.
Come on, let me show you my room.
You didn't tell them
we were coming?

They didn't need to know.

- Nice room.

- I guess.

- Who is she?

- That's just some high-school work.

I haven't gotten around

to taking it down yet.

Sara, I hope you're not a vegetarian.

Oh, no, not at all.

- Rebecca's an awesome roommate.

- That's nice to hear.

I'm sure she likes you, because she's never brought anyone home before.

- Dad.

- 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. And you never know who she'll be exposed to.

Dad.

Sara, we're going to make up a very nice room for you.

No, she'll stay with me.

- Right?

- Okay.

Wonderful.

Dad.

Bec. You scared me.

Why are you up so late?

- So how you doing?

- I'm fine.

My grades are good.

That's not what I meant.

I'm making friends.

Rebecca, look at me for a second.

Your mother and I are very fond of you.

I know.

All right,

I'm gonna head on up to bed.

Hi.

What are you up to?

Rebecca's gonna show me

her high-school hangouts.

- Wonderful.

- Yeah.

- Rebecca's doing really well.

- She's doing good.

She's taking her medication?

Medication?

Well, you girls have

a wonderful time.

Come on.

Is everything okay?

Yeah.

It's just....

It's nice to see

where you come from.

Come on.

- This is the best.

- Smells really good.

I used to come here, like, every day.

- It's Rebecca.

- Well, just stay out here.

Do you know them?

That'll be 5.57.

That's the girl from your drawings.

Rebecca?

Let's leave.

Hi, Maria.

Hi.

I wanted to introduce you to Sara.

My roommate.

- Hi.

- Hey.

Maybe we should go.

Rebecca.

We were never friends.

Come on, let's go.

Oh, good, Irene's back in town.

- Good run?

- Great.

I'm going to the studio.

All right, I'll catch you later.

Don't wait up. I feel inspired.

I forgot my pad.

Bye.

- Hey.
- Oh, my God.
- You all right?
- Hi.
- You all right?
- Yeah.
- What are those?
- That's what I gotta find out.
Hey.
Can I help you out?
No. I'm fine.
Just doing my job.
- All done.
- You have a little something.
- What the hell?
- I'm sorry, Rick.
Sweetheart, it's okay. No harm, no--
I'm so sorry again, Rick.
You spoiled bitch.
Be cool.
Come on!
Pussy.
It says Zyprexa is used to treat the
symptoms of psychotic conditions...
...such as schizophrenia
and bipolar disorder.
I just thought she was weird.
Maybe this is a refill. Maybe she's
been taking them the whole time.
Yeah, I don't think
she's ever taken them.
I think it's time
to move in with Irene.
Yeah.
Sorry to stare...
...but you're really beautiful.
So are you.
You have great lips.
What kind is that?
Cinnamon. Caffeinated.
A girl never knows
how late she's gonna party.
Can I try?
You're right. Cinnamon.

I would invite you back to my place,
but I have a roommate.

Well, as luck would have it,
I'm only a few blocks away...
...and I don't.

What are we waiting for?

It's Irene. Please leave a message.

Hi.

- Where were you all night?

- I was at the studio.

I got inspired, so....

I just lost track of time.

- Rebecca--

- I want a tattoo.

- What?

- A tattoo.

Will you come with me?

Please? I don't think

I could do it without you.

Okay.

I know what I want.

- I'll wait here.

- Okay.

All done.

Let's see it.

You can think of me as your sister.

Well, what's the matter?

You can call me Emily if you want.

Sara?

- That's all you're bringing?

- I'll get the rest when Irene comes back.

- Where's your necklace?

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

- Sara.

- Stephen, I don't wanna go back there.

I'm gonna go look for it.

Have you seen Sara's necklace?

What did I do?

She just needs to move on.

You know?

With you?

If you find the necklace,

just let me know. All right?

You do shit like that.

Have a good one.
We should call someone.
Like the dean's office,
or at least your R.A.
And tell them what?
She hasn't done anything to me.
That girl's own parents
are afraid of her.
- She sure scared the shit out of me.
- Are these clean or dirty?
Somewhere in between, maybe.
Did you take this?
No. I don't think so.
Is that not yours?
That's enough. I'm returning this,
and you gotta do something.
No. I don't want you
to go back there.
Hey, it's Sara. Leave a message.
Hey, Sara. It's Jason.
I'm actually in front of your dorm.
I just flew in.
Look, I'm at the Rosewell Hotel,
Room 210.
Call me, okay?
I'm going to the library.
- I can walk you.
- It's okay.
- Are you sure?
- Yep.
Well, the party starts at 10. I did hear
that there is a great band playing.
- I thought you said they suck.
- They're getting better, you know?
- I hear the drummer's really hot.
- He is.
But I'm sleeping with his girlfriend.
- I'll see you later.
- Okay.
Sara?
What?
Sara?
You got my voice mail.
I'm glad you came.

That feels good.
Turn over.
Close your eyes.
Oh, I missed your smell.
I love you so much.
She doesn't love you.
Hey, it's me. Irene needs me
and she's not answering her phone.
And I'm really worried.
Will you meet me there, please?
Irene?
Irene?
- Irene!
- Sara.
- What are you doing?
- Sit down and shut up.
Listen to me.
All I ever wanted was
to be your friend.
- Rebecca, I am your friend.
- No, you're not.
- Yes, I am.
- No. You're not!
We're here
because you betrayed me.
- Rebecca, I'm your friend.
- Stop!
Stop saying things you don't mean!
I protected you!
I protected you
against that whore Tracy...
...and that nasty little kitten...
...that scumbag of a professor...
...even that loser ex-boyfriend
of yours!
- What did you do to him?
- I got rid of them all for you!
And how do you repay me?
By leaving me!
Rebecca, please forgive me.
Okay?
I'm sorry. I am so sorry.
From the bottom of my heart.
Please forgive me.

I forgive you.

Okay.

Now we can start all over again.

Okay.

Just like that first day.

- What is that?

- Just the two of us together.

Because I only want you...

- ...to have one best friend.

- No! No! No!

- Rebecca! Rebecca, don't!

- Lay still, bitch.

Stay away! Don't come any closer.

- Stop!

- Irene?

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Sara.

Sara! Sara!

Sara!

- Irene!

- Sara, no!

- Sara! Sara! Sara, no! Sara!

- Shit!

- The fire escape!

- I just want to be your friend!

- I can't leave you!

- Go to the window.

Sara! Sara!

- Shit!

- No, Sara!

Sara! Open it, please!

- Sara!

- I can't reach it! It's too far!

- Sara, go! Get out!

- Sara!

- Sara!

- Oh, God. It's too far.

Everything is gonna be okay!

Sara!

Help me!

Help me!

No!

Help!

Oh, my God!

- Come on, come on, come on.

- Get me up!

- Give me your hand.

- Pull me in!

Sara! Look out!

Oh, my God!

Oh, my God.

- Sara!

- Oh, shit.

Come on.

Stephen. Stephen.

I swear to God...

- ...I will shoot you, Rebecca.

- You won't do it.

You were never my friend.

- Welcome back.

- Hi.

You know, you can move in with me
if you want.

I don't think I want a roommate
for a while.

Yeah.

- Dinner tonight, maybe?

- Absolutely.

Okay.

But before you go, do you want
to help me with a little something?

Get out of here.

See you later.