

A SKETCH FOR WHAT COMES NEXT

Written by

Gina Reitenauer

gmreiten@syr.edu

Logline: A young, introverted woman discovers her sexuality through her passion for art while trying to maintain a level head during her senior year at a prestigious school in the suburbs of Savannah.

TRF 467: Screenwriting Masters Class  
Professor Giglio

INT. DILWORTH PREPARATORY SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

A shoe, tapping the tile floor.

We follow the leg of the desk up to the hand of the worn-out shoe's owner: SOPHIA (17).

She's doodling in her notebook, her back hunched over. She's focused.

But we don't see what she is drawing.

Instead we see a class hard at work. Or at least that's what it appears to be, aside from the occasional elbow on a desk.

There's a sense of movement: a TEACHER (40s) writing Prospero's name next to "The Tempest" on a chalkboard in desperate need of a clean, a boy viciously taking notes, another kid's head tilting as he dozes off.

But what we hear the loudest is pencil on paper: the sound of a sketch.

The rest of the room's sounds are muffled. The sound of her pencil's movements against the quiet...

It's almost hypnotizing.

Until:

TEACHER  
(stern)  
Sophia.

Sophia's head snaps up.

A beat.

TEACHER (CONT'D)  
(exasperated)  
This isn't art class. I shouldn't have to call your name more than once. Please make sure you are with us.

SOPHIA  
Yes, Ms. Pennebaker.

TEACHER  
Are you with us?

SOPHIA  
Yes, Ms. Pennebaker.

TEACHER

Can you tell us how the notion of a tempest plays on the tropes of Naturalism?

Heads turn. All eyes are on Sophia, including the teacher's, whose expression tells us she isn't expecting much.

SOPHIA

(earnest)

Shakespeare plays on Naturalist tropes because the tempest - or, the storm - represents the unyielding parts of nature that don't care about mankind. Nature pushes him under the waves, into the sand. She throws him around to the point where he ultimately loses any sense of control.

A pause. The teacher is about to speak, but Sophia isn't done.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

But what's interesting is that the tempest came from Prospero. It begs the question of who really is superior - man or nature - and who is at the other's beck and call.

The teacher bites her lip. Her expression has softened.

TEACHER

Yes... Actually, that's very astute.

But before the teacher can continue, she's cut off by a bell. The rush of students as they pour their books back into the bags.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Remember, I'll be looking for your essays on The Tempest to be on my desk prior to tomorrow's first bell.

But the rush drowns out her voice. She's watching Sophia as she closes her notebook and walks out of the classroom.

INT. DILWORTH PREPARATORY SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

We follow Sophia to her locker. She takes off her purple glasses, shoves them in her bag.

Next, a few books, one with the title "An Advanced Exploration of Statistics." Another: "Becoming fluent in French."

A figure appears beside her.

It's Sophia's light-footed best friend: GINNY (18).

GINNY  
Guess who got scouted!

Still packing up:

SOPHIA  
Doug the nose-picker?

GINNY  
What?

Sophia shrugs.

SOPHIA  
Didn't you say there was a Doug on the swim team? And that he picks his nose?

GINNY  
No - I mean yeah. But why would he get scouted?

Silence.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
It's me silly! And guess who by?

Now she has Sophia's full attention. It looks as though Sophia wants to say something, but she's hesitant to say it.

Ginny nods encouragingly.

Sophia nearly smiles. So close.

Ginny encourages. She's nodding almost vigorously with a smile.

SOPHIA  
Har... vard?

GINNY  
Yes!

She's grabbing Sophia's arm, jumping up and down. Sophia's expression tells us that Ginny's behavior is contagious.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Everyone said Harvard wouldn't care if I could swim, that they'd only care about my SAT scores. But a guy came out today and watched us.

As if on queue, they start walking down the hall toward the main doors.

A banner advertising student participation in putting on this year's local Fall Fest hangs from the ceiling.

GINNY (CONT'D)

He was probably looking at our form, speed, whether we were calm under the press. And then guess what happened!

SOPHIA

(pretending to be shocked)  
Doug picked his nose!

GINNY

Oh my god NO - They asked us to dive for him!

SOPHIA

And we all know you're the best diver in the state.

GINNY

I don't mean to brag, but I *am* good.

As they come outside, we see that the prestigious, private preparatory school in the suburbs of Georgia is just like any other high school:

A few jocks throwing a beat-up football in their school uniform.

A group of girls walking in with their heads bent toward each other in gossip.

The young boy who'd been viciously taking notes now sitting under a tree with a book.

Parents picking up their kids.

Sophia and Ginny walk far down the pavement, toward an adjacent row of modest homes.

## INT. SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Sophia is sitting at her desk with an essay in progress on her computer screen and information materials from Princeton spread out before her.

A small giraffe-shaped desk lamp dimly lights the space. Next to it sits a small framed-photo of Sophia and her mother, DOREEN (30s). Both wear huge smiles. Sophia looks younger than she is now.

The lamp's light reveals where her mind is really at: an open sketchbook sits in front of her, physically in-between Sophia and her essay to the Ivy League school.

On the page we can briefly make out the rough sketch. It's faint lines are the beginnings of a shoulder, a collarbone, a sharp jawline.

Sophia chews on the edge of her pencil, neither typing nor drawing.

## INT. SOPHIA AND DOREEN'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Sophia and her mother, DOREEN (early 30s), sit across from each other in their cramped but cozy kitchen. A casserole dish is between them, its contents steaming.

DOREEN

Your plate?

Sophia hands her mother her plate. A generous spoonful of Shepherd's Pie is scooped onto it by Doreen.

DOREEN (CONT'D)

(with a smile)

I thought this chilly weather called for one of our favorites.

SOPHIA

Someday we'll have to personally thank Rachel Ray.

A beat as the both take their first bites.

DOREEN

How was school today?

SOPHIA

It was fine. Ginny got scouted by Harvard.

(a pause)

Well, actually they saw her dive.

DOREEN

Well that might as well be the same thing in her case. Good for her, I'll have to ask her mother about it.

Sophia nods and takes another bite.

DOREEN (CONT'D)

I'm sure they're both getting excited.

SOPHIA

How was the good ol' Pediatric Center today?

DOREEN

Ya know, gave out a few stickers and lollipops.

(a pause)

Anyway... Speaking of Harvard, guess what came in the mail today?

But before Sophia even has a chance to play along, her mother pulls a brochure from Harvard out from the invisible magic hat on her lap.

SOPHIA

Hey, finally.

DOREEN

This is great, Hun, they want you!

SOPHIA

I mean, they could be sending those to everyone.

DOREEN

Harvard doesn't waste their high-quality paper on *everyone*.

SOPHIA

Well then they could be sending them to everyone at Dilworth.

DOREEN

I think you should be proud.

SOPHIA

I'm not in yet.

DOREEN

I know but most people have to show  
a lot of interest to get Harvard  
even to look at them.

Sophia shrugs.

SOPHIA

Can I see it?

DOREEN

Oooh did you know their acceptance  
rate is only 7 percent?

SOPHIA

Yeah, I did actually.

DOREEN

I knew they were low but...

SOPHIA

I uhh...

Sophia scratches her head. She looks lost int he anticipation  
of her next thought.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

My art teacher recommended I enter  
some of my work in one of  
Savannah's art competitions.

Doreen shifts attention from the brochure and adjusts her  
glasses to look at her daughter.

She puts on a smile.

DOREEN

That's great sweetie.

SOPHIA

He's pretty tough, critical really.  
I don't think he would recommend it  
to everyone.

Doreen nods but she's already been sucked back into the  
wonder Harvard.

Sophia sighs and rests her fork. The clink of metal on  
porcelain.

The steam rising from her plate.

INT. DILWORTH PREPARATORY SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING

Ginny and Sophia are walking down the hallway, getting bumped and jostled here and there by shoulders and book bags.

From out of nowhere, a football comes flying over their heads. It slips right into the hands of a guy in front of his locker - someone clearly saw it coming.

GINNY

But did you feel good about it?

SOPHIA

I think so... I just tend to overthink anything that's multiple choice.

GINNY

I just have to beat my Dad.

SOPHIA

What was his score?

GINNY

On a 1600 scale, I think he got a 1540.

SOPHIA

Wow, near perfect.

GINNY

I have a lot to live up to.

Ginny pulls an orange out of a pocket of her backpack and starts to peel it.

GINNY (CONT'D)

If I did poorly, I think I'll just have to blame the quarterback.

Sophia laughs. Ginny picks off a piece of the orange just as Sophia puts out a hand to take one - they have this down to a science.

SOPHIA

What do you mean?

GINNY

You know I have a huge crush on Lance, and he was there! Sitting right behind me. I can't remember what I did to my hair that day... Ponytail?

SOPHIA

Since when do you care what the  
quarterback thinks of your hair?

GINNY

I care about what he thinks of *all*  
of me.

SOPHIA

(shaking her head)

Hey... I've been thinking about  
something.

They stop by a doorway. Sophia glances over her shoulder and we see various clay sculptures and paintings strewn about. She focuses her attention back on Ginny.

GINNY

Shoot.

SOPHIA

I think I want to apply to art  
school.

GINNY

Oh! I can see it now: Harvard grad  
by day, world renown artist by  
night.

Ginny shoves the orange peel back into her backpack.

GINNY (CONT'D)

I mean it though, that would be a  
cool side job. And you've got the  
passion for it.

SOPHIA

Why does it have to be a side job?

GINNY

Well, I mean you're still applying  
to Princeton and Yale, and all,  
right?

SOPHIA

I... I don't know.

GINNY

Oh, I didn't know -  
(an awkward beat)  
I didn't realize you meant *just* art  
school.

SOPHIA

I'm not sure I know what I mean yet. I just know I want it.

GINNY

And what does Doreen have to say about that?

SOPHIA

I haven't told her.

GINNY

Soph, I know you love it, and you have some pretty insane talent... but maybe you should talk to someone about it. You could ask your teacher?

Sophia scratches her head again. A nervous habit.

SOPHIA

(light-heartedly)

Yeah, ya know you're right. It would be a cool side job.

Sophia walks into her classroom just as the bell sounds.

INT. ART CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is full of everything art: canvases and paintbrushes scattered about, blocks of clay, easels and staging plates.

Sophia ties her apron into a bow behind her back. She's working on a portrait of a classmate: a girl with a round face and sharply curved brow.

She sketches the cheekbones, adds shading. She isn't that deep into the sketch, but so far it's exquisite. She's captured the intense look to her brow, balanced it with the innocence of her wide cheeks.

The art teacher, Mr. Stevens (40s), comes over to her station and surveys her work.

MR. STEVENS

Nice work. I can see your picking up on finer facial details now that you're using a live model.

SOPHIA

Thank you.

He's about to move on. Sophia calls him back, putting down her piece of charcoal and brushing off her hands.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)  
Mr. Stevens, can I talk to you  
about something?

MR. STEVENS  
Of course.

He gestures for Sophia to follow him and pulls a chair up to his desk for Sophia.

MR. STEVENS (CONT'D)  
What can I do for you Ms. Coleman?

SOPHIA  
Well, you mentioned an art  
competition to me the other day.

MR. STEVENS  
I did. I think you've got some  
incredible skill when it comes to  
portraits. You have an eye for  
detail and emotion. A lot of people  
just draw faces. You draw  
expressions.

SOPHIA  
Thank you, Mr. Stevens.

He nods. There's a moment of silence. And then she goes right for the punch:

SOPHIA (CONT'D)  
I was wondering what you think of  
art as a career?

As if actually struck, but without the violence, Mr. Stevens shifts in his seat.

MR. STEVENS  
Is this your own heart that's  
asking?

SOPHIA  
I mean -

MR. STEVENS  
You want to pursue your passion for  
art?

SOPHIA  
(hesitantly)  
Yes.

MR. STEVENS  
No need to be shy. There's no shame  
in that.

SOPHIA  
But I'm supposed to go the  
Princeton, or Yale. Or Harvard!

MR. STEVENS  
And all of those things can still  
be done.

Another moment of silence. Again, Sophia seems lost in her  
next thought.

SOPHIA  
What if, well...

Sophia scratches her head again. She looks at him. Still, he  
waits for her to speak.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)  
It's just that - what if I don't  
want all of them?

Mr. Stevens breathes heavily. He's filled in the blanks.

MR. STEVENS  
A career in art is doable.  
Especially for someone like you -  
intuitive, driven. But...  
(a beat)  
It's also hard. A lot of people  
like to draw. You must learn how  
stand out.

SOPHIA  
But you think I... You think it's  
viable?

MR. STEVENS  
Ms. Coleman, any path you take has  
the potential to be both viable and  
not. It all depends on how you  
shape it. If you desire to make a  
living on your art, then I think  
that is perfectly viable.

Another moment of silence. And then:

MR. STEVENS (CONT'D)  
 (light-heartedly)  
 I'm living proof, aren't I?

The blank expression Sophia had maintained this whole time softens into a smile.

INT. SOPHIA AND DOREEN'S KITCHEN - AFTER SCHOOL

Doreen is twirling the wire of the phone in her fingers. Yep, this is old school.

DOREEN  
 'm sorry?

Sophia walks into the house, her backpack only hanging on by one shoulder. Her eyes MEET HER MOTHER'S.

Doreen squints her brow. Sophia lingers, flipping through a pile of mail on the counter.

Her hands freeze. We can just make out a purple banner and curly font: Manmuth Fine Art Academy.

DOREEN (CONT'D)  
 ...a pamphlet?

Sophia's eyes dart back to her mother.

DOREEN (CONT'D)  
 I'm sorry Miss, but I think you  
 have the wrong number...  
 (a pause)  
 Yes, I do have -

Sophia's bag falls to the ground with a CLUMP. Her feet hurry to Doreen.

DOREEN (CONT'D)  
 ...a daughter.

Sophia gestures for her mother to hand her the phone. She looks impatient.

DOREEN (CONT'D)  
 Ya know, here's my daughter now,  
 why don't I have you speak with  
 her?... Thanks, bye-bye.

Doreen smiles as if the person receiving her goodbye can see her. She hands Sophia the phone.

Sophia takes it with a rush of energy. Doreen puts her hands on hips, watching her daughter as she grips the purple pamphlet.

She takes a step closer, only now revealing more of the pamphlet's details: a cartoon mammoth sits in its center, the academy mascot.

We see the words, "Become a mammoth!"

SOPHIA

Yes, yes! I did receive the pamphlet... Mm'hmm.

(a beat, a nod)

Yes, the portfolio.

(another nod)

Perfect, I look forward to it...

Thank you!

The conversation ends. Sophia pulls the phone away. She CLICKS it into the receiver.

Otherwise, there's silence as Doreen's eyes follow her.

It's so much silence it's palpable.

It's awkward.

DOREEN

Hunny, you mind telling me what's going on?

SOPHIA

Oh it's nothing. I requested information once awhile ago. I thought it would just lead me to more detail, didn't know they'd call and start sending stuff and everything.

DOREEN

When did you -

SOPHIA

(brushing it off with her hands)

Oh awhile ago. I was just curious really.

DOREEN

You aren't interested in going there, are you?

Doreen sounds more inquisitive than demeaning. Sophia continues to play it cool.

SOPHIA  
No, of course not.

She picks up her bag and walks out the kitchen with life to her step.

Doreen brushes it off with a shake of her head. She picks up the pamphlet. We leave her as she studies it.

INT. RETRO ICE CREAM PARLOR - DAY

Sophia is standing in front of the teal-colored counter of the local, retro ice cream parlor.

SOPHIA  
Mint chocolate chip, please.

The woman on the other side of the counter answers with a smile. She begins to scoop.

A YOUNG MAN wearing a leather jacket puts his face up close to Sophia's.

YOUNG MAN  
Baaaasic.

Sophia jabs his shoulder. This is her friend HARVEY (18).

SOPHIA  
Your jacket's basic, punk.

Harvey draws back with a large intake of the breath. He's clearly not really offended.

The woman hands Sophia her ice cream. She looks at Harvey next. As Sophia grabs napkins and walks toward a table:

HARVEY  
Mint chocolate chip, please.

Sophia settles onto the kind of red stool classic of anything retro. Harvey joins her as he puts his wallet into the back pocket of his jeans.

SOPHIA  
Thanks by the way.

HARVEY  
Anything for my love.

Sophia laughs. It's a bit awkward.

HARVEY (CONT'D)  
Sorry, I didn't mean to -

SOPHIA  
No, come on Harvey we're past any awkwardness. But really, I don't know what you see in the girl you used to share an EasyBake Oven with.

(a beat)  
Any boyfriends on the radar threatening to take my spot in your heart?

HARVEY  
Can't say there are.

The two share a look that seems to express more understanding between the two than any words ever could.

SOPHIA  
What about Ben? Didn't you guys hit it off?

HARVEY  
Eh, he wasn't as good at the EasyBake Oven.

Sophia rolls her eyes.

HARVEY (CONT'D)  
But don't worry, I'm certainly keeping my eyes open.

Harvey digs around for the perfect scoop of ice cream.

SOPHIA  
Can I talk to you about something?

HARVEY  
Isn't that why we're here?

SOPHIA  
Yeah, but I mean something more serious than ice cream.

HARVEY  
You know you never have to ask.

SOPHIA

I think I want to apply to art school. I've been looking into Manmuth Fine Art Academy, up in Rhode Island.

HARVEY

Hold up - you're leaving me for Little Rhody?

SOPHIA

Well that depends on if I can get my mother to bite.

HARVEY

Oh fuck Doreen.

SOPHIA

Harvey!

HARVEY

I'm kidding - kind of. As much I don't want you to leave me for a lesser state, I think you should go for it.

SOPHIA

It isn't that easy.

HARVEY

You've been a little Picasso since age five.

SOPHIA

I know, I know. But... what about my Dad?

HARVEY

...What about him? Honestly, were he sitting at this table today, God bless his soul, I think he would agree with me.

SOPHIA

I know he would.

(a beat)

But he's not here now. And now all I have is his inheritance that my mother inherited.

HARVEY

That was a pretty hefty bag of gold, if I remember correctly.

SOPHIA

It was. But that's the problem.  
It's not enough to let my mother  
have a day off every once in  
awhile. And yet it's enough to keep  
us going, to keep her determined to  
make good use of the money.

HARVEY

And what's good use?

Harvey adds air quotes around the words "good use" as he  
chews on his ice cream. Yeah, he's the kind of person who  
does that.

SOPHIA

You know what it is. Exactly what  
they planned it to be - together:  
my freaking education.

HARVEY

Doesn't art school count as that?

SOPHIA

Nope. Not enough numbers involved.  
Not enough stability.  
(another beat)  
And I'm good at numbers. So why  
would I throw that away - a  
financially stable future - for  
some pencils and paintbrushes?

HARVEY

Because you love it.

SOPHIA

Well that doesn't work for Doreen.

HARVEY

You have to make it work. Make her  
see it like you do.

SOPHIA

I'm working on it.

HARVEY

First, eat your ice cream, girl.  
It's practically soup.

Sophia obliges.

SOPHIA

Harvey, would you mind modeling for  
me?

HARVEY

You can paint me like one of your french girls any day.

SOPHIA

I'm serious! I think using real people as my models really helps me with form and stuff.

For the first time during this conversation, Harvey looks hesitant.

HARVEY

Well... I'm flattered, really. But I don't think I'm the kind of subject you're looking for.

SOPHIA

What do you mean?

Harvey leans in and gestures, as if she's supposed to understand without him spelling it out.

HARVEY

Ya know.

SOPHIA

Know what?

HARVEY

(nervously)  
I'm not a girl.

Sophia leans back into her seat, taken aback.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

Oh come on, you really haven't noticed?

SOPHIA

I mean, I guess, but what does that matter? Maybe I'm just drawing what I know best.

(a pause)  
Because *I'm* a girl.

HARVEY

I think it's more than that.

SOPHIA

Well isn't someone pushy today.

Harvey dramatically piles into his mouth the last chunk of his mint chocolate chip ice cream.

HARVEY  
I'm always pushy.

SOPHIA  
And what are you getting at?

HARVEY  
You know what. I'm not spelling it  
out for you.

Sophia stays leaning back against her seat. Harvey picks her half-eaten ice cream up from the table and offers it to her.

Sophia just looks at him.

INT. SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Ginny is sitting on a wooden stool, turned slightly away from Sophia. The light coming in the window illuminates her face and form beautifully. She's a natural.

Sophia stands behind a small easel, sketching the contours of Ginny.

On the floor beside her feet is a box of charcoal pencils made for sketching and an opened-pack of thin canvases.

SOPHIA  
Thanks for agreeing to this, by the  
way.

GINNY  
Oh my gosh of course. You know I  
love I love to help out.

Then with a pose:

GINNY (CONT'D)  
And show off my beauty.

Sophia laughs. She adds some sketching to Ginny's lips, emphasizing the upward tilt we just saw when she smiled as she talked.

There's nothing romantic in the air, but there's definitely something sensuous to be found in the careful translation of detail from the model to the canvas.

Yet adding to the staged lighting is Sophia's giraffe-shaped desk lamp - a symbol of youthful innocence.

SOPHIA  
So have you finished any of your  
applications yet?

Ginny pinches the air between her thumb and index finger:

GINNY  
I am *this* close. Mostly just  
tweaking essays.  
(a sigh)  
But god you might have to press the  
submit button for me for Harvard.

SOPHIA  
Relax, I have no doubt you'll get  
in. They saw you dive, remember?

Ginny considers this for a moment.

GINNY  
... That's true.

SOPHIA  
And even if they don't, I'm sure  
one of the Ivy's will.

Ginny, breaking the promise of a model with a movement once  
again, straightens and leans forward.

GINNY  
Yeah but do I really care about the  
rest of them?

Sophia steps forward and repositions Ginny. The sunlight  
outlines her left side in a glow.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
Sorry.

But before Sophia goes back to the world behind her easel,  
she puts two hands on Ginny's shoulders and looks her  
straight in the face.

SOPHIA  
There is much more to life than a  
school that doesn't even have a  
real mascot.

GINNY  
A pilgrim is a mascot!

SOPHIA  
Yeah so intimidating.

GINNY

Mascots don't have to be  
intimidating ya know.

(a pause)

Maybe Harvard just sees beyond the  
frivolity of sports competitions.

SOPHIA

I highly doubt Harvard sees beyond  
the competition of anything. And  
besides, you love sports.

GINNY

Mostly just swimming.

SOPHIA

That's a sport.

GINNY

God I hope they give me a swimming  
scholarship. If they accept me of  
course.

SOPHIA

Hey we can't always have  
everything... But, they will.

Sophia adds some shading to what we can now see are the  
beginnings of Ginny's cheekbones.

Ginny glances down and smooths out her skirt. Whens she looks  
back up, as if on queue, the sunlight catches on her left  
cheekbone. The golden hour has proven beautiful. And so has  
the model.

Sophia freezes. Her eyes STAY STILL on that left cheekbones.  
She moves her lips as if to speak, but nothing comes out.

GINNY

You okay?

Sophia snaps out of it with a shake of the head.

SOPHIA

(light-heartedly)

Yeah, sorry, wasn't sure what part  
to shade next.

Ginny's expression falls into a matching light-hearted smile.

GINNY

Can I see it? Do you mind?

SOPHIA

Of course.

Sophia puts down her piece of charcoal. Carefully, she picks up the canvas and turns it, resting its back against her chest and stomach.

GINNY

Wow - it's gorgeous.

(a beat)

And there's no way that's just me.  
You have some real talent.

SOPHIA

Maybe. But I like to think the  
artist only enhances the natural  
beauty of the subject.

Their eyes meet. It's like there's a moment between them.  
They hold this way for a second.

And then whatever the moment was is over: Ginny quickly turns her head over her shoulder, itching her back and picking off a fuzzy.

Sophia sets the canvas back onto the easel.

GINNY

So are you still thinking about art school?

SOPHIA

Yeah, I am actually... I brought it up with Harvey, and he seemed to really think I should go for it.

GINNY

Oh of course he would.

SOPHIA

Have I told you what school it is that I'm looking at?

Ginny shakes her head.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

It's Manmuth Fine Art Academy. Up in Rhode Island.

GINNY

Rhode Island? Ha - what did your boy have to say about that?

SOPHIA  
He was all like: "You're leaving me  
for Little Rhody?!"

Both laugh.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)  
But he's not my boy.

GINNY  
I know...  
(a beat)  
And does this Mammoth place even  
have a mascot?

SOPHIA  
They do, in fact. It's a mammoth.

Ginny scrunches up her face in playful mockery.

GINNY  
*Mammoths?!?*

SOPHIA  
Oh shut it, it's better than a  
pilgrim!

Both resolve into a light-hearted smile again.

GINNY  
Well, for what it's worth, despite  
the fact that I still worry about  
how you're going to get Doreen on  
board, I agree with Harvey. If it's  
what you really want, and what will  
make you happy, then I also really  
think you should go for it.

SOPHIA  
Thanks.

Sophia picks up her charcoal pencil.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)  
That actually means a lot to hear  
you say that.

She goes back to shading.

INT. SOPHIA AND DOREEN'S DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Doreen is working with a mess of small white pieces of paper scattered about the table. Although at this moment it looks as if she is merely staring at them.

A closer look reveals that the "white scraps" are actually bills. The lighting is dim.

Sophia and Ginny pass by the doorway as Ginny is on her way out. Doreen cranes her neck to see.

Whether they didn't see her at first or just didn't want to we will never know... but then Ginny's back, a head in the doorway.

With a light-hearted smile, as always:

GINNY

Thanks for having me Doreen.

Equally cheerful:

DOREEN

Anytime, Ginny, you know that.

We see Doreen flip through some papers as Ginny steps out. The CLICKS of the front door being shut and locked.

Sophia is about to walk past the doorway when:

DOREEN (CONT'D)

Hey.

Sophia stops and looks at her mother, says nothing.

DOREEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry if I've been pushy lately.

Still no response.

DOREEN (CONT'D)

It's just that I've been working hard...

(a pause)

And I know you have to of course.  
It's just -

Doreen scratches her head - like mother like daughter.

SOPHIA

You don't have to apologize.

DOREEN

I just want a good life for you.  
Mine wasn't bad, growing up. We  
weren't wealthy but we weren't  
poor...

(laughing to herself)

...God, I remember, you're  
grandmother used to take us into  
town on "special occasions" - these  
were generally whenever she was in  
a decent mood - and we would get to  
ask for one thing fun.

(a pause)

I started out just buying candy and  
such. But once I got a little older  
I'd ask her to buy me forty-  
fives... ya know, the smaller  
records -

Now interested, now taking a few steps into the room:

SOPHIA

I know what they are.

DOREEN

...I just don't want you to have to  
end up wishing me dead too, ya  
know? Inheritance and compensation,  
and our other relatives - it's all  
worked in our favor... but it's no  
easy way to live.

Sophia walks behind her mother and folds her arms across her  
shoulders. She rests her head on Doreen's right shoulder.

It's not words of love or anything but it's a moment. It's  
the best we're going to get.

INT. SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sophia is spooning cheerios into her mouth.

On her computer screen is an application for Manmuth. She  
stares at the screen for a moment, cheerio in hand.

She presses "Apply Now."

INT. SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - EVENING

It's nearly a mirror image of the last time we saw them like this: Ginny is sitting on a stool, and Sophia's behind the easel. She's shading some charcoal lines with the bottom left part of her palm.

This time, Sophia's expression is different. Her brow is scrunched and she bites her lip.

GINNY

Should I turn a bit more this way?

Ginny swivels, causing the evening light to spread further across her face and left side. She's wearing a bulky red sweater.

GINNNY

Maybe it's the lighting?

SOPHIA

It's not...

(a pause)

I don't what it is. I just literally can't draw you right now. It's like I'm reverting back to stick figures.

GINNY

What part of me can't you draw?

A wider look at the canvas reveals a beautifully drawn sketch of most of Ginny's face and the beginnings of her right side - about down to the hip.

But the whole thing is tinged grey, charcoal lines smudged here and there - a sign of heavy erasing.

SOPHIA

It's your body. I've been drawing a lot more faces recently instead of, (gesturing with her hands) ya know, the whole body. But isn't this supposed to be like riding a bike?

GINNY

Maybe it would help if you wore a helmet.

Sophia ignores her.

Instead, she picks up the canvas and turns it toward Ginny. Ginny tilts her head to ponder it.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
(excitedly)  
I know.

And suddenly she's lifting up her sweater. Because it's Ginny, of course there's no bra underneath.

She lets the sweater plop to the floor with a laugh.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
...What?

Ginny moves into a playful pose, the sunlight now falling across her chest and shoulders, and a little on her chin.

Keeping the innocently made but nonetheless sensual pose in tact for a moment:

GINNY (CONT'D)  
Now all you have to do is draw what  
you see.

Sophia's still, the canvas frozen in her hands.

After a moment of the silence, Ginny glances toward Sophia. The movement is only slight, as if she's trying not to break the pose.

She sits up straight, focusing back on Sophia now.

With a nervous laugh:

GINNY (CONT'D)  
You alright?

Sophia shakes it off with a shake of the head:

SOPHIA  
(smiling)  
Yeah... Just wasn't expecting that,  
that's all.

GINNY  
Eh, I'm sure it's nothing you've  
never seen before.

Sophia looks as though she's about to speak, but again there is only silence.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
Don't you draw this all the time?

SOPHIA

I mean, not usually with real people. I've only ever used real models in my art elective.

Sophia sets the canvas back on the easel. Picking up her piece of charcoal, she begins to take another shot at drawing Ginny.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Otherwise it's all just in my head.

We follow the her hand as it draws the outer counter of Ginny's left side.

Although she seems to draw the form with ease now, her hand is SHAKING slightly.

INT. SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Sophia is TAPPING on her leg. The evening's golden hour has faded into the night.

She's sitting crossed-legged on her floral bedspread, phone in hand. We hear it ringing.

On the nightstand beside her bed is a stack of books and papers. We can just make out the beginning of the word "Princeton" on a brochure. "Yale" sits above it.

On the top, smiling at us, is a mammoth.

OTHER LINE

Hello?

SOPHIA

Harvey! Hey.

HARVEY

Hey girl, what's good?

Although we cannot see him, we hear him clearly.

SOPHIA

I need to ask you something.

HARVEY

Shoot.

SOPHIA

When did you know?

HARVEY

When did I knowww... what?

There's a pause. Sophia scratches her head.

SOPHIA

When uh - when did you know you were... bi?

HARVEY

I just knew.

Silence again. It's as if Sophia doesn't buy it.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

I know it sounds corny, but it's true. The moment I first had to tell myself I *wasn't*, that's when I knew.

(a pause)

Why? Do -

But before he can continue, Sophia cuts him off.

SOPHIA

Thanks, Harvey.

Sophia hangs up.

She gets off her bed. She kneels down, and out from under her bed she pulls a roll of heavy duty paper. Unrolling it, Sophia sees portraits.

The one on top is a detailed drawing of a face, becoming less detailed as the drawing continues downward. Yet we can clearly make out a female body.

Flipping to the next one, we see another woman. This time, it's the face that's lacking.

Sophia looks under her bed again. She pulls out a pile of drawings, this time not rolled up. The top one has color. Giving life to Sophia's already passionately-made sketches, water color paint takes the place of shading.

A few cool blues light faces like the moon.

Pinks and peaches on the shoulders.

A darker line just under a figure's breast.

It's clearly female.

Sketch after sketch, painting after painting - female.

None of the drawings or paintings are very graphic. They mostly consist of vague sketches, detailed here and there in the eyes or in the nose or in the knees.

But again, there's no denying a sensuous nature to them, even if not drawn with this in mind. They all contain gently-curved shoulders, chests, hips.

After flipping through various pieces of her art, most of them being only in charcoal rather than paint, Sophia sits on her floor surrounded.

About her lie the female-centered drawings, nearly circling her at this point.

A single tear rolls down her cheek.

INT. DILSWORTH PREPARATORY SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

The same English teacher from the opening scene is standing in front of a chalkboard. She's writing character names for the Taming of the Shrew.

A SLOUCHED-OVER BOY coughs. He glances at Sophia. Sitting at the desk next to his, she's studiously doodling. Again, she's focused.

This time, we see what she's drawing.

We can clearly see the face as it comes into detail, and she just begins to make out the girl's torso.

It kind of looks like Ginny.

TEACHER

Can anyone tell me what was revealed about our main character in last night's reading? And how this affects this affects their perception of him?

Just like in the first scene, we can hear the sounds of Sophia's pencil on her paper. The boy glances at her again. Then he raises his hand.

But his voice is muffled. We can hardly even make out his words.

SLOUCHED-OVER BOY

Well... it's funny because he's

Pencil on paper.

SLOUCHED-OVER BOY (CONT'D)  
But to the noble...

We see the teacher nod in approval. But we hear more pencil.

Another look as Sophia finishes the facial details. She begins shading more of the torso.

SLOUCHED-OVER BOY (CONT'D)  
But because he kept it a secret...  
the nobleman...

Pencil on paper.

A shaded shoulder.

The vague beginning of a breast.

That natural smile.

It's Ginny.

SLOUCHED-OVER BOY (CONT'D)  
All in all, I think it made me  
sympathize with a little more.

TEACHER  
Mmhmm, thank you Blake.

She peaks over the rim of her glasses at Sophia lost to her own world.

TEACHER (CONT'D)  
Maybe, to help us get a better  
visual, Sophia could show us what I  
can only assume is a drawing of the  
scene.

We stay locked on the teacher and her knowing expression. But the sound of the pencil stops immediately.

Heads turn. Sophia's hands instinctively cover the drawing.

TEACHER (CONT'D)  
Or maybe a portrait of our  
nobleman?

SOPHIA  
Um...

But she let's the sentence hang and, moving her hands ever so slightly stares down at her paper. The slouching boy leans over a bit. Whether or not he gets a clear shot of what she was drawing, he smirks.

TEACHER

Could you show us, Ms. Pennebaker?

Just like with her own mother, the silence is palpable.

SOPHIA

I'm not sure that's a good idea.

There's a silence again. We hear a slight laugh escape one of Sophia's peers, and the teacher squints.

For a moment, it seems like it's over. Surely many of them would recognize Ginny. And she had just begun vaguely drawing her chest.

But surprisingly Sophia is let off the hook.

TEACHER

(exasperated)

Very well.

(a pause)

Perhaps you could at least give us your own opinion of our secret nobleman?

SOPHIA

Well, because the audience knows more than the nobleman our secret one is tricking, it gives the whole thing a sense of dramatic irony.

Again, the teacher's expression softens. There's no doubting that she doesn't expect Sophia to be able to answer her questions, but she really shouldn't be surprised at this point.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

It made everything he said much more potent - every deceit.

TEACHER

Very good. In fact, dramatic irony is a term I'd planned on introducing later today.

As the teacher turns back to the chalkboard, we fast forward to books being closed and back bags being slung onto shoulders.

Students look at papers as they shove them into their bags. Sophia's is marked with an A-.

Bag over her shoulder, she's about to head out of the room when:

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Sophia?

Sophia turns.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Could I have a minute?

SOPHIA

Sure.

Paper still in hand, Sophia walks up to her teacher, who removes her glasses. It's about to get serious.

TEACHER

I'm a bit concerned...

(a pause)

You have some great instinct. And your paper, it was magnificent...

In general, her demeanor shows she is at a loss for words.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

You're very talented, I don't think you even need me telling you that. And I know you're a senior. You've made it quite far in a very rigorous institution... which again, I'm sure you don't need me reminding you of this.

(another beat)

But to do it with your grades is impressive. Many students can't maintain such a high GPA...

She taps the frame of her glasses against her leg and leans back against a low table positioned in the front center of the room.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

However, I'm wondering if you could show me what you were drawing.

SOPHIA

Oh, I -

TEACHER

It's less a question, Sophia, and more of a polite demand.

Sophia nods and, sitting down her bag, pulls out the spiral notebook she'd been drawing in.

She flips through the pages and settles on the one with a small sketch of Ginny in the upper right corner.

In a nearly cliché style, the teacher clears her throat, lifts her glasses to her eyes, and studies the drawing.

Peeking over the rim again, she looks at Sophia.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

I thought I was concerned before -  
should I be more concerned now that  
I see what you're drawing?

In the heat of the moment:

SOPHIA

It's for a project.

The teacher raises her eyebrow.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

For my art elective.

TEACHER

Your art teacher asked you to draw  
this?

SOPHIA

Well, no, but we're currently  
focusing on human subjects... I  
thought bringing down to it's most  
basic form might help me.

Clearly, Sophia's good on her feet.

With a sigh, the teacher hands back her notebook. While doing so:

TEACHER

Well, I'm not sure it's entirely  
appropriate... I see your point,  
but as an authoritative figure of a  
young student, I might be included  
to report this... *if* I see it  
again. You've got talent in more  
ways than one, Sophia. But don't  
let this get in the way of your  
studies.

(a beat)

It would be quite a shame to see an  
academic achievement like yours go  
to waste.

Luckily, Sophia hadn't gotten too far into the sketch.

INT. SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Sophia stands behind her easel. Only this time, the subject sitting on the stool isn't Ginny.

It's Harvey. Don't worry, he's clothed.

He seems to be intently focused on Sophia as she marks her canvas. She's equally focused on her canvas, but she's much less at ease than we've seen her before when she's sketching.

Another line is drawn. We can see the beginnings of Harvey's face, but there's a lot of muddied greyness about it and below that. It's clear she's been erasing a lot.

Harvey TAPS his leg with his index finger. Despite the comfort they've displayed with each other so far, this whole thing seems a bit more awkward.

Suddenly, Sophia erases something quite vigorously.

Harvey bites his lip.

They can both tell this isn't going too well.

Sophia's next charcoal line is added as harshly as the previous one was erased.

HARVEY

Soph...

But she doesn't take her eyes off her easel.

Another line added with more intensity than necessary.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

Sophia.

(a pause)

You don't have to -

SOPHIA

I should be able to do this Harvey.  
I can draw guys too.

HARVEY

I know... I know you can.

He sighs and breaks the stillness of his pose.

SOPHIA

Hey, don't move! I need -

HARVEY

I think you're psyching yourself  
out love...

Sophia gives up. With a flail of her arms, she finally takes her focus off of the easel and looks at Harvey.

SOPHIA

Why can't I do it?

HARVEY

You *can*. You just need to relax a  
bit.

Sophia scratches her head,

HARVEY (CONT'D)

Look about what I said before, at  
the ice cream parlor. Maybe I was  
wrong... Just because you draw, ya  
know, females more often it doesn't  
necessarily mean -

SOPHIA

You weren't wrong.

(a beat)

I don't really know how much you  
were right yet. But I don't think  
you were entirely wrong.

Harvey gives her a soft smile as they stay eyes locked for a moment. It's as if movement will make the fact even more real.

INT. SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's dark. We hear shuffling. It sounds like someone moving in a winter coat.

A phone lights up, 12:03 a.m., with a message from Harvey, revealing Sophia's face in its light. But she lays the phone face down without reading it.

Now more adjusted to the darkness, we can see that Sophia is laying in a sleeping bag. Beside her, in another one - pink - is Ginny.

In the tone of voice that comes with lateness and being in and out of sleep:

GINNY

You should apply to an art competition.

We hear more sleeping bag sound as Sophia repositions. She sits up a little, resting her elbow on the floor and her head on her hand.

SOPHIA

I didn't know you were still awake.

GINNY

Been having trouble sleeping lately.

After a moment of deciding whether or not Ginny would want her to harp on her lack of sleep:

SOPHIA

What makes you say, about the competition?

GINNY

I've been thinking it.

SOPHIA

Are you talking about the regional one? In Savannah?

GINNY

Any one.

SOPHIA

My art teacher actually suggested I enter too.

(a pause)

He suggested that one though.

GINNY

You should. No harm in giving it a shot.

SOPHIA

But... well, do you think they'd approve of my drawings? Like are they appropriate for a competition?

GINNY

Oh I'm sure people have turned in much weirder things before.

SOPHIA

Are you calling my stuff weird!

GINNY

(laughing)

I'm just saying! I'm sure you'd be fine.

(a beat)

I feel like there are two kinds of artists: those who draw landscapes or portraits or abstract shapes... and then there're people like you.

SOPHIA

Oh my god, Ginny!

GINNY

I don't mean it's a bad thing! It's a compliment really. And I don't mean you and your people all draw nudes. You guys just - I don't know - you draw more dangerously, passionately.

SOPHIA

Dangerously?

GINNY

You put your emotions right there on the canvas.

A moment of silence. Perhaps both of them realize the implications of what that might mean. But cutting off the moment before it gets too awkward:

GINNY (CONT'D)

I know that seems like the point of art, but I can't imagine every artist does that as well as others.

SOPHIA

Well thanks, I guess...

(a beat)

While we're on the subject, I've been meaning to talk to you about something, something I think I've been feeling.

GINNY

Okay. What is it?

SOPHIA

Well, you know what I usually draw, right?

GINNY

Of course.

SOPHIA

Well, Harvey pointed out something interesting to me the other day.

GINNY

What did he say?

SOPHIA

Well, I asked him to be my model actually, before I asked you.

GINNY

Oh?

SOPHIA

He turned it down.

GINNY

Why? Seems like something he'd enjoy, the attention-grabber that he is.

SOPHIA

He said he didn't feel like he fit the part.

GINNY

Why wouldn't he fit the part?

SOPHIA

Because he's not... a female.  
(a beat)  
He said.

GINNY

Oh.

Again, there's a moment where neither know what to say. But before the awkwardness can bloom:

GINNY (CONT'D)

And what has that made you think about?

SOPHIA

Well -

Even while laying down, Sophia ruffles her hair, scratches her head. SHE'S nervous.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)  
It's made me wonder why.

GINNY  
Why what?

SOPHIA  
Come on Ginny, you know what I'm trying to say.

GINNY  
No, I don't, actually.

SOPHIA  
Is there a reason I prefer drawing girls over guys?

GINNY  
I dunno Sophia, I mean we all have personal preferences.

SOPHIA  
I've just been feeling like there might be a deeper reason than I thought about why this is mine.

GINNY  
Have you uh, ever felt attracted to anyone, beyond the drawing? Like a girl, I mean.

SOPHIA  
I don't know... maybe.

Sophia clicks on her phone. Reflected in its light we can see the reddening color of her face.

GINNY  
Well there's nothing wrong with that. If that's how you feel, it's how you feel.

SOPHIA  
So you'd be okay with it?

GINNY  
Yeah, I guess.

SOPHIA  
Okay.

This time, the silence lasts a few beats.

GINNY

I'm actually feeling pretty tired now. I think I'm gonna try to go to sleep, okay?

SOPHIA

Sure.

As Ginny turns on her side, we stay on Sophia's face. Even in the dim light, we can see that her eyes are wide open, maybe a bit wet. She looks nowhere close to sleep.

INT. DILWORTH PREPARATORY SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING

Sophia stands leaning against a wall, other kids flying by her, some only dawdling. She's looking for someone.

Ginny breaks out of the crowd and heads in Sophia's direction.

SOPHIA

Ginny!

Ginny looks at her friend. She does a double take, actually.

GINNY

Sorry, gotta run.

She hurries through the door of her classroom right beside Sophia.

Sophia looks confused - Ginny's never early, especially not for anything school-related. She's hardly even ever on time.

INT. SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - EVENING, LATER THAT WEEK

Sophia is sitting on her bed. Open on her laptop is her application to Manmuth.

She flips to her essay-in-progress. Scrolling down, we can see she's actually made some progress. She's about to type when there's a knock at her door.

SOPHIA

Come in.

Instead of Doreen, Ginny steps through the doorway.

GINNY

(smiling)

Hi.

Sophia startles, removing her laptop from her lap and moving forward a bit.

SOPHIA

Ginny.

GINNY

Look, before you say anything, hear me out.

Ginny steps a bit further into the room, closing the door behind her. Sophia doesn't say anything, but sits crossed-legged on her bed now, listening.

GINNY (CONT'D)

I acted poorly the other night. When you told me about your feelings. And I've been acting poorly ever since. I'm sorry, Sophia.

(a beat)

I just, um, I didn't quite know how to react. I knew what you were getting at that night, you were right to call me out. And, I'll even take the risk in saying that I think I even knew you may have been talking about me...

SOPHIA

I can -

GINNY

You don't have to defend it. I should have been more supportive, first of all. You confided in me, something difficult too. I should have been more encouraging.

SOPHIA

It's okay.

GINNY

Second, I think I know a bit better how I want to react now.

Ginny takes a few slow steps forward. Sophia, confused but feeling it in the air, shuffles forward until her legs are hanging off the bed.

Ginny steps right up to the bed. Gently, she places a finger on Sophia's shoulder, runs it down to her elbow. Sophia WATCHES at first.

And then she looks up. Their eyes meet, Ginny's finger still resting on Sophia's elbow.

Sophia seems unsure.

Ginny takes Sophia's hand in hers and rests it on her own hip. Sophia, taking the cue, runs it up Ginny's back. Whether or not it was on purpose, her hand slips under the bottom of Ginny's shirt as she does this.

Ginny parts Sophia's hair and runs her hand softly down the side of her face. Resting her other hand on Sophia's thigh, she leans in.

Sophia leans up. Hesitantly, their lips meet.

After the initial meeting, it becomes a bit more passionate. They're both pulling each other closer.

And then: a knock on the door.

They jump apart just as it opens.

This time, it's Doreen.

DOREEN

Ginny, I thought you were here!  
You're just in time for dinner. Why  
don't you join us?

Ginny blushes, catching her breath.

GINNY

(nervously)  
Sure Ms. Pennebaker, thanks.

As the three begin their way out of Sophia's room and to the dining room:

DOREEN

Oh you know you can call me Doreen.

INT. SOPHIA'S ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Sophia is standing in front of her floor length mirror, adjusting her bra strap so that it stays hidden under her white summer dress. Next, she applies dark red lipstick and grabs her over the shoulder bag.

On her way out she grabs a cardigan.

EXT. LOCAL FAIR - DUSK

Sophia and Ginny walk beside each other. We see their backs, lit up by the carnival going on in front of and about them.

There are little kids scampering around. A little boy in a Superman costume runs by with a green balloon trailing on a string behind him.

There are fair sounds - game buzzers going off, the whoosh of rollercoasters, happy screams.

Still seeing their backs, we catch that movie-ready moment of the first time two people hold hands: Sophia's finger bumps up against Ginny's. Ginny's almost meets it back but it's slightly too late.

This time Ginny's finger rubs up against Sophia's. Eventually, they intertwine.

EXT. COTTON CANDY LINE - SOME MOMENTS LATER

Sophia and Ginny are about midway through the line.

GINNY

Come on, you've really never learned how to dive?

SOPHIA

I just never had a reason to!

Their voices are tinged with the giddy excitement expected of two people in a newly budding romance.

GINNY

Sorry, I don't think this can go on.

Sophia jabs Ginny in the shoulder.

SOPHIA

Oh hush! I can learn.

GINNY

From who?

SOPHIA

You can teach me, if it's that important to you.

GINNY

I just can't believe I've been best friends with someone for years who doesn't even know how to dive.

SOPHIA

Not all of us are trying to be the next swimming prodigy you know.

Taking a few steps forward:

GINNY

I know, I know. But I don't know, to me it seems like a basic skill.

SOPHIA

(laughing)

It's not. I bet most people here haven't had formal training in diving.

GINNY

Have you never gone off the diving board?

SOPHIA

Sure I have. I just don't do it head first.

Just stepping up to the counter, both giddy:

GINNY

This is unbelievable!

To the young man behind in the middle of the cotton candy booth:

GINNY (CONT'D)

One cotton candy, please.

EXT. BY THE FERRIS WHEEL - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Ginny and Sophia are sharing their cotton candy by a string-lit tree by the Ferris Wheel.

SOPHIA

Are we doing the wheel after this?

Pointing to the Ferris Wheel:

GINNY

*That?*

SOPHIA

Yeah..

GINNY

Not me. You know how I feel about heights.

SOPHIA

Wow - And you judged me for not loving to dive.

GINNY

I didn't judge you, per se. I was simply expressing my opinion.

SOPHIA

Uh huh.

GINNY

Hey we don't need the Wheel. We can entertain ourselves in other ways.

Sophia raises an eyebrow.

SOPHIA

*Here?*

GINNY

Oh get your mind out of the gutter. I'm talking about drawing. You should draw me.

SOPHIA

What makes you think I have my materials with me?

GINNY

I know you. You carry that sketchbook everywhere.

Caught, Sophia obliges. She begins to sketch Ginny, standing under the tree, lit up by its lights, pulling off bits of pink cotton candy piece by piece. The light always seems to be kind to her.

INT. SOPHIA'S ROOM - AT THAT SAME TIME

Meanwhile, Doreen comes into Sophia's room with a mesh laundry bin dragging behind her.

She's collecting Sophia's clothing off her bed, leftover from when she was getting ready for the night. A cardigan, a pair of jeans.

As she does this, her foot steps on the CORNER OF A CANVAS sticking out from under Sophia's bed.

Doreen bends down, about to shove it back under, but then she pulls it out. Looking at it, she lets the mesh laundry bin fall to the floor.

Over her shoulder, we see what Doreen has found: It's Ginny, without her sweater on.

INT. SOPHIA AND DOREEN'S DINING ROOM - MORNING

Sophia's eating breakfast. Her mother pours some orange juice as she consistently brings her eyes back to an article in the paper.

DOREEN

I think you should retake them.

SOPHIA

A 1990 isn't bad, Mom.

DOREEN

But it isn't perfect, Sophia.

(an exasperated sigh)

I just - you can do better. I know you can. Besides, Yale doesn't want kids with 1900s.

Sophia lets her spoon rest on the rim of her bowl, the cheerios falling back into the milk.

SOPHIA

Since when do you know what they want?

DOREEN

It should be pretty obvious that you need to do better.

SOPHIA

Jeeze, what's your problem?

Her spoon makes a CLINK against her bowl as she lets the whole thing go and slide deeper into her bowl.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

It's not even 10 o'clock and you're already on me about the SAT's?!

Doreen sighs, her arms settling onto the counter, her head onto her hands.

DOREEN

I'm sorry. I didn't get much sleep  
last night.

EXT. SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sophia is drawing Ginny again. Ginny is shirtless.

While we can't see any lower, we don't see any sign of pants  
at her waistline.

On the canvas, it becomes clear that Sophia is drawing Ginny  
entirely nude this time. Again, there's not too much detail.  
It's not graphic.

She's using paint again, adding color to Ginny's hips and  
shadows.

INT. LOCAL POOL - ANOTHER EVENING

Ginny is waiting for Sophia by the door to the locker room in  
her one-piece swimming suit.

She's the only one in the room - it's a slow day at the pool.  
Because of the time, even the lifeguards have left. She's  
alone.

Sophia walks out of the locker room in a light purple bikini.

GINNY

Really? That's your suit?

SOPHIA

That's yours?

GINNY

All swim teams require one-pieces.

SOPHIA

Again, not all of us are trying to  
become prodigies.

GINNY

You should be, it's a great sport.  
In fact, at Harvard -

Sophia's about to step onto the diving board.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Woah woah woah! We'll start small.

Sophia lifts her arms in that way people do when they're questioning someone - palms up.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Just because you paint dangerously  
doesn't mean you should do other  
things dangerously.

As Ginny guides Sophia to the edge of the pool, her toes just barely hanging off the edge:

SOPHIA

Very funny.

Ginny positions Sophia, lifting her arms up, fingers together and pointed up and ever so slightly toward the water.

Her other hand presses firmly against Sophia's back. There's no hesitation between them now.

Ginny lets her go and slips into the water.

GINNY

Let's see what you've got.

SOPHIA

That's it? I'm ready?

GINNY

I just want to see what I'm working  
with.

SOPHIA

Ooookay.

Sophia leans forward and tries to dive. It's more of a belly flop. As she surfaces, Ginny laughs.

Sophia spits out some water, rubs her eyes. Catching Ginny laughing, she splashes her.

Ginny tries to block:

GINNY

Ah!

She backs away a bit but Sophia lunges toward her. Ginny splashes back. Sophia turns her head in an effort to avoid the water, but instead of splashing back her arms find Ginny.

She pulls Ginny closer. Ginny stops laughing as her arms loop around Sophia in return.

Their lips meet.

Ginny's head bobs under the water. She guides them a few steps toward the shallow end.

Now on their feet, Sophia presses Ginny up against the pool wall.

They kiss.

Ginny's hand finds the back of Sophia's neck, keeping her close. A bit blurry under the water, we see movement. Sophia's legs are wrapped around Ginny.

Ginny slides her hand up Sophia's back and, only briefly struggling to do it one-handedly, unties Sophia's bikini top.

INT. SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sophia sits at her desk, the only source of light being that giraffe-shaped thing.

In the glow coming from her laptop screen, we see her bite her lip. She TAPS her finger on the desk.

Now looking at the screen, we see checks in all of the boxes shown on the Manmuth application page except one: portfolio. We see that she's elected to send it physically rather than digitally.

She presses "submit."

Getting up from her desk, Sophia pulls a few of her drawings and paintings out from under her bed. In a large manilla mailing envelope, she begins to place a few of Ginny.

Digging deeper under her bed, she pulls out some portraits and other sketches featuring vague representations of the human body, this time subjects we don't recognize. They must be the subjects she made up from over the years.

She sifts through them, adding one here and there to the manilla envelope.

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Sophia and Ginny are sitting at a small table in the corner of a dimly lit restaurant. There's a candle between them, but overall the scene appears light-hearted.

Laughter comes from the bar as a bartender wipes up a spill.

Forks CLINK and CLANK as customers fill their faces with American style food: burgers, french fries, anything BBQ.

A middle-aged man spouts half-mumbled lines from a stage off to the side. A few laughs here and there. A few cheers too.

A young boy yells "encore!"

With her arms crossed nonchalantly in front of her and a small smile:

GINNY

I'd say you're ready for Harvard to come scout you too.

SOPHIA

Oh please. I never even made it to the diving board.

GINNY

Hey we made some serious progress that day.

Sophia nearly spits out her drink in a laugh.

SOPHIA

Progress huh?

Ginny winks.

The middle-aged mumbler ends his song. The restaurant gives a pretty lively round of applause. Again, a few cheers accompany. He steps off the stage.

GINNY

Should I go up?

SOPHIA

What?

Ginny fixes her gaze to the empty microphone.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Reall-

But before Sophia can even finish, Ginny's stepping up onto the stage. A man lets out an encouraging "wooo!"

Ginny studies the catalog of song choices.

Sophia leans back in her seat, focusing on her friend now in the limelight. She hides a smile with a bit to her lip.

Ginny walks to the center of the stage and cups the microphone in her hands.

In a slightly dramatic voice:

GINNY

They say we're young and we don't  
know.

Laughter erupts from Sophia. From others too. But the more Ginny sings, the more her voice transforms back into her normal pitch.

GINNY (CONT'D)

We won't find out until we grow  
Well I don't know if all that's  
true.

She sways her lips to the music. Of course she's a natural at this.

GINNY (CONT'D)

'Cause you got me,

Pointing endearingly at Sophia:

GINNY (CONT'D)

and baby I got you.

Heads turn toward Sophia. Someone in the crowd whistles.

Ginny gestures for Sophia to join her as she continues. Cheers encourage her. But she's glued to her chair, shaking her head light-heartedly. She's smiling.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Babe  
I got you babe.

Ginny walks to the edge of the stage and puts her arm out to Sophia. Sophia gives her a look of disbelief as she stands up, motioning with her arms as one does when they say "okay, okay."

GINNY (CONT'D)

I got you babe.

More cheers as Sophia joins Ginny on the stage. Another whistle.

Ginny is all smiles. As the beat continues, she nudges Sophia.

SOPHIA

...They say our love won't pay the  
rent

Her voice is shaky, and the microphone does that cliché squeaking noise that signifies a beginner. It's clear that she's not as confident in the limelight as Ginny.

As Sophia sings, Ginny stands off the side with her hands clasped excitedly in front of her mouth.

With each line, Sophia becomes a bit more at ease.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Before it's earned, our money's all  
been spent  
I guess that's so, we don't have a  
plot  
But at least I'm sure of all the  
things we got.

Ginny steps up to the microphone, making Sophia smile. All the tension is gone.

SOPHIA AND GINNY

(nearly giggling)

Babe  
I got you babe  
I got you babe.

CUT TO:

INT. GINNY'S CAR - A BIT LATER

Ginny and Sophia are making out. It's dark but we can make out their figures and hear the sounds of their movements. The sound of lips of lips, an escaped breath here and there, limbs hitting car parts.

In a sliver of silver moonlight, we catch fingers on a breast. Then lips. The back of the head belongs to Sophia. We follow Sophia's gaze to reveal Ginny's face. She looks out of breath.

Now we follow Ginny's hands. Moving across Sophia's bare back and hips, we trace them in and out of the moonlight as she carefully unbuttons Sophia's jeans.

Shift to Sophia's face as another breath escapes.

There's a brief montage:

Ginny's hand on Sophia's breast.

Pants sliding off hips.

Sophia's bare back lit up silver in the moonlight.

Ginny kissing Sophia's stomach, moving downward...

Lips on skin.

CUT TO:

INT. GINNY'S CAR - LATER

Ginny is smoothing out her shirt and fixing her hair in the rearview mirror.

SOPHIA  
You okay?

GINNY  
Of course.

SOPHIA  
You seem quiet.

GINNY  
I'm fine.

SOPHIA  
We didn't go too far did we?

GINNY  
Of course not.

But her words are less free than they usually seem. There's a bit of tension in them.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
Relax, I'm just tired is all.

And then she puts the car in the reverse.

INT. SOPHIA AND DOREEN'S KITCHEN - LATER

Sophia steps into the kitchen from outside and begins to take off her coat. She nearly misses Doreen entirely as she turns to head up the stairs, but startles when she sees her.

Doreen is waiting for her daughter, her hands on her hips.

SOPHIA  
Hey mom.

DOREEN  
I tried not to let it get to me. I tried to stay calm, to wait until you came to me, maybe...

SOPHIA  
What are you...

Sophia spots the white square in her mother's hands: a thin canvas.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)  
Mom.

DOREEN  
What are you thinking, drawing  
stuff like this? Huh?  
(a beat)  
Do you have any idea what your  
father would say?

Now she's showing her daughter the drawing, as if it's news to her too. It's Ginny, nude.

SOPHIA  
No I don't actually because you  
refuse to tell me anything about  
him.

Doreen puts a hand to her forehead, lost in thought.

Less energetically and more exasperated now:

DOREEN  
I just don't understand. What is  
this?

Sophia shakes her head, about to speak but at a loss for words.

DOREEN (CONT'D)  
Is this for class?

SOPHIA  
No. No, it's -

DOREEN  
For fun?

No answer.

DOREEN (CONT'D)  
Is this all there is? Or how often  
do you draw like this?  
(a beat)  
I mean I saw all the drawings you  
have under there. And I knew you  
liked portraits... but how long...  
(MORE)

DOREEN (CONT'D)

I just, would you mind explaining to me why you're drawing images of your friend naked?

SOPHIA

I just needed something different, that's all.

DOREEN

Something different?

SOPHIA

Yeah, I was having trouble getting the form right.

DOREEN

So naturally Ginny ended up naked in your room?

SOPHIA

Who said she was even in my room like this? How do you know I didn't just do this based off of imagination, with Ginny as an inspiration?

Doreen bites her lip and hangs her head - a look that says she sees right through the bit.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Still, it's not like you think it is.

DOREEN

Then how is it? You're 17, hun. You shouldn't be drawing this kind of stuff. Is this what you want to go to art school for?

SOPHIA

How do you know I want -

DOREEN

I'm your mother Sophia, I know you better than you think I do. Besides, I'm not blind.

SOPHIA

It was just an experiment.

There's a moment of the awkward silence that often accompanies the two.

Doreen scratches her head. Like mother like daughter.

DOREEN

I'm sorry, I was just a bit shocked to find this under my little girl's bed.

SOPHIA

(more annoyed than  
regretful)

I'm sorry too.

DOREEN

Just please promise me this is the end of this?

(a pause)

And I think I'm going to have to put a momentary ban on Ginny stepping foot in this house.

SOPHIA

What?

DOREEN

It's just temporary. I need -

SOPHIA

Ginny's banned from the house? You're right Mom, I am 17. So why are you treating me like I'm five?

DOREEN

Sophia, please. I need some time... to think.

She waves her daughter off.

Sophia shakes her head in a motion that suggests disbelief and steps loudly up the stairs.

INT. SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT NIGHT

Sophia is standing in front of her easel working on a painting. It's the first time we see her drawing anything other than a person: it's a lake, with a sailboat and a sun. It's difficult to tell whether the sun is rising or setting.

While she paints with one hand, she holds her phone up to her ear with the other.

To whoever is on the other end of the line:

SOPHIA  
Yeah, she freaked out.

CUT TO:

INT. GINNY'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Ginny sits atop her bright yellow bedspread, leaning against the wall with her phone pressed up to her ear.

GINNY  
This is so crazy...

A beat, as we hear indiscernible speech from the other end.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
So I'm banned huh?

BACK TO:

INT. SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sophia adds a baby blue stroke to the sky forming on her canvas.

SOPHIA  
I just don't know why she's acting  
so immature about it.

CUT TO:

INT. GINNY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ginny's posture, with her head titled back against the wall makes her look distressed.

GINNY  
Is it wrong that I'm embarrassed by  
the fact that your mother saw me  
like that? I mean, she's  
practically my second mother.

BACK TO:

INT. SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Swirling one streak of blue with another to create texture:

SOPHIA

Yeah I'm genuinely sorry about that. At least it was only a drawing.

(a bit suggestive)

And hey, if you ask me you have absolutely nothing to be ashamed about.

CUT TO:

INT. GINNY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ginny, still leaning against the wall.

GINNY

Ha, thanks.

(a beat)

Hey I think I'm actually gonna call it a night...

Some mumbled words from the other end of the line:

GINNY (CONT'D)

Yeah I have a huge swim meet tomorrow. And actually an interview with Harvard.

The responding mumble of words is so loud and excited this time that we can actually make out "fantastic" and "proud" from this end.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Yeah, I'm super excited, but need that beauty sleep ya know... thanks... bye.

Ginny hangs up. Still leaning against the wall, head tilted back and up as if looking for some answer in the ceiling.

INT. DILSWORTH PREPARATORY SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

We see one of Sophia's sketches of Ginny from above.

Sophia is in the Dilsworth art room, sitting in a chair, holding out this drawing. Across from her is Professor Stevens, the art teacher from earlier.

He clears his throat.

MR. STEVENS

It seems to me, Sophia, that this is less a matter of talent and more a matter of priority. You have the skill, I can see that here. Although as your teacher I must say I'm not sure I approve of the subject matter.

SOPHIA

But -

MR. STEVENS

Let me finish. I am not sure I approve of the subject matter for someone *at your age*. Have you always drawn stuff like this?

SOPHIA

Sort of, but not always as detailed.

MR. STEVENS

Perhaps, this is a sign that you're getting too preoccupied with your relationship to truly focus on your art.

SOPHIA

But I think this is the best my art has ever been.

Mr. Stevens glances again at the piece in Sophia's hands. He picks up the manilla folder on the table beside him, and flips through it. We see glimpses of more of Sophia's artwork, some of Ginny and others not.

MR. STEVENS

Your artwork, if at its best, wouldn't be causing problems in your relationships. It should have more of a calming effect, I would hope.

SOPHIA

The artwork has nothing to do with my mother and I, we've always been like this.

MR. STEVENS

Well, you said -

SOPHIA

I know what I said but you have to take it with a grain of salt. My mother and I have never had a solid relationship. It's always been bumpy. I just really hoped that maybe for once she could be on my side with something - art. But now, well now whatever hope there is of that is gone.

MR. STEVENS

Well couldn't you simply go back to drawing faces? Still life?

SOPHIA

Are you... you're siding with her?

MR. STEVENS

I'm not siding with anyone, Sophia. As your teacher, I have a moral responsibility to be weary of this situation.

SOPHIA

Why?

MR. STEVENS

Because you're young. And you have so much to discover yet about your art and yourself. And this, these -  
(gesturing to the manilla folder)  
You have talent, I know that. I see it plain as day. You just have to figure out how to use it - how do I put this - properly and effectively.

Sophia nods in a way that suggests she doesn't buy it and collects her manilla folder.

SOPHIA

Thanks, Mr. Stevens.

INT. SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Sophia slings her backpack to the ground and sets on her desk the manilla folder containing the artwork she'd shown to Mr. Stevens. Her cell phone is pressed up to her ear.

SOPHIA (TO THE OTHER END OF THE LINE)  
 I don't know how you do it Harvey,  
 dealing with all the haters.

She unbuttons her coat and sets it on her desk chair. We hear the faint muffle of Harvey's voice on the other end, but we can't make out the words.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)  
 Still, it was clear that not only  
 did he not approve of my drawings,  
 but he didn't *like* them either.

She picks up the folder and sets it down again, letting it rest just barely in her fingers.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)  
 Alright, goodnight.

Sophia hangs up.

Picking the folder back up, she flips through the drawings and the two paintings she'd included.

She stops at one. Flips back to the previous. Lets it fall again.

Her face contorts and she tilts her head. With the tips of her fingers, she pries about the drawing's edge as if expecting to find another page stuck to it.

But there isn't one.

She frantically flips through them, and at the last one stares straight ahead.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)  
 Fuck.

INT. DILSWORTH PREPARATORY SCHOOL HALLWAY - SIMULTANEOUSLY

We see legs. They're walking. Move down to see beige heels as they CLICK and CLANK down the hall.

The feet stop at a doorway.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 Goodnight, William.

From over the woman's shoulder, we see Mr. Stevens.

MR. STEVENS (O.S.)  
 Night Ms. Blaire.

The feet shuffle along. They stop again a few steps down the hall.

Just underneath a dark green locker, the corner of a piece of paper sticks out. Ms. Blaire bends down. As she picks it up, we follow the movement of her hands.

From the side, we can see that the piece of paper is actually a very thin canvas. On it is a drawing of Ginny, nude.

Ms. Blaire gasps.

Only now are we back in a normal point of view. We catch a glimpse of her shocked expression.

Ms. Blaire walks loudly down the hall and off the screen.

INT. SOPHIA AND DOREEN'S KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

Sophia stands at her kitchen counter pouring milk into a bowl of cereal.

Doreen walks in dressed in scrubs.

DOREEN  
(chipper)  
Morning.

SOPHIA  
Morning.

DOREEN  
It's a good day today. I can feel  
it.

Sophia side eyes her mom, who's putting frozen fruit into a blender. Smoothie time.

Sophia grabs her bag and coat, movements unheard above the blender. She's about to exit, but she hesitates at the door.

SOPHIA  
Sorry about the cereal.

And then she's out of the door.

Doreen looks over her shoulder while blending. She turns around completely when she realizes Sophia has left. There's a confused expression on her face.

Her eyes find Sophia's bowl of uneaten cereal on the counter.

INT. DILSWORTH PREPARATORY SCHOOL HALLWAY - A BIT LATER

A phone in a hand hangs up from dialing "Ginny" after no answer.

It's Sophia. She's speed-walking down the hall, nearly jogging.

A few rights and lefts. Then she slows.

As she does, a door a bit further down and to the left opens. Ginny storms out, head looking down and straight ahead. She rushes past Sophia.

SOPHIA

Ginny!

But Ginny doesn't stop.

Sophia hesitates for a moment, but continues in her previous direction down the hall. She stops by the doorway we just saw Ginny come out of. The plaque beside it reads "Headmaster Jameson."

She stands in front of the door for a few moments before knocking.

The door opens, revealing a man in a stiff black suit, HEADMASTER JAMESON (early 60s).

HEADMASTER JAMESON

Ms. Coleman. What a surprise.

SOPHIA

...Hi.

HEADMASTER JAMESON

Come in, come in.

He steps to the side and gestures for her to enter.

Sophia steps into:

INT. DILSWORTH HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The room is spacious and filled with mahogany furniture. A small fireplace is lit on the adjacent wall.

HEADMASTER JAMESON

Take a seat, Ms. Coleman.

She takes a seat in a plush red armchair, one of two in front of his desk. Headmaster Jameson takes a pause in front of the window before settling into his own.

One sitting behind his desk, facing Sophia:

HEADMASTER JAMESON (CONT'D)

So, is it safe to assume I know why you're here?

SOPHIA

It isn't Ginny's fault.

The headmaster's face contorts.

HEADMASTER JAMESON

I'm not asking who's responsible, Ms. Coleman. Or even who's idea it was.

SOPHIA

But it was mine... just so you know.

HEADMASTER JAMESON

Ms. Coleman -

SOPHIA

You can call me Sophia.

HEADMASTER JAMESON

... What I was going to say, is that I'm not sure what to do with you.

There's silence except for the sound of the CRINKLING FIRE.

HEADMASTER JAMESON (CONT'D)

We have a code of conduct to hold ourselves up to here at this institution. Whether inside the building or outside these walls, your behavior represents all of us here at Dilsworth Preparatory School.

(a pause)

And *your* behavior, well, I admit that I am not quite sure how to react. It isn't a situation I have dealt with thus far in my career. Others have had similar, but not me, and nothing like this.

(MORE)

HEADMASTER JAMESON (CONT'D)

Would you care to explain to me why a fellow colleague came to me with a shocked expression and this in her hands?

Jameson pulls out the canvas with Ginny on it and sets it onto the desk. Sophia's eyes rest on it for a bit before speaking.

SOPHIA

You see, Headmaster Jameson, I uhh... I was trying to practice my form. For my art elective.

HEADMASTER JAMESON

This was done on the parameters of an assignment?

SOPHIA

No no no. It wasn't, it had nothing to do with Mr. Stevens. Or Ginny. It was all me... I'd been trying to refine my skills in drawing portraits.

HEADMASTER JAMESON

It's funny, Ms. Coleman, because after revealing you as the artist, your friend told me it was actually her idea.

SOPHIA

She did?  
(a beat)  
It wasn't. It was mine.

HEADMASTER JAMESON

Fine. Whether or not you're telling me the truth, or whichever one of you is, I'm not sure it matters. Both of you have clearly partaken in this, this... activity.

SOPHIA

So what's going to happen to Ginny?

HEADMASTER JAMESON

To Ms. Stone? I also admit that I am even more at a loss for how to handle the subject of your art.

(a pause)

(MORE)

HEADMASTER JAMESON (CONT'D)

You are lucky that it was one of my colleagues that found this piece, or we could be in a lot more trouble.

More FIRE CRINKLING. Sophia shifts in her seat. She toys with the rim of her sleeve.

SOPHIA

Can I ask you something, Headmaster Jameson?

HEADMASTER JAMESON

Sure.

SOPHIA

Is it really that bad? I mean you're right, I'm lucky. *We're* lucky. But no one else saw it right? No one else knows about this. I'm not suggesting we hide it or anything, I'm just not sure why, uhh, well why we have to make a big deal out of it. It was something I did outside of school hours.

HEADMASTER JAMESON

You heard what I said a minute ago about your behavior I assume, Ms. -

SOPHIA

Yes, I understand.

There's a moment between them, a bit tense, where the headmaster realizes he was interrupted and Sophia realizes she interrupted him.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Sorry.

HEADMASTER JAMESON

Well, I think that's all we have to discuss for today. I will be in touch soon, once my colleagues and I have decided on a plan of action.

The headmaster stands and lets his gaze fall to the world outside the window again.

HEADMASTER JAMESON (CONT'D)

I really don't want to have to expel you over this.

SOPHIA  
 (taken aback)  
 Expel me?

HEADMASTER JAMESON  
 As the headmaster of an institution that is upheld by such a strict moral and professional code, and which has lived up to the academic standard expected by its mentors and students alike for decades, I must reconsider whether you are still fit to be a part of such an elite group.

SOPHIA  
 I see.

Sophia grabs her backpack and stands.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)  
 Thank you for your time, Headmaster Jameson.

As she leaves, over the sound of snuffle and the crackling of the fire:

HEADMASTER JAMESON  
 Good day, Ms. Coleman.

INT. SOPHIA AND DOREEN'S DINING ROOM - LATER THAT EVENING

Doreen and Sophia are sitting at their dinner table, another set of steaming dishes as a wall between them. Neither has food on their plate.

Sophia's arms are folded in front of her. Simultaneously:

DOREEN  
 I just don't understand.

SOPHIA  
 It must have fallen out of my folder or something.

They both look up, their gazes meet across the table.

DOREEN  
 Expulsion... I was already concerned, with your SAT scores, and now *this!*

SOPHIA

Oh for the love of God were my scores that bad? I swear everyone is blowing everything out of proportion today.

DOREEN

I just want what's best for you, you know that. You know how hard I work to make your life easier. You know how hard we worked to get you in this school. Why would you do this to me?

Silence.

DOREEN (CONT'D)

Why were you even showing that kind of thing to a teacher?

When she still gets no response:

DOREEN (CONT'D)

Sophia?

SOPHIA

I don't know. Because who else was I supposed to talk to?

DOREEN

What does that mean?

SOPHIA

You know exactly what it means! I mean god mom the closest person I have to a confidant is Harvey, but you can't dump everything on the same person all the time.

(a beat)

If Dad were here would you be like this?

Now Sophia receives the silence.

Another moment where Sophia realizes she's overstepped. She rests her head on her elbow and runs a fork along her empty plate.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Sorry, forget I said that.

DOREEN

No, tell me. What am I like?

Silence. But no fire this time. Just silence.

Sophia let's her fork rest and looks up at her mother. She's hesitant. But her mother's eyes are digging for her to speak.

SOPHIA

You're just... cold.

If she's upset, Doreen doesn't show it. Her expression is blank. But there's something seemingly sad about the blankness.

DOREEN

I'm... cold.

Doreen adjusts the position of her knife and fork. Her expression briefly waivers but she quickly pushes it back:

DOREEN (CONT'D)

Let's just eat. Or else the food will be cold too.

INT. DILSWORTH PREPARATORY SCHOOL CLASSROOM - MORNING

Sophia sits at a desk. In front of her is a booklet and a sheet with bubbles to be filled in.

Most of them aren't yet.

Time is TICKING. You can actually hear it.

Sophia glances up at the clock. Quarter of 10, a.m.

We hear the sounds of PENCILS ON PAPER.

Just then, the EXAM ADMINISTRATOR reminds them:

EXAM ADMINISTRATOR

In fifteen minutes, the first hour will be up. You have a total of two hours to complete the exam.

Sophia glances back down at her sheet of bubbles - only about a quarter of the way filled in.

She shakes her head slowly, picks up her pencil.

She pushes the bubble sheet to the side and begins to draw. All over the exam. First the outline of a head. Then a brief shoulder.

Her head rests in her hand, but there is something adamant about her strokes.

A neck. Another shoulder.

She glances up, as if feeling his eyes. The exam administrator is looking right at her. She meets his eyes, looks back at her page, and then back up at him.

She stands, bumping against her desk as she does. Her chair SCREECHES. She shuffles her coat into her arms. Everything about this is noisy.

Picking up her exam, she walks up to the exam administrator. Many heads follow the direction of her strangely confident stride.

EXAM ADMINISTRATOR (CONT'D)

Ms., you still have over an hour,  
are you sure -

SOPHIA

I'm sure.

She walks out of the classroom.

A beat as the exam administrator finally looks at the pages in his hands, featuring an extremely incomplete bubble sheet and a half-completed sketch on the booklet's open page.

We leave him as he looks back in the direction Sophia had left.

INT. SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Doreen is standing just in the doorway of Sophia's room. Her arms are folded in front of her as she leans against the wall. Her expression is more sad than angry.

She glances around.

Taking a few steps into the room, she picks up the photo of her and Sophia sitting on Sophia's desk. It's the same one we'd seen earlier. They both look happy.

Doreen SIGHS. It's a sound of exasperation.

With a new sense of purpose, Doreen snaps out of it and goes to take Sophia's trash bag out of her trash can.

PURPLE PAPER catches her eye.

Letters, the end of a word: "Muth"

Doreen picks up the purple paper and sets down the trash bag. The purple paper is actually is folder.

She opens it.

Inside is a letter addressed to Sophia. It begins:

"We are sorry to inform you that your application to Manmuth Fine Art Academy has been denied. We hope this decision will not hinder you from your pursuance in, and dedication to, the arts..."

A look back at Doreen, she has her hand up to her mouth. She blinks a few times, her eyes turning red.

EXT. DILSWORTH PREPARATORY SCHOOL CURB - A BIT LATER

Sophia is sitting on the curb outside of her school. Her posture makes her look defeated: slumped over, head in hand, legs tight together.

A white Honda Civic pulls up in front of her. She glances up, it's Doreen.

Sophia stands, takes a breath, and opens the door.

INT. HONDA CIVIC - CONTINUOUS

Sophia gets into the passenger seat without a word. She gives her mom a soft smile.

DOREEN

How did it go?

More silence.

DOREEN (CONT'D)

Ya know I never did that well on mine...

(forcing cheerfulness)

So there's always... hope.

Doreen shakes her head, dissatisfied with her own words.

Less accusatory than a blank statement:

DOREEN (CONT'D)

You should have told me about Manmuth.

Sophia's head snaps in Doreen's direction.

She shrugs.

DOREEN (CONT'D)

I was taking out your trash. And I saw the purple. I remembered it from the brochure.

A beat.

SOPHIA

I don't really wanna talk about it.

DOREEN

Okay.

Doreen motions as if about to start the car.

SOPHIA

Did you see the part like  
(mockingly)  
"we hope this doesn't affect your pursuance".

DOREEN

Yeah. It was pretty... asshole-y.

SOPHIA

Maybe it's for the best. I don't really want to learn from assholes anyway.

Doreen laughs.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

I walked out.

DOREEN

What?

SOPHIA

I walked out of the SATs. I just -  
(defeated)  
I couldn't do it. Almost an hour in and I had hardly filled out 10 bubbles.

The brief moment of rapport between them has taken a moment of familiar silence.

DOREEN

I don't know what to say.

SOPHIA

(beat)

Well, that works for me because I think I'd rather you not say anything.

Doreen starts the car and begins to pull away from the curb.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Really? That easy? That's it?

DOREEN

What's that supposed to mean?

SOPHIA

I just didn't think I'd bet let off that easy.

DOREEN

I'm not in arguing mood today.

Doreen keeps her eyes glued to the road in front of her as they drive home.

INT. RETRO ICE CREAM PARLOR - AFTERNOON

Harvey and Sophia are back at the same ice cream parlor we saw them at before. This time, however, both of them are holding almost empty cups of ice cream.

The scraping of a spoon on plastic.

SOPHIA

I'm serious Harvey. I've messed up.

HARVEY

Oh come on now.

SOPHIA

Hey, like you asked, I finished my ice cream before I let loose the beginnings of my depressive rampage.

HARVEY

That doesn't mean I'm happy to hear it.

Sophia gives Harvey a look.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

Oh you know what I mean. I'm happy to hear anything you have to say. I just don't like it when you're sad.

SOPHIA

Then help me. What do I do?

HARVEY

I...

(beat)

I don't know, Sophia. I don't, and I really wish I did.

SOPHIA

Am I that much of a heathen for drawing a naked body?

Harvey looks like he is about to speak, but she keeps going before he can:

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

I mean, I get it. I'm only 17 and all. And I probably shouldn't bring that sketchbook with me to church. But I've just never understood why I have to feel like my artwork is so taboo. And I have *always* felt that, because I've been putting those canvases under my bed since the beginning. I just think it's all kind of stupid.

(a pause)

The human body doesn't *have* to be sexual. I mean, of course it can be, and it often is. But I just don't think it has to be. When I sketch - all my sketches - it never was about that for me. I've always found it more beautiful than anything. People, without the clothing that masks who they are. People in their raw, honest form. What isn't beautiful about that?

HARVEY

(shrugs)

I'm stumped.

SOPHIA

And Doreen. She doesn't even seem that mad anymore. I don't know what she is.

HARVEY

Maybe she's finally coming around?

SOPHIA

That's funny, but you and I both know my mother never comes around.

HARVEY

Hey, people change sometimes.

SOPHIA

Maybe. But then there's Ginny...

HARVEY

Look, Sophia. You're my girl. My easy-bake-oven-sharin' girl. You know that. You know I'd never want to overstep my easy-bake boundaries... But, and I know this probably seems impossible, but maybe Ginny just isn't *the* girl. There are many other girls out there who would be lucky to be drawn by you.

SOPHIA

Thanks.

(shrugs)

It's not even really about that though - about her being *the* girl. I just, well I didn't expect it to end like this... in silence.

(a beat)

That's how me and my mom end things, not me and Ginny. And the worst part is that I don't even know if it's all because of the sketch or if it's something else.

HARVEY

Maybe it's better that way? She'd be a fool to write my girl off either way.

Sophia gives a soft smile. Her expression has lightened.

SOPHIA

You know I'm not your girl Harvey...

HARVEY

Sophia Coleman, you will always be my girl.

This elicits another smile from Sophia. Another look of understanding between them.

SOPHIA

What if she never talks to me again?

HARVEY

She will.

A beat.

SOPHIA

Ya know, I've been meaning to tell you - I didn't get into the Art Academy in Rhode Island.

HARVEY

You're kidding. I'm so sorry.

SOPHIA

(playing it off)

It's okay. Maybe it's for the best ya know.

HARVEY

Have you head back from any others?

SOPHIA

That's the thing - I never actually got around to applying to anything else.

HARVEY

Oh. There's still time though, right?

SOPHIA

There should be. Ya know, it's funny. More than not getting in - I mean, that hurt, that sucked - but what bothers me more right now is that I don't know if it's because I wasn't good enough or because they didn't like what I drew. And I don't know which is worse.

HARVEY

Well they're jerks if it's the latter. And just plain wrong if it's former. But for what it's worth it's their loss, all of Little Rhody will be missing out.

Sophia sets her empty cup on the table with a sigh and studies her friend.

SOPHIA  
Thanks... for everything.

HARVEY  
(with a wink)  
Anytime.

A beat.

HARVEY (CONT'D)  
So, you're okay then?

SOPHIA  
I'll get there.

Sophia FIDGETING with the rim of her cup.

INT. SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - A BIT LATER

A SKETCH of Ginny. A bunch of sketches. All scattered about the floor. Just like we saw them before. This time there are more.

The lighting is dim. It's almost somber.

Sophia is standing, circling around in place, studying each sketch one by one. We follow her gaze from sketch to sketch.

Some of Ginny. Others not.

Some more detailed than others.

Some with paint.

Back to Sophia as she looks at them: a TEAR sliding down her cheek.

She falls to her knees. There are more tears. A hand to wipe them away.

A gulp.

INT. HALLWAY - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Doreen is walking down the hall. Pacing.

She's about to knock on Sophia's door. Stops. She leans in, pressing her ear up close to the door.

The sound of CONTAINED SOBS.

Doreen HESITATES. Puts her hand on the doorknob.

A beat.

She opens the door.

INT. SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sophia's back is to the door. Doreen enters the room and closes the door quietly. Sophia wipes her eye again, as if trying to compose herself in preparation for whatever Doreen is about to say.

But Doreen doesn't say anything. She walks up to her Sophia, careful not to step on any of the portraits.

She gets down on the floor, sits crossed-legged, and pulls her daughter into her arms. Her hands into hers.

The compassion is a catalyst for Sophia to let loose. She lets it out with more tears, although each time it sounds like she wants to contain them, to stifle them.

DOREEN

I'm sorry I haven't been here for you. You know, I want you to be happy. I really do. I guess sometimes I just forget that you might know what makes you happy better than I do. You're so grown up now... Maybe, uhh, well maybe I had the wrong idea about what made you happy. It's just a hard thing for a mother to accept - that as her child grows up she begins to know her less and less.

Another gulp. Another wiping of a tear.

DOREEN (CONT'D)

But there's one thing I do know. As your mother, I can offer my opinion about what you choose to draw. But they sure as hell can't. Not Manmuth, not Dilsworth.

A beat.

DOREEN (CONT'D)

Don't ever let anyone tell you what makes you happy.

SOPHIA

I think I'm in love with Ginny.

Her mother's lips part, her eyebrows compress. But she doesn't look angry.

She glances down at her hands - Sophia's are SHAKING in hers.

Now her eyes begin to well with tears.

She presses a hand to the top of her daughter's head and pulls it into her chest.

DOREEN

It's okay... You're okay.

INT. DILSWORTH PREPARATORY SCHOOL HALLWAY - ANOTHER MORNING

Sophia is walking down a crowded hallway at school. Book bags bumping shoulders left and right. She has an apple in her hand.

Someone bumps into her quite aggressively, the result of two jocks having fun. The impact knocks her apple to the ground.

Sophia bends down and picks it up. Brushes it off.

As she stands, her eyes meet a bulletin board. Specifically, a flyer for the art competition in Savannah.

SOPHIA

Shit.

She walks off down the hall, fast.

INT. DILSWORTH PREPARATORY SCHOOL CLASSROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Sophia is sitting in her English class. We hear a lecture involving more Shakespeare.

She checks her watch. Taps a foot. Scratches her head. She's impatient.

INT. SOPHIA AND DOREEN'S DINING ROOM - LATER

Sophia comes barreling in the house. Doreen looks up from a newspaper, coffee in hand.

SOPHIA

I'm screwed.

DOREEN  
What's wrong?

SOPHIA  
I signed up for an art competition.

DOREEN  
Okay, I mean that's fine as long as  
you keep up with-

SOPHIA  
No I signed up months ago.

DOREEN  
Oh -

SOPHIA  
And I forgot!

Sophia is nearly running up the stairs.

DOREEN  
When is it?

SOPHIA  
Tomorrow night!

INT. SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sophia is standing in front of her easel, adding fresh lines  
of color to the portrait of the boy from her art elective.

There's a KNOCK on her door.

SOPHIA  
Yeah?

DOREEN  
Do you need any help?

SOPHIA  
Ummm... actually yeah.

Doreen comes into the room. Slowly. She seems hesitant. It's  
her first time seeing her daughter's world up close.

DOREEN  
What are you working on?

SOPHIA  
It's a portrait, from my elective  
with Mr. Stevens actually.

(MORE)

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

He's the one who suggested I do this competition.

She adds another stroke to the canvas.

DOREEN

So what does this competition look like? What do you have to do?

SOPHIA

I suppose it's more of a show than a competition actually. I set up a bunch of my work and people - ya know guests and other artists, anyone really - walk around and look at it, and the other peoples' stuff. There are judges there, but we won't know who they are. At the end of the night, they pick three (gesturing with air quotes) winners. I think we all get to give a little speech too.

DOREEN

Did you have to um, try out? Or how did you get in?

SOPHIA

Well I don't think they get too many applicants actually. You need to be recommended by a professional of some sort to get in, so Mr. Stevens provided that. I think most people who get recommended get to participate.

DOREEN

Gotcha. So you're gonna show that boy?

SOPHIA

I mean, do you think I shouldn't? Is there something wrong with it?

DOREEN

No, no there's nothing wrong with it.

SOPHIA

Then what?

DOREEN

I just don't think *he's* where your passion lies.

SOPHIA

I mean, can I really show the other stuff?

DOREEN

I don't see why not.

SOPHIA

I'd rather not have another person reprimand me for it.

DOREEN

I don't think they will. Not in something like this.

SOPHIA

Since when are you cool with my artwork anyway?

Doreen walks toward Sophia's bed and reaches under it. Pulling out the stacks of canvas and paper:

DOREEN

Since I started trying to be warmer, a bit less cold for my daughter.

FAST FORWARD TO:

INT. SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - A BIT LATER

Sophia and Doreen stand off to the side of the room, canvases carefully placed about the room - several on the floor, some leaning up on the desk, others on the bed.

DOREEN

So tell me, who are they?

SOPHIA

What do you mean?

DOREEN

They aren't all Ginny. Unless you've had other girls up here modeling for you, I'm curious where they came from.

SOPHIA

Just my head honestly. It was mostly about the form of the human face and body in general rather than a specific person.

Doreen bites her lip.

DOREEN

I don't know if I'm disturbed or proud that this is what has been in your head all these years.

Sophia is playfully taken aback.

SOPHIA

Well jeez thanks Mom.

DOREEN

I mean I'm not gonna lie it's a bit weird standing here looking at all the naked women my daughter has drawn. But, it's also pretty incredible.

SOPHIA

Really?

DOREEN

Yeah, the fact that you could do all this just based on pure imagination... they're there, I see them, I see the shoulders, I see the cheekbones... but there's also something vague about them.

Doreen points to one of the sketches leaning up on the wall against Sophia's bed. It's a woman, but the sketch stops just below her torso.

DOREEN (CONT'D)

Like I know who she is, I can see her. She looks different than the woman next to her. But there's nothing overtly flashy. In a good way, I mean. You managed to capture this, this essence, without it being too graphic. It's intimate in another way.

SOPHIA

Is that a compliment?

DOREEN

It is, and I mean it. I know I'm always pushing academics, and I haven't exactly changed my stance on the importance of that, but you do have a talent here.

SOPHIA

Well thanks.

(a beat, pointing)

It's funny, that one you're talking about is actually one of the first ones I ever really finished. I think *the* first. I actually went back to it a lot and added to it the more I drew and developed my tone.

DOREEN

Wow...

Doreen shakes her head as one does when they're in awe. She walks over and picks up one of the sketches of Ginny.

DOREEN (CONT'D)

Do you think she'd like you using them for the show?

SOPHIA

I don't know. Probably not.

(a beat)

I, uhh, I haven't really heard from her lately.

Doreen turns her head toward her daughter but says nothing.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Ever since the sketch of her was found. She passed by me on her way of the Headmaster's Office. She didn't even acknowledge me.

DOREEN

I'm sorry. Maybe she just needs some time.

SOPHIA

Maybe.

DOREEN

Ya know, your Dad used to draw.

SOPHIA

Really?

DOREEN

(nodding)

He actually did portraits, just like this, although most of them had their clothes on. But nonetheless they were portraits. He'd even draw me.

Sophia bends down, an act of acknowledgement to her mother's story.

SOPHIA

I didn't know that.

DOREEN

Yeah. God he'd draw me everywhere. At parks, at a café, even school. Your style actually kind of reminds me of his, there's something about it... I think that's part of why it's been so hard for me to accept. It just reminds me so much of him.

SOPHIA

I'm so sorry, I had no idea.

DOREEN

It's not your fault, how could you have known. And besides, that's no reason for me to act the way I have been.

SOPHIA

I wish I could have seen some of his stuff.

DOREEN

Maybe I can dig one up for you.

SOPHIA

I'd like that a lot actually.

Doreen nods, biting her lip to keep the tears back. She lets the portrait of Ginny rest just in the tips of her fingers.

DOREEN

(a bit muffled by the beginnings of tears)

I'm sorry I can't be there tomorrow. I actually tried to get off of work, but no one could take my shift.

SOPHIA

It's okay. I think it's best for me  
to do this on my own.

Doreen snuffles and puts an arm around Sophia as they both  
study her artwork.

INT. GALLERY IN SAVANNAH - EVENING

Sophia stands in front of a blank white wall. One nail sticks  
out. She's holding her portfolio folder.

There's a murmur as people walk about. To the right, a man  
talks with another about his abstract paintings on the wall.

Sophia turns her head to the left and sees a girl about her  
age putting a large canvas on an ornate easel. Beside it is a  
small stage.

The room is sleek and white, large but not too cluttered. It  
has little sections of brief walls here and there for art to  
be hung upon. Whether one stands, just a step to the left or  
right and he can see the stage.

Sophia opens up her portfolio and rests it against the wall.

A man in a shirt and tie comes up to her - one of the show's  
STAFF MEMBERS.

STAFF MEMBER

Excuse me, will you be needing  
easels to accompany your work? Or  
would you rather they all hang on  
the wall? We can easily add some  
more hooks or nails before the  
show. We aren't use to having so  
many contenders!

SOPHIA

Um, I think easels should be fine,  
thank you.

STAFF MEMBER

Great, how many?

SOPHIA

Just two, please.

STAFF MEMBER

Got it.

The man nods and hurries off.

Sophia turns back to her portfolio and pulls out two small canvases featuring unknown female subjects. She rests them on the floor beside the portfolio.

Then she pulls out the larger canvas. It's the one Doreen had pointed to. Her first one.

Sophia braces the canvas in her hands and studies it. After a long moment, she reaches up and hangs it from the nail. Having not yet let go, she repositions it a bit to make it straighter.

Then, with a breath, she lets go.

Sophia takes a step back and looks at the canvas that had spent so many years hiding under her bed.

She smiles.

INT. GALLERY IN SAVANNAH - DURING THE SHOW

Patrons walk about. More murmuring, more chatter. Sophia is standing beside her display. On both sides of the piece hanging on the wall are two other portraits, one with paint.

Because they are more recent, they have a different style than the wall piece, but overall the tone of her artwork seems coherent.

An older couple studies them. The woman's brow is bent. The man gives Sophia a slight nod. His smile is polite enough but they don't seem thrilled. They walk off.

Another FEMALE GUEST is looking at Sophia's display beside and a bit behind them.

FEMALE GUEST

These are beautiful.

SOPHIA

Thank you.

The woman moves on. A few seconds go by and then another couple comes up to the display. The woman looks pleased as she looks at the drawings.

Suddenly, there's the sound of a knife CLINKING against a glass.

A MAN IN A SUIT stands upon the small stage. He holds a microphone.

MAN IN A SUIT

Ladies and gentleman, I hope you've gotten a chance to view the work of our lovely artists we have here tonight. Let's give a round of applause for them.

The room breaks out into applause.

MAN IN A SUIT (CONT'D)

Now, before we get too deep into our evening, I think these talented artists would love to say a few words.

(a beat)

In an order no more meaningful than the alphabet, we'll begin with Ms. Sophia Coleman.

Sophia's gaze snaps to meet the man's. She wasn't expecting to go first. All eyes are on her, all heads turned toward her. He's gesturing for her to come toward to the stage.

As Sophia makes her way to him:

MAN IN A SUIT (CONT'D)

(gesturing )

Is there anything you'd like to share about your incredible drawings? We're so lucky to have them here tonight. I'm sure we're all curious where you got your inspiration.

Sophia reaches the stage, but still not good enough. He backs up, a gesture for her to step up on to he stage. She does, and he gives her the mic.

The man with the suit and mic takes a few steps back. Scattered applause welcomes Sophia. Nervously, she curtsies.

Facing the eager patrons:

SOPHIA

Well, actually, that's kind of a funny story.

A few laughs emerge. The crowd is engaged.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

The one of the wall, it ummm, well I just brushed the dust off it last night.

Sophia laughs nervously, glances around. She hasn't yet conquered her stage fright. It's then that Sophia notices a familiar face: Ginny. She's standing in the back of the crowd, arms folded in front of her.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

It's, um... it's -  
(regaining composure)

It's actually the first portrait of that style that I ever completed. I've added to it over the years, but that - those strokes, that shading, that girl - that was where it all began. All the years of hiding.

(a beat)

I didn't know how to share my art with the world, let alone my mom. She just wanted me to focus on math. And if it was going to be art for her, then certainly not this kind. She never liked anything too provocative or revealing. That was what my dad was good at - emotion. But he died when I was just a kid.

A murmur from the crowd, that instinctual sympathy. Just like at the karaoke bar, Sophia's gains confidence with each word.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

So it was just my mom and I. My mom did her best, I'll give her that. She always does. But my biggest support system, the source in which I could find solace, comfort - it was with these people I drew. I was putting myself out there to draw them. It felt raw. But they were in their raw form too. It felt equal somehow.

(another beat)

It was only recently that my other support system, my friend who honestly lifts me up higher than I deserve... he made me do a double take. Made me recognize that it wasn't just anyone I was drawing. It was all women...

Sophia swallows. A whistle from the crowd. But mostly silence.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

And soon enough it was my best friend. She became my most recent inspiration.

Sophia and Ginny lock eyes for a moment. Then, glancing back at the man in the suit:

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

So I don't know if that answers the question. But that's what comes to mind.

The man in the suit gestures to the audience for another round of applause as he steps forward. They oblige.

Sophia takes another look at Ginny. She doesn't look thrilled, in fact her expression is more blank than anything. But she's clapping.

MAN IN A SUIT

Well, what a story! Most people just name drop a few people who've supported them along the way... but I think it's safe to say I speak on behalf of everyone here tonight when I say thank you for sharing your story with us.

INT. GALLERY IN SAVANNAH - A BIT LATER

More murmuring from curious patrons. Sophia is standing beside her display again. She's smiling and nodding to a younger man as he moves on.

She looks up to see Ginny slowly making her way toward her. Once only a few feet away from the display, Ginny stops, hands in pockets, and takes a moment to view the pieces like any normal patron.

GINNY

I have to say, I'm surprised I'm not the one hanging up there.

SOPHIA

I didn't really think you'd appreciate that.

GINNY

You didn't know I'd see it.

SOPHIA

Still. Used my better judgement I guess.

GINNY

You've done good, Sophia. I think people really connected with you when you were up there. Honestly, you gave me goose bumps even though I know how the story ends.

SOPHIA

And how's that?

GINNY

It just wasn't -  
 (biting her lip)  
 It wasn't just about the sketch, Sophia. It just never was, for me, the way it was for you.

SOPHIA

Since when?

GINNY

I don't know, really.

SOPHIA

It always seemed like we were on the same page.

Ginny still doesn't open up. So Sophia pushes some more:

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

I mean, we were hesitant, sure, but you actually seemed to be the one to move us forward sometimes.

GINNY

I know, I know.  
 (taking a moment to think through her words)  
 I'm sorry for the way i've kinda disappeared. I think I just knew, well exactly what you just said. I knew I'd come off as a hypocrite. But the thing is Sophia, I tried. At times I felt it too. A little. Especially at first, because it was new and different and exciting. So I kept trying. But in the end I just didn't feel right forcing it. Not with you.

(MORE)

GINNY (CONT'D)

(a beat)

You deserve better than that.

SOPHIA

You forced it?

GINNY

No - maybe that wasn't the right word. I just felt like I was trying too hard to make myself feel something I didn't naturally.

SOPHIA

Oh.

GINNY

I'm sorry.

As if not noticing them before, Sophia suddenly turns her head toward a few guests looking at her display.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Anyway, I should probably let you get back to what's really important here.

(a beat)

Honestly, congratulations. I mean it.

Sophia watches as Ginny gives her a nod and walks off.

INT. DILSWORTH PREPARATORY SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING

Sophia is walking down the hall toward the Headmasters Office. She's about to knock when:

VOICE

Hey!

Sophia turns around to see Ginny hurrying toward her.

GINNY

I was hoping I'd catch you this morning. How did the rest of the show go?

SOPHIA

It went well, I think.

GINNY

Good... great! I'm really happy for you. When will you know the results?

SOPHIA

I'm not sure, probably not for a few weeks actually.

GINNY

(nudging Sophia)

Ah. Well, it seemed pretty obvious to me who the fan favorite was.

SOPHIA

Thanks. And thanks for coming. It meant a lot actually.

GINNY

Of course.

There's an awkward moment. The easy rapport that had been between them is fractured.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Oh, in other good news, I've been meaning to tell you - I got into Harvard.

Sophia's face light up. Despite all that has changed between them, it's evident they still care.

SOPHIA

Oh my god, Ginny!

Out of instinct, Sophia hugs her friend. Just as her arms are around her, she becomes hesitant. But Ginny lightly returns the embrace.

As they pull apart, though, it's awkward again. Sophia scratches her head.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Really though, that *is* great news. You must be so excited.

GINNY

Hey it's the dream right?

SOPHIA

For you, it always was. They must have loved your diving.

There's another beat between them. Ginny nods, laughing. She stretches her leg out, tapping her foot against the wall as one might do to distract from the awkwardness of a conversation.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Well, I actually have to go finish a discussion with Headmaster Jameson. But I'll see you around?

GINNY

Yeah, I'll see you.

With that, Ginny turns back the way she came.

Sophia knocks on the Headmaster's door.

In a quick second, an open door reveals Headmaster Jameson. He gestures for Sophia to come in.

INT. DILSWORTH HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

In a similar manner as before, Sophia takes off her coat, sets down her backpack, and settles into the same plush red armchair in front of the Headmaster's desk.

The headmaster paces about his desk instead of sitting down.

HEADMASTER JAMESON

How are we today Ms. Coleman?

SOPHIA

Doing alright, Mr. Jameson. And you?

HEADMASTER JAMESON

I'm doing fine, thank you.

He sits down.

HEADMASTER JAMESON (CONT'D)

I've been doing some thinking since the last time we spoke.

(a beat)

And I think you're in luck.

The headmaster rests his arms on the table and claps his hands in front of him.

HEADMASTER JAMESON (CONT'D)

You're presence here at Dilsworth has never before been problematic. Fortunately, this matter was handled purely internally.

(MORE)

HEADMASTER JAMESON (CONT'D)

Had we fallen victim to outside rebuke and criticism - had this been an issue of a larger scale per se, if a student had found the sketch and spread around images - we would likely face a new kind of reputation. However, the professionalism with which my colleagues and I worked to keep this from truly becoming an issue, was commendable.

(a beat)

In short, to save you from the anxiety I am sure you are feeling, you are not being expelled.

A sigh of relief escapes Sophia. She repositions herself in her chair, obviously less tense.

HEADMASTER JAMESON (CONT'D)

However, you will be under some new scrutiny. Out of fear that Mr. Stevens played a part in this -

SOPHIA

I'm sorry to interrupt, as I am grateful for the lesser consequences I will face, I truly am - but I told you Mr. Stevens had nothing to do with it.

HEADMASTER JAMESON

Yes, and while I don't necessarily doubt this, we cannot be certain that his words did not even indirectly influence your decision to draw this kind of subject material. Because of this, we are inclined to restrict you from learning under him any longer.

SOPHIA

Oh, but that was my one elective. How will I keep studying art? And complete that requirement? I need it to graduate this spring.

HEADMASTER JAMESON

Yes, my colleagues and I spent a bit of time discussing this matter. We will allow you to allocate time outside of school spent with a new art mentor toward the completion of this requirement.

SOPHIA

Oh, okay. Thank you. And Mr. Stevens, he's not being punished is he?

HEADMASTER JAMESON

Not precisely. Although we will be requiring him to participate in some ethics and professionalism training. All of our teachers and other administrative faculty participate every five years, but he will be subject some additional training.

SOPHIA

I understand.

HEADMASTER JAMESON

Mr. Stevens has been a part of this institution, mentoring young professionals like yourself, for many years. We have always valued his professionalism, and in no way do we mean to overlook or devalue this. As leaders of this highly-respected institution, however, we simply have a responsibility to take action. I do hope you understand.

SOPHIA

(nodding)

I do understand, Headmaster Jameson. And again, I appreciate that you are willing to work with me regarding finishing up my art elective.

Headmaster Jameson nods in return.

HEADMASTER JAMESON

In return, we are hoping you can find another art mentor within the next month, so as not to allow too much of a gap in your learning.

SOPHIA

I will begin looking into it immediately.

HEADMASTER JAMESON

Good. Very well. I believe we are settled then.

Sophia shifts again and clasps her hands in her lap.

SOPHIA

Yes, and thank you again. I promise there will be no other problems arising on my part.

As Sophia begins standing:

HEADMASTER JAMESON

I'd expect nothing less, Ms. Coleman.

Sophia shakes Headmaster Jameson's hand with a "thank you," grabs her coat and bag, and walks out of his office.

INT. SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Sophia is sitting on her bed, leaning against the wall. That giraffe-shaped desk lamp lights the room.

On her bed are pamphlets from various art academies. She's typing what we can only assume is an essay or some other application material.

She picks up a pamphlet for The North Pacific School of Fine Arts, and flip through it.

INT. DILSWORTH PREPARATORY SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING

Sophia is shuffling books out of her bag and into her locker. "An Advanced Exploration of Statistics" and "Becoming Fluent in French."

She puts her bag on the hook inside, grabs a notebook and book with Shakespeare's face on it, and pushes the locker door closed.

Just as she begins to make her way from her locker, a tall girl approaches. Although she's putting her hair behind her ear, there's something elegant to the way she walks.

TALL GIRL

Hi, Sophia right?

SOPHIA

(pleasantly)  
Yeah, hi.

TALL GIRL

I'm Bryn. I was at the art competition in Savannah the other night, and I just wanted to say that I thought your artwork was incredible.

SOPHIA

Oh, well thank you!

BRYN

And honestly you're story - my god I had goosebumps. I really think you're gonna win.

SOPHIA

You're too kind, thank you so much.

BRYN

Of course... I was actually hoping I'd run in to you, not just to say that, but also to ask -  
(a pause; nervous)  
Would you want to grab coffee sometime?

Sophia, for just a moment, nearly stops in mid-step. This is new to her.

SOPHIA

Yeah, actually. I'd like that.

We see Sophia and Bryn from the back as they continue on down the hall, a pleasant air to each of their steps.

FADE TO BLACK.