

SHANE TESIA CASTING

9-22-11
13.

ACT TWO

KAT #1

INT. HILLTOP COMMONS - DUSK

Coming through the a la carte line, Devon meets up with KAT. Fun-loving, free-spirited, the prettiest, coolest girl on campus. Beneath their casual repartee is a deep connection we will better understand as we learn their history.

KAT

Hey Dev, waddup?

DEVON

Hey Kat.

KAT

(hugs him)

How was break?

DEVON

Joyous. What's going on?

KAT

Nada. Hey, so I need some advice...
(opens course catalogue)

Sociology 101 with Professor Volkel
or Poly-Sci 201 with Professor Gillis?

DEVON

Poly-Sci 205 with Professor Mазzie.
Same credit hours minus the term
paper.

KAT

Cool. Wait. 205 has a prereq.

DEVON

Which he'll waive if you demonstrate
a 'passion for the subject'.

KAT

Ew.

DEVON

I know.

KAT

How do I do that?

Devon unbuttons Kat's shirt one button: cleavage.

DEVON

Lonely lonely man.

Intercept

1/5

KAT

I thought he was married?

DEVON

Exactly.

Kat nods ah, crosses her arms to maximize the effect.

KAT

I'm passionate about political science.

She flicks her tongue like a snake to seal the deal. They both crack up.

DEVON

Dial back the tongue and we're good.

LATER, as they sit eating. Kat reads his silence.

KAT

You okay? You seem a little...

DEVON

I'm great. Really.

It's a convincing denial. But Kat knows him too well.

KAT

I'm just going to keep bugging you until you tell me so you might as well tell me now.

Devon pauses, confesses.

DEVON

I think I screwed up.

KAT

Big?

(he nods)

Show me.

DEVON

I can't, the whole thing could just--

He makes an explosion sound. Mushroom cloud.

KAT

Oh, you're protecting me?

DEVON

I'm protecting both of us.

ON KAT, wondering what the hell he's hiding...

KAT

Senior accountant Pamela Deroche brings fifteen years of risk management expertise to our domestic accounts division...

They're in a cafe across the street. Sitting in a row of window seats facing the tower, drinking coffee and eating bagels on stakeout.

A cell phone RINGS. They all reach. It's Kat's. But not her personal cell. The pre-paid disposable. She digs it from her bag. Blanches at the caller ID:

SIERRA NEUROLOG.

KAT

Oh my god, it's him.

RING. RING. She stares, not knowing what to do.

DEVON

Answer.

KAT

(into phone)

Hello?

DOCTOR DEROCHE (V.O.)

Is that Sasha?

KAT

Yes, it is.

DOCTOR DEROCHE (V.O.)

This is Dr Deroche, I received a message to call you --

KAT

Oh hi, thanks for getting back to me.

DOCTOR DEROCHE (V.O.)

You're with the alumni magazine?

KAT

I am, that's right.

DOCTOR DEROCHE (V.O.)

Then why are you calling from 860? That's Connecticut.

Moment of panic. Kat covers well.

KAT

That's my cell number, I'm from
Hartford.

DOCTOR DEROCHE (V.O.)

Oh I see. Well, how can I help you,
Sasha?

KAT

I'm doing an article and your name
was on my list and, I, um... would
you mind if I sent you a brief
questionnaire to fill out?

DOCTOR DEROCHE (V.O.)

I thought this was an interview.

KAT

More of a written interview.

DOCTOR DEROCHE (V.O.)

All right. You need my address?

KAT

No, we have it, thanks.

DOCTOR DEROCHE (V.O.)

(shifting tone)
What year are you?

KAT

(thrown for a moment)
Sophomore...

DOCTOR DEROCHE (V.O.)

Sasha the sophomore. Mmm. So, how
do you 'like it', Sasha?

KAT

Like...?

DOCTOR DEROCHE (V.O.)

(laughs)
Duke, what do you think?

KAT

Oh it's great. I love it. Yeah.
Go Blue Devils. So I'll get that in
the mail to you.

DOCTOR DEROCHE (V.O.)

Okay.

KAT

Bye.

4/5

DOCTOR DEROCHE (V.O.)

Bye Sasha.

Kat hangs up and makes a face.

KAT

Super creepy.

Just then, out the window, we see Mrs Deroche exit the building, heads off down the sidewalk.

TESS

Where's she going?

DEVON

Too early for lunch.

They grab their things and scramble for the exit.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

They follow her down a series of SIDEWALKS to the WATERFRONT.

EXT. SACRAMENTO WATERFRONT - DAY

Stop at a crosswalk, blocked by traffic as Mrs Deroche walks on. Garret spots someone on the other side of the street, crossing to follow Mrs Deroche. A MAN IN A BLACK OVERCOAT AND WRAP-AROUND SUNGLASSES.

GARRET

Check it out. Guy with the shades.

They all see him now.

DEVON

Let's go.

Devon and friends cross against the light, nearly getting hit by a taxi that SLAMS on its brakes and then its HORN.

They never look back, gazes fixed on the man in the black overcoat as he closes steadily on Mrs Deroche from behind. Stone-faced. Hands in his pockets.

EXT. RIVERFRONT PROMENADE - DAY

Mrs Deroche walks the scenic promenade. Tourists taking in the sights. The man in the overcoat continuing his advance. Devon and friends playing catch up. Hearts pounding.

TESS

What do we do?