INT. PEGGY’S APARTMENT (NY) - NIGHT

A chic pad overlooking the park. Genevieve on the phone, with Peggy in the background packing up the last of her things.

GENEVIEVE
And that’s on Sunday? But it’s only Thursday. She has to leave tonight. There’s nothing else? Only coach?

Peggy tears the phone out of her hand and hangs it up.

GENEVIEVE
But I was-

PEGGY
Come on, I’ll show you how it’s done. You’re coming with me to LA.

GENEVIEVE
But I haven’t packed anything!

PEGGY
We’ll buy you new clothes. Yours are hideous anyway.

Peggy heads out of the apartment.

GENEVIEVE
But I was going to break up with my girlfriend tonight!

PEGGY
Genevieve, you’re a fucking pussy magnet for chrissakes. Send her a text. You’ll get some in LA.

Genevieve hustles after her.
INT. AIRPORT BATHROOM

Genevieve on the toilet. Cut between her and Sara...

START

GENEVIEVE

I'm moving to LA with Peggy.

SARA

What?!

GENEVIEVE

I'll explain when we land. I only have a minute now.

The sound of rushing water.

SARA

Where are you?

GENEVIEVE

Uh, book shop. At the airport.

SARA

So I've talked to you on the phone pretty much every day for the past two years, working for the bicoastal peanut gallery. And I finally get to meet you in person? This is colossal.

GENEVIEVE

And I'm colossally unprepared for the trip.

SARA

Gei gazimt, kim gazimt!

GENEVIEVE

What?

SARA

It's a Jewish thing. Kevin taught me it. Just, safe travels, k?

GENEVIEVE

K, bye.

WHOOSH. She flushes the toilet, leaving Sara confused by the sound.

- END
INT. THE EAGLE, SILVERLAKE

LA's famed gay bar that normally plays home to the leather community of the east side, but once a week transforms into a hipster haven for lesbians.

Genevieve fits right in here, and Sara looks surprisingly at home... only she doesn't realize it's a gay bar. They sit at the bar, beers in hand.

SARA
How about the time I had to take their cat to the vet, and he scratched my cornea! I had to wear an eye patch for two weeks!

GENEVIEVE
Why don't you just quit?

SARA
Why don't you quit? You're as miserable as I am.

GENEVIEVE
Well we're not all smart enough to go to law school.

SARA
At some point, I did care about all this. But after two years of getting coffee and wiping Stella's ass every day, I feel like it's time to actually contribute to the universe, use my brain, you know?

GENEVIEVE
See I never struggle with that.

Gen swigs her beer. Sara looks around into a sea of women.

SARA
There are so many girls here.

GENEVIEVE
That's the point, isn't it?

SARA
What?

GENEVIEVE
This is a gay bar.
It sinks in.

SARA
I am such an idiot.

(beat)
How did we wind up here?
(beat, it really sinks in)
Wait, you're not...?

GENEVIEVE
I know I'm not butch-central, Sara, but yeah.

SARA
I'm sorry. I just made an assumption that-

GENEVIEVE
Well now you know. I guess I made an assumption too.

SARA
What's that?

GENEVIEVE
I thought you were into this sort of thing.

She considers it, shaken at first but then calm like we've never seen her. Genevieve points to the pool table.

GENEVIEVE
Game of billiards?

SARA
Oh, it's on. But first- bartender, a round of shots please!
(to Gen)
The more I drink, the better I shoot. So get ready.

GENEVIEVE
Oh yeah?
(to the bartender)
Make that two rounds then!

SARA
You know, we'll just take the whole bottle. Thanks.
A few drinks later. The girls shoot terrible pool.

GENEVIEVE
I dumped her with a message. Four, actually. Four messages.

SARA
Harsh!

GENEVIEVE
She’s straight anyway. They always are. Maybe we can set her up with Kevin?

SARA
The thing is, he’s totally hot. Totally my type.

GENEVIEVE
So what’s the problem?

SARA
Well, I’m applying to law school, I’m planning to move the hell out of this poisonous town, I’m rethinking my life. Maybe I’m just... not that into guys anymore.

GENEVIEVE
Wait, you’re not serious about leaving LA? I mean, I just got here.

SARA
What am I supposed to do, factor you into my five year plan? (beat, Gen pulls away) I didn’t mean that. I’m drunk.

GENEVIEVE
It’s okay. I guess I’m not used to giving a shit.

SARA
Come on, let’s get out of here.