

LILY'S YESTERDAY

SAMPLE

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Black.

We hear deep breathing. Then, the splashing sound of WAVES, a and even the occasional screams of SEAGULLS.

Eventually, the peaceful sound of waves fades and is replaced by LOUD, HARDCORE techno music as we...

FADE IN:

EXT. ROOFTOP PARTY-NIGHT- LATER

A typical college party with students partying hard.

All except for one.

HONE IN on a GIRL with short black hair, pale skin and brown eyes. She stares at a painting on the wall with a deadpan expression.

This is LILIANA SANZ (21).

We STAY on the painting: a piece full of tiny dots comprised of different colors. Nothing special. Lily gets closer, doesn't know exactly what she's looking for.

Then, a DRUNK GUY throws up behind her. Lily makes a face and walks away.

She retreats to a corner, curiously scans the crowd. She tugs anxiously at her shirt.

TIME seems to slow down as Lily takes it all in. The world suddenly swims around her. Voices, music fade out. It's suffocating.

QUICK MEMORY FLASH: We see a quick image of a woman being swept up in a mob. She's knocked to the ground...

Lily shakes her head, rocked by the image. She finds an isolated couch and sits down.

INT. ROOFTOP PARTY - NIGHT

Lily cellphone beeps. She checks:

DEV (CUTE T.A.): Great party, huh?

Lily looks up, a paranoid look on her face. She wheels around and finds DEV (25) waving at her.

He's bordering nerdy, with olive skin and messy hair. He has the sense that he knows everything about the world and can see clearly all the things that are wrong with it.

Lily tilts her head, surprised to see him there.

PROFESSOR(V.O.)

When you try to find out who you are, you'll find that what you think you are is something... psychological.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

We're looking at an old-school green chalkboard. We PAN over the lecture title: RELATIVE EXISTENCE.

We see the PROFESSOR, a plump middle-aged man full of deep thoughts.

PROFESSOR

But relative existence is actually something that depends upon your thoughts.

(long pause)

What am I talking about?

Lily pays close attention to the lecture.

Silence.

STUDENT

Ego?

The professor nods slowly.

PROFESSOR

Sure. Ego is relative. It depends on relative thinking.

He paces the room.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

But how do you find your essence?

Silence.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

This was part of the reading guys.

STUDENT #2

Trying new things?

PROFESSOR
Could be.

LILY
Meditation?

PROFESSOR
Sure. And what do I mean by
essence?

Lily thinks, then shrugs.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)
Okay, how about this. What's the
most important difference between
Freud and Jung's work?

LILY
The collective unconscious.

PROFESSOR
Which is?

The professor looks at Lily. She takes a deep breath.

LILY
(hesitant)
I think it's this idea that we were
all born with these qualities, um,
that come from our past.

PROFESSOR
That's part of it. Jung believed
that we all have forgotten
information--feelings, repressed
memories, attitudes, fears.
(pause)
What do you fear, Ms. Sanz?

He taps his pen on her table.

Lily thinks, caught off guard. The professor smiles.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)
Nothing?

She chokes.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)
No fears? Gotta tell me your
secret.

A few chuckles from the class. The professor moves on.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)
Any other fears?

STUDENT (O.S.)
Um, definitely spiders.

EASE IN ON Lily, as she hides a string of hair behind her ears. She looks down at her notes, very self-conscious of her surroundings.

She briefly looks up to find DEV, the TA, observing her, a huge grin on his face. They lock eyes, but Lily quickly averts her gaze.

END FLASHBACK

Dev has a similar grin on his face as he waits for Lily to react.

DEV
Hellooo?

Lily snaps out of it. She laughs nervously. Dev sits across from Lily.

DEV (CONT'D)
The girl without a fear.

She grins.

LILY
I never said that.

Dev waits for more.

LILY (CONT'D)
What are you doing here?

He flashes a charming smile.

DEV
It's a party, isn't it?

On Lily's furrowed brow. Confused.

LILY
Aren't you a little old for this..
(she scans the party)
Mess?

Dev scoffs, offended. He leans in.

DEV
Old? What would you have me do
instead?

Lily loosens up. She shifts in her seat.

LILY
I dunno...contemplate philosophical
theories that will be of no
significant use for finding a real
job?

DEV
Ouch.

Lily grins. But her smile quickly shifts into a nostalgic
expression. She briefly looks up at the night sky. Dev stares
at her, continuously intrigued.

LILY
What?

DEV
You look like you don't want to be
here.

LILY
(defensive)
I...
(beat)
What's it to you?

Dev remains silent, smiling. He leans in to grab Lily's
drink. He takes a sip. Lily doesn't stop him.

Then, he stands and sits closer to Lily. He moves closer to
her, groping for something to say.

DEV
Have you ever felt like... you
don't belong?

CLOSE ON Lily's eyes. Dev laughs loudly. She smiles a little
too, unable to help herself.

LILY
Wow, you're weirder than I thought.

This doesn't bother him.

DEV
I like talking to you.

Despite her best efforts, her mouth stretches into a huge smile. It's the first time we've seen her smile. A genuine smile. It speaks volumes about the person hidden under a tough exterior.

LILY

You've never talked to me. I mean,
not one-on-one.

DEV

True. But I've read your papers,
your ideas. And I think you have a
lot of---

LILY

(mocking)
Potential?

She rolls her eyes, annoyed at people that use that word to describe her.

DEV

Vision. A shrewd sense of
awareness.

Lily holds back a smile.

LILY

Is that going to pay my bills when
I graduate?

DEV

Life is not about bills. Or money.

LILY

Says the philosophical nerd.

Den nods. Then, he stands up, determined.

DEV

I want to show you something.

He offers his hand. He smiles at her.

Their eyes meet. Lily hesitates. But it's there: a real connection between them.

Lily looks back in search for her roommates. No sign of them.

CUT TO:

INT. DEV'S ROOM - NIGHT

We're looking at a picture of a toddler in a swimming pool, looking a bit awkward. PULL BACK as Lily examines it, grinning.

Lily sits on Dev's bed. A poster of the film The Truman Show hangs prominently above his bed.

DEV (O.S.)

Oh, please don't look at those. I was terrified of the water as a baby. Well as kid. And possibly all of my childhood.

A beat.

LILY

Why?

Dev sorts through folders in his desk, munching on chips.

DEV

Dunno.
(pause)
Still can't swim.

Dev nods, shaking off a bad feeling.

LILY

What's Dev short for?

She munches on chips.

DEV (O.S.)

A really long Pakistani name.

DEV (CONT'D)

What's Lily short for?

He's half-joking, but Lily still answers:

LILY

Liliana Sanz.

DEV

Let me guess, Spain? Half-Mexican too, right?

LILY

You knew that already.

Dev sits next to Lily. He moves her hair aside, strokes it.

DEV
You wrote about it. On the first
research paper.

Dev leans in, and kisses her. Sweet and gentle.

A beat, and they both retract at the same time. Puzzled.

LILY
No offense, but, umm..this feels
weird.

DEV
Right.

Lily makes a face, embarrassed.

DEV (CONT'D)
You just seem... familiar.

Lily doesn't respond, but regards Dev curiously, studying
him. She looks down at the folder and book in Dev's hands.

LILY
Is that it?

Dev nods. He lifts up the book. It looks old, but nothing
special.

DEV
This is the research so far. I've
been developing several theories--

BIANCA (O.S.)
Hope you're both decent!

A drunk and bubbly BIANCA (18) stumbles in. She giggles, and
jumps on the bed between Lily and Dev.

She notices Dev's folder.

BIANCA (CONT'D)
Ooh... his famous secret research.

Bianca beams, excited.

LILY
Ah, it's a secret?

BIANCA
Dev, you gotta show us.

LILY
What is it?

Bianca leans in super close to Lily.

BIANCA
(whispers)
Hypnosis.

Dev looks expectant at Lily.

DEV
Do you want to try it?

Lily smiles.

BIANCA
(calling out)
Guys, Dev's got a game for us to
play.

DEV
(frustrated)
Bianca, it's not a fucking game.

Lily laughs, amused. Dev relaxes when he sees Lily laughing.
Bianca exits the room, but Dev doesn't move.

Beat. The temperature of the room shifts.

He just stares at Lily. Her laughter ECHOES in his mind.

DEV (CONT'D)
(assuring himself)
She's fine. She's laughing.

He looks sick with guilt.

Reveal: he's alone in the room. Dev shakes his head, snaps
out of it. He lets out a deep sigh and recalls whatever shit
he's in.

He grabs the bowl of chips and SLAMS it against the wall.

TITLE CARD: LILY'S YESTERDAY