

HAVEN HARBOR
"PILOT"

Written by

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INT. HARBOR PUBLIC CAFETERIA - LUNCH TIME

A school bell rings.

The dingy cafeteria is filled with circular fold-up tables and a serving line. STUDENTS slide their trays down the line getting food and sit at tables.

SARAS (she/her), a 15-year-old girl with long, dark hair wears a hoodie and stands in line with a tray. Next to her is her best friend BENNIE (he/him), wearing a locket.

CAFETERIA WORKERS slop ambiguous foods onto their trays.

SARAS

Bennie, what am I gonna do about this bio quiz? I'm so screwed.

BENNIE

I dunno, study?

Saras glares at Bennie.

BENNIE (CONT'D)

What! It's what everyone else does.

SARAS

UGH! That's so lame. Last time I tried studying, Ms. Priscilla laughed at my answers for so long, she cramped and had to miss a week of school to recover.

In a stylized thought bubble above Saras, MS. PRISCILLA (she/her, 40's, evil teacher) laughs so hard at Saras's test, she cramps and goes to the hospital.

MS. PRISCILLA

(in flashback)

HAHAHAHAHA Ooof, heh, ahh,
hahaha... Ouch... Heh...

Saras frowns at her test, marked with a big fat F.

SARAS

(in flashback)

Aw...

The flashback bubble POPS.

Saras and Bennie continue to move along the lunch line.

BENNIE

Hey, there's still time to cram.

SARAS
Yeah, like that'll make me
understand the cystic ass cycle.

A cold shadow swallows Saras.

MS. PRISCILLA
Citric acid cycle.

Saras gets the chills. She turns around slowly to see the real (more intimidating) Ms. Priscilla towering over her.

SARAS
Uh, Ms. Priscilla... Hi.

MS. PRISCILLA
Saras. We need to discuss your
status in my intro to biology
class.

SARAS
The one I'm failing? What about it?

MS. PRISCILLA
I'm afraid if you are unable to
pass the quiz today, you will be
placed on an academic suspension.

SARAS
A what?

MS. PRISCILLA
You'll fail out of high school.

The statement freezes Saras in place.

BENNIE
Uh, she'll be ready for it!
Wontcha, Saras?
(feigning Saras)
Mhmm! See ya later, Ms. P!

Ms. Priscilla rolls her eyes and walks away.

MS. PRISCILLA
(walking away)
Kids these days.

Bennie splashes water in Saras's face, waking her up.

SARAS
AH! Bennie! What am I gonna do!

Saras starts to spiral.

SARAS (CONT'D)

Ugh. I should just give up. Maybe in another universe, I'm actually good at biology, or anything, really. But it sure as heck ain't this one.

Bennie sympathetically frowns.

SARAS (CONT'D)

Why can't I just be a smarter version of myself?

BENNIE

Hey, give yourself some credit. Only this universe's Saras could befriend some weirdo who dressed like a clown in second grade.

Bennie opens up the LOCKET he's wearing to show a photo of YOUNG BENNIE and YOUNG SARAS in second grade. Young Bennie is dressed like a literal clown.

BENNIE (CONT'D)

That's pretty smart to me!

SARAS

Dumbest decision of my life. I wish I could take it back.

BENNIE

Oh I bet you do.

They take their trays to the drink section, where there is a soda machine and a box filled with milk in plastic bags.

BENNIE (CONT'D)

Why dontcha just ditch again?

SARAS

Just like my grades, my attendance record is no good. I can't ditch again without a really freaking good excuse this time.

Saras pokes at one of the milk bags and watches it giggle.

Saras gets an idea. She grabs a milk bag, then another, then another...

BENNIE

Uh... What's with all the milk?

SARAS

It's a really freaking good excuse.

Saras starts shoving the milk in her hoodie.

BENNIE

Uh-huh. Care to explain?

SARAS

If I'm pregnant, and my water breaks...

BENNIE

Wait-what?

SARAS

They can't blame me for ditching class!

BENNIE

Are you serious right now?

ON SARAS: Her hoodie is stuffed with milk so she has a pregnant belly.

SARAS

Oh, I'm serious.

Saras marches into the middle of the cafeteria.

SARAS (CONT'D)

(feigning water breaking)

OHHH! OH MY GOD! IT'S HAPPENING!

BENNIE

Here we go.

The students in the cafeteria <MURMUR> and stare.

Saras punctures a milk bag in her hoodie pocket to look like her water broke.

STUDENT

Ew, why's it white?

SARAS

The baby! IT'S COMING!

BENNIE

Okay yep. This is happening.

Saras wide-squats as if she is going to give birth.

SARAS

OHHH another contraction is here!
Someone, call an ambulance! OHHHHH-

PAT LEE (she/her), a short goth-girl with eyebrows that could cut you, walks in with her lunch box.

SLOW MOTION: An angelic light glows around Pat as she sticks her tongue out and points finger guns at STUDENT 1. Saras is still pretending to give birth.

SARAS (CONT'D)

(feigning birth)
-OOHHHH-

Pat "playfully" punches STUDENT 2 in the gut, and Saras smiles while still pretending to give birth.

SARAS (CONT'D)

(noticing Pat, with
interest)
-Oohhh-

Pat does an obnoxious finger-wiggle-handshake with STUDENT 3, and Saras drools with hearts in her eyes.

SARAS (CONT'D)

(drooling)
-hhubba hubba-

REGULAR SPEED: Saras drops all of her milk bags and tries to act cool.

SARAS (CONT'D)

Hey Pat. <CLEARS THROAT> Sup.

Pat examines Saras, who stands in a small pile of milk bags.

PAT

You got a little something on your hoodie.

SARAS

Yeah, I was giving birth. It's no biggie.

PAT

Uh huh.

Pat moves on and sits elsewhere.

PAT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(to student)
Why's she always drooling?

Bennie facepalms. Saras joins Bennie at the table.

BENNIE
Good job. Real smooth.

SARAS
Alright then. Plan B.

Saras holds her phone to Bennie.

SARAS (CONT'D)
Call me in sick, daddy.

Bennie lifts an eyebrow.

SARAS (CONT'D)
I heard it. It was horrible, never
saying that again.

BENNIE
Thank you.

Just then, Ms. Priscilla towers behind Saras.

MS. PRISCILLA
Saras.

SARAS
Ms. Priscilla, uhh... Hey.

MS. PRISCILLA
The mess.

Ms. Priscilla gestures to the pile of milk in the walkway.

SARAS
Heh, right.

Saras picks up the milk bags. Ms. Priscilla steps precisely
over the mess.

MS. PRISCILLA
Thank you. Try not to fail today's
quiz again. Ta-ta.

Ms. Priscilla walks towards the teacher table.

BENNIE
Yikes.

SARAS
Ugh, why is she so mean?

ON MS. PRISCILLA: Ms. Priscilla heard Saras's comment. She frowns, and imagines a time when she wasn't so mean:

EXT. HAVEN HARBOR HILLS - YEARS AGO, FLASHBACK

Haven Harbor is a clean city surrounded by rolling hills. It appears to be the only town in sight.

Atop one of those hills are two hikers: YOUNG MS. PRISCILLA, who sports a city-girl-in-nature look, and CHRIS LEE (he/him), an actually outdoorsy-type with and a pair of binoculars, both in their mid-20's.

Chris reaches the top of a hill.

CHRIS

Ah, would you look at that! The mountains are so beautiful up here!

Priscilla catches up.

PRISCILLA

(heavy breathing)
<INHALE> Yeah... It's...
Beautiful... <WHEW>

Priscilla chugs some water. Chris looks through his binoculars.

CHRIS

Hmmm... Just a little further.

PRISCILLA

Right. How far is a little further?

CHRIS

It'll be worth it, come on!

They hike further up the hill.

PRISCILLA

Y'know, I'm only doing this for you.

CHRIS

I know.

Priscilla meets a large rock. Chris offers her his hand.

PRISCILLA

I got it, thanks.

Priscilla conquers the rock.

CHRIS

That. That's what I love about you.
Anything you set your mind to, you
accomplish.

PRISCILLA

(blushing)

I climbed a rock, it's not that big
a deal.

Chris smiles.

CHRIS

It should be right over here...

He looks through his binoculars.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

There! Come look at this, P.

PRISCILLA

What is it? Another mountain? I
think I've seen enough of those.

CHRIS

No, it's better.

Priscilla takes the binoculars. Chris holds her arms from
behind and points her in the right direction. Priscilla
blushes.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Priscilla, I've never met anyone
like you. You're so smart, so much
smarter than me.

PRISCILLA

Oh Chris, stop it.

Through the binoculars, we see the clean streets of Haven
Harbor. Citizens walk about, birds nest in trees, and...

CHRIS

Seriously P, you're amazing. You
balance me. Keep me grounded.
Without you, I'd be so lost.

PRISCILLA

You're like a walking compass. I
don't think you'd be lost-

The binoculars focus on a field. In the field, flowers spell
out "Will you marry me, P?"

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

Oh my god. Chris...

Priscilla's eyes fill the binoculars with tears. She lowers them, only to see Chris on one knee. He holds small ring out.

CHRIS

Priscilla Marie Dante, you are the most incredible human I know. You are strong, you are smart, and you never let anything stop you. Would you do me the honor-

PRISCILLA

Yes.

CHRIS

Hey, I didn't finish!

PRISCILLA

I said YES!

Priscilla tackles Chris with a hug and a kiss.

CHRIS

I love you.

PRISCILLA

I love you too. Now gimme the ring!

Chris <CHUCKLES> and slips the ring on her finger.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

Oh my god! I can't believe it. It's-

CHRIS

Small?

PRISCILLA

Shut up.

Priscilla holds her hand out over the mountain backdrop. The ring sparkles.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

It's beautiful.

Chris stares past the ring at the mountains.

CHRIS

It is, isn't it.

Suddenly, one of the mountains disappears. Chris's jaw drops.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Huh?!

Where the mountain used to be, there's a city that looks identical to Haven Harbor.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Do you see that?

Chris blinks.

The mountain is there again.

Priscilla is busy taking photos of her hand.

PRISCILLA

See what?

Chris stares at the mountain.

CHRIS

The mountain... It was gone.

PRISCILLA

What?

CHRIS

I swear, I saw it disappear, then reappear...

PRISCILLA

Yeah right. We get engaged and you're already trying to prank me.

CHRIS

I'm not.

Chris looks more serious than ever.

PRISCILLA

What? Chris, that's nonsense. Mountains don't just disappear.

CHRIS

Well, this one did.

PRISCILLA

Uh-huh.

CHRIS

(getting increasingly frustrated)

Ugh, Priscilla, it happened! I just saw it!

PRISCILLA

Wait, are you mad at me? Because I don't believe an ENTIRE mountain disappeared into THIN AIR and then reappeared?!

CHRIS

You don't believe *me*.

PRISCILLA

Can we just talk about this later? And enjoy being engaged again?

Chris stares at Priscilla's ring.

CHRIS

<DEEP BREATH> You're right, future Mrs. Priscilla Lee. You always are.

PRISCILLA

Happy wife-

CHRIS

Happy life.

Chris softens.

PRISCILLA

Hey, Mr. Fiancé, what do ya say we go celebrate with a nice, hot, steamy...

Priscilla walks her fingers up Chris, who blushes.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

Burger.... Seriously, I am so hungry.

Chris smiles. The camera pans up to the sky, which matches:

EXT. HAVEN HARBOR STREETS - PRESENT DAY

The sky in Haven Harbor, present day.

Saras, hood up, trots down the steps of Harbor Public and onto the sidewalk. She's on the phone with Bennie.

SARAS

Thanks again for calling me in sick, but did you really have to go on and on about my... Digestive issues?

BENNIE (O.S.)
 (on phone)
 You said you needed a really
 freaking good excuse!

SARAS
 Ugh.

BENNIE (O.S.)
 You can thank me later.

SARAS
 Yeah-yeah.

Saras approaches an intersection where the walking light
 flashes to stop. A loose banana peel is next to a trash can.

ASH (she/her), a girl Saras's age in a boarding school
 uniform with a Harbor Prep lapel pin, walks while playing a
 handheld video game. Her back is to Saras, face obscured.

ASH
 (to self)
 One... More... punch...

Ash steps onto the banana peel and SLIPS! She slides into the
 street!

ASH (CONT'D)
 Wha-AHHHHHH!

A car BARRELS straight towards her! Ash slips and slides on
 the banana peel uncontrollably!

Saras notices!

SARAS
 Hey! Look out!

Ash can't stop slipping. Saras must act!

ASH
 WAAAAHHHHH HELP!

SARAS
 Uhhh... UHHHHH!!!

BENNIE (O.S.)
 (over phone)
 Everything okay--?

Saras RUNS.

She PUSHES Ash out of the way!

ASH / SARAS

AHHHHHH!

The car slams on its brakes!

The dust clears.

They are safe. But Ash's game is toast.

Ash falls to her knees dramatically.

ASH

Oh no! MY GAME! MY HIGH SCORE!
AGHHH!!! CURSE YOU MUSA SAPIENTUM!

Ash tries to pick the pieces up.

SARAS

Musa-sapa-whadda?

ASH

Banana.

SARAS

Oh. Sorry about your game. You
okay?

ASH

<SIGH> Yeah.

Saras brushes herself off and extends a hand to Ash.

Ash looks up at Saras.

Their eyes meet. It's as if they are looking into a mirror.

Their skin, their eyes, their noses- are all identical. Each
mirroring the other's perfectly.

SARAS

Whoa.

ASH

Fascinating.

Ash takes Saras's hand and gets up.

Each have the same freckle on their wrist, confirming even
the smallest parts of them are completely identical, aside
from Ash's short haircut.

ASH (CONT'D)

That freckle...

SARAS
We're like... identical.

Ash inspects Saras with a magnifying glass.

SARAS (CONT'D)
You always carry that around?

ASH
Do you also have the-

SARAS
Birth mark on my left butt cheek?
Yes!

ASH
What about your belly button? Innie
or outtie?

SARAS
Outties rise up!

ASH
<SNIFFS AIR> And... is the scent of
milk... natural? Or external?

SARAS
External. There was... an incident.

ASH
Interesting. Interesting... Is it
possible that we are... somehow...
related?

They stare at each other. Then:

ASH / SARAS
NAH.

The two burst into <LAUGHTER>.

SARAS
(laughing)
That would be crazy!

ASH
(laughing)
A statistically improbable
hypothesis!

SARAS
HA! I don't know what that means!

Saras starts walking. Ash follows her.

ASH
 (still giggling)
 You don't?

Saras frowns.

ASH (CONT'D)
 Oh. Well, I should thank you, for
 saving my life and all, uh...?

SARAS
 Saras, she/her. And you are..?

ASH
 Ash, she/her. If there's ever a way
 I could repay you, I suppose I am
 beholden.

Saras looks confused.

ASH (CONT'D)
 What I'm trying to say is, I owe
 you my life.

SARAS
 Oh. It's no biggie.

ASH
 It is... "biggie".

SARAS
 So, what are you doing out of class
 anyhow?

ASH
 I was on my way back from my Bio-
 chem class. It's off-campus at the
 college.

BENNIE (O.S.)
 Saras? SARAS??? We have a problem!

Saras looks down at her phone. Bennie's still on the line.

SARAS
 Huh? What?

INT. HARBOR PUBLIC CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

Ms. Priscilla towers over Bennie. She snatches his phone and
 talks to Saras.

MS. PRISCILLA

Saras. When I heard you had to leave school this afternoon, I called your parents to make sure you were okay. Dysentery is a serious issue.

Bennie and Saras <GULP>.

MS. PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

What a relief, they assured me you were perfectly fine and that you hadn't actually left school at all. Must have been a system error.

SARAS (V.O.)

Heh, yeah. System error.

MS. PRISCILLA

So I expect to see you in class later. Wouldn't want to miss your quiz, now.

EXT. HAVEN HARBOR STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Saras is pale.

MS. PRISCILLA (O.S.)

2pm. Sharp.

Ms. Priscilla hangs up.

SARAS

Oh no...

ASH

Everything okay?

Saras sees the bio chem textbook in Ash's backpack.

SARAS

UGH. It's just my annoying biology teacher. She's always on my case.

ASH

Oooh biology is my favorite subject!

SARAS

It is?

ASH
 Is a musaceae sapientum a
 subspicies of musaceae
 paradisiaca?

Ash <SNORT LAUGHS> at her own joke.

Time slows.

Saras stares at Ash, who spit-laughs.

Saras's wheels are turning.

Math equations float around her.

E = MC... Ash.

Boom. She gets an idea.

SARAS
 Come with me!

Saras grabs her hand and runs to:

ASH
 Whoa!

INT. HARBOR PUBLIC BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The bathroom stalls are covered in graffiti. Ash sits on top of a toilet (using as chair), processing information.

ASH
 Let me get this straight. You want
me to swap places with you so I can
 take your bio quiz? Today?

Saras is staring back at Ash, smiling.

SARAS
 Yes! I know it's crazy, but...

ASH
 Won't they know it's me?

Reveal: Bennie is absolutely STUNNED.

BENNIE
 Y-youre... Identical!

ASH
 I dunno about this.

SARAS

I know it's crazy, but I'm out of other options. If I take that test, I'll fail out of high school and Ms. Priscilla will never let me live it down!

Saras gets down on her knees.

SARAS (CONT'D)

Please. I can't pass without you. I'm not smart enough.

ASH

Hmm...

Bennie pulls the drawstrings to close Saras's hoodie around her face.

SARAS

Hey!

BENNIE

Look. I dunno why you guys look identical. It's weird. But you must have met for some reason. Don't you want to stick around and figure that out?

ASH

Statistically speaking, I suppose it is... "weird".

BENNIE

C'mon. Just think of it like a big experiment.

Ash looks at Saras, who gets tangled in her hoodie drawstrings.

SARAS

Erm... uhh...

BENNIE

Plus you'd really be helping her out.

Ash frowns.

ASH

Hmm... I suppose I could do it, just this once.

SARAS
(through hoodie hole)
You will?

ASH
I would regret not investigating
our similarities further.

Saras pops through her hoodie and hugs Ash.

SARAS
Oh my gosh! Thank you thank you
thank you!

ASH
Uhh... sure thing.

Ash gives Saras an awkward pat on the back.

BENNIE
Alright! You better get changed
before it's too late.

ASH / SARAS
Right. / Hm.

Ash and Saras enter separate stalls. Their clothes fly over
the walls.

BENNIE
Hurry! It's almost time for class!

Ash nervously comes out in Saras's hoodie and shorts.

ASH
Well, how do I look?

Bennie's jaw hits the floor.

BENNIE
Just like Saras. It's uncanny.

SARAS (O.S.)
I think something's wrong with
mine.

Saras opens the stall door. She put her jumper on upside-
down, so her head is sticking out a leg hole.

Bennie and Ash BURST into <LAUGHTER>.

ASH
I think it goes the other way.

SARAS
Heh... I knew that!

Saras closes the stall.

Re-opens with the outfit fixed. Her hair is tucked into her shirt to give the illusion of being short.

ASH
Much better.

Saras and Ash stand next to each other. Bennie observes.

BENNIE
Whoa. Y'all really do look identical.

Ash and Saras turn towards each other.

ASH
You really think this'll work?

SARAS
Oh, it'll work. Just keep your hood up, and try not to talk to anyone.

Saras pulls Ash's hood up.

The bell rings.

ASH
Alright. I'll see you at 3.

SARAS
Good luck, and... Thank you.

Ash smiles.

Bennie pulls them in for a group hug.

BENNIE
Aw, you guys! This is the weirdest beginning of a friendship I've ever witnessed!

SARAS
Ms. Priscilla is never gonna see this coming. Her cold, shriveled heart can suck it!

Saras's determined expression fades into:

INT. MS. PRISCILLA'S HOME - YEARS AGO, FLASHBACK

Young Priscilla smiles down at a photo of an ultrasound. She walks down a hallway covered in photos of her and Chris throughout their relationship.

She stops at a doorway where she sees Chris in a yellow room with wooden pieces scattered around. A fireplace is lit. Chris reads some instructions.

CHRIS

Part A connects to part B using
screw 4...

Chris holds parts A and B up. They look identical.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

<GROANS>

Priscilla steps inside.

PRISCILLA

Honey? What's going on in here?

Chris tries to hide the mess.

CHRIS

AH! It's a surprise!

Priscilla lifts an eyebrow.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Or, it was going to be a surprise,
but I guess building a crib takes
longer than a doctor's appointment.

PRISCILLA

Oh, Chris. How thoughtful!

CHRIS

And I can't tell the difference
between any of these parts.

Chris scratches his head with a crib piece. Priscilla takes a look.

PRISCILLA

Hmm... This one is A, this is B,
and that's connector 4C. Looks like
you need 4A.

Priscilla picks up connector 4A and hands it to him. Chris blushes.

CHRIS

I knew that.

PRISCILLA

Mhmm. Sure you did.

They smile at each other. Then Priscilla holds up the instructions. Two photos are underneath, along with newspaper clippings and a map.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

Huh? What's this?

One photo is of Priscilla's hand, showing off her engagement ring with mountains in the background.

The other shows a city in the background.

The newspaper clippings are of city-wide power outages.

The map details mountains surrounding the city, some crossed out.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

This again?

CHRIS

Heh, you weren't supposed to see that.

PRISCILLA

You weren't supposed to be looking at that in the first place.

CHRIS

I know, but, the photos prove what I saw. There really IS another Haven Harbor, and this time I can prove it!

PRISCILLA

Chris.

CHRIS

(manic)

With the data from this photo, I was able to triangulate which mountain moved. I'm so close to finding it. Two identical cities, right next to each other. What if there are even more? It can't be a coincidence.

PRISCILLA

Chris...

CHRIS

Who knows what's inside them. What if there are copies of us, too? I just need answers...

PRISCILLA

CHRIS!

Chris stops.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

We talked about this. The photo doesn't mean anything. It's probably a weird double exposure or a trick of the light.

Chris frowns.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

You have to let this go. You're going to be a dad soon. You don't have time for this.

Chris lets this sink in.

CHRIS

Why can't you just believe me?

Priscilla frowns.

PRISCILLA

Because it's not real.

Chris holds the photos up angrily.

CHRIS

It IS real! I SAW it. And I'm going to prove it. Are you with me or not?

Priscilla stays silent.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Fine.

Chris pushes past Priscilla and exits. The doorway fades to:

INT. HARBOR PUBLIC BIO CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

The classroom doorway. Ash enters and sits down.

ASH (V.O.)
 (inner monologue)
 Fascinating. The desks here are
 stiffer. Less ergonomic.

Ash jots some notes down about her and Saras's differences.
 The list reads: "Hair, IQ, Love of bananas, access to
 ergonomic furniture".

Ms. Priscilla addresses students, who sit patiently in their
 seats. Pat lifts an eyebrow as Ash sits close to the door.

MS. PRISCILLA
 Alright class. Here's how today is
 going to go. I am going to give you
 the quiz. And if I catch any of you
 hooligans trying any funny business-

Ms. Priscilla slaps a ruler in her hand.

MS. PRISCILLA (CONT'D)
 Consider this your warning.

ASH (V.O.)
 (inner monologue)
 Hm. It would appear our social
 environments are quite different as
 well. Perhaps this would explain
 why I love biology...

Ms. Priscilla slaps a test on Ash's desk.

MS. PRISCILLA
 Try not to be a disturbance.

ASH (V.O.)
 (inner monologue)
 And she hates it.

Ash looks at the test.

ASH (V.O.)
 (inner monologue)
 Name: Ashhhh----Saras.

Ash begins to write an "A" but then turns the "A" into a star
 and writes "Saras".

MS. PRISCILLA
 Trouble remembering your name? Ha!
 I should give you your grade now.
 Save you the trouble.

Ash furrows her brow at the comment.

ASH (V.O.)
(inner monologue)
What a rude teacher. "Save you the
trouble" my gluteals! I'll show
you.

Ash furiously starts answering the questions while Ms.
Priscilla hands out the rest of the tests.

ASH
DONE!

Everyone stares.

Ms. Priscilla has only just finished passing out the tests.

MS. PRISCILLA
Given up already?

Ash scoffs. Hands in the test.

MS. PRISCILLA (CONT'D)
Then I suppose I can grade it...
Right now.

ASH
The faster you give me an A, the
better.

Ms. Priscilla takes the test to her desk. Readies a red pen.

MS. PRISCILLA
<CLEARS THROAT> Let's see here.

She starts to grade.

Ash stands her ground.

Ms. Priscilla frowns.

MS. PRISCILLA (CONT'D)
Hm. That's... hm...

She checks her answer key and the test again.

MS. PRISCILLA (CONT'D)
Impossible.

Ms. Priscilla gets up from her desk and examines Ash's desk.

MS. PRISCILLA (CONT'D)
Hm. There's nothing here... Your
hoodie. Let me see it.

ASH

Why?

MS. PRISCILLA

You cheated. You must have cheated. The Saras I know could have never explained theoretical cell division so eloquently.

ASH

Cheated?! I *experimented*. How dare you question my academic integrity.

MS. PRISCILLA

Experimented?! I don't believe you. Give. Me. Your. Hoodie.

ASH

<SCOFFS> Believe this!

Ash rips her hoodie off and THROWS it at Ms. Priscilla. Ms. Priscilla crashes into her desk from the impact.

MS. PRISCILLA

Oof!

CLASS

<GASP> / OOOOOoooooh!

Pat lifts an eyebrow, impressed.

Ms. Priscilla untangles herself from the hoodie. Then looks up to Ash.

Ash angrily stands her ground, hands in fists, <PANTING>. Her short hair glistens.

Ms. Priscilla's eyes widen.

MS. PRISCILLA

Saras?

Ash realizes what she's done.

ASH

Oh my gosh. I'm... I'm sorry!

Ash RUNS out of the classroom to:

INT. HARBOR PREP CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Saras balances a pencil on her nose, bored.

OUTSIDE CLASS: Ash waves at Saras through the window.

SARAS

Huh?

The pencil drops off her nose. Ash mouths "BATHROOM".

INT. HARBOR PREP BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Harbor Prep bathroom is fancy. It's the kind of bathroom that has a powder room first, then a bathroom, and an ATTENDANT hands you towels.

Ash leads Saras in. Saras is in awe.

SARAS

Whoa, this is the fanciest bathroom I've ever been in.

The attendant double takes.

ASH

Yeah yeah, we look the same. You can faint now.

The attendant faints.

SARAS

How'd it go??

ASH

BAD! Switch back, now!

SARAS

Uh, okay?

They enter separate stalls. Their uniforms fly over the wall to each other as they talk.

ASH

I mean, I definitely aced your test, but...

SARAS

Hey, where's my hoodie?

ASH

I sort of... threw it at her.

They exit the stalls, now in their normal clothes.

SARAS

You what?!

ASH
She knows you cheated.

SARAS
Psht, it's not like she can prove it.

ASH
I suppose not. But I want nothing more to do with it.

SARAS
Yeah-yeah, your debt is paid and you are free, or whatever.

Ash softens. Saras opens the window and climbs up.

SARAS (CONT'D)
Thank you. Seriously.

ASH
Wait! Saras... Do you know why we're... identical?

SARAS
Beats me. Pretty cool though.

Saras WINKS and hops out the bathroom window.

INT. HARBOR PUBLIC HALLWAY - LATER

Saras meets Bennie at her locker. Bennie scans Saras for the Harbor Prep pin.

BENNIE
Are you... you?

SARAS
'Course it's me.

BENNIE
<WHEW>. I was worried when I heard about Ms. Priscilla's *encounter* with Ash... The whole school is talking about it.

SARAS
Eh, it'll be fine. Ash passed my test and I'm not going to fail out of high school. My genius plan worked!

Just then, Pat walks up to Saras. Saras's heart leaps out of her chest and she drools.

PAT

Hey. That was pretty cool of you,
standing up to Ms. P like that.

SARAS

(wiping away drool)
Yeah, it's no biggie.

Pat walks away.

PAT

See ya around, Saras.

Saras turns to Bennie, overly excited.

SARAS

Pat knows my name! Do you think I
have a shot?

BENNIE

You? Absolutely not. But maybe Ash
does.

SARAS

Ash, huh? Do you think she'd be
down to switch again?

Bennie slaps his forehead.

Just then, Ms. Priscilla marches down the hallway to Saras.
She carries a clip board with Saras's hoodie folded atop it.

SARAS (CONT'D)

Uh oh.

Ms. Priscilla straightens herself up.

MS. PRISCILLA

Saras.

SARAS

Yes, Ms. Priscilla?

MS. PRISCILLA

I think apologies are in order.

SARAS

Right. I am sorry.

MS. PRISCILLA
No. I should apologize. I shouldn't
have underestimated you.

Ms. Priscilla hands Saras's hoodie back.

MS. PRISCILLA (CONT'D)
In fact, you made the highest score
of anyone in the class. I think you
should move to the advanced biology
class. Clearly intro bio isn't
challenging enough for clever
cookies like you.

Saras smiles through the pain.

SARAS
MHMM. YEP. That's me, a clever
cookie. Heh, gotta go.

Saras rushes away and calls Ash on her phone.

SARAS (CONT'D)
Hey, Ash? So I'm gonna need another
favor...

MS. PRISCILLA
(calling out to Saras)
I'll talk to the principal about
you switching classes. Ta-ta now!

Ms. Priscilla turns away.

She furrows her brow at the clip board.

Now that the jacket is removed, we see two photos clipped
onto the board. Both depict Ms. Priscilla's engagement ring,
one with a mountain in the background, the other with a city.

MS. PRISCILLA (CONT'D)
Oh Chris. Maybe it was you I should
have believed all along.

Ms. Priscilla traces her ring finger. Only, there is no ring
there anymore.

END OF EPISODE.