

HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS

Written by

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EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREET - NIGHT

EXT. BACKYARD PARTY - NIGHT

A beautifully lit garden party filled with guests, hors d'oeuvres, bon voyage balloons and happy people. We follow a PARTY-GOER toward the house.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY

The party-goer approaches a closed door. KNOCKS.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

TULA ANDERS, Black, 30, with the outfit of a fifty year-old middle school teacher, wipes a mirror and peers closely into it.

TULA  
(polite British accent)  
Someone's in here.

She looks to the mirror again.

TULA (CONT'D)  
(singing to the tune of  
*Bad Boys for Life*)  
*We ain't . . . Go-in nowhere.*  
*We ain't going nowhere.*  
*We staying in the bathroom.*  
*Cuz it's bad boy for life.*

There's another knock at the door.

TULA (CONT'D)  
(still polite)  
I'm pooping. Be out in a moment.

BEEP. Tula's phone lights up. She checks it.

INSERT - CELL PHONE

Pam - Be there in 10. Sorry, got held up with Katie.

Another message pops up.

Pam - In the meantime, get out and socialize.

END INSERT

Tula snorts and looks in the mirror again.

TULA (CONT'D)

*I ain't . . . Go-in nowhere.  
I ain't going nowhere.  
I'm staying in the bathroom.  
Cuz it's bad boy for life.*

We cut to brief scenes of Tula going through different grooming actions. She examines her teeth closely in the mirror. Paints her toe-nails. Plucks a wayward hair. Actually sits on the toilet and poops.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Two well-dressed women, Pam, Latino, 30, and Katie, mixed-race, 30, skip down the street, arms linked ala Laverne & Shirley.

PAM AND KATIE

*One, two, three, four, five, six,  
seven, eight--*

They stop and do a well choreographed dip with each word.

PAM AND KATIE (CONT'D)

*Schlemeel, Schlemazel, Hasenfeffer  
Incorporated.*

The whimsical open to Laverne & Shirley starts as we . . .

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - SAME

Reality. A less glamorous but still "together" Pam is pulling a drunk-ass, disheveled Katie along. Katie wobbles, holding onto Pam's arm, attempting to do the routine from her imagination.

KATIE

*Come on. Schlemaagghhsha. Schla-  
something.  
(swallows)  
Hasenfff--*

Katie yanks away from Pam. Bends over and pukes. Pam couldn't hate Katie more in this moment.

PAM

*Katie . . .*

KATIE  
 Whoo! OH-kay. Ohhhh-kay.

Katie waits for the wave of nausea to roll over. Springs up.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
 I feel like a new person.  
 (sings)  
 A whole new woooooorld.

Pam walks on. Katie follows.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
 (still singing)  
 A dazzling something point of  
 viewwww--  
 (no longer singing)  
 you're gonna miss me in New York,  
 dude. You're gonna miss your number  
 one, best friend, pre-gaming  
 partner in crime.

Beat.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
 (sings)  
 No one can tell us no or where to  
 gooooo--

PAM  
 Katie, let's just get to my party.  
 I'm already late.

Katie glimpses a homeless man, sleeping.

KATIE  
 Oopsie-doopsie.

She kneels down and tightens her shoelaces. Pam turns around.

PAM  
 You've got to be kidding.

KATIE  
 Safety first.

Pam checks her phone. Starts texting.

Katie covertly takes a few dollars out of the homeless man's  
 tin can.

CUT TO: