

GENNY | Megan Fleming | comedic dialogue sample

MUSIC: "BEST FRIEND" by SAWEETIE & DOJA CAT

AS THE BEAT
DROPS WE CUT TO:

EXT. A HIP D.C. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - 2021

Chyron: 2021

Damn, this neighborhood is cool as hell! The OLDER COUPLE and their immaculate mini bernadoodle walking on the sidewalk have a certain je ne sais quoi (botox!) (yeah the dog too!). The KIDS skateboarding on the wide street have never faced adversity. Oh and look at those eco friendly lawns!

We meander along to a row of THREE PERFECT HOUSES, all identical except for bits and ends here and there.

The house on the far right has an indoor slide from the second floor that curls around the left side of the house and disappears into the back yard.

The middle house has an intricate looking obstacle course that continues into the back past a picket fence and a huge satellite on the roof.

The one to the left has a helicopter pad in the yard. Casual.

A young woman begins to narrate:

FRANKIE (V.O.)

This here row of houses is where me
and my best friends in the whole
freaking universe live. We've been
friends since childhood. Grew up
dirt poor but now we're next
mansion door neighbors. Sweet,
right?

A LIMO pulls up to the far left house and a DRIVER steps out and hastily runs to the back. He opens the door and a woman slides out. This is BRIE, early 30s. She's dressed in a turtleneck with a stunningly tasteful golden necklace, her hair blown out but not in an obnoxious way. She's talking intensely on her cell. Speaking in a POSH BRITISH ACCENT-

BRIE

(to driver, winking)

Thanks love, see you tomorrow

(MORE)

BRIE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Gwyneth just called, she drunkenly ate a rack of ribs last night. Let's send her some vegan friendly charities to donate to and issue a public apology.

FRANKIE (V.O.)

This is Brie. She's the smartest person I know. Fortune 500 by the age of 30. She created a social outreach platform for some of the biggest companies and celebs in the world. She knows everyone. Like whoever you're thinking of right now, she knows. And I can't believe she started at Target.

CUT TO:

INT. TARGET - DAY

Brie, wearing a red polo, standing in front of a total Karen. Her KID is standing in the cart, jumping up and down.

KAREN

What do you MEAN you don't have pool floaties!?

The kid sprays Brie with a water gun. Brie looks absolutely dead inside.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. ROW OF HOUSES - CONT

A CLICKITY CLACK CLICKITY CLACK echoes from somewhere off screen. Brie keeps talking on the phone unperturbed.

BRIE

Is he off? Ok I'm gonna need you to pick up my dry cleaning tonight.

A woman riding the most majestic HORSE to grace a screen since Gandalf rode in on Shadowfax trots into frame. She's wearing a cowboy hat, a matching sweat suit and crocs and socks, but somehow manages to make this ensemble look chic as hell. She parks her Horse at the house to the right of Brie's and slides off, patting the horse lovingly. This is MICHAELA (early 30s, her skin regiment is out of this world, we are all jealous) She ties her horse to a pole.

FRANKIE (V.O.)

This is Michaela. She was born in a town of 24 people. Moved to our city and had, um... a learning arc after being homeschooled all of her life.

CUT TO:

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL HOME EC CLASS - DAY

The whiteboard reads 'HOME EC'. A vegetable soup recipe written under it in nice cursive.

A YOUNG MICHAELA (13 or 14) stands in front of the class. We can tell because she has the same crazy look in her eyes and also the TEACHER is introducing her to the class--

TEACHER

Class. This is Michaela, our new student.

Michaela reaches into her backpack excitedly

MICHAELA

I heard we were cooking soup today -

She pulls out a squirrel corpse. Michaela's new classmates and Teacher GASP and SCREAM.

The squirrel starts WRITHING AROUND in her hands, frightened and very much alive.

MICHAELA (CONT'D)

Oh baloney! One sec.

She takes out a CARVING KNIFE from her pocket as the class' screams grow louder.

BACK TO:

THE PRESENT

FRANKIE (V.O.)

She's an odd one, but she's a fierce friend.

Michaela sees Brie at her front door, Brie's fumbling around in her purse, looking for her keys. Brie looks up and sees her, half waves, and motions that she's on the phone.

Michaela gives a 'thumbs up'. Takes out a brush from her garage and brushes the horse's hair.

FRANKIE (V.O.)

Now we honestly don't know what she does, but it seems important. We were sure it was something in fashion but when we asked, she said Devil Wears Prada used to scare her as a kid, so she'd never be in that line of work.

The TWEENS we saw skating down the street earlier pass Michaela and Brie's houses, ogling at how sick they are. They look back to the sidewalk just as a WOMAN riding what appears to be a **floating skateboard** zooms past them, brushing up tufts of grass as she veers back onto the sidewalk. She sips a tallboy Lime-A-Rita nonchalantly.

This is FRANKIE (early 30s). She gives off a relaxed vibe. But maybe because she seems a bit drunk.

FRANKIE (V.O.)

And this is me, Frankie.

INT. FRANKIE'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM. NIGHT

Frankie (10) reads a romance book with a very erotic cover (should she be reading that?) on her bed while her parents are in a vicious argument in the kitchen.

FRANKIE (V.O.)

I escaped my parents divorce as a kid by reading romance novels. And then when I got older, I started writing them.

INT. LIBRARY. DAY

Frankie (18) reads a book to a big group of THIRSTY MOMS. The cover has two hot middle aged lovers kissing atop a flaming futuristic planet, the title reads NEVER GONE by Frankie Parsons. A younger Michaela and Brie stand by, soaking in every word. As Frankie reads, she becomes more emotional.

FRANKIE

'I don't want you to go. I love you', Emisandre says. 'I have to. My blood is the only way to save planet Ion,' says Reina. 'We'll never see each other again though.' 'I know'.

A WOMAN in the small group answers her flip phone in the middle of this.

WOMAN

Yeah what's up?

Michaela appears behind the woman and takes her phone. THROWS it outside the library door and stares her down. The stunned Woman retreats in silence.

Brie approaches and pats Michaela. They both give Frankie a thumbs up.

Frankie clears her throat and continues.

FRANKIE

A lifetime without Emisandre crashes down on Reina with the weight of a million moons. Reina runs away from the ship, back to her lover. 'But millions of Ioners will die!' Emisandre cries. Reina holds her face in her palm 'They can find another savior. Nothing will EVER take me away from you.'

She closes the book and we hear claps. Then WOOTS and WHISTLES from Michaela and Brie in the back. They hype up the crowd. Michaela let's a FAN cry into her bosom.

FRANKIE (V.O.)

Writing seemed like the only way I could get people to stay together and live happily ever after.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE - PRESENT DAY

Frankie continues to hoverboard up to her driveway, the one with the waterslide. The tweens have followed her, mesmerized by the flying skateboard, but Frankie doesn't notice because she's preoccupied with her Lime-A-Rita.

FRANKIE (V.O.)

I haven't been writing as much lately, but I love this life.

EXT. BRIE'S FRONT DOOR - CONT

Brie, meanwhile, still trying to dig for her keys, spots Frankie on the hoverboard as the kids ogle at her.

She watches from afar as Frankie tries to get off the board but ends up falling, somehow impressively managing to save most of her Lime-A-Rita. She licks the stuff thats spilled on the can.

FRANKIE
(to the kids)
Ha! Did you see that?

Brie huffs and closes her purse.

BRIE
(muttering)
Not again.

She starts to make her way across her and Michaela's lawns to Frankie.

From her garage, Michaela sees Brie trudge over to Frankie. She pats her horse and drops her brush in a bucket. Follows Brie, curious.

EXT. FRANKIE'S LAWN - CONTINUOUS

Back at the skateboard, the kids stare as Frankie takes off her helmet, hair whipping luminously in the breeze.

KID #1
Hey lady! Where did you get that board?

FRANKIE
(covering)
It's a prototype.

KID #2
Can I try?

FRANKIE
No. Go away or I'll call your mothers.

KID #1
We don't even know you.

FRANKIE
(raising her Lime-A-Rita)
Let's keep it that way.

The kids glance at each other, annoyed.

BRIE (O.S.)
Frankie!

Frankie looks around and sees Brie, arms folded, looking at her from Michaela's lawn. Michaela is behind her. She waves at Frankie.

FRANKIE
(waving back)
Hey pals!

Brie looks behind her, Michaela approaches.

MICHAELA
What's up?

BRIE
Frankie took her hoverboard for a public spin again.

FRANKIE
I was craving a Lime-A-Rita!

BRIE
(looking at the kids)
Shoo!

MICHAELA
(clapping at them)
Go on, get!

The kids shake their heads and skate off.

KID #1
Chodes.

Brie looks to Frankie, annoyed.

BRIE
Look, just don't do it again, please?

FRANKIE
Pinky promise! Hey, do you guys want to come over for a drink, we can get more Lime-A-Ritas.

BRIE
Uh, I actually have a zoom now.

MICHAELA
Yeah I've got an important business meeting too.

FRANKIE
 (still cheery)
 Ok! Well I'll see you guys tonight
 for the big ceremony!

BRIE
 Shhh. Not here!

FRANKIE
 No one knows what the ceremony is.

BRIE
 Very true, Frankie. Because we
 don't *hoverboard in public*.

FRANKIE
 I get it!

BRIE
 I gotta go. See you guys tonight.

Brie gives a weird, stiff 'peace' sign to Frankie and Michaela, walks away.

FRANKIE
 By Brie! Good luck with your
 meeting!

Michaela and Frankie are left standing awkwardly far from each other across the lawn.

MICHAELA
 See ya tonight, Frank. Drink lots
 of water, you get mad hangovers
 when you drink those.

FRANKIE
 (cheersing)
 Good lookin out!

Michaela heads off. From the same wide angle as the first shot of the houses, Brie's door slams and Michaela's garage door closes at the same time, leaving Frankie and her Lime-A-Rita alone. But she continues smiling, unaware or refusing to acknowledge the awkward encounter.

FRANKIE (V.O.)
 (cheery)
 I don't know what that was! But
 yeah. As I was saying, I love this
 group. No place I'd rather be, no
 people I'd rather be with.

Frankie makes her way to her front door.

FRANKIE (V.O.)

It's easy to feel like an imposter when you and all your best friends are this successful, but that's what happens when you work hard. Or when you, well, no that doesn't matter. What matters is in this moment, everything is perfect.

Frankie shuts her front door. We PAN OVER from the cool houses to a VAN idling across the street. We drift over to its slightly rolled down window, into--

INT. SURVEILLANCE CAR - CONT

A surveillance car.

A HOT AGENT (Henry Cavill) is looking at a monitor with a live camera feed of the houses.

HOT AGENT

They just confirmed it's happening tonight.

Another agent, MOORE (30s, tough) nods. She spins to another monitor, looking over the shoulder of another agent, WILLIAMS (40s, thinks he's tough).

This monitor shows a video recording taken by Brie of Frankie and Michaela riding FLYING BROOMSTICKS in one of the mansion's backyards. Brie cheers them on, filming them shakily. Frankie and Michaela CRASH INTO ONE ANOTHER and fall off their broomsticks. Brie rushes to them and footage cuts.

On another monitor, Brie films as the pals fly on a private jet with Harry Styles.

On another, shaky footage of Michaela having a full conversation with a dog, something about the meaning of life.

More videos of Brie recording Frankie and Michaela continue to play on the monitors.

Moore takes it all in, shaking her head.

MOORE

(muttering to herself)

How do these three idiots have the power to end the whole world in the blink of an eye?

Off of her pondering, we cut to our title card as "BEST FRIEND" picks up again, blaring:

GENNY