Drunk Girl/High Guy
"Saturday"

By

Sarah Walker
Our opening montage is a three-way/four-way split screen (think Fargo Season 2) starting at Sarah (our Drunk Girl) and Noah (our High Guy’s) Thursday nights, and taking us to Friday morning. Punk/garage music plays, a la Pony Time’s “Go Find Your Own.”

SARAH’S TWO SCREENS
She walks into a friend’s birthday party and is immediately handed a pickle back shot, which she slams. Now she’s dancing with a group of friends in a dingy basement bar. She locks eyes with a guy. Now she’s kissing the guy outside of her apartment. Now she’s trudging alone up six flights of stairs. Now she’s raiding her fridge and eats something out of a tupperware marked “Amelia.” Now she’s falling into bed. Now it’s morning and she’s waking up and chugging water. Now she’s walking through Times Square and into the building where she and Noah work.

NOAH’S TWO SCREENS
He’s sitting on his couch watching CNN and smoking a bowl. We see him yell at the obscure pundit on TV. Now he’s making some eggs in a pan, hesitates, then pours cereal into the middle and smiles. Now the pan is burning and he’s frantically trying to turn off the smoke alarm. Now he’s taking a bong hit and watching cat videos. Now he’s spooning (in full pajamas) with his girlfriend, whose hair is covering her face. Now it’s morning and he’s waking up and chugging water. Now he’s eating burned leftover eggs and cereal. Now he’s putting on jeans and a hoodie, then putting a fancy blazer over the hoodie. Now he’s buying a coffee. Now he’s walking through Times Square and into work.

The split screens merge into one as they sit down in their shared cubicle with a low wall and two desks. Sarah hands Noah the bagel, he hands her the coffee. We’re at the offices of It’s All Happening with Poppy Appleby, the MTV-esque talk show where Sarah and Noah work.

INT. IAHWPA OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER
Sarah and Noah sit at their desks. A mail room guy walks in and hands Noah a package.

NOAH
Oh my God. It’s here.

Noah tears it open and pulls out what appears to be a plain white pillowcase. He shows it to Sarah, who gasps.
SARAH
The intensity, the juxtaposition between light and dark...it’s beautiful.

We reveal Sarah’s P.O.V. of the pillowcase and see that Nic Cage’s face is silk screened on it.

NOAH
The woman who made it is one of the top pillow-Cage artists on Etsy.

SARAH
You can tell.

Bridget (35, their boss who is far nicer to them than she should be) approaches. She’s carrying a weekend bag.

BRIDGET
Let me guess. You ordered that when you were high.

NOAH
You are correct!

BRIDGET
I’m taking off early, but I just wanted to say great job this week. Noah, the segment you researched on celebrity dog selfies was superb.

NOAH
(modestly)
I am really good at the Internet.

BRIDGET
(sincerely)
And Sarah, as always, I am very impressed at your ability to be such a good assistant while being so consistently hungover.

SARAH
(touched)
Thank you, Bridget.

BRIDGET
Have a good weekend.

She walks off. Sarah takes Noah’s pillowcase, wraps it around her bag (to use as a pillow) and crawls under his desk.

SARAH
Wake me up at 5.
We three-way/four-way split screen again as we go into another montage.

SARAH’S TWO SCREENS
Sarah, sleeping under the desk, is shaken awake by Noah. She crawls out and hands him back his pillowcase. Now she waves goodbye to Noah outside the office and gets in a cab. Now she’s laughing at Taxi TV and swigging from a flask. Now she’s walking into a bar and greeting friends. Now she’s doing a car bomb.

NOAH’S TWO SCREENS
Noah shakes Sarah awake. He takes back his Nic Cage pillowcase. Now he waves goodbye to Sarah outside the office and gets on the subway. Now, on the subway, he gets hit in the face by a little kid dancer doing a flip. He motions like, “I’m fine.” Now he’s on his couch with an ice pack on his face where the kid hit him. He lights up a j.

We freeze on a two-way split screen of Sarah chugging the car bomb and Noah smoking the j.

Title Card: Drunk Girl/High Guy
ACT ONE

INT. THE YACHT - SATURDAY 10:30 AM

The Yacht is Sarah’s apartment on the Lower East Side, which she shares with two other roommates. It’s called The Yacht because of its uneven floors, necessitating sea legs.

Sarah’s cutting up blocks of cheese in the kitchen and sipping a beer. There’s a knock at the door, she rushes down the hall to open it. Noah’s on the other side, holding his Nic Cage pillowcase, now stuffed with a pillow. With great flourish Sarah puts on a baseball hat that says “SATURDAY!” Noah holds up his phone, presses play and Elton John’s “Saturday Night’s Alright For Fighting” specifically the part that goes “Saturday! Saturday! Saturday! Saturday!” blasts out. They dance into the living room.

NOAH (singing)  SARAH (singing)
Saturday! Saturday! Saturday! Saturday! Saturday!
Saturday!

Amelia, Sarah’s butch lesbian roommate, lies on the couch.

AMELIA
SHUT THE FUCK UP!!

Noah quickly shuts off the music. They sit down. Noah gets out a joint and lights it up.

SARAH
Sorry, Amelia. We just really--

NOAH
Really love Saturday.

AMELIA
Yeah, I know! You do this every week! Can’t you take a break from each other for one stupid day??

NOAH  SARAH
That’s Sunday. That’s what we do on Sunday.

SARAH
You should participate! We have Saturday Rules: One, you can start drinking and smoking at 10am.
NOAH
Although I smoked at 9:30, which is fine, because the second rule is that you can do ANYTHING you want on a Saturday and NOTHING you don’t want to do.

SARAH
Saturday is a stress-free zone. We don’t even worry about Noah’s crippling student debt.

AMELIA
(helpfully)
I sold my eggs to pay off my student loans.

NOAH
Well. I can’t do that. So.

AMELIA
(to Sarah)
I got eight grand. But you’d get ten ‘cause you went to Yale...although you were an art major, so I don’t know, maybe 9?

SARAH
That sounds...like something I really don’t want to do.

AMELIA
(getting up)
Whatever. I gotta get ready. An Israeli’s paying me twenty thou to get married and we’re shooting a fake engagement photo album for the immigration interview.

NOAH
Oh no.

SARAH
Don’t you ever want to get a job?

AMELIA
Yeah, right. Jobs suck.

SARAH
We love our job. NOAH
Our job’s amazing.

Amelia looks at them like they’re crazy. She goes into her room and slams the door. Noah presses play on his phone.
SATURDAY! SATURDAY! SATURDAY! Saturady! Saturday! Saturday! Saturday!

CUT TO:

INT. THE YACHT - LIVING ROOM - 11:30AM

Sarah and Noah sit on the couch, watching an old X-Files episode, “Born Again.” It features a creepy, possessed little girl. Sarah’s drinking a Bloody accompanied by a tiny beer. There are little bowls of Bloody snacks on the table: Olives, blocks of cheese, celery, tiny shrimps, jerky. Noah’s smoking weed and ashing into a cute little cowboy hat shaped ashtray.

SARAH
How can Scully remain such a skeptic? Mulder is constantly proving that the paranormal exists, yet she’s all, “You’re crazy, Mulder. That’s not science.” It’s like, hello, remember when you fell in love with a vampire sheriff?

NOAH
I identify with Scully. Like, every time you ask me to do a Saturday hang, I think no way.

(Sarah gasps)

Because I know you’ll eventually force me to go to some bar and I’ll be super high and it’ll be a nightmare. But then I think, maybe this time it’ll be different. And it never is. So I’m like Scully.

SARAH
Then I’m Mulder, your work partner who shows you the fantastical side of life while making you better at your job... and friendship.

NOAH
Eh.

Amelia, dressed in a white sun dress and looking one million times girlier than before, walks out of her room and stands in front of them. Sarah and Noah look at her in shock.

AMELIA
Well??

SARAH
Wow, beautiful.

NOAH
So bridal.
AMELIA (CONT’D)
Fuck you guys.

She walks out, slamming the door. There’s a beat.

NOAH
I wonder where they’re registered.

SARAH
I’ll ask.

INT. THE YACHT - LIVING ROOM - AN HOUR LATER

They’re watching the balloon episode of How It’s Made.
Sarah’s drinking a wine while balancing on a big exercise ball. Noah’s smoking from a glass pipe with a sea turtle on it, lying on the floor with his Nic Cage pillow.

SARAH
I had no idea that balloon-making was such an intricate process.
(looking at Noah)
Are you crying?

NOAH
(wiping away a tear)
I find human ingenuity really moving.

SARAH
I know. Hey, where’s Leila today?

NOAH
(pulled together)
Welding class.

He holds up a photo on his phone of a girl in a welding mask.

SARAH
She’s such a badass. Can I ask...is she the best at boning?

NOAH
(exhaling smoke)
Yes...Hey, what do you think happens if you inhale while you’re glass blowing?

SARAH
Your throat gets coated with hot liquid glass and you die?
NOAH

Bummer.
(taking a drag and making a face)
This weed tastes like licking the inside of a chimney.

SARAH
(she’s said this before)

NOAH
Fire “He Hate Me”?? I could never.

SARAH
Do you think it’s a good thing that you call your dealer He Hate Me?
 Didn’t he threaten to punch you in the throat the other day?

NOAH
Yeah...but he can be so charming when he shines his light on you.
But when you’re in his shadow...
(he shudders)
But I could never leave him.

Sarah’s about to say something when her phone buzzes.

SARAH
Shit, it’s Bridget.

She picks up and puts the phone on speaker.

SARAH (CONT’D)
‘Sup, Boss lady.

We see Bridget frantically pacing by a nice pool in Connecticut, it looks like she’s at a wedding. We cut back and forth between The Yacht and her during the conversation.

BRIDGET
Sarah? Thank God. I fucked up. I fucked up bad. Oh this is so bad...

NOAH
(whispering to Sarah)
She killed someone!

SARAH
Bridg, calm down. Whom did you murder? Was it an accident? It’s OK if the answer is no.
BRIDGET
What? No! I went out of town before giving Poppy her visa papers to sign. If they don’t get to the visa office in D.C. by 9am on Monday, she has to go back to England. Without our host, there’s no show!

NOAH
That doesn’t sound so bad compared to murder.

BRIDGET
Shit, is that Noah? You guys cannot tell ANYONE about this.

NOAH
Can we tell Poppy?

BRIDGET
Obviously you have to tell Poppy!!

SARAH
Bridget! What do you want me to do?

BRIDGET
Go to the office, get the papers off my desk, go to Poppy’s apartment, make SURE she signs them, then overnight them to D.C.

SARAH
Hmmm. Hold on a second.

She puts her on mute. She turns to Noah.

SARAH (CONT’D)
This is the exact opposite thing I want to do on a Saturday. If I do it, I’m betraying myself and Saturday Rules.

NOAH
Let’s make a list of pros and cons.

He pulls an envelope and pen off the table.

NOAH (CONT’D)
(writing on the envelope)
So if you do get the papers, you save the show. I’ll put that under “Pro.” And if you don’t go, everyone loses their jobs. So that would be a “Con.”
They look at the envelope.

SARAH
Is that the entire list?

NOAH
Yeah.

Sarah takes Bridget off of mute.

SARAH
(make a huge sacrifice)
I’ll do it.

BRIDGET
Thank you so much call me aft--

Sarah hangs up on her and gets up.

SARAH
OK, time to go.

NOAH
Oh, I’m not going.

SARAH
According to Saturday Rules, I have
to truly want to do the activity.
Yes, I want to save our jobs, but
to make me want to get on the
subway, I need a flask of wine and
a companion. So you’re coming.

NOAH
(getting up)
I’m being Scullied, like five hours
ahead of schedule.

He feels his jacket pocket and pulls out a cookie.

NOAH (CONT’D)
Woah! Secret surprise pot cookie!

He pops it into his mouth, chews and swallows.

NOAH (CONT’D)
I feel like that was a mistake.

INT. SUBWAY CAR – A LITTLE LATER

Sarah and Noah sit on the subway. Sarah, still in her
SATURDAY! hat, sips from her flask and looks around happily.
SARAH
I’m ONLY riding the subway drunk from now on. I’m probably sitting on dried semen right now, but I’m just tipsy enough not to care.

She thinks for a second, takes off her jacket and sits on it.

SARAH (CONT’D)
Actually, bare thigh on mystery semen is pretty gross.

She looks at Noah, who’s staring ahead, looking terrified.

SARAH (CONT’D)
Hello?

He doesn’t answer or break his gaze. Confused, she follows his eye line to see he’s staring at the cutest Little Girl you’ve ever seen. The Little Girl stares back at Noah.

SARAH (CONT’D)
Dude! Stop staring at a small child! It’s creepy!

NOAH
I can’t. If I make one false move she’ll make fun of me in front of all these people.

Sarah looks around and sees one sleeping guy.

SARAH
How high are you? When we went to the New York Liberty game high or Jim Henson Museum High?

NOAH
I’m Bronx Zoo high plus Medieval Times high.

SARAH
(this is bad)
Oh no. You have to stop staring! Her mom’s gonna notice!

Sarah puts her hand over his eyes, he slaps it away. Sarah slaps his hand back. They get into a little hand slapping fight. Sarah finally grabs his hands.

SARAH (CONT’D)
We’re better than this!

The Little Girl has been looking at them this entire time.
LITTLE GIRL
You’re weird.

SARAH
(knee-jerk reaction)
You’re weird!

The Little Girl’s Mom pulls her close.

MOM
Excuse me??

Noah looks at the Little Girl and her eyes turn a glowing red. He grabs Sarah’s arm. He’s terrified.

NOAH
She’s the girl from the X-Files who’s possessed by the soul of a police officer seeking revenge!

MOM
Stop talking about my daughter!

SARAH
Everyone calm down.
(holding out flask)
Would you like some wine, ma’am? I swear wine makes the subway better.

MOM
I’m calling train security.

SARAH
No no! We’ll get off here! I mean, I think you’re over-reacting, especially after I offered you peace wine--

MOM
Security!

SARAH
Is train security really a thing? OK, nevermind, let’s go.

She pulls Noah out the subway door. Noah looks back at the Little Girl and her eyes glow red again as she smiles and waves at him. It’s very creepy. The doors close on Noah’s terrified face.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

EXT. SUBWAY STOP - CONTINUOUS

Sarah and Noah are in an empty, windswept part of New York. They start walking.

SARAH
Dude, I need your A game right now if we’re gonna save the show. What the hell was that?

NOAH
I think my pot cookie might’ve been laced with a little PCP. Classic He Hate Me prank.

SARAH
That’s it. I’m calling He Hate Me right now. Give me your phone.

NOAH
(handing it over)
What’re you going to say?

SARAH
I’m gonna tell him to go to jail!

She dials and someone on the other end picks up.

SARAH (CONT’D)
Hel--

Her face goes through horrified contortions as she listens to the bile being spewed on the other end. He hangs up on her before she can say anything. She slowly lowers the phone.

SARAH (CONT’D)
(shell shocked)
He said he’d shove a cocktail umbrella up my dick hole and then open it if I called outside his office hours again.

NOAH
(scared)
Don’t let him!

SARAH
I won’t let him do anything to either of our dicks.

(look from Noah)
I know what I said. Let’s go.
They start walking.

INT. IAHWPA OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

Sarah and Noah get out of the elevator into their office. It’s totally empty.

    NOAH
    This is so weird.

    SARAH
    It feels wrong, being here with no one around.

She dramatically sweeps all the papers off of a desk.

    SARAH (CONT’D)
    SATURDAAAAAYYYYY!!!!!!!!!!!
    (then)
    I’ll pick those up later.

INT. BRIDGET’S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

They walk in and see the visa papers on Bridget’s desk.

    SARAH                  NOAH
    Bingo!                Yahtzee!

Sarah’s about to pick them up when she spots a cabinet door peaking open. It’s Bridget’s secret bar.

    SARAH
    Bridget, you scampy boozehound!

She pours herself a whiskey into a tumbler.

    SARAH (CONT’D)
    Dude, you should smoke in here.

    NOAH
    A) I’m already high and b) No way, someone could walk in.

    SARAH
    (singing)
    Paranoid Noah, no one’s here...
    (pointing to him)
    Noah’s here.

    NOAH
    Did you just make that up?
SARAH
I did. Good, right?

NOAH
It’s really really good.

Montage over the remix of “Paranoid Noah”:

- Noah smoking in his chair like a boss, then Sarah popping up from under the desk and scaring him.

- Noah standing on the show stage, playing host. Sarah walks out and waves to the fake audience, they shake hands. Noah signals for her to do it again so Sarah runs backstage.

- In Poppy’s wardrobe room, Noah putting Poppy’s blouse on his head like a hat, Sarah using Poppy’s pants as a scarf.

- They’re having a speed walk race around the office, wearing their new hat and scarf. They ram into Bridget’s desk (the finish line). The whiskey bottle spills and Sarah saves the papers before they get wet. The music scratches to a stop.

SARAH
Woah. That was close.

NOAH
We almost destroyed the show with a speed walk race that I won.

SARAH
And then we wouldn’t work together anymore. And I don’t know how I’d work at a job without you.... and it was a tie... are you crying again?

NOAH
(wiping a tear)
No! Yes. I just feel the same way. A job without you would be like the seasons of the X-Files without David Duchovny. Shitty.

SARAH
(focused)
Well it’s not gonna happen. This Mulder’s sticking around. Come on, we gotta get to Poppy’s.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

They walk out from the building and the Puerto Rican Day Parade has appeared on 6th Ave. It’s a scrum of bikers and dancers and the street is packed, impossible to cross.
NOAH
How do we get to the subway, it’s across the street.

SARAH
(determined)
We have to...join the parade.

NOAH
I’m scared.

SARAH
(taking Noah’s hand)
I know. I won’t let go.

They start to cross the street and Noah stops.

NOAH
If I die in this parade, will you call my dad to check up on him once in a while?

SARAH
Sure...But I only met him that one time and he said I have a handsome face when I don’t smile.

NOAH
He’s so mean. But if I don’t call he’ll be one of those people who dies in his chair and then ten years later his body is discovered because the neighbors complain about the smell--

SARAH
Fine. If you die in this parade, I’ll call your dad once a year to see if he’s alive.

NOAH
Thank you.

They dive into the parade and are surrounded by revelers. Suddenly, a group of badass chicks on motorcycles comes through, breaking Sarah and Noah apart. When the bikers clear, Noah is gone.

SARAH
(panicked)
Noah! Noah!!!

END OF ACT TWO
Sarah sits on the curb. She texts Noah. “Where are you??” We see a motorcycle pull up next to her.

BIKER CHICK (O.S.)
(scary sounding)
Yo! You! With the hat!

Sarah, frightened, slowly looks up to see a Puerto Rican Biker Chick grinning at her and wearing an almost identical hat to hers, except it says “¡SABADO!” Sarah leaps up.

SARAH
I’m gonna hug you now.

They hug.

BIKER CHICK
(breaking from hug)
Why were you sitting on the curb, all despondent?

SARAH
I lost my friend. And now he’s frightened, high, and honestly maybe dead. Muerto.

BIKER CHICK
Is your friend that guy who looks like he lives on the moon?

Sarah whips her head to where the Biker Chick is pointing. It’s Noah, sitting on the back of another Biker Chick’s motorcycle, holding a balloon and eating a taquito.

SARAH
Noah!

Sarah runs over to him and gives him a huge hug.

SARAH (CONT’D)
I thought I lost you!

NOAH
You did lose me.

SARAH
(putting her finger to his lips)
Shhh, it’s OK. I’m here now. Where did you get the balloon?
NOAH
(gesturing to his Motorcycle Chick companion)
Carla. I’m one of them now. I think I’ll stay.

Carla shakes her head at Sarah like “no.”

SARAH
I wish we could, but we gotta get to the post office...
(she looks at her watch)
Which closes in 45 minutes. Shit!
We can’t get a cab in the parade, it’s at least a half hour subway ride to Poppy’s. We...failed.

Noah lets his balloon go, it sadly floats up.

NOAH
And one for my homies.

Sarah gets a text. It’s from Amelia. It’s a photo of her and a sketchy looking dude sitting on a rock in Central Park. The text says, “Making that money, bitch!”

SARAH
No, I will NOT lose my job and have to fake marry a foreigner.

NOAH
I don’t want to sell my eggs.

SARAH
And we won’t! NOT today! Not ever!!

She runs over to the Biker Chick.

SARAH (CONT’D)
In the name of Sabado, do you think you could give us un...como se dice “ride”?

BIKER CHICK
Un paseo.

SARAH
Un paseo en su motocicleta a Brooklyn?

BIKER CHICK
Sure. Did you get like a 3 on your AP Spanish exam?
SARAH
I sure did! You’re the best.

She hops on the back of her bike.

EXT. POPPY’S WILLIAMSBURG LOFT - 20 MINUTES LATER

Sarah and Noah roll up to Poppy’s awesome Williamsburg loft on the back of Biker Chick and her friend’s motorcycles. They get off.

SARAH
Muchas gracias!!!!!

NOAH
De nada!!!!

Sarah and Noah run into Poppy’s building. The Biker Chick takes off her helmet and looks after Sarah. We see she’s wearing Sarah’s “Saturday” hat.

BIKER CHICK
God speed, Loca.

INT. POPPY’S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The elevator door opens straight into Poppy’s loft and Sarah and Noah walk into a bumping party. We see that Sarah is wearing Biker Chick’s “Sabado” hat. Models, skaters, musicians, generally beautiful people mill about. Noah freezes. He ducks behind Sarah to hide.

NOAH
He Hate Me! He Hate Me’s here!

SARAH
Where??

Noah, still hiding, points. Sarah follows his finger and sees that He Hate Me looks more like a model than a weed dealer. She stares as he walks by with a lady model to smoke outside.

SARAH (CONT’D)
THAT’S He Hate Me? Where are his dreadlocks, his eyebrow piercing, his rasta hat, his Phish t-shirt?

NOAH
When’s the last time you bought weed? 1997?

SARAH
Of COURSE he’s handsome. It’s like that proverb: The hotter the dude, the more he is rude.

Poppy runs up to them.
POPPY
Hello, Bobbsey Twins! Attached at the hip, even on a Saturday.

She gives them both double air kisses.

POPPY (CONT’D)
Your friendship is cute and strange, like a Hobbit house. And weirdly asexual, like Frodo. I want to study it, like a Tolkien novel.

NOAH
I don’t think I get British humor.

SARAH
No one does. Pops, you gotta sign these visas papers--

POPPY
Yeah, Bridget told me about it. Hold your ponies, have a drink.

SARAH
I have already had several drinks, thank you. This is really important, the post office is about to close!

POPPY
Oh, come on! It’s a party!

SARAH
Poppy Appleby! You listen up!

The entire party stops to stare as Sarah yells.

SARAH (CONT’D)
(drunk)
We have given up our Saturday, our precious Saturday, for YOU! I have Scullied Noah into coming here so you can stay in this beautiful land and host the show that you would throw away like a basket of stale crumpets! Did you know that hosting a TV show is Noah’s dream? Do you think Noah’s dream is a stale crumpet?

(she starts pacing)
We love your show! Because we love money! It buys us necessities, like bad weed and Bloody snacks!

(MORE)
SARAH (CONT’D)
But do you know what means more
than money?

NOAH
Banana Pudding? That would be so
good right now.

SARAH
Friendship. The friendship between
two people that makes going to work
in the morning worth it.

There’s a beat, everyone’s still looking at her.

SARAH (CONT’D)
I’m done with my speech now.

Noah claps, everyone else goes back to the party.

SARAH (CONT’D)
So if you could sign, please.

POPPY
(batting the papers away)
I won’t sign! I’d rather go back to
England, where people can speak
intelligently about horse riding
boots and don’t demand a tip for
being slack-jawed imbeciles!
(vulnerable)
I know I should be happy that I
have my own show, but I’m homesick
and I hate everyone I’m “supposed”
to be friends with. Taylor and Gigi
tried to force me to join a squad.
I despise squads!

SARAH
(agreeing)
Squads need to be stopped.

NOAH
(so confused)
Gigi?

POPPY (CONT’D)
(gesturing around)
I don’t even know these people. My
publicist invited them because
there’s a New York Times reporter
here doing a story on me. And no
one wants to read about a
miserable, friendless waif.

SARAH
Yes they do! That describes, like,
most of the Disney princesses.
POPPY
No, they were all friends with mice or teacups!

NOAH
Good point.

SARAH
That is a good point.

Sarah and Noah look at each other. Sarah sighs.

SARAH (CONT’D)
(making a huge sacrifice)
We...will be friends with you.

POPPY
(lightening up)
Really? Do you promise to hang out all the time?

NOAH
Taco Tuesdays are non-negotiable--

SARAH
(firmly)
Yes. We promise.

Poppy brings them into a hug. Sarah inhales.

SARAH (CONT’D)
I love your perfume.

POPPY
It’s actually my natural scent. May I wear your hat?

Sarah puts the hat on her head. She also hands her a pen and the papers. Poppy signs and Sarah takes them. He Hate Me walks in and Noah hides behind Sarah.

SARAH
Noah, stay here. I’ll run to the post office.

NOAH
Dude. I’m invoking Saturday Rules. I need to take a nap and to not be in a room with He Hate Me.

POPPY
Who’s He Hate Me?

Noah points a shaking finger at him.
POPPY (CONT’D)
You can take a nap in my bed until she comes back. And I promise you, He Hate Me shall not pass. Friend.

NOAH
I bet you have an amazing bed.

SARAH
Do you have an amazing bed?

POPPY (CONT’D)
I do.

NOAH
OK. I’ll nap in Popeye’s bed.

Sarah chugs her drink and smashes it to the ground.

SARAH
Sorry, I’m still riding my speech energy.

Poppy leads Noah to her room as Sarah sprints out the door.

INT. POPPY’S ROOM - CONTINUOUS
Poppy sweetly tucks Noah into her bed.

POPPY
You look like one of the cartoon oysters in Alice in Wonderland. I shall call you Oyster.

NOAH
You look like a beautiful seal and a springer spaniel had a human child. I’ll call you Bruce Springseal.

POPPY
Thank you!

She pats his head and gently closes the door. We start a four-way split screen montage.
SARAH’S SCREENS
She runs down the street, bangs on the door of the closed post office, makes the kid clerk let her in, stuffs the papers into an envelope, write the address, pays the kid and kisses him dramatically on the lips. She runs back to the party and high-fives a passerby.

NOAH’S SCREENS
He sleeps. We see a skater put his balls on his head. We see two dudes making out on the bed next to him. We see He Hate Me try to come in the door and Poppy blocking his way, all while Noah peacefully sleeps.

INT. POPPY’S BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER
Sarah rushes in and shakes Noah awake.

SARAH
It’s done! We did it! Our jobs are saved!

NOAH
Hooray! Did you get banana pudding?

SARAH
No. I never knew you felt this way about banana pudding. Listen, He Hate Me’s still here. Stay put, I’ll break up with him for you--

NOAH
(sitting up, determined)
No. I have to do it. He Hate Me, not He Hate You.  
(looking at Sarah)
Are you crying?

SARAH
(wiping away a tear)
I’m just real proud of you.

INT. POPPY’S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS
Sarah and Noah walk up to He Hate Me, who’s talking with a model. Noah taps him on the shoulder. He Hate Me turns.

HE HATE ME
Noah? What did I say on the phone?  
Fuck with me outside of office hours...  
(he takes a cocktail umbrella out of his drink)
And this goes up your dickhole.
He opens it. Noah stares at it. Then gathers his courage.

NOAH
I’m here to tell you that we should part ways.

HE HATE ME
(laughing derisively)
You wish. If you leave me I’ll tell every dealer in the city not to sell to you. Actually, I’ll only let you buy near the airport.

NOAH
I hate the airport!

HE HATE ME
I know. You texted me that once, you fucking weirdo.

NOAH
Because I was high! You should expect high texts from your clients! You’re a jerk! I’d rather quit weed than deal with the likes of you again!

SARAH
Really?

HE HATE ME
Really?

NOAH (CONT’D)
OK, so maybe that’s a lie, but we’re over. And I don’t care if I have to go to the airport, it’ll probably be good for me to get over my fear of it.

HE HATE ME
I know you won’t leave me, because you’re a pussy. Capital P, lower case u, double s, capital Y. Pussy.

NOAH
(confused)
Capital Y?

SARAH
(pushing his chest)
HEY! You can’t talk to my friend like that! Noah, go home. Be with your talented girlfriend who’s amazing at sex and welding. Me and this dickhead need to have a talk.
NOAH
(so relieved to go home)
Thank god.

Sarah pushes He Hate Me’s shoulder.

SARAH
Hey, asshole.

Noah gives Poppy a hug as he walks out. He closes the door and smiles as he hears Sarah start to yell at He Hate Me.

INT. IAHWPA OFFICE – MONDAY MORNING

Noah’s already at his desk, Sarah walks in. She hands him a bagel, he hands her a coffee.

NOAH
Dude. He Hate Me texted last night and said that he was sorry and I should find another dealer! What did you say??

SARAH
Well, I started yelling at him, and then he yelled at me and then it was sorta hot...

We flashback to Poppy’s apartment where Sarah and He Hate Me are furiously making out as the model looks on sadly. Poppy’s cheering.

NOAH
I don’t get it.

SARAH
I slept with him.

NOAH
Oh. OH. Oh?

SARAH
That’s the only guaranteed way never to hear from a guy again. He knows that we always hang out, so he broke up with you, to avoid me.

NOAH
Come on, don’t say that.

SARAH
Oh, it has nothing to do with how awesome I am.

(MORE)
Poppy, carrying a Chanel shopping bag and holding a banana pudding, comes over. She hands the pudding to Noah.

NOAH (CONT’D)
Banana pudding! Thanks, Bruce!

POPPY
(to Sarah)
And for you...

She pulls a leather jacket identical to the one she’s wearing out of the Chanel bag and hands it to Sarah.

POPPY (CONT’D)
My friend Karl Lagerfeld sent me two of these by accident. I thought you might like it.

SARAH
Oh my god. It feels like cloud butter. Thank you.

POPPY
We’ll be like the TV show *Friends*. Oyster, you’d be Joey, I’d be Monica and Sarah, you’d be Rachel.

SARAH
(so touched)
That’s the nicest thing anyone’s ever said to me.

NOAH
What about Chandler and Ross?

POPPY
Who? Let’s get happy hour later. We can go over our friendship itinerary.

She walks off. Sarah puts on the jacket.

SARAH
(stroking the jacket)
Is it strange that she only knows three out of five characters from *Friends*?
NOAH
Maybe it was censored in England.

Bridget walks up.

BRIDGET
Thank you guys so much for sending the papers, you’re life savers.

SARAH
You’re welcome. It was kinda fun, I made the post office open up.

BRIDGET
Oh. Why didn’t you go to FedEx? They’re open 24 hours. Anyway. Thank you!

She walks off. Sarah and Noah look at each other.

SARAH
Let’s not beat ourselves up over this.

NOAH
Deal.

Sarah gets a text. She looks at it.

SARAH
Amelia just sent a video.
(reading the text)
“LOL I got married yesterday.”

She and Noah look at each other. Sarah presses play: A big heart with “Amelia + Yosef” written in the middle pops onto screen. A rainbow wipe takes us to Amelia and Yosef getting married by a judge in City Hall as cheezy 80’s saxaphone music plays. Amelia’s wearing a big white dress and Yosef is wearing a cheap suit and gold chains. Then a star wipe takes us to their kiss. It’s unnatural and terrifying. Sarah stops the video. They look at each other.

SARAH (CONT’D)
I say we get them a crock pot.

NOAH
(typing on his computer)
On it.

“Saturday Night’s Alright for Fighting” plays us out.

END OF SHOW