

**Drunk Girl/High Guy  
"Saturday"**

By  
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## TEASER

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 dressed for work and running out the door. Now she's buying a bagel. 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	SARAH
(singing)	(singing)
Saturday! Saturday! 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  
That's Sunday.

SARAH  
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.

SARAH  
Saturday! Saturday! Saturday!

NOAH  
Saturady! 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)

Dude. Get. A new. Dealer.

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)  
SATURDAAAAAYYYYYY!!!!!!!!!!!!  
(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  
Bingo!

NOAH  
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

ACT THREE

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - CONTINUOUS

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 motorcicleta 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  
(lighting 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)

SARAH (CONT'D)

It's like that proverb: Bone a sleazeball, never he will call.

NOAH

You are a very, very good friend.

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 cheesy 80's saxophone 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