

4 - Girl & Guy

(GIRL and GUY are leisurely folding laundry together.)

GIRL. Tonight?

GUY. Yep.

GIRL. That's exciting.

GUY. Please —a blind date is not exciting. Christmas is exciting; Bruce Willis movies are exciting; this undershirt is exciting.

GIRL. Ooh, what if we made a Christmas movie starring Bruce Willis's undershirt?

GUY. (Opens his cell phone:) 'm calling Hollywood.

GIRL. Get this, though: I have a blind date tonight, too.

GUY. Nice!

GIRL. Yeah...

GUY. So remind me why we go on these? We' ve had, like, comically bad luck with blind dates.

GIRL. Hey, we met on a blind date.

GUY. We met in the same restaurant during blind dates with other people. That's a blind date with an asterisk. Plus we broke up. Double-asterisk. Hand me that sock.

GIRL. Without blind dates, we wouldn't be besties now.

GUY. And only my bestie would know how much I love the word "bestie." Just to make sure: It's not weird that we're talking about this?

GIRL. Not as weird as an ex-couple that folds laundry together.

GUY. True.

GIRL. Hold on a second! We are so a romantic comedy right now! Best friends. ..folding laundry...everything's platonic...until...the girl innocently passes the guy his sweatpants.

GUY. (Delivering a line as a bad actor might:) "Hey best friend, pass me those sweatpants."

GIRL. Their hands meet.

GUY / GIRL. (Ad-libbing:) Whoops! / Oh my! / Didn't see your hand there! / Goodness me!

GIRL. The camera zooms in as they lock eyes with hitherto unspoken passion.

(They've been goofing around, acting this out, and they really are staring at each other, touching hands, as she passes the sweatpants. At this point there is a pause that's a bit longer than expected for a pair of platonic besties.)

(They break their stare.)

GIRL. Well !'d pay to see it.

GUY. (Into the phone:) Get me Matt Damon!

GIRL. You would not be played by Matt Damon.

GUY. (Back into the phone:) Get me Jennifer Lawrence!

GIRL. Hey, you're going to Kim and Hank's wedding, right?

GUY. Yeah. You?

GIRL. Yep.

GUY. I'll probably bring this girl I meet tonight.

GIRL. Oh yeah?

GUY. Yeah, 'cause she's totally not going to be awful.

GIRL. Hey, when is your date?

GUY. Eight. When's yours?

GIRL. Eight. What time is it?

(GUY looks at his cell as GIRL looks at her watch. They look at each other. A moment.)

(They suddenly start to fold laundry at superhuman speed. The following is barely intelligible — just overlapping cacophony — as they begin to fold at warp speed.)

GUY. (Simultaneously:) SOCK SOCK SOCK SOCK SOCK!

GIRL. (Simultaneously:) GIMME THE BRA! THAT BRA! THAT BRA!