

1. INT. RONNIE'S APARTMENT, EVENING

NORA (27) wears a baggy plaid shirt and form fitting jeans. Her messy curls are tied into a loose bun.

She is sitting on a ripped green couch eating peanut butter from the jar with a spoon.

She drops a spoonful of peanut butter on the couch and quickly gets up and flips over the cushion.

She lies back down too casually, acting as though nothing happened.

RONNIE (28) walks in, wearing baggy, ripped overall shorts with a bralette and a bright yellow baseball hat tipped to the side.

She plops onto the couch beside NORA and puts her legs in NORA's lap.

RONNIE

Dude, you've gotta try this whole pooping at a 45 degree angle thing. I'm telling you, it changed my life.

NORA

Can you *not* tell me about every new toilet-tactic you try? Honestly, it's just confusing at this point like how am I supposed to just...wait. Do you like sit *IN* the toilet?

RONNIE

Nah, you put one foot on each side and you crouch, caveman style.

NORA

Ew, Ronnie, what the fuck? You put your feet on the toilet? Even at my place?

RONNIE

Um obv, it's better than your ass. Conquer your throne, Nor.

NORA

Ugh ew. Can we just start writing?

(CONTINUED)

RONNIE
(Saluting NORA)
Anything for you, my queen.

RONNIE nuzzles NORA, who rolls her eyes, trying not to let out a smile.

NORA
Right, okay, so I was thinking for this one we could do like a 1950s post-war film about a young tap-dancing waitress who really wants to be a puppeteer but she can't because-

RONNIE
BORING. You're losing your edge.
Where's Spicy Nora
(In a high-pitched voice,
flicking finger in air)
TM?
(Back to regular voice)
The Nor who, at age SIXTEEN, got a picture with Santa and told him to get on all fours because she wants *ride* capitalism so that capitalism can't ride her? HmMMMM?
Where's she?

NORA
I don't know, maybe back in high school?

RONNIE
(Sighing)
All I'm saying is you're losing your touch, bish.
(In a baby-voice)
But don't worry my little baby, I've got just what you need.

RONNIE pulls two joints out of her thick curly hair.

RONNIE (CTD.)
A little boo-yah-yah.

NORA
How long have you had that in there?

RONNIE
Like, three weeks? My hair is like makes me a human fanny pack, Nor-Bor.

(CONTINUED)

RONNIE flips her hair upside down and shakes it, and three more joints fall out.

RONNIE (CTD.)

Now shut up and get me a lighter.

NORA pulls a lighter out of her back pocket and tosses it to RONNIE.

MONTAGE:

1. RONNIE and NORA each take a hit from the bong. RONNIE blows smoke rings and catches them in her mouth.

Amazed, NORA tries to french inhale but ends up choking on the smoke and gets into a coughing fit.

2. RONNIE is doing a handstand against the wall and takes another hit with one hand.

3. NORA lies on the couch with an open bag of Cheetos spilled all over her stomach. There are orange crumbs all over her face.

She shoves a handful in her mouth and laughs.

4. RONNIE looks at the lights on the ceiling, mesmerized.

NORA takes Q-Tips off the table and throws them at RONNIE as though participating in a javelin toss.

5. RONNIE starts doing the opening dance number from The Big Comfy Couch, while NORA watches from the couch, laughing and clapping like a little child.

END OF MONTAGE

RONNIE and NORA lie on the ground, exhausted. Their hair is sprawled out around them and the tops of their heads touching.

RONNIE

Okay, okay, here. Listen to this. I was thinking this time we could write an alien erotica, ya feel? Like, 50 Shades of Space or some shit.

NORA laughs hysterically and then looks straight up, straight faced.

(CONTINUED)

NORA

Actually...that's kind of fucked
up, Ronnie.

RONNIE crawls onto her knees with her head over top of
NORA's, getting closer and closer to NORA's face as she
speaks.

RONNIE

(Whispering)

Spicy Nora...

(Louder)

Spicy Nora...Spicy Nora...

(Yelling while shaking Nora's
shoulders)

SPICY NORA...SPICY NORA!

NORA

FINE. What about...a dog...a dog
that's always wanted to be a
dentist but, like, he can't
because...well I mean because he's
a dog.

RONNIE just looks at NORA and shakes her head.

RONNIE gets up, grabs some more Cheetos, and shoves them
into NORA's mouth.

NORA closes her eyes blissfully and chews them. A look of
inspiration washes over NORA's face.

NORA

OH MY GOD okay so I just read this
really messed up story about this
girl who goes to this guy to do her
taxes and on her way home, he
follows her and just like kidnaps
her and stuff, just like that and
then after three years or something
she escaped but then apparently got
this really intense fear of
accountants or something. But we
could make it different somehow.
Like maybe she...hmm...maybe she...

RONNIE shoves another handful of Cheetos into NORA's mouth.

Again, NORA closes her eyes blissfully and chews them. A
look of inspiration washes over NORA's face.

(CONTINUED)

NORA

SHE'S A POTHEAD. LIKE US. She's a pothead and she's at her friend's house and they get high and she leaves to go home and all of the sudden she gets kidnapped and has no clue why or how, and...and...AND AT FIRST SHE THINKS SHE'S JUST TRIPPING CAUSE SHE'S HIGH SO IT'S FUNNY BUT THEN SHE WAKES UP THE NEXT DAY AND REALIZES WHAT HAPPENED.

RONNIE gets up from the couch and starts jumping, pirouetting, vogueing.

RONNIE

SPICY.

RONNIE does a "death drop" (vogue dance move).

RONNIE (CTD.)

SPICY. SPICY. SPICY.
(Lying on the floor
dramatically)
SPICY.

RONNIE runs over to NORA and grabs her face with a hand on each cheek.

RONNIE obnoxiously kisses NORA on the forehead four times.

RONNIE (CTD.)

YOU'RE BACK, MY QUEEN!

RONNIE lightly headlocks NORA and rubs NORA's head with her knuckles.

RONNIE flops over onto the couch and lies back down, grabbing a notebook.

She sighs affectionately and takes another hit.

NORA looks at RONNIE and smiles.

RONNIE smiles back.

RONNIE

(Exhaling smoke)
I love you and our poor little
napp'd chick.

The room gets so full of smoke that you can't see anything.