

MY BEST FRENEMY

Written by

Kristie Clattenburg

Based on, ideas tossed around with Ayn Vaughan

302-500-1650  
Kaclattenburg@gmail.com

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

HAZEL, dressed comfy with pigtails, sits on one of the couches texting. IVY, dressed more in style with her hair down, sits on the opposite couch diagonally texting as well.

IVY

These's plans Jessica sent are going to be so much fun!

Hazel smiles and nods in agreement.

IVY (CONT'D)

Ugh...I can't believe Lizzy is texting us.

Hazel looks up from her phone towards Ivy, with a sadness in her eyes.

IVY (CONT'D)

She still plays with dolls.

Ivy has a smug look on her face. Hazel looks down at her phone. All the joy from before is swept away.

IVY (CONT'D)

I'm hungry. Make me something to eat before we get ready to go.

Hazel sets her phone down and gets up from the couch.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Hazel looks through the refrigerator. Ivy sits at the kitchen table. Hazel grabs something from the fridge, a smile on her face. The camera does not show what it is. Ivy looks towards Hazel with a look of disgust on her face.

IVY

OMG! I know you are not going to make that for me.

Close up on the loss of the joy on Hazel's face.

HAZEL

(Whispering)

No. I was going to eat it.

Ivy is texting something on her phone. She rolls her eyes.

IVY  
That will make you fat.

Hazel closes the refrigerator in defeat.

IVY (CONT'D)  
We need to get ready. Jessica's  
mom will be here soon to get us.  
Oh, and I left Lizzy unread.

Hazel glances at her phone, then heads down the hall to her  
bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Hazel holds two different outfits up in the mirror. One is  
simple, comfortable style, the other the latest style. Ivy  
sits on the bed still engrossed in her phone.

IVY  
You know we're going to hang out  
with Jessica. How is this even a  
question on what to wear?

Hazel looks at Ivy through the mirror.

HAZEL  
But we're just hanging out. We  
aren't going anywhere.

Ivy rolls her eyes.

IVY  
Doesn't matter. I for one would  
never be caught dead in what you  
are currently wearing.

Hazel hangs up the one outfit.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Hazel now dressed in more stylish outfit. Her hair still in  
pigtails. She stares into the mirror. Ivy, dressed in the  
same outfit, stares back at her from the mirror. Ivy's hair  
is down and she is wearing make up.

IVY  
I can't believe you are wearing  
pigtails. What are you 10?

Hazel's eyes fill with sadness.

IVY (CONT'D)  
I look way better in this outfit  
than you do.

Hazel with sadness stares back.

IVY (CONT'D)  
Haven't you ever heard of make up?

Hazel stares into the mirror.

IVY (CONT'D)  
You know I love you but if you are  
going to hang out with Jessica, and  
me, you need to look the part.

Hazel begins to take down her hair. Sadness fill her  
expression. Her cell phone vibrates on the counter.

IVY (CONT'D)  
Ugh. It's Lizzy again. Can't that  
baby take a hint.

Hazel brushes her hair with tears running down her cheek.

IVY (CONT'D)  
OMG. Are. You. Crying?

Hazel slams the brush down in anger.

HAZEL  
Enough.

Hazel picks up her phone and starts texting.

IVY  
What are you doing?

Hazel doesn't respond to her.

IVY (CONT'D)  
Seriously! What are you doing?

MOM (O.S.)  
Hazel are you still going to  
Jessica's tonight?

Ivy looks panicked.

HAZEL  
(quietly)  
No, Mom.

MOM (O.S.)  
Hazel Ivy Smith, I cannot hear you.

HAZEL  
No, Mom. I'm going to Lizzy's.

Hazel smiles into the mirror.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Hazel, in pigtails and the comfortable outfit, smiles into the angry reflection of Ivy.

FADE OUT: