

DEFINITELY NOT FRIENDS

Written by

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First Act

FADE IN

INT. FLAT - NIGHT

A vast living room. Glossy white kitchen in the back. A comfy L-shaped leather couch. Dim lights but looks dreamy.

Comfortably set-up, two flatmates kill zombies on the PS4 -

LEANDRO CORTES, 25, a boyish-looking man proudly rocking his I AM YOUR GODFATHER t-shirt. Spanish from Spain.

And besides him, LINDA MORETTO, 23, Italian, pretty and smart-faced, nonchalantly kicking his ass in the game.

LEANDRO

No! *No se puede*, Linda! Fuck-

Dead. Game over. A satisfied grin on her lips.

LINDA

What did we bet already?

Leandro mumbles. She doesn't let go, chipper.

LEANDRO

We're watching *Legally Blonde*.

LINDA

And the sequel, remember? We upped the game after you claimed your, and I quote-

(with the gesture)

- "manly flexy thumbs" would "rip me into pieces".

Leandro rolls his eyes, defeated.

LEANDRO

Just put it on, man.

LINDA

You fall asleep and I'll sell the PlayStation.

She clicks on the TV. Leandro is tormented.

LEANDRO

I just don't understand how you're so good at it! You don't even try.

Linda smiles. This is the kind of things she lives for.

LINDA
You've never heard of *talent*, uh?

LEANDRO
You're full of shit.

LINDA
Yeah, you love me anyway-

Door OPENS in a BANG. Enters BILLY NAGY, 21, French-kissing a very blonde girl. He pins her against the wall. Sexy, hot. He's pale and fit, Hungarian. Something tactless about him.

LINDA
Billy! Excuse you?!

He moves his mouth away from the girl, not embarrassed for the slightest. Spots Linda and Leandro on the couch. Smiles.

BILLY
My best bitches!

He runs towards them and jumps on top of them. Like he's a feather - which he thinks he is. But he's also drunk.

LEANDRO
Man, come on!

BILLY
What are you guys up to?

LINDA
We were hoping to watch a movie.

LEANDRO
Or do *anything* else really.

Billy manages to stand. Something about them is funny to him.

BILLY
We need to get you both drunk.

LINDA
(as if dealing with a kid)
Tomorrow, okay? Let's throw a party after the students' fair.

LEANDRO
(looking behind them)
Oh, no.

LINDA
What?

Door OPENS again. This time, CHICO, 20, walks in. Colombian, ridiculously handsome. Tattoos on all visible members.

CHICO

Guys, guys! You gotta hear this-

He stops to catch his breath.

CHICO

(burping professionally)

I - MISSED - YOU.

Linda and Leandro make a face. Billy laughs.

He jumps to the kitchen and plugs the speaker on.

Reggaeton. Loud. Rude. Efficient dancing-instigator.

LEANDRO

No, please, not this *mierda*-

Too late. Billy grabs Linda's hand.

Chico grabs Leandro as if he was a rugby ball.

CHICO

Come on *papi*, let's party!

Leandro hesitates - as if he had a say in it - and then, as an answer, dives his hands in his pocket and retrieves a bag of weed. Chico nods. *That's the spirit.*

Billy turns the music LOUDER. Pops a bottle of wine open, hands it to Linda.

LINDA

The flat needs to be impeccable tomorrow. Our-

BILLY

(reassuring, almost sober)

It will be. I promise, Li.

Linda takes the bottle. Starts moving her shoulders in rythm.

Leandro lights the spliff. Chico inhales the air, cheerful.

Blondie dances close to Billy with purpose.

It's fun, lively, slightly debauched - it's student life.

CUT TO BLACK.

ACT ONE

FADE IN

EXT. SERENA & MAXXIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Morning. It's New York so maybe the birds are chirping, but the URBAN CACOPHONY around covers it. It's charming anyways.

A bright red brick apartment building with Brooklyn Heights-signature stairs at the entrance. Towny chic.

INT. SERENA'S BEDROOM - DAY

SERENA SOLSTICE, 20, takes a good look at her empty bedroom. Self-confident, natural beauty. A sparkling presence.

She smiles broadly. It's a big moment. And she's excited.

On her desk, a miniature Oscar statue. She picks it up, hesitates, then puts it back where it was.

INT. DOORSTEP - DAY

Serena puts her last bag on top of her massive luggage.

SERENA
(shouting at the stairs)
Maxxie! Come on, our Uber is going
to be there any second now!

She sighs, looking at all of her stuff. A notification BEEP.

An email. From SCRIPT IT. First line reads: Welcome!

Serena smiles broadly. Another BEEP. The Uber. She frowns.

SERENA (CONT'D)
Maxxie!

INT. MAXXIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

MAXXIE SOLSTICE, 20, faces the mess that is his room. Fresh-faced, charming - he has the *je-ne-sais-quoi* of a movie star.

With a heavy sigh, he picks up his sunglasses and leaves.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Maxxie moves with difficulty his giant suitcase. Stops in front of Serena's room - the door is open.

The evident emptiness of it makes him frown. His eyes fall on the Oscar statuette.

SERENA (O.S)
Maxxie, for Fuck and Sake!

He takes it and tosses it in his backpack.

MAXXIE
Stop yelling, Serena! I'm here!

INT. DOORSTEP - DAY

Maxxie reaches the doorstep. Serena's already outside, helping the driver with her bags.

He looks around. A silent goodbye. Then grabs his suitcase and closes the door behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

A black cab drives through London.

A few narrow streets and glass buildings, until it abruptly stops in a cul-de-sac. Posh, garden-y. Residential smart.

EXT. STREET. DAY

Serena jumps off the cab and raises her arms to the sky.

SERENA
Welcome back L-town!

Maxxie gets out too. Sunglasses on. Too cool to care.

MAXXIE
Nobody calls it that.

SERENA
This is it, Maxxie. This is the-

The cab driver HONKS. Boot opens automatically.

MAXXIE
Please don't say it.

Serena squirts her eyes.

SERENA
You're grouchy again.

MAXXIE
I'm a flaming sunlight, sister.

He takes off his glasses, with sour excitement.

MAXXIE (CONT'D)
Unfortunately, this is what it looks like since you shamelessly broke my brain for seven-hours straight instead of letting me get my beauty sleep. So, please don't-

Cabbie hits the HORN again. Serena pulls her stuff out.

SERENA
As I was saying... This is the start of something *funtastic*.

Maxxie makes a face. She said it. He grabs his suitcase.

SERENA (CONT'D)
And most decisively, the most exciting thing that has ever happened to us!

MAXXIE
You mean to *you*. I'm just doing a semester abroad, like every other privileged kid out there.

SERENA
Come on, Maxxie-

The boot CLOSES abruptly and the cabbie BOLTS away.

Serena and Maxxie exchange a look of amused disbelief.

MAXXIE
And we envy Brits their manners!

SERENA
I love Europe.

She hops towards the building entrance. Maxxie, ever so slightly amused, shakes his head and follows.

MAXXIE
Serena, the UK *left* Europe.

Serena stands by the door, oblivious to her brother's note.

SERENA
Beam House. Flat 66. That's us.

She presses CALL. They wait. Serena smiles, heartedly.

SERENA (CONT'D)
Don't go broody-brother on me, man.
Come on, say it.

MAXXIE
I'm not saying it.

She makes *the* cute-pout. And crosses her arms. Supreme combo.
Maxxie fights it a second, then caves.

MAXXIE (CONT'D)
It's going to be funtastic.

SERENA
The best year of our life.

MAXXIE
Semester.

CLICK. Door unlocks. Maxxie enters, dragging his stuff.

SERENA
(to herself)
Yeah, same difference.

She pushes her giant suitcase in with difficulty and enters.

She stops in her track. Widens her eyes. Maxxie, carrying his luggage on his shoulder, is climbing the stairs.

SERENA (CONT'D)
Wait, there's no elevator?

Maxxie shoots her a *would-I-be-carrying-my-23kg-luggage-if-there-were-one* look. She sighs.

INT. BUILDING STAIRWELL - DAY

Maxxie stops to take a breath. Serena isn't far behind.

MAXXIE
Which floor?

SERENA
Just that one!

MAXXIE
That was the last two floors, S.

SERENA
Yeah well, I didn't know Lower
Ground and Ground Floor counted as
actual floors here!

She stops and accidentally bumps into Maxxie--
--who loses equilibrium and lets go of his suitcase.

SERENA (CONT'D)
Shit, I'm so sorry-

Maxxie's suitcase lands on Serena's and like domino effect,
the two luggages start ROLLING DOWN the flight of stairs.

MAXXIE
No!

A few painful arhythmic THUDS. A SCRATCH on the wall.
They land. At the bottom of the stairs. So dramatic.
Then it's just painful silence.
Serena looks at Maxxie, guilty-as-charged.
He shakes his head, annoyed, but his lips break into a smile.

MAXXIE (CONT'D)
If you didn't exist, we'd have to
invent you.

He hops back down. Serena represses a laughter. Follows him.

INT. LANDING - DAY

Serena enters the landing head-first, pulling her luggage up
non-sans difficulty. She sighs.

Maxxie gets there too. He drops the dead weight, bored.

MAXXIE (O.S)
Apartment 66, right?

SERENA
Yeah. It should face South.

Maxxie looks around whilst Serena catches her breath.

MAXXIE
There's no number 66.

SERENA
Very funny.

MAXXIE
But I'm not kidding.
(pointing at the doors in
the corridor)
65, 67, 68 and 69.

Serena strides down the hallway - spacious, sleek, carpeted.
But no flat door 66.

MAXXIE (CONT'D)
Well well, if we haven't been flat-
fished.

Serena looks again.

MAXXIE (CONT'D)
I'll call Gran, maybe we can crash
at her's if she's not somewhere in
the Caribbeans.
(on his toes)
Or, I could call-

SERENA
No.

Maxxie doesn't insist. He sighs.

MAXXIE
Well, don't you have the flatmates
number or something?

Serena's face illuminates. She dives her hand in her bag and starts dialling the number on the pink post-it.

SERENA
The landlord's!
(to Maxxie, waiting)
It's ringing.

Behind them, a door opens and a BLONDE, 20-something, walks out, shoes in hand and smudged mascara all over her face. She walks past them, oblivious.

SERENA (O.S) (CONT'D)
Voicemail.

Maxxie smirks, contemplating the girl with sympathy. She disappears into the stairwell.

Serena scrutinises the flat door. Gets closer.

MAXXIE

What are you doing?

Serena takes a good look at it and turns to Maxxie with a smile, pointing at--

--the number on the door. Slightly unscrewed, the second number 6 SWINGS SQUEAKILY. She pulls it up. Flat 66.

MAXXIE (CONT'D)

Of course.

Serena, her enthusiasm back, KNOCKS energetically.

Door opens on Chico - the previously met hot Burp King. And now, he's shirtless. Even more tattoos.

Maxxie and Serena freeze, or rather, *melt* at his sight.

CHICO

Hey.

Serena quickly composes herself. Maxxie doesn't, mesmerised.

SERENA

Hey! We're the new flatmates.

Chico smiles and opens the door wider.

CHICO

Cool! I'm Chico.

(seeing the suitcase)

Do you need help?

SERENA

I'm fine, thanks.

Serena grabs her's and gets inside.

Chico lunges forward to help Maxxie. They're suddenly close.

MAXXIE

Th-thanks.

Chico grants him a flirty smile. Picks up the case.

Maxxie walks in, Chico follows.

Door closes behind them. The second 6 swings back again.

INT. FLAT - DAY

Natural light. Glass windows with terrace. Open plan modern kitchen. Leather couch. 43" TV. Quite the cool-kids shed.

MAXXIE
 (to himself, pleasantly surprised)
 Well, well fuck me twice.

CHICO (O.S)
 I'm a bit tired.

Maxxie turns to him, crimson. Chico drops the bag.

SERENA
 (to Chico)
 Do you know where our rooms are?

Chico is about to reply--

--when the LOUDEST SCREAM resonates in the apartment.

LINDA (O.S)
 (yelling in Italian)
Stronzi inconscienti del cazzo!
 [Half-baked dick fuckers!]

A door BURSTS open. Soaking wet, with a towel loosely wrapped around her wild hair, Linda storms out of the bathroom and into the living room.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 Who's the moronic twat that used my blow-dryer and left it plugged next to the wet mat?

Linda stops and redirects her gaze towards Maxxie and Serena. Chico grabs a t-shirt from the kitchen counter, puts it on.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 (to Chico)
 These your friends?

CHICO
 Your new flatmates, *guapa*.

He kisses her swiftly on the cheek and walks out.

CHICO (O.S) (CONT'D)
 (halfway out already)
 Bye guys! Oh and Linda -sorry! You know I'm bad at remembering things!

Linda grunts, infuriated.

SERENA
Hi, I'm Serena-

LINDA
Linda. I'm late.

She disappears into the corridor. Door SLAMS.

MAXXIE
O-kay.

SERENA
(pragmatic)
Let's try to find our rooms.

She heads down the corridor. Maxxie follows.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Serena engages in the corridor, where INDIE ROCK MUSIC is now PLAYING LOUD from the door with a purple L painted on it - most probably Linda's.

MAXXIE
Which of them did you speak with?

SERENA
With Leandro. He sounded cool. He's doing a PhD in something genius-ey like math or finance... I forgot.

They keep walking to the end of the corridor. Serena stops. In front of them, three closed white-wood glossy doors.

MAXXIE
Should we-

With one determined gesture, Serena opens one.

MAXXIE (CONT'D)
-Knock?

In that bedroom, two people are having sex. Serena closes.

SERENA
Knocking. Definitely. You try that one, I'll try this one.

Serena moves to the side, Maxxie to the opposite. She KNOCKS. No answer. She turns the knob. Locked.

MAXXIE (O.S)
Oh, no. Serena?

SERENA
This one's locked.

She moves to the other side, where Maxxie stands at the edge of the door, a slightly horrified expression on his face.

SERENA (CONT'D)
What? What's with the face?

She leans over his shoulder. Her jaw drops.

SERENA (CONT'D)
Fuck no.

Serena picks up the phone. Takes a few deep breaths to summon the patience she doesn't have.

Maxxie scratches his head and checks the room again. It's bright, with a huge desk under and a big window and...

Two *single* beds. A twin room.

SERENA (O.S) (CONT'D)
Mr Kamlesh, I think there's been quite the misunderstanding - I did *mention* my brother and I are twins, but I thought I very clearly established that we each wanted our separate bedrooms and-
(she stops, out of breath)
Call me back. Thank you.

Serena hangs up then crosses her arms on her chest, mad.

SERENA (CONT'D)
Maxxie?

MAXXIE (O.S)
In here!

INT. TWIN BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maxxie lies on one of the unmade beds, arms folded under his head. He looks oddly tranquil now, unlike his sister.

MAXXIE
Calling Gran sounds like the next best plan, now, uh?

SERENA
We're not calling anyone.

Serena sits down on the other bed.

MAXXIE
Yeah, she's in Jamaica anyways.
Just sent me a snapchat of a pool
party with her new protégés.

SERENA
I can't believe this.

MAXXIE
I can, honestly she's not that old
so why shouldn't she enjoy life-

A notification BEEP - Serena's phone:

REMINDER - SCRIPT-IT INDUCTION in 1 hour.

Serena cups her face into her hands.

MAXXIE (CONT'D)
(off Serena's face)
We'll circle back to Gran.

Serena clenches her fists, angry.

SERENA
(to herself)
This is not happening. This is not
what you think-

A KNOCK on the open door. Serena and Maxxie look up.

Leandro leans on the wall. He's still wearing the Godfather-
Star Wars t-shirt from the previous night.

LEANDRO
Hey! You must be Serena and Maxxie.

Maxxie salutes him with a nod-and-smile.

SERENA
Yeah, hi. Leandro?

LEANDRO
The one and only.

SERENA
Right. Speaking of that-
(showing the room)
(MORE)

SERENA (CONT'D)

This is a cute, aha-aha welcome-the-twins prank, right?

LEANDRO

What do you mean?

SERENA

This is a twin room.

LEANDRO

Yeah. You guys are twins, right?

SERENA

Yeah but- we didn't ask for a twin room, we asked for two rooms and only mentioned we were twins because we're paying together.

Leandro looks adrift. He shoots Maxxie a *help-here* look.

MAXXIE

Look, Serena- he's not the landlord. It's not his fault.

Serena calms down. Right.

SERENA

Sorry. I can't be dealing with this right now. I have to go to the Induction-

A HUGE BURP resonates from the corridor.

BILLY (O.S)

Morning bitchheeeeeees!

Leandro is jumped on by Billy, wearing nothing but underwear. He notices Maxxie and Serena.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Oh. Morning.

MAXXIE

Hey.

Serena inadvertently stares at Billy's Magic-Mike-like body.

SERENA

Hi.

LEANDRO

New flatmates. Serena and Maxxie.

BILLY
(still on Serena)
Cool.

He smirks then hops out, dragging Leandro to the kitchen.

Maxxie pinches Serena, entertained. She is startled.

MAXXIE
Hey, you can probably move into *his*
bed if you stop drooling.

SERENA
Hilarious.
(grabbing her bag)
I need to get to Script It.

She puts on a jacket - black leather, 90s style.

Maxxie spreads himself on the single bed, getting comfy.

MAXXIE
Have fun.

She looks at her reflection in the mirror.

SERENA
I'm so sorry to leave you like
that, I'll sort the flat thing-

MAXXIE
Serena, please. Go. Be a legend and
all. We'll sort things out later.

She turns to him. He looks sincere. She puts lipgloss on.

SERENA
You wanna come?

MAXXIE
Nah, I don't hang out with losers.

SERENA
Since when writers are losers?

MAXXIE
Since they Ivy college-drop out to
follow a writing-guru course or
whatever.

Serena smacks her lips, turns to him, crosses her arms.

MAXXIE (CONT'D)

What? You should've gone when I said 'be a legend and all'!
That was your cue and you didn't take it so you get to listen to my snappy twin-abandonment rant.

SERENA

It was a good cue.

She sits down next to him.

SERENA (CONT'D)

Since when NYU is Ivy?

MAXXIE

Since you ditched it. You were keeping us all down.

She laughs. He softens too.

SERENA

You're still mad at me?

He sits upright, serious.

MAXXIE

I don't understand why you want to do this now. You could just finish college, defer your offer and do it in two years!

SERENA

We had this conversation already.

MAXXIE

Then you know that, *no*, I'm not mad at you anymore, but *yes*, you did blow up our plans of graduating together and- you know what? You're late. I'm tired. We're rambling.

Maxxie lies back. Serena nods. Stands up.

Pink post it falls from her jeans pocket.

SERENA

Love you.

MAXXIE

Too.

END OF ACT ONE