

BFF: BEST FRIEND FOREVER

by

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FADE IN

INT. TYLER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's like a kid's room.

Stray socks, shirts, and miscellaneous junk on the floor, bed, and chair.

Eclectic mix of posters, on the walls.

On the dresser opposite the bed, a SERIES OF PHOTOS.

And TYLER MAITLAND, mid-to-late twenties, obsessing over the pics.

A catalog of Tyler and MELANIE FLYNN, same age, from the cradle to the recent past.

Cute baby pictures. Grade school hi-jinks, funny faces. Smiling little Melanie; Tyler with the shiner she's just given him.

In the later shots, clear evidence of frustrated love. Tyler smiling adoringly at Melanie. Who's also smiling adoringly - at the current in a long line of Bozo Boyfriends, nudging Tyler out of the frame.

Tyler takes a wallet out of his pocket.

Crammed behind a hefty wad of bills and credit cards, a laminated portrait print, of guess who?

TYLER
Melanie Flynn...

He strokes a finger over the photograph.
No big secret; the poor dope's still in love with her.

Uh-oh. PHONE RINGING, downstairs.

Tyler snaps out of his reverie. Bolts for the bedroom door.
Down the steps, to the lounge.

INT. TYLER'S FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Whoa. Nice place.
Upwardly mobile, but not in the truly big leagues. Yet.

There's a STORM RAGING, outside.
Occasional FLASHES OF LIGHTNING and RUMBLES OF THUNDER.

Each time, the lights in the house flicker and dim, as the
power fluctuates.

The RINGING is coming from somewhere beneath a pile of
magazines, on the coffee table.

Tyler roots through the papers. Snatches up the phone.

TYLER
Hello? Maitla--
Oh. Hold on.

He sets the phone down on the table.
Switches to speaker mode, and corporate voice.

TYLER
Maitland Investments, Tyler Maitland speak-
-

MELANIE (O.S.)
Tyler? It's Melanie! Melanie Flynn!

TYLER
Melanie Flynn?! My God, I was just... I was
just thinking about you.

MELANIE (O.S.)
Really? That's good, 'cause, I've... been
thinking about you.

TYLER
Really?

MELANIE (O.S.)

Yeah. What's it been, like, three years?

TYLER

Seven.

MELANIE (O.S.)

Oh.

TYLER (sotto)

Seven years, six months, twenty-seven days.
(looks at his watch)
Twenty-six.

MELANIE (O.S.)

What?

TYLER

No, I--

MELANIE (O.S.)

Anyhow. I'm gonna be in your part of the globe, for the foreseeable future. Wanna hook up?

TYLER

Sure! Absolutely. Let me give you my address.

MELANIE (O.S.)

Okay, shoot.

TYLER

234 Montrose Gardens. It's a--
Shit!

The phone's gone dead.

Tyler picks it up. Grimaces, at the blank display.

TYLER

AARGH! Where's the damn charg--

He roots around the mess on the table. Between the couch cushions.

TYLER

YES!!

Finds a phone charger.

Plugs it in a wall socket. Connects up the phone.

But Tyler's too buzzed to sit and watch the charging bars.

TYLER

Melanie Flynn...

Tyler, huge grin, stops in front of a wall mirror. Sees his reflection.

TYLER

Tyler. Get a grip. She's probably married.

Or fat. Ugly. With five kids.

(laughs)

Yeah. Over-nourished. Aesthetically challenged. Five dependent minors.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

He turns, surprised.

TYLER

Who's out, in this weather?

Tyler moves away from the mirror. Crosses the room. Opens the door.

It's Melanie Flynn, on the front porch.

She looks just like her most recent picture. Only more so.

Not fat; the essence of buff.

Not ugly; HOT. Extremely.

Somewhat under dressed, for the monsoon that's raging, outside.

Her eyes light up. Dazzling smile.

MELANIE

Tyler!

TYLER

Melanie?!

She sashays in.

Totally dry.

Tyler pops his head out the door; checks the porch. Grins.

TYLER

Nope. Not a dependent minor, in sight.

Melanie turns.

MELANIE

Excuse me?

TYLER

Oh, nothing. Nothing.

He shuts the door, and drinks in the sight of her.

She does look good.

Melanie smirks, all tantalizing innocence, as Tyler gawks.

MELANIE

Had to, like, sprint over to your front porch, practically. Use my Black Star Ninja training, to dodge between raindrops.

She traces some kind of pseudo-Kung Fu patterns in the air, with her hands.

An old joke between them. Tyler joins in, matching Melanie move for move.

Pseudo-Kung Fu sounds, from both, before Tyler and Melanie crack up.

TYLER

Hey, I'm just glad you made it over here, in one piece.

MELANIE

Yeah.

Melanie spins, abruptly.

Does a 360 of the front room, admiring.

MELANIE

Nice.

She gives Tyler an appraising look.

TYLER

It's alright, I suppose. Except for the power, and this--

On cue, there's a CLAP OF THUNDER.

All the lights in the house flicker, fade, then return to normal.

TYLER

Now. What would you like, to drink?

MELANIE

Got any hot chocolate?

Tyler grins.

MELANIE

Green mar--

TYLER

Green marshmallows. Coming right up.

He hustles into the kitchen area.

INT. TYLER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Melanie stands in the doorway, watching.

Tyler busies himself with the milk carton, and cocoa powder.

Carefully picking out green marshmallows, from a monster bag on the counter.

Sprinkle in the two mugs. Pops the whole lot in the microwave.

A beat. PING!

TYLER

Here we go...

He holds out a steaming mug.

Melanie smiles, standing aside to let Tyler back through to the lounge.

INT. TYLER'S FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

The coffee table is covered with business dailies, Wall Street Journal, investment magazines, etc.

Tyler clears a space, and sets the cocoa mugs down.

He lifts his mug to Melanie, a mock toast.

TYLER
Here's to you, kid.

MELANIE
Mmm.

She casts an eye over the magazines on the table. Gestures over them.

MELANIE
So, you really did it. All this...

She sweeps her arms, to take in the smart house.

Tyler shrugs.

TYLER
Had a bit of luck. Few smart investments.
Set up the website: "I want Your Money and
I want It Now, dot com."

Melanie chuckles at this.

TYLER
Yeah. Luck, mainly.

MELANIE
No, you've done really good. Surprised some
enterprising young female hasn't snapped
you up.

We all know the answer to that one.

Tyler shrugs. Tries not to look at Melanie too closely.

She smiles, knowing. Leans in, toward Tyler. Grins seductively.

MELANIE

So. Aren't you gonna show me your room?

TYLER

Yeah, sure.

Sudden look of panic, on Tyler's face.

MELANIE

What?

TYLER

Nothing, uh...

He leads the way upstairs.

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

TYLER

Okay, so...

Tyler pauses outside the door. He's thinking of that shrine to Melanie, on his dressing table.

He takes a deep breath, and opens the door.

TYLER

It's a little messy, so...

INT. TYLER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tyler darts in. Scoops something - sports shirt, pair of socks, anything - from the chair by the bed.

Lobs it at the photo set.

Misses, completely.

But succeeds, admirably, in drawing Melanie's attention to the shrine.

Positively glowing, Melanie scopes out the pictures. Turns, with a triumphant grin.

MELANIE

I can't believe you kept these!

TYLER

Well. You know.

He shrugs.

Melanie slinks past Tyler. Plants herself on the bed. Indicates the vacant spot, beside her.

Tyler dutifully sits.

MELANIE

Did we ever...?

She leans in close, all eyes and mouth. Her implication is clear.

TYLER

No.

He looks away, embarrassed. Then

TYLER

Well, almost. There was that time, at summer camp, when Dougie Fitch - remember Dougie?

Sly twitch of a smile, from Melanie.

MELANIE

Oh, yeah.

TYLER

When he snuck in that vodka. And you and me, we--

She leans in closer.

TYLER

But then, you hit me on the head with that baseball mitt, before we could--

MELANIE

Hmm...

She's REALLY close, now.

TYLER
And then you slapped me. Twice.

MELANIE
Maybe I like it rough.

TYLER
Oh.

MELANIE
Your move, I think.

TYLER
Umm...

And the PHONE RINGS. Downstairs.

The wrong instincts take over.

TYLER
I should, I should get that.

MELANIE
Nooo...

TYLER
Might be important. Work stuff.

Melanie makes a move, as if to grab him. Checks herself.

She oozes forward, begging seductively.

MELANIE
Don't go. Please? Stay here - with me.
Let's do this. Pleeese?? I'll be your Best
Friend, Forever.

Tyler's on his feet, with a massive effort of will.

Uncertainty, in his eyes. All those times she--

But, this is MELANIE. And, she's right there. Begging for it.
And--

That PHONE KEEPS RINGING. Damn loud.

TYLER
I will be right back.

MELANIE
Promise?

TYLER
I absolutely promise.

MELANIE
Cross your heart, and hope to...?

TYLER
You can kill me, yourself.

Tyler crosses his heart. He smiles, and reaches to open the door.

MELANIE
I'll remember you said that.

Tyler looks back.

The expression on Melanie's face is tough to read.

Tyler opens the door, and leaves the room.

INT. TYLER'S FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

From habit, Tyler picks up the cellphone.

TYLER
Maitland Investments. Hello?

PARAMEDIC / JAMES BRADDOCK (O.S.)
Hello?

TYLER
Hello? Wait, I--
Just a second, I'm putting you on speaker.

Tyler activates the speaker phone, and

PARAMEDIC / JAMES BRADDOCK (O.S.)
Hello. Who am I speaking to, please?

TYLER

Tyler Maitland, Maitland Investments. Who'm I speaking to?

PARAMEDIC / JAMES BRADDOCK (O.S.)

This is James Braddock. I'm a paramedic, working out of Metro General. We're on the freeway, at the scene of a--

The signal breaks up. Then

PARAMEDIC / JAMES BRADDOCK (O.S.)

...with a trailer. If--

TYLER

Hold on, I can't hear you. Let me--

PARAMEDIC / JAMES BRADDOCK (O.S.)

What?

Tyler whacks the volume on his cell up to maximum.

TYLER

Okay. What were you saying? Hello?

PARAMEDIC / JAMES BRADDOCK (O.S.)

Do you know a Melanie Flynn?

TYLER

Yeah.

PARAMEDIC / JAMES BRADDOCK (O.S.)

Okay, 'cause your number's the last one, on her cell. There's been an accident. Ms. Flynn's car skidded off the freeway. Got into a collision with a tractor trailer. The...

TYLER

What?

PARAMEDIC / JAMES BRADDOCK (O.S.)

...fellow she was with, Stewart Chambers. Do you know him?

TYLER

No, I--

PARAMEDIC / JAMES BRADDOCK (O.S.)
 Well, he was pretty banged up. Looks like
 he'll pull through, though. But Ms. Flynn,
 she, uh, she didn't make it.

TYLER
 Wha--? What???

PARAMEDIC / JAMES BRADDOCK (O.S.)
 I'm sorry to have to tell you this, but,
 Ms. Flynn is dead.

A stunned silence.

PARAMEDIC / JAMES BRADDOCK (O.S.)
 Hello? Mr. Maitland, are you--

And, the phone goes dead.

From the room above, the sound of - someone - clomping around,
 impatiently.

MELANIE (O.S.)
 Tyler?

On Tyler's face, a plethora of conflicting emotions. As he
 pieces together who - or what - that is, upstairs.

FLASHBACK

To Melanie's arrival. Glowing. Pristine. Totally dry.
 Even though it's bucketing down, outside.

FLASHBACK

Okay, so the lighting's been variable, but...
 Did Melanie cast a shadow, even?

FLASHBACK

The magazines on the table. The hot chocolate.
 Melanie didn't ever actually touch anything, did she?

BACK TO THE PRESENT

Tyler looks over, to the table.

There's the mug of cocoa he made for Melanie. Still full.
Untouched.

MELANIE (O.S.)
Hey, Tyler? Tyler!

She sounds pretty insistent.

At which point, the lights go out.

TYLER
Oh, shit.

It is REALLY dark, in here.

TYLER
Oh, shit, oh shit, oh--

A sudden SUSTAINED FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

And from the darkness behind Tyler, a glimpse of the true
Melanie.
Rain and blood-soaked. Seriously torn up from the impact of the
car crash.

And mightily pissed. Channeling Samara Morgan.
Staring daggers at Tyler, before the lightning flickers and
fades.

MELANIE
You coming upstairs, or not?

CRASH OF THUNDER.

FADE TO BLACK