

"Like"

by
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INT. NICOLE'S LIVING ROOM - SATURDAY AFTERNOON

1

NICOLE, a pretty 20-something, is sitting on her couch using her laptop. We see that she is on "PlaceNook," the big social networking site. She reads a comment she finds funny.

NICOLE
(chuckles)
Oh, Tommy. You're hysterical!
(beat)
Like!

She clicks on the "Like" button. Just then, her doorbell rings. She puts the laptop down on the coffee table and stands.

NICOLE
(calling)
Just a minute!

She walks quickly to the door and opens it. A young man in his early 20s, wearing a hoodie and a baseball cap, is on her stoop. It is TOMMY.

NICOLE
May I help you?

TOMMY
Nicole?

NICOLE
Yes?

TOMMY
It's me - Tommy Maloney. I recognize you from your PlaceNook photos. That one of you on the horse is *really* cool!

NICOLE
(beat)
Tommy? What are you doing here?

TOMMY
Just passing through.

NICOLE
But you don't live -

TOMMY
I thought I'd drop in and. . .

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He peers into her home.

TOMMY

Say, are those Fritos?

Uninvited, Tommy walks inside, sits down on Nicole's couch, and starts eating from her bag of Fritos.

NICOLE

Tommy, you can't just -

We hear a new voice, HENRIETTA.

HENRIETTA

Hello.

Nicole turns and sees that Henrietta, a young Goth girl, is now on her stoop.

NICOLE

Hello?

HENRIETTA

I'm Henrietta.

NICOLE

Who?

HENRIETTA

I'm a PlaceNook pal of Tommy's.

She looks inside.

HENRIETTA

(calling)

Hi, Tommy!

TOMMY

(calling back)

Hi!

Henrietta walks inside and joins Tommy on the couch. She digs into the Fritos.

HENRIETTA

This is a *nice* place.

(beat)

I don't think we're pals on PlaceNook, dear. We'll have to hook up. I bet we have a *lot* in common.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

NICOLE

But -

HENRIETTA

Any pal of Tommy's is a pal of mine.

TOMMY

Ain't it the truth.

Henrietta bites into a Frito.

HENRIETTA

Ranch flavored? *Yummy!*

(beat)

What's to drink?

FADE OUT.

2 INT. NICOLE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

2

Nicole's home is now very crowded. More than a dozen people - all sizes and colors - are milling about, chatting, laughing, eating her Fritos, and drinking her soda. Exasperated, she picks up the telephone and dials. We see SGT. CONNORS on a split screen.

CONNORS

Police department. Sgt. Connors.
This is a recorded line.

NICOLE

Hello, Sergeant. This is Nicole
Weston at 125 Brighton Way.

CONNORS

How may I help you?

NICOLE

I need you to come and get some
people out of my house.

CONNORS

People?

NICOLE

Yes, about a dozen of them.

CONNORS

How'd a dozen people get into your
house?

(CONTINUED)

NICOLE
They're PlaceNook pals.

CONNORS
(sotto voce)
Oh, *that* thing!

NICOLE
I'm sorry?

CONNORS
Are they causing any trouble? Do you feel your life's in danger?

NICOLE
No, but they're eating all my Fritos and drinking all my Diet Sprite! I want them *gone*.

CONNORS
If they're not threatening, can't you just *tell* them to leave? It's *your* house.

NICOLE
I can't get a word in edgewise!

CONNORS
I can hear them behind you. It sounds like *quite* a party.

NICOLE
It's *not* a party. I didn't invite them over.

CONNORS
But you let them in your house?

NICOLE
(beat)
Kind of.

CONNORS
How can you "kind of" let someone in your house?

NICOLE
Well. . .

CONNORS
I'd suggest you try to clear them out of the house yourself.

(CONTINUED)

NICOLE

How can I do *that*?

CONNORS

(beat)

Do you have a megaphone?

NICOLE

A *what*?

CONNORS

No. Of course you don't.

(beat)

Why don't you stand on a chair and get their attention? You said they were pals of yours, right?

NICOLE

PlaceNook pals.

CONNORS

What's the difference?

NICOLE

They. . . I'm afraid you'd have to use *PlaceNook* to understand.

(beat)

Do you?

CONNORS

No, and neither do my wife or kids. The whole thing seems like a big waste of time to me. How can you like people you don't *really* know?

NICOLE

(beat)

Wait a minute!

CONNORS

What?

NICOLE

I *think* I know how to put a stop to this.

CONNORS

If you say so.

(beat)

If anyone gets rowdy, call me back.

(CONTINUED)

NICOLE

I will. Thank you, Sergeant.

Nicole hangs up the phone, and the split screen ends. She pulls a wooden chair across the floor and climbs onto it.

NICOLE

(calling)

Everyone, may I have your attention?

The chatter slowly dies out.

TOMMY

(chuckles)

Look at you. You look so *tall*.

Some of the "pals" chuckle.

NICOLE

I want everyone to get out of my house *right now*.

The crowd grumbles. A WOMAN speaks.

WOMAN

But we're all *pals*!

NICOLE

PlaceNook pals. Those aren't *real* pals.

Another woman, WOMAN 2, pipes up.

WOMAN 2

But *I* went to high school with you!

NICOLE

OK, maybe *we're* pals, but I don't even know most of you.

She points to LAVINIA, a woman in a flowered sundress.

NICOLE

You, for instance. . . Who are you?

LAVINIA

I'm Lavinia Palmer.

NICOLE

And how do I know you?

(CONTINUED)

LAVINIA

I'm a pal of. . . of. . .

HENRIETTA

I *think* you're a pal of mine.

LAVINIA

Am I?

WOMAN

No, she's a pal of *mine*.

HENRIETTA

Maybe she's a pal of *both* of us?

WOMAN

Could be.

NICOLE

See what I mean? No one here *really* knows anybody.

WOMAN 2

But we went to -

NICOLE

Except for *you*!

(beat)

Somehow, through the "power" of PlaceNook, all of you decided to come to my house just because I chose to like a post that Tommy made about the governor.

HENRIETTA

That *was* a good one.

TOMMY

Thanks.

HENRIETTA

You don't often see haikus on PlaceNook.

WOMAN

He's *so* sensitive.

HENRIETTA

He *certainly* is.

NICOLE

I've got half a mind to just throw my laptop out in the trash!

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN 2

Don't do *that*! How would you *live*
without PlaceNook?

NICOLE

Just fine. I could. . .

TOMMY

(beat)
What is it?

Nicole gets off the chair, walks to the couch, and gets
back on her laptop. She briefly types.

TOMMY

What are you doing?

NICOLE

I'm going to *unlike* your haiku
about the governor.

TOMMY

You *wouldn't*?

NICOLE

Sure I would.

TOMMY

What would people think of me if
you did that?

NICOLE

Who cares?

LAVINIA

I think she *means* it!

The crowd gasps. Nicole hovers her finger over the
laptop's mouse.

NICOLE

Don't make me use this!

LAVINIA

Please don't. If you unlike
Tommy's haiku. . . well. . . all
kinds of trouble will happen in
PlaceNook land.

HENRIETTA

To be *sure*.

(CONTINUED)

NICOLE

I'll do it. I *swear* I will. . .
unless. . .

TOMMY

Unless what?

NICOLE

Unless all of you get out of my
house this *instant*.

The crowd grumbles.

TOMMY

C'mon, everybody. I think she
means it.

NICOLE

You're *darn* right I do!

Nicole puts her laptop down on the coffee table and walks
to the door.

Everyone grudgingly starts getting up to leave.
Henrietta, the first in line, speaks as she passes
Nicole.

HENRIETTA

Party pooper.

NICOLE

Goodbye.

Nicole opens the front door. Henrietta steps outside.
Lavinia is behind her. She hands Nicole the empty snack
bag.

LAVINIA

You're out of Fritos, dear.

Nicole grabs the bag from Lavinia's hand.

NICOLE

Just *leave*.

Lavinia walks out. Tommy is the last in line at the door.

TOMMY

I *never* thought you capable of
this, Nicole.

(CONTINUED)

NICOLE

That's because you don't *really*
know me.

TOMMY

When I get home, I'm going to "de-
pal" you.

NICOLE

Be my guest.

TOMMY

I'm going to save my political
haikus for people who can
appreciate them.

In a huff, he walks outside. With a big sigh, Nicole
closes the door.

She walks to her couch and closes her laptop. She opens a
nearby closet, puts the laptop inside, and closes the
door, relieved.

FADE TO BLACK.