

UR KILLING ME

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INSERT: TITLE CARD: UR KILLING ME

EPISODE ONE: TALK SHIT, GET HIT

INT. MADDIE, LEILA & AMANDA'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Soft jazz plays, candles are lit. AMANDA (25) stands at the head of the table. She's the picture of perfection, possibly looks like she's wearing a bump-it. She smiles at her guests, who aren't revealed--yet.

AMANDA

Thank you all for being here.
Getting this promotion to be the
Head Editor of the Friendship
Column at FizzyIssue means so much
to me. And I wouldn't be standing
up here today if it weren't for all
of you, *my friends*.

SMASH CUT to three disgruntled friends far more under-dressed, CHRISTIAN (25) hopeful cynic, MADDIE (25) too cynical to enjoy life, and LEILA (24), cynic in sheep's clothing. Maddie coughs into her drink.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Oh, do you have something to...?

CHRISTIAN

Speech, Maddie, speech!

The three friends are clearly all a little drunk already. Amanda has maybe been sober for twenty years.

MADDIE

No, no, I don't want to interrupt.

Maddie pours herself a stiff drink.

AMANDA

Thank you. Where was I? Oh, right.
Ever since my first article...

(Annoying Watchmojo voice)

Are you a Shark or a Shrimp?

(normal voice)

Where I explored how we go through
life with a choice. Be a shark, or
a shrimp? Be a go-getter or be
floating along? Everyone likes you
if you're a shrimp, I love a good
shrimp cocktail myself. But the
sharks, they rule the ocean.

(MORE)

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Webster Dictionary defines a group of sharks as a school, frenzy, or a shiver! And in a world filled with shrimps, hey I'm just glad I have my shiver!

She raises her glass.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Raise a fucking glass, sharks.

They all raise their glasses and take a sip, but not before Amanda takes a sip from her cup of water instead.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Sorry, I'm doing Sober Saturdays!

Everyone takes another heavy drink. Timer offscreen dings.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

That'll be the duck confit!

She claps, and races out of the room. Maddie gets up and grabs the dishes. Christian gets up.

CHRISTIAN

I'll help you set up.

Maddie carefully hands Christian fine China, that he just slides haphazardly onto the table. He tosses the forks and knives, Maddie wincing each time.

MADDIE

(whispers)

That's fine China.

AMANDA (O.S.)

That's fine China!

Christian rolls his eyes.

MADDIE

I actually forgot that was the that article got her the promotion.

CHRISTIAN

Yeah, I thought so too when I pitched it to her.

MADDIE

Oh, it was your idea?

CHRISTIAN

Well, after she pitched it, it was like something I would've thought of.

LEILA

What?

CHRISTIAN

It's just funny because I think she's actually a shrimp.

MADDIE

Wait, me too.

They're both relieved. Amanda walks back in.

LEILA

Where's the duck?

Amanda looks at her, patronizingly. Laughs.

AMANDA

I can't serve duck without the raspberry coulis! That'll be a hot sec.

Awkward, annoyed silence. Maddie and Christian share a look.

CHRISTIAN

Leila, don't you have your tap dance recital tomorrow? How are you feeling?

AMANDA

Wait sorry I don't mean to bring everything back to me on my big night, but I have to get my first article in next week. And I was thinking it would be "The Three Pillars of Friendship." Do you guys have any ideas for like a listicle of the pillars?

Long silence.

LEILA

What about telling someone when they have something stuck in their teeth?

AMANDA

I feel like that's a given. Like that time, Maddie, I told you your prom dress made you look a little...

(forms a stomach with her hands)

MADDIE

You never told me that/

AMANDA

/So I was thinking something like...

(Cryptic Gremlin Voice)

If you ever talk about me behind my back I'll fucking cut you.

A beat.

MADDIE/CHRISTIAN/LEILA

Yeah, I love that.

Amanda's phone rings. She shows the group, it says "Mom."

AMANDA

Oh my god, hey girl!

Amanda walks out, taking the call.

CHRISTIAN

Wait so like, definitely a shrimp.

MADDIE

One hundred percent.

CHRISTIAN

Like I love shrimp, I can eat them every day, but I'm never fucking satisfied. Everyone always wants to order the fucking shrimp cocktail and feel fancy, and it's just like okay now I'm ripping a tail off, can I eat that part, can I not?

MADDIE

And you know the thing about shrimp?

CHRISTIAN

Tell me.

MADDIE

They're always full of shit.

LEILA

Just like my brother!

Amanda walks back in. She carries a platter of duck with raspberry shit and lays it on the table.

AMANDA

Ugh, so nice of her to call.

(to Maddie)

I told your mom that they should turn your room into a yoga studio, wouldn't that be so cute?

MADDIE

Oh, that wasn't your mom?

AMANDA

Janet's in the Alps!

MADDIE

Did you tell my mom I'm here?

AMANDA

Yeah, she knows!

Maddie throws her drink back. *Noted.*

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Let's eat! Oh! Leila, I tried not to make too much of a mess in the kitchen since, according to the chore wheel, it's your turn to clean. Tonight.

They all serve themselves, trying to get the best angle to dive in when Amanda shrieks. Everyone jumps.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I forgot to turn the oven off! I am *such* a shit show. I swear if you didn't know how happy I was, you'd think I was out to get me.

Amanda leaves. Maddie slams her glass down on the table.

MADDIE

I'm just gonna say it, I can't fucking stand her.

CHRISTIAN

Oh my god, same.

They're both so exhilarated by this, they've never shared it before. Maddie pours Christian a drink.

MADDIE

She puts on this fake ass persona that my mom just eats up, like everyone else in my life. When we know the real her.

CHRISTIAN

Uh, yeah we do! Honestly, at work I purposely take her favorite snacks. The fucking skinny pop, she keeps asking me where it's all going and I tell her I don't know.

Christian pours Maddie a drink.

MADDIE

Every morning she comes into my room so chipper at 8AM because everything's amazing and everyone naturally loves her.

CHRISTIAN

Oh my god, friendship and happiness being her brand when all she does is complain about her perfect life to me--I could just strangle her!

MADDIE

No, seriously, I could kill her.

CHRISTIAN

Me too.

MADDIE

(serious)

So why don't we?

Maddie and Christian are staring so intently at each other, like no one else is in the room. Something is now in motion.

LEILA

This duck is *delish!*

Amanda returns and takes a seat.

AMANDA

Sorry about that, let's dig in!

They all eat in awkward silence.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Oh, Leila! Actually, I should keep it to myself. Sorry, is that annoying?

Christian and Maddie exchange a knowing look.

MADDIE
Just say it Amanda.

AMANDA
Kyle liked my Instagram post this morning...from three weeks ago.

LEILA
My ex Kyle? Wait which one, the zookeeper or the anesthesiologist?

She takes one bite, dabs her lips, then gets up.

AMANDA
Oof, I'm stuffed!

Another timer rings.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Ope, that'll be the cake! Gluten free of course.

Amanda takes everyone's plates, and bounces out.

LEILA
(shouts)
Which one!?

Christian and Maddie look at Leila expectantly.

LEILA (CONT'D)
Fuck it, I'm in.

MADDIE
It's not like this is the first time I've thought about this. Let's just get together and bounce some ideas off each other tomorrow.

LEILA
Let's kill this bitch.

Amanda walks back with a giant cake. She lays it on the table. Icing reads "Sharks 4 Life." She looks at everyone.

AMANDA
God, I love you guys.

She pulls out a giant steak knife and slices through the cake, red icing pouring out.