IHYP
I HATE YOUR FRIENDS!

Written by

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EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

a hot 24 year old brunette tiptoes up the mansion driveway. She ducks behind the trunk of a red convertible. She peeks up to see if the coast is clear before jetting a little further up the driveway. She ducks behind the next car. With an envelope in her hand. She quietly sets it on the step and tries to sneak away when the door opens. JERED, short balding 30 something steps out in a bathrobe, boxers and tee-shirt to get the morning paper.

JERED
Sheryl? Hey! Good morning. I didn’t know you were here. Come on inside.

SHERYL
Oh. Hi J. No... I..I was just...

She motions behind her.

JERED
Oh you can’t leave yet. I was just about to make breakfast.

He picks up the news paper and notices the envelope. As he opens it..

SHERYL
I can’t. I was just leaving...

JERED
Hmmm, what’s this?

Sheryl rolls her eyes back and folds her arms bracing for what’s next.

JERED (CONT’D)
(Reading) I thought this would be the easiest way to tell you... no longer see each other. I just cant do this anymore... I hate... (beat) I hate...

At Sheryl

JERED (CONT’D)
Why? Why Sheryl? What did I do? I can fix it!

SHERYL
It’s not you, it’s...
JERED
ME...? OMG.. OMG! I can’t breathe!

SHERYL
Look, just calm down, okay. Its gonna be alright.

JERED
OMG!

Lester, 30 year old, scruffy goateed, thin athletic build, comes to the front door shirtless.

LESTER
What the hell is goin on out here?
Oh, shoulda known. Sheryl.

SHERYL
Lester.

The two exchange fierce looks.

SHERYL (CONT’D)
I gotta go...

Turns to leave.

LESTER
Whats that all about?

Jered hysterical and unable to speak gives the letter to Lester then curls up on the step with his head between his legs gasping for air. Lester looks at the paper.

LESTER (CONT’D)
(comforting) Awww, buddy. Its okay man don’t worry. We’ll get past this. You’ll see.

JERED
No, (gasp) no we won’t. (gasp) It’s all my fault.

Lester looks at his friend and sighs. He looks at Sheryl making her way down the drive and with a look of determined heroism stands up.

LESTER
Hey!

(she keeps walking)

LESTER (CONT’D)
Hey!
Going after her.

LESTER (CONT’D)
Don’t you ignore me. ok. Yeah, that’s right. Just keep walking.
Drop off your little break-up letter and run with your tail between your legs cause you don’t have the BALLS to tell him face to face!

She stops and turns towards him. He reverses his pace and his eyes light up when he sees she took the bait. Lester backpedals with Sheryl coming towards him with a finger in his face...

SHERYL
You piece of shit, Lester.

INT. UPSTAIRS - BALCONY WINDOW OVERLOOKING THE ACTION

Jimmy, tall, well groomed business type is already dressed to the nails in his power suit with his bluetooth earpiece on. He’s the third roommate. He’s watching the episode through the glass panels of the balcony doors and calmly sipping coffee.

JIMMY
(shouts over his shoulder)
Hey C-Man!

CHARLES (O.S. MUFFLED)
Whats up?

JIMMY
Are you expecting anybody?

CHARLES (O.S.)
Uh, No..

JIMMY
(to himself)
Didn’t think so.

(shouts)
Hey you almost ready? Chop chop! We have that thing!

Charles (our hero) 30, good looking shows up in the doorway with a towel on his neck.
CHARLES
Don’t worry. I’ll meet you there.

Jimmy is still facing the balcony window watching the ruckus. We hear muted shouts off screen. He looks over his shoulder to respond and double takes at Charles...

JIMMY
You’re kidding me right? It’s almost 8:30 and you’re not dressed?

Shakes his head and turns back toward the window to continue watching.

CHARLES
Don’t worry.

JIMMY
I can’t do this by myself...

CHARLES
You won’t have to.

JIMMY
But I will if I have to...

Charles coolly walks over to Jimmy, who is still looking out the balcony with his back to Charles.

CHARLES
Bro, I got this. 10 o’clock sharp. I’ll be there. I know how important this is, for both of us. For all of us. Have I ever let you down? (Beat) Hey, Look at me. In twenty years have I ever once let you down?

Jimmy turns around to face Charles for the first time taking his attention away from the scene outside. They look at each other and Jimmy concedes with a smile.

JIMMY
Alright man. Just bring the heat, baby.

They fist pound.

CHARLES
Alright. See you there.

(turns to leave then pauses) Hey its kinda quiet. Where are the guys?
LESTER (O.S. MUFFLED YELL)
You’re such a BITCH!

(CRASH)

CHARLES
What was that?

SHERYL (O.S.)
Fuck you, Lester!

CHARLES
Who was that?

They both look toward the balcony.

EXT. DRIVeway

Charles emerges from the front door. This is Charles’ POV. Exit the front door to see Jered struggling to help Lester up off the ground. There is a broken flower pot and Lester has dirt and plants all over his head. He looks beyond them to see Sheryl Heading down the drive. He darts after her.

CHARLES (CONT’D)
Sheryl, what, what’s going on honey.

Sheryl looks at him tenderly.

SHERYL
I’m sorry Charlie. I didn’t want it to be like this. I tried to leave a note for you, but J came out and wanted to make breakfast and then the IDIOT came out and...

CHARLES
Wait, slow down. What are you trying to say? A note for what?

SHERYL
I can’t see you anymore.

CHARLES
What? Come on, that’s ridiculous. Look I know you want things to get a little more serious but we talked about that. I thought we were having a pretty good time together. Don’t we have fun. I mean you’re a great girl. My boys love you!
SHERYL
That’s the problem, Charlie. Every since we started dating we’ve hardly been on one date without your BOYS tagging along.

CHARLES
I think you’re exaggerating

SHERYL
Am I, Charlie?
(a few Beats)

CHARLES
They’re my friends. What do you want me to do?

SHERYL
How about grow up? You can’t keep looking after these guys their whole lives. Look, You’re a great guy Charlie, probably the best I’ve ever known. And your heart is pure gold. But you just don’t have room for me in there. Goodbye Charlie.

She leaves and Charles heads back up the drive to where his friends have gathered.

LESTER
You did the right thing man. Bros over Hoes. Look what she did to Jered. He has abandonment issues and she just left. She was a whore anyway.

Charles rolls his eyes

CHARLES

LESTER
(Still holding the letter) What? What did I do?

INT. HALLWAY

As Charlie walks into the house the guys follow. They meet Jimmy in the doorway. He now has a briefcase and is headed to his porche. He stops Charles in his tracks with a stiff arm to the chest.
JIMMY
Charles. 10 oclock!

CHARLIE
I’ll be there

JIMMY
(rushing out the door) Alright you two kids be good.

LESTER AND JERED
See you Jimmy. Good Luck.

JIMMY
Alright. I’ll see you guys tonight at Bistro’s to celebrate.

Jimmy is out the front door and Charles is moving towards the interior of the house. Before he can get far Lester has caught up to him.

LESTER
Hey Bro, Look. I’m really sorry about what happened back there. You know? I know you liked Sheryl a lot, and I just lost it when I read that letter. Just the nerve... Anyway I just wanted to say... sorry Charlie.

CHARLIE
Ahhh... don’t worry about it.

JERED
Hey guys I made pancakes. I’ll get the coffee.

Jered goes ahead of them and towards the kitchen. They linger behind walking slowly and talking.

LESTER
Thanks Les.

CHARLIE
None for me Les.

LESTER
You sure Chuck? I can understand if you wanted to try and work it out. Sheryl is pretty hot. I mean she’s Satan with tits-, but fabulous tits none the less. You’re telling me you’re not a little upset?
CHARLIE
Okay look, I mean, sure she was beautiful... and strong... loyal, and smart...

LESTER
Yeah, PH.D. student, right?

CHARLIE
Yeah. Top of the class.

LESTER
Wow. And don’t forget sexy..

CHARLIE
Oh super sexy! How could I forget that? And GREAT in bed!

LESTER
What! Really? I mean I heard you guys up there with yelling...

CHARLIE
Oh, yeah. She’s pretty loud! She likes to yell “score, score” when ever she gets close to.. well, you know. She says it’s an audio trigger that triples her orgasm.

LESTER
No shit. I thought you guys were playing Madden... or soccer.

CHARLIE
No. This girl does things in bed that.. Oh that reminds me, (yells out) Jered Don’t eat the honey!

Cut to Jered’s reaction. He’s in the kitchen taking a sip of coffee. With a stack of half eaten pancakes and a container of honey. He almost chokes on his coffee.

Cut back to Charlie and Lester, now at the staircase.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)
Look, the point is this. Yes a woman may have brains, beauty and a good heart, and a great ass...

LESTER
Smokin’ hot ass.
CHARLIE
Yes. But that’s not everything.

Charlie starts up the stairs.

LESTER
It’s not? What do you mean its not everything? What else is there? What else can a man possibly need? Charlie pauses and looks back at Lester.

CHARLIE
The one thing that separates us from the animals... Friends, Lester. You guys are my boys. And nothing’s coming between that.

Charlie continues up the stairs. Lester stands in awe.

LESTER
You sir, are a champion, and a gentleman. I salute you.

Lester does a military salute.

LESTER (CONT’D)
Hey we should do a segment on this!

Charlie is at the top of the stairs and as he disappears around the corner, offers one last order.

CHARLIE
You’re the producer... Honor THE CODE, soldier.

LESTER
(to himself) aye aye captain, the code.

Les takes one last look at the letter still in his left hand, and throws it over his shoulder as he heads toward the kitchen. As he walks away, we pan down to see the words on the letter that has come to rest at the foot of the stairs.

Focus on the line “I love you, Charlie. But I hate your friends.”

The words I hate your friends come off the page and start the title credits.
INT. MANSION CHARLIE’S ROOM

Charlie stands inside his huge closet surrounded by Clothes. A row of designer suits hang on one side, followed by a wall of shoes. Charlie surveys these with his arms crossed.

CHARLIE
Hmmm... Now what shall I wear? (looking at the suits).

The music to the Bee Gees “Staying Alive” starts to play. As Charlie dances through the closet.

CHARLES
Gucci? Naa.. Too flashy... Oh, hello Armani- Naaa... too trendy. Hey!...

He pulls a powder blue suit off and holds it to his chest while checking the full length mirror.

CHARLIE
Too Wayne newton.

Cut to Charlie in the mirror holding a red Velvet blazer with a ruffled shirt to his chest.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)
Too Prince.

Cut to Charlie surveying the other side of the closet. As he walks slowly along the row of clothes he stops occasionally to inspect a piece of clothing. This wall has dress shirts, sport jerseys, and polo’s neatly hanging. Charlie unsatisfied comes to the shelves where stacks of jeans are folded and arranged in cubicles according to colors (mostly black, blue, navy). He stops and smiles.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)
Yeah, I think today might be a truly religious experience.

(Bee Gees singing... You can tell by the way I use my walk/ I'm a woman’s man/ No time to talk)

MONTAGE:

Close up of Charlie’s bum as a pair of True Religion jeans come up to cover it.
The center isle in the closet (a cherry wood custom dresser) the top of which is filled with expensive colognes, focus on a bottle of Dolce and Gabbana, /Charlie spraying cologne on his bare chest.

Charlie’s hand selects a watch from a tray with several choices/ Charlie’s wrist as he fastens the band of the Audemars Piguet./

Charlie fully dressed in a very casual, effortless looking V neck Tee shirt/ focus on design on the shirt that says “fashion slut”/

Charlie looks in the mirror with approval as the music fades down.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)
Yes you are. Go get em big boy.

EXT. DRIVEWAY

Focus on the handle of a grey topless sports car. We can see the cream leather of the plush seats. A hand with the Audemars Piguet watch comes into the shot grasping the handle. As the door opens we can see more of the view. Charlie nimbly swings his body into the passenger seat. The door slams shut.

Cut to close view of the rear of the car. We can see two sets of dual tail pipes stairing us in the face as the engine starts with a roar. Exaust flee from all four pipes.

INTERIOR CAR

From Charlie’s point of view we look down to see the burgundy steering wheel, the computerized cockpit and finally the gear shift. Charles produces his iphone which connects wirelessly to his stereo. The computer on the dash reads “Bluetooth connected”. Charles hits play on the iphone.

The music from Modest Mouse’s “Float On” begins to play. Charlie checks his watch.

CHARLIE
9:45. Plenty of time.

Charlie grabs a pair of Prada sunglasses off the dash, Puts them on and checks himself out in the rearview mirror, the reflection looking dead on into the camera.
EXT. CAR REAR VIEW OF TAILPIPES.

The engine guns. We pan up to see the brakes light are on. Between the lights is the licence plate which reads "THE CODE". Above that we see Maserati. The brake lights go off and the tires peel.

CAR TALK

EXT. DAY ARIAL VIEW

As "Float On" continues to play, the Maserati winds though the hills toward the 405. As we follow along we see signs, BEL AIR COUNTRY CLUB, MULHULAND... 405 NORTH

EXT. ARIAL VIEW

Charles car takes the 101 exchange towards Burbank.

INTERIOR CAR 101 FREEWAY

Edie 32, attractive, is headed to work. She is reaching for a folder as she drives and talks on the hands free.

    EDIE
    No, I have the new draft right here. I think this one is going to work. It took forever but we finally got it.

She looks down to see that the folder has fallen to the floor.

Interior Car Charlie’s POV

Traffic is slowing ahead in this lane. An exterior view shows a stalled car in the lane. Other lanes of traffic continue to whiz by. Charles checks his watch as he slows down. 9:55.

    CHARLIE
    Oh come on. Not now.

Charlie checks his mirror in preparation to switch lanes hopefully without stopping. Too late. Traffic is going too fast for him to get over. He stops in a line of cars stuck in the middle lane.

Interior Edie’s car.
A voice on the other end of the phone is coming through the handsfree.

    BRIAN (O.S.)
    Do you want me to push them to next week?

    EDIE
    No. I want them in tomorrow. Have a car pick them up from the airport.

Edie reaches down again for the folder. Still out of reach. She looks down to locate it. She stretches to reach it momentarily taking her eyes off the road. She looks up to see a Maserati entering her lane 20 feet ahead. When Charlie hears the horn he quickly guns the engine to avoid being hit in the back. Edie’s car swerves to the side in an attempt to avoid collision. She regains control of the car which now has a flat tire, and pulls it to the side of the freeway. Charlie pulls over to see if anyone is hurt.

Edie exits her vehicle completely hysterical. Charlie also exits and heads back to her car.

    EDIE (CONT’D)
    Hey you know, this is a freeway! You don’t just pull out into traffic when you feel like it. You could have killed someone.

    CHARLIE
    Me? You mean YOU could have someone. Maybe if you were watching where you’re going you would have seen my signal.

    EDIE
    You know what? Nice try buddy.

    CHARLIE
    Hey I was just trying to be nice. I see you’re okay so.

He turns and heads back to his car.

    EDIE
    Excuse me where are you going?

    CHARLIE
    Oh, look I would love to help you out with your tire and do the whole chivalry thing... But I’m late for a meeting.
Charlie gets in the car.

EDIE
You arrogant son of a bitch. If I was a man I would punch you dead in your mouth.

CHARLIE
yeah well, you’d probably have to catch me first.

Tires peel and Charlie is back into traffic. Edie just makes out the words on the licence plate “THE CODE”