The Ultimate Betrayal

Written By

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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

An eery, low lit room, a dramatic danger underscore - time
is running out! Mary ransacks Becca's room in a panic -
Becca snatches her things back - frazzled. Their love heart
shaped "Best Friends Forever" photo tumbles to the floor.

                    MARY
          Do you have it or not?

                    BECCA
          No! I gave it back to you!

                    MARY
          You sure?

Becca joins Mary in pulling apart her things.

                    BECCA
               (unsure)
          Yes!?...

                    MARY
          When?

                    BECCA
          I dunno, after my birthday - it was
          ages ago, I can't remember!

Mary stops and faces Becca.

                    MARY
          Think! It's important!

                    BECCA
          I know! I'm trying!

Becca throws her clothes in the air, hunches over like a
sprinter at the end of a race - catching her breath.

                    MARY
          Did you lend it to someone?

Mary turns on a light - it shines in Becca's eyes.

                    BECCA
          No?

Mary walks toward Becca - backing her into a corner.

                    MARY
          You sure?

                    BECCA
          I took it to a friends house,
          but...

                    MARY
          So you *did* lend it to someone!

Mary freezes - gives Becca crazy eyes.

                    MARY (CONT'D)
          It was Sophie wasn't it!?

                    BECCA
               (hesitantly)
          Yes (breath) no... I mean, we
          watched it while I was there and
          then I went home...

                    MARY
               (gasps)
          You watched it with Sophie!?!?

Becca hangs her head - guilty as charged.

                    MARY (CONT'D)
          You watched MY copy of Beaches with
          Sophie!!!

                    BECCA
          Yes, but..

                    MARY
          Was it good?

                    BECCA
          ... I mean it's *Beaches* - it's
          always good.

                    MARY
          Was it better than with me?

                    BECCA
          No! It was... different?

                    MARY
          I thought we were best friends.

                    BECCA
          We are! I'm sorry! It didn't mean
          anything!

Mary looks away with a dramatic "I can't even look at you
right now!" expression.