

Friendship is Electric
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FADE IN ON:

EXT. MONTECORE HOSPITAL EEG CLINIC - DAY

A modest building, three stories tall. DOCTORS and PATIENTS weave like clockwork through revolving doors.

VERONICA (17) vapes and sits on a wall. Clad in post-Goth garb, her style's a mix of Wednesday Adams and Punky Brewster. Not that she's old enough to know their names.

Her Neon Nikes TAP impatiently against stone.

Veronica watches the door with eagle eyes. Ones that miss nothing - except the person she's looking for.

Until EMILY (16) shuffles out. Dressed in a *Star Wars* tee-shirt and jeans, she blends right into the crowd.

It's a miracle these two are friends.

Veronica jumps down to greet Emily - gets a good, hard look at her head.

Emily's entire skull's wrapped in GAUZE. WIRES jut out the back like a multi-colored ponytail, feed into a MONITOR at Emily's waist.

Veronica expels a puff of Cherry flavored smoke. It's a half-laugh. A full spit-take.

VERONICA

What the fuck, Emily?

EMILY

Really? That's what you have to say? I go through an *hour* of getting suction cups super-glued to my head, and the best you come up with is "WTF"? You have any idea how much that stuff smells?

Veronica takes a sniff.

VERONICA

Um, yeah. What do you want me to say?

EMILY

How about something simple: like "You look tired, Emily. How'd it go?"

VERONICA

Jesus Christ, that's obvious. You look like a Bionic Smurf!

Emily cracks a TINY smile. "Fluffs" one side of her head.

EMILY

Like an electric Q-Tip. Maybe.

Veronica pokes the bandage cautiously. Nothing beeps.

VERONICA

How long you gotta keep that on?

EMILY

Forty-eight hours, Doctor Hugo said.
Maybe more, if they see - certain things.

VERONICA

Certain "things"? In your brain?

Veronica circles her finger around her ear: the universal gesture for "insane."

EMILY

I know I look like a lunatic. But having epilepsy doesn't mean I'm crazy. Do me a favor, and stop staring.

VERONICA

(laughs)

Don't blame me. You look like you stepped out of that movie Old People watch.

The girls walk down the block; comrades in arms.
PASSERSBY stop and stare.

EMILY

You mean old war movies. I'm like a wounded soldier?

VERONICA

No - that one where a drag queen's an alien. Franken-Hot-Dog... or something.

EMILY

Oh. *Rocky Horror*. My Mom and Dad have the DVD. They turn it on and sing at home with me and Brad. It's Science Fiction - kinda cool.

VERONICA

It's embarrassing, you ask me.

The girls approach a BUS STOP.

VERONICA

We're here!

EMILY

We're taking the *bus*? You're kidding!

VERONICA

I don't have money for a Taxi. Do you?

EMILY

Um, this "beauty regimen" cost \$2K. Mom says I won't get allowance for a year.

Veronica SIGHS, and shoves Emily up the steps.

The BUS DRIVER sees Emily, and does a double take. Veronica attempts to whisper in her friend's ear, but the gauze is too thick. She's got no idea where it is.

VERONICA

Ignore the Yahoo. Follow me.

INT. BUS - MOMENTS LATER

Emily and Veronica settle into seats. They do their best to ignore the stares.

VERONICA

Looks like we're the center of attention today.

EMILY

Now you know how I feel - every day I sit next to you.

A LITTLE OLD LADY glances up from her knitting. She spots Emily and recoils. Emily fidgets with her EEG pack.

EMILY

How long's this ride?

VERONICA

According to Google? Ten minutes, give or take.

EMILY

In other words, an eternity.

VERONICA

Let's just talk and pass the time. Did Scott call you about the party yet?

EMILY

Nope. But I was kinda busy today. Maybe I should check my phone.

VERONICA

Take the initiative, Girl. Call *him*!

EMILY

Forget it. I'm not going tomorrow. Not like this!

VERONICA

Point made. Partying's probably a bad idea anyway. Aren't flashing lights Uber bad?

EMILY

That's not the kind of "E" I have. It's temporal, with partial, simple seizures.

VERONICA

And then you fall down and twitch?

EMILY

Nope. Nothing like the movies. And no foaming at the lips.

VERONICA

Then what's the big deal?

EMILY

I smell stuff. And lose major track of time.

VERONICA

Like the time I passed out in Barry's backyard?

EMILY

You had four Hurricanes in one hour; that's nowhere close to the same thing. With me, you wouldn't even know I had a seizure. I just look blank. Sometimes, I see flashing lights.

VERONICA

Like a rave? Awesome cool!

Emily fingers the wires in her "ponytail."

EMILY

No - not cool. Not at all.

A TEEN PUNK looks up from his phone, SNICKERS. Veronica flips him a double bird. The boy sneers at Emily's head.

TEEN PUNK

How many iPods you got stuck up there?

VERONICA

Mind your own business. Those aren't headphones, okay?

TEEN PUNK

Then your friend's got bizarre taste in dreads.

(looks Veronica up and down)

Guess it's infectious - she caught your style!

The Little Old Lady's eyes grow wide. She pokes the teen.

LITTLE OLD LADY

(whispers)

Don't antagonize them. They're terrorists!

TEEN PUNK

What? Those two girls? Why?

LITTLE OLD LADY

You see that turban she's wearing?

TEEN PUNK

I bet she escaped from some asylum. One that implants stuff in people's brains.

Veronica's dark eyes blaze: she's had enough.

VERONICA

You guys suck donkey balls. Maybe you don't realize it, but words hurt. My friend has a medical condition. She had this tumor thing. They scooped it out of her head, but she needs time to adjust -

EMILY

Veronica - enough!

The bus SCREECHES to a halt. It's their stop. Veronica and Emily march awkwardly down the aisle.

EXT. SUBURBAN SIDEWALK

The girls hop out, blink in the light.

The bus rolls away. Emily avoids its windows. She's the center of attention: lots of curious, staring eyes.

The girls start walking towards her house.

EMILY

Good going, Einstein. Everyone was looking right at me.

VERONICA

Stop being pessimistic. Maybe they weren't staring at your head. Maybe some of them thought you were cute.

EMILY

Cute for a freak show!

VERONICA

Stop putting yourself down. There's nothing wrong with being unique. Look at me! Besides, you may as well turn lemons into lemonade. Kick back, watch *Netflix* alone and chill. Cause you'll be wearing that beanie for awhile...

EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE

They reach the porch. Emily fumbles with her EEG pack.

EMILY

This is gonna be a major bummer to sleep on.

VERONICA

Pretend it's a teddy bear. Or Scott. Roll on your side and hug it tight.

BRAD (7) peeks out the window, spots Emily. His jaw drops to his chest. He yells over his shoulder:

BRAD

Mom, come and see! Emily's home but something's wrong. Aliens stole her body!

VERONICA

(air kisses to Emily)
Your loving family beckons. You should go.

EMILY

What am I gonna do for the next two days - hide?

Veronica mulls it over.

VERONICA

Your squirt brother's got a point.
There's a *Star Trek* convention in town
this weekend. If you go *there*, you might
fit in.

Emily's face brightens for the first time today.

EMILY

I *do* look like *Seven of Nine*...

The girls FIST BUMP, and high five.

VERONICA

Then, it's a girl "date". I'll pick you
up tomorrow. Nerd.

Emily and Veronica lock eyes. There's one last detail to
lock down.

EMILY AND VERONICA

In a cab!

FINAL FADE OUT: