

INT. SHOE STORE - DAY

AIMEE leans over a shelf, skimming through boxes of shoes. She chews her GUM, chomping on it. She pulls out a box, peeks inside.

AIMEE TEEGARDEN

Ew.

Tossing it back in, she takes another box. Rolls her eyes as she peeks in this one.

AIMEE TEEGARDEN (CONT'D)

Ew again!

Swapping this second box with a third, Aimee lifts the top up and gives an overdramatic groan.

AIMEE TEEGARDEN (CONT'D)

Ugh. Like -- DOUBLE EW!

BRITT ROBERTSON (O.S.)

Actually, I think that'd be triple ew.

Aimee turns around, dropping the box carelessly to the ground, to approach BRITT.

BRITT ROBERTSON (CONT'D)

Because, you TOTALLY said 'ew' three times. So it'd be triple. I'm like seventy-three percent sure!

Looking totally awestruck, Aimee beams.

AIMEE TEEGARDEN

O.

(pause)

M.

(pause)

G!

(pause)

I'm so glad we're B-F-F-F-L's. You're like, Jimmy Neutron to my SpongeBob Squarepants!

BRITT ROBERTSON

...You really mean that?

AIMEE TEEGARDEN

Abso-tutely.

Britt starts waving her hands in her face, fanning herself.

BRITT ROBERTSON  
I think I might cry. That was  
just... O-M-G.

AIMEE TEEGARDEN  
Oh, don't cry honey, you're gonna  
make ME cry!

BRITT ROBERTSON  
(crying)  
Hug me!

Britt bursts into happy tears and then Aimee follows suit.  
The two wrap each other in an embrace and audibly cry into  
each other's shoulders.

INT. MALL - DAY

BRITT plops down at the fountain inside the mall, next to AIMEE, setting her bags down.

BRITT ROBERTSON  
Guess who just sent me a text?

AIMEE TEEGARDEN  
Umm... R-Patz.

BRITT ROBERTSON  
No.

AIMEE TEEGARDEN  
If it's Taylor Lautner I'm gonna totally kill you, girly, he's MINE!

BRITT ROBERTSON  
Awkward you say that...

Aimee's still trying to guess.

AIMEE TEEGARDEN  
(interjecting)  
Was it a boy?

BRITT ROBERTSON  
Well. I mean, *kinda*.

AIMEE TEEGARDEN  
Who was it?

BRITT ROBERTSON  
Erik.

AIMEE TEEGARDEN  
Erik? As in Erik 'Knudsen the Studsen'?

BRITT ROBERTSON  
Yeppers!

AIMEE TEEGARDEN  
Totally *ick*.

BRITT ROBERTSON  
But he sent me some juicy gossip! Apparently [REMOVED] and [REMOVED] were murdered last night.

AIMEE TEEGARDEN  
Like legit, choked-on-a-fortune-cookie dead?

BRITT ROBERTSON

Yeah. But... without the fortune  
cookie part. Freaky right?

AIMEE TEEGARDEN

Probably some fucked-up fan. These  
movies have the WEIRDEST fan base.

BRITT ROBERTSON

I KNOW right? I can't believe  
people are actually bitching that  
they don't get to see me die on-  
screen. I mean, W-T-F. Bunch of  
gross freaks!

AIMEE TEEGARDEN

Did he say anything else? Details?  
HELLO, I need more than just a text  
saying they died.

BRITT ROBERTSON

He says like, SCREAM-style. Knife  
and all that jazz.

AIMEE TEEGARDEN

Meh. Not juicy enough. This  
conversation is like, boring me.  
Can we get Chinese and talk Jersey  
Shore? All this talk of fortune  
cookies is making my cravings go  
cray-cray. Is it just me or is  
Snookie getting tanner?

BRITT ROBERTSON

You aren't the LEAST bit curious? I  
mean, who knows, one of us could be  
next!