

There's Plenty of Catfish in the Sea

written by

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EXT. QUAD

Nora sits down at a lunch table at school with her friend, Stacey. Stacey appears as the typical popular blonde girl. She is being eyed down by lots of boys around her. Nora is Stacey's not-so-attractive friend that she keeps around to look hotter.

STACEY

Hey Nora, how's everything going with you know... boys? Anything new?

Nora shrugs.

NORA

Oh, you know, the usual. So nothing.

Jimmy walks over to the girls' table.

JIMMY

Hey, Nora, did you watch the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles episode last night?

NORA

Yeah it was so-

STACEY

(condescendingly)

Look, we're not interested. I have a boyfriend, and Nora here doesn't watch geeky anime shows.

JIMMY

Guess you wouldn't understand. Sorry for bothering you. See you around Nora.

STACEY

Yeah, whatever.

Stacey shoos him away with her hand and Jimmy walks away.

NORA

Stacey, playing hard to get huh?

STACEY

(snickering)

With him? Hell no. Even YOU don't deserve that. With my help, I'll get you the guy of your dreams.

STACEY (CONT'D)

Anyways, we were talking about you and boys?

NORA

(sarcastically)

Yeah, my boyfriend is so hot, he drove me to the top of Mount Everest in his crazy fast sports car-

Stacey playfully hits Nora on the shoulder.

STACEY

Shut up!

Nora laughs hysterically. Stacey groans. A smoking hot bad boy named Brad walks past. He's dressed in leather and black from head to toe. He looks at the girls and flips his hair. Stacey forgets everything that just happened, and is put in a trance-like state.

STACEY (CONT'D)

Look! 2 o'clock. Oh my god. What a hottie.

Stacey gives Nora a suggestive look and nods her head towards Brad.

STACEY (CONT'D)

Potential man?

NORA

(shaking her head)

I don't think so.

STACEY

You're joking. He's like the hottest guy at school. Such a bad boy!

NORA

I don't know. Not really my type.

STACEY

Okay, well how about this? Since you just turned 18, how about we sign you up for Waspl?

NORA

(yelling)

WHAT?

STACEY

(condescendingly)

Yeah, you know, the dating app. Go make a profile. Get a hot date.

NORA

You can't be serious.

STACEY

I am very serious. You're an adult now. It's about time we got you a plus one!

NORA

(reluctantly)

Well, I guess I could use *someone*.

STACEY

So how about I come over tonight and we'll get you all set up?

NORA

Can I even say no?

STACEY

(excitedly)

See you at 6!

Nora rolls her eyes.

INT. NORA'S HOUSE

Nora is sitting in her room with all of Stacey's supplies surrounding them. Stacey lying on the bed. Nora has the same look on her face that she did in the cafeteria. Stacey suddenly jumps up from the bed. Nora is wearing an Airpod.

STACEY

So you have the app downloaded right? What does it say?

NORA

It's asking for hobbies,
passions, stupid stuff like
that.

STACEY

Okay, so what are some of yours?

NORA

Um, physics, minecraft...

Stacey covers her face. Nora looks confused.

STACEY

Ew, no. Not like that.

NORA

What do you mean?

STACEY

Like- *normal* hobbies and
passions.

NORA

Okay, so what's a normal hobby?

STACEY

Um, just write something like
"watching football, doing
makeup, rap music,
cheerleading." You know.

NORA

But I don't like any of those
things.

STACEY

It's fine, just trust me.

NORA

Alright... Now we need a photo.
Ooh! I have this picture from
last years science fair.

Nora holds up a picture of her with a chemistry coat and
goggles holding up a trophy.

STACEY

You most definitely will not be
using that. We're taking a new
picture *right* now.

Stacey holds up her makeup bags and materials.

STACEY (CONT'D)

Why else do you think I brought
all this stuff with me? Come on,
let me put this on you.

INT. BATHROOM

Stacey is hunched over Nora on a closed toilet seat,
drawing eyeliner. Nora flinches.

NORA

(horrified)

What is that?

STACEY

It's eyeliner, silly. And you
messed it all up.

Stacey continues to draw on her makeup until Nora looks
like a completely different person. She takes a photo.

STACEY (CONT'D)

Alright now, we're just gonna
facetune that a little and
you'll be all set up.

NORA

What is *that*?

STACEY

We're just gonna, you know...
Make your nose a little smaller,
your eyes a little bigger. Make
you a bit curvier. Don't take it
personally.

Nora looks disgusted.

STACEY (CONT'D)

Everyone does it, it's fine.

Stacey swipes around on the phone and gives it back to
Nora. Nora gets off the toilet. Nora and Stacey are now
side by side, leaning with their backs against the bathroom
counter looking at the new photo of Nora.

STACEY (CONT'D)

Here you go. Now start swiping.
If you see something you like,
swipe right.

Nora compares herself to the photo, and remains disgusted.

NORA

Okay, I guess.

Nora starts to continually swipe left while Stacey creepily peers over her shoulder. A muscular photo of Brad shows up on the screen.

STACEY

Oh. my. god! Is that Brad? You have to swipe right!

NORA

(yelling)
Are you crazy?

STACEY

Come on, you agreed this morning. He's so dreamy. Look at his chains.

Stacey steals the phone out of her hands and swipes right for her.

STACEY (CONT'D)

There you go!

Stacey places the phone on the bathroom counter.

STACEY (CONT'D)

Now we wait.

NORA

Are you out of your mind? Why would you think that would be a good idea? What were you think-

The phone dings with a notification that says "Congratulations, you've matched with Brad!" Out of stress, Nora rubs her eyes. This smears The makeup on her face.

STACEY

Stop, stop. Look. I told you it would work.

NORA

It worked because you made me look nothing like myself! And he can't even tell it's me because he's never noticed me before.

The phone dings again with a message from Brad. Nora picks up the phone.

NORA (CONT'D)

Oh god he's texting me! He's asking what I did today. What should I say?

STACEY

Hmm. OH! Say you were busy all day leading the cheer squad.

NORA

...Ok, I sent it. Ew! He just told me how hot that is.

STACEY

Wow, he's like totally falling in love with you!

STACEY (CONT'D)

You should definitely ask him out, he's like so into you.

NORA

(reading the text)

You should just ask me out already.

NORA (CONT'D)

Why'd you have to make me do this? This is gonna turn out awful.

Nora starts rubbing her eyes out of stress.

STACEY

Come on, don't be such a bumner, let's get ready for your *fancy date!!*

Stacey looks at Nora and realizes the makeup is smeared all over her face. Stacey groans.

Montage of Stacey helping Nora prepare. Stacey redoes eyeliner, but Nora moves her head. A line forms down the side of Nora's cheek. Stacey then puts mascara on Nora, and Nora blinks before it dries, staining her eyelid. Nora tries to straighten her hair with the hair straightener, and she burns her face. Stacey opens Nora's closet, and is only able to find clothes that resemble a clown costume. Nora looks at herself in the mirror. All said and done, Nora looks terrible.

INT/EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

NORA

Stacey, do I look alright?

Stacey looks like she's seen a ghost.

STACEY

(In denial)

Yeah, uh huh. You're gonna do great.

Stacey suddenly becomes reanimated when she thinks of a great idea.

STACEY (CONT'D)

Hey, you should keep in touch with me through one of your wireless earbuds, that way I can feed you lines!

NORA

If you're so eager to talk to him, maybe you should go on the date!

STACEY

Oh my god, shut up!

The doorbell rings and Brad is standing outside to pick her up.

STACEY (CONT'D)

He's here! Look, just take the airpod and go. I'll talk to you. Hurry!

Stacey rushes Nora down the stairs. Stacey opens the door for Nora and hides behind the door. Nora is met with Brad waiting on her. Nora steps outside.

BRAD

Wow, you look... different?

Nora does not realize this is not a compliment.

NORA

Thank you!

There's an awkward silence.

NORA (CONT'D)

What are we standing around here for. If we keep this up, we'll probably be dead before we finish our date.

Nora awkwardly laughs at her own joke. Brad is not amused.

BRAD

Uh, OK lets go then.

Nora and Brad are shown leaving her house together, and getting into his car. Stacey follows in her car behind them closely. Nora and Brad arrive at a nice park. Stacey stays in her car and we see her reactions throughout the date. There's a teenage girl playing Frisbee with her dog.

EXT. PARK

STACEY

Hey Nora, he likes football right? Try talking about that!

NORA

Hey Brad did you watch the football game? The Yankees were crazy.

BRAD

The Yankees?

STACEY

Really Nora, the Yankees?

NORA

(whispers to Stacey)
Shut up!

NORA (CONT'D)

(talking to Brad)
Yeah, right? So crazy.

BRAD

Nora, the Yankees are a baseball team?

NORA

Oh. Sorry that's what I meant.

BRAD

You meant what?

NORA

Nevermind.

Stacey face-palms in her car.

BRAD

Hey, would you like to sit down?

NORA

Sure!

There's some more silence between Brad and Nora.

BRAD

(hesitantly)

So, you're also a cheerleader?
How come I haven't seen you at any of my games?

NORA

I don't get to participate a lot.

BRAD

Oh, why not?

NORA

I...um...

STACEY

Say you got sick or something!

NORA

I broke my foot.

Brad looks down at Nora's foot, which is completely fine and placed in a sparkly 5-inch heel.

BRAD

Wow. That must be really hard for you.

NORA

Yeah. But at least I have rap music right?

A Frisbee flies over Nora's head. Suddenly, a dog runs over and slobbers all over Nora. Stacey just hears slobbering and static in the car.

STACEY

Oh my god! Nora are you there?

Finally the dog jumps off of Nora, and runs off. Nora runs over to find her Airpod, but she can't find it.

NORA

Where's my Airpod? Stacey? Can you hear me? Ugh, this is going all wrong!

BRAD

What's going on? Who's Stacey?

NORA

(giggles nervously)
No one!

Brad stands up.

BRAD

Look, I ditched my band practice to be here. Clearly you're nothing like what your Waspl profile says. You like totally lied about everything, your face, your interests, and your hobbies! Now if you'll excuse me, I need to get back to practice.

Brad walks away, leaving Nora alone at her bench. Nora's smile turns sour. Stacey runs up to Nora.

STACEY

Nora! I saw Brad leave! What happened?

NORA

This is all your fault! You-

STACEY

Nora! I'm sorry! I was only trying to help!

NORA

UGH!! Just go Stacey. I need to be alone.

Stacey leaves as well. Nora is devastated.

EXT. SCHOOL

Nora sits with Stacey eating lunch at school. She is visibly a bit upset with Stacey.

STACEY

Hey girl, I'm really sorry again, I was just trying to help you out.

NORA

It's okay.

Nora is looking in the other direction, clearly distracted by Jimmy.

STACEY

Are you sure?

NORA

Yeah, totally.

Stacey realizes what's up.

STACEY

(under her breath)
sigh To each his own.

Stacey abruptly gets up and walks over to Jimmy.

STACEY (CONT'D)

Jimmy, come here. Nora wants to talk to you.

JIMMY

Huh? Uh, OK sure.

Stacey leads Jimmy over to Nora and sits him down.

Nora rests her head on her hand while blushing.

NORA

Hey.

JIMMY

Uh, hi.

NORA

(nervously)

Umm, did you want to like, do something this weekend? It's like totally OK if you don't, I'd get it if your busy or anything.

JIMMY

(enthusiastically)

YES! *cough* I mean, uh yeah sure that'd be like, totally cool.

Nora laughs, and blushes again.

NORA

Ok!

There's a bit of an awkward silence. Stacey is watching all of this and smirking.

JIMMY

Wait... You were into Teenage Mutant Ninja turtles right?

NORA

Yes! I love that show!

JIMMY

How about we watch it at my house?

NORA

That's perfect.

Nora and Jimmy stare into each others eyes romantically. Stacey watches them, sighs and rolls her eyes.

THE END