

AIN'T NO GIRL SCOUT COOKIES

Written by

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INT. HOUSE ENTRANCE - DAY

OS. Doorbell rings

MARY opens the door and lets in PAUL carrying plumbing supplies.

PAUL
Is this the Clifton residence?

MARY
Yes, you must be the plumber, I'm so glad you are here.

PAUL
(extending his hand)
Name's Paul, how do you do?

MARY
(shaking his hand,
smiling)
I'm Mary, and I'll be better once we get those water pipes fixed. C'mon I'll show you what's going on.

They move from the entrance to the Kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

PAUL
Just like that huh?
(Mary looks confused.)

PAUL CONTD.
You're not going to ask me if I would like a drink or a snack?
(Mary is taken off guard)

MARY
Oh yes, of course, my manners. I'm so sorry.
Can I get you something to drink or... a snack?

PAUL
How thoughtful of you.
Sure, I guess. What did you have in mind?

MARY
No. Nothing in mind. Nothing comes to mind.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

I don't think I've been shopping
this week.

Water?

(She opens the fridge and
looks in.)

MARY (CONT'D)

Ketchup? Pickle relish? Raisins,
Jello?

PAUL

How sweet of you. But, it's the
thought that counts.

I'll just get right to my work.

He turns towards the bathroom and they exit the kitchen and
walk down the hall.

INT. HOUSE ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

OS. The Doorbell rings again and this time it's TOSHA a zany,
chipper, over zealous girl, late twenties, bright colored
clothing, with a basket of big homemade chocolate chip
cookies.

TOSHA

Hello, Hello, Hello!

MARY

Ugh, yeah, can I help you?

TOSHA

Question is, Can I help you?
You look like you need a good dose
of CHOCOLATE. And I've got a
percentage right here in these
specially made cookies.

MARY

A percentage?

TOSHA

Yep. A percentage of CHOCOLATE in
every single cookie.

MARY

How much of a percentage?

TOSHA

What do you mean how much of a
percentage?

(MORE)

TOSHA (CONT'D)
You asking for my recipe?
(Mary looks confused
again.)

TOSHA (CONT'D)
Can't give it to ya, it's
classified. I mean it's my Great
Grandmum's and it's been passed
down through the years. A lot of
years.

MARY
So what, you're selling these
Grandmum's cookies to raise
money...?

TOSHA
Yep, girl scout cookies for sale.

MARY
Wait a minute, are they Grandmum's
or Girl Scout Cookies?
Cause, these are not "Girl Scout"
cookies. These aren't even in a
box, they are in a...a basket. An
ugly basket. With a broken handle.

TOSHA
They are not THE Girl Scout
cookies, they are MY girl scout
cookies.
(Mary looks confused
again)

TOSHA (CONT'D)
I'm a girl, scouting for a sale,
and I'm selling cookies, so yes
these are my (she thinks about it,
and settles on:)
my Grandmum's cookies.

MARY
How much are you selling them for?
Like how much for the basket?

TOSHA
The basket? What are you greedy?
The basket is not for sale, the
cookies are for sale. The basket is
just to carry the cookies in.

MARY

I don't want your lousy basket, how much for the "bunch" of cookies?

TOSHA

Uh, uh, \$20 for the bunch.

MARY

Twenty Dollars? Talk about greedy, isn't that a lot of money for a few cookies?

TOSHA

Oh, now it's a FEW cookies, just a second ago it was "a bunch."

MARY

A "bunch", a "few", whatever. I don't need \$20 worth of cookies. Heck, I don't NEED any cookies. I'm not the one who went looking for cookies, YOU came to ME.

TOSHA

Well, you're in luck because I'm fixin' to sell these for just five dollars per cookie.

MARY

Five dollars per cookie? That's highway robbery.

TOSHA

It's not robbery if you pay for it. Do you know how much original cookie recipes go for now days?

MARY

You didn't pay for the recipe if it was your Grandmums, Are you selling the cookies or the recipe?

The sliding door opens and NATE (38) tall, swim suit on, wrapped in a beach towel enters shaking his wet hair like a dog. Spots the cookies and without a word grabs one, and begins eating.

MARY (CONT'D)

(to Nate)

Hey, Hey we haven't paid for those, and they're \$5.00 each.

Tosha hands him another.

TOSHA

Hi, I'm Tasha, and I'm raising funds for a local orphanage, and that will be \$10.

NATE

That must be some orphanage if it can operate on ten dollars. Oh, by the way, I'm Nate.

(He turns to Mary)

NATE CONT'D.

I just showered in the pool because the pipes aren't working, and I need my dress for work. Any idea when the washer will be fixed?

TOSHA

Did Nate just say he needs a DRESS for work?

(laughing hysterically)

MARY

Don't Hate Nate.

He wears a Statue of Liberty dress and he dances on the street corner to get people to buy insurance.

NATE

It's not insurance, it's tax preparations.

He finishes one cookie and reaches for another.

TOSHA

You dance for tax preparations?

(More hysterical laughing.)

TOSHA (CONT'D)

My cookies will get people in the door.

MARY

Look, let me pay for those so you can be on your way.

Mary pulls out a check book.

MARY (CONT'D)

What is that, Ten Dollars?

Paul enters from the bathroom.

PAUL
Did I hear somebody say cookies?

He reaches for a cookie.

MARY
Fifteen?

NATE
Hey these are awesome cookies, Did you make them?

TOSHA
I did. In a cooking class I'm taking at the community college.

PAUL
Well you'll have to give my wife the recipe.

He takes another cookie.

TOSHA
(To Mary)\$20.
then (to Paul)
Oh she can find it on line, it comes from E-Recipes dot com.

MARY
Hey, I thought you just said this was an inherited recipe. Never mind. \$20 bucks.

Mary takes a cookie herself and eats it while writing a check. Tosha also takes and eats a cookie.

MARY (CONT'D)
Who do I make this out to?

TOSHA
Tosha Goodkind for let's see, Twenty, (pointing to Mary's cookie) Thirty, (and the cookie she's eating) Forty, (and then swooshing her hand around the room at Paul and Nate) Fifty.

MARY
What? Fifty Bucks? I thought it was \$20 for the whole bunch.

TOSHA

That's before you started paying
for them one at a time.

Mary grabs the check from Tosha and crosses out the 20 and
makes it 50. Paul and Nate and Tosha grab another cookie.

TOSHA (CONT'D)

(Pointing at each of the cookies.)
Sixty, Seventy, Eighty...

MARY

Hey, you said five dollars each
each not ten.

TOSHA

Yes, but you have to consider
inflation.

FADE OUT: