

"BEYONCE ANONYMOUS"

INT. OFFICE SPACE (DAY)

The office space plays host to this week's support group meeting, with various folding chairs positioned in a circle, and a moderator leading the discussion.

JACK, the moderator, begins the meeting.

JACK

Welcome everyone to this week's meeting. This is a fellowship for all of us who have an addiction and want to help each other stay sober. Remember that what you see and hear today stays in this room. Is this anyone's first meeting?

REBECCA (BECKY) timidly raises her hand, prompting the rest of the group to turn all eyes to her.

REBECCA

Um, yes. Me.

JACK

Welcome! Please introduce yourself by first name only.

REBECCA

Sure... hi everyone, I'm Rebecca. I've been dealing with this illness for about 4 years now. I just recently fell off the wagon, and I'm looking to...ya know...get back on.

The group warmly smiles and nods in welcome, and Rebecca smiles back, relieved to be accepted into their company.

JACK

Thank you for sharing, Rebecca. You're in a safe space. How was your week, everyone?

GREG

I had a rough start to my week. It's so hard not to tune it out when temptation is just everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

MICHELLE

I can't walk past a bar without that temptress trying to lure me in.

DAVE

My issue is still with driving... I can't drive unless I have it, so... it's really hard to get anywhere.

JACK

How did you get here today, Dave?

DAVE

I walked, Jack. No I took a cab you fuckin' idiot.

LAURA

I can't have one weekend of peace without my roommates doing it at a party. And you KNOW it's at every party.

JACK

OK, thank you everyone for sharing. Let's next focus on our behavior when the substance is present.

MICHELLE

The other day, I was still boiling from the Album of the Year snub. I mean, what the fuck does she have to do?! Anyways, I finally left the house and went trolling through the nut section at Whole Foods. That's when I ran into my friend Kim, who told me that I look like one of the Destiny's Children... which you know is a trigger for me. So I started screaming and draining the nut dispensers of their nuts until Kim told me that I looked like Kelly. Not Michelle.

GREG

Michelle, you don't look like either of them.

MICHELLE

Would you people STOP calling me Michelle?!

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Your name is Michelle. Something wrong with your head girl?

DAVE

Last week, I threw an impromptu baby shower for the twins in my backyard. My son thought it was my way of telling him that he was going to be a big brother, and my wife was all, 'what the fuck, Dave?'. And I had to explain to them, like no. This isn't about you. This is about Her.

LAURA

Your wife sounds like a bitch.

Dave nods in agreement.

GREG

Where was my invite, Dave?

DAVE

Greg, I don't know you like that.

REBECCA

(being brave)

OK, I've got one. When she won the Video Vanguard Award and Drake professed his love for her... I had a total meltdown and booked a flight to Barbados on my dad's credit card.

The other group members' ears perk up as they look around confused... they smell a rat.

GREG

You guys. I can't even watch Rachael Ray anymore without trolling her fans on Twitter.

LAURA

It's Roy. Rachel Roy.

GREG

Can't believe that Jay-Z and that stove top bitch were whippin' up 30 minute meals behind the Queen's back.

(CONTINUED)

DAVE

He try that shit again, he gone
lose his wife.

JACK

Ok ladies, now let's get in
formation. We've all done terrible
things while we've been
"Beyhydrated".

REBECCA

I'm sorry... Bey-hydrated?

JACK

(huge dictionary already open)
Yes. Bee-hydrated, or
Bay-hydrated. According to Urban
Dictionary, it is the physical
result of when you haven't heard or
seen any new activity from **Beyonce**.

At the sound of her name, group members either wince, gasp,
dry heave, or scream.

LAURA

One time when I was Beyhydrated...
I listened to the Dangerously In
Love album.

DAVE

(horrified)

BUT THAT ALBUM DOESN'T EVEN
SHOWCASE HER PROWESS IN OTHER
GENRES!

LAURA

I was heavily medicated... if that
helps.

REBECCA

Wait a minute... this is a "Beyonce
Anonymous" support group?

LAURA

Uhh...duh?

REBECCA

(knows she's in deep shit)

Oh no... I thought this was a
Rihanna meeting.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
Oh God, here it comes.

All hell breaks loose as group members (even Jack) lash out at the intruder with creative (and somewhat unintelligible) insults and panic pertaining to Rihanna.

GREG
(suspiciously)
What did you say your name was?

REBECCA
Rebecca.

GREG
(got his man)
BECKY.

MICHELLE
Her hair ain't even that good.

JACK
Rihanna Anonymous meets on
Tuesday. You gotta go, girl!

Becky with the not-so-good hair gets up to leave. As she reaches the door, someone throws 2 lemons at her...and then one more. She turns back to find all of the group members doing the Single Ladies hand flip in unison. She gives the group a disgusted look, and slams the door (BLACKOUT).

END OF SCENE.