

Be You

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A bustling pub. Neon lights flicker. Pop music pulses. Laughter cuts through the low murmur of voices.

At a corner table, SPOONER, 24, neat as a schoolboy in a plain white shirt, tucked in, Dahmer glasses, sips his pint.

His eyes linger on a BEAUTIFUL GIRL in a black dress at the nearby table.

Across from him, ETHAN, 24, beard, built like a bouncer, studies his friend.

ETHAN

She's not gonna fall for you from across the room. Go talk.

SPOONER

She'll say no.

Ethan glances at the Girl, then back at Spooner.

ETHAN

Mate, right now, you don't even exist. Just ask her name.

SPOONER

Her name? That's it?

ETHAN

That's the start. Then keep it moving, favourite bar, dress looks great, ears looks beautiful, whatever.

SPOONER

"Ears"?

Ethan sighs, leans in.

ETHAN

You want a girlfriend or not? Details matter. Anyone can say pretty. But you, notice the little things.

Spooner nods, nervous but tempted.

SPOONER

Ok, Ethan? I'm gonna talk. Wait.
Let me rehearse. You be that girl.

ETHAN

Yeah, go on.
(beat)
Hey?

SPOONER

What?

ETHAN

You're flirting with me, idiot. I'm
the girl now. Ok, ask me first.

SPOONER

Uh, hey, nice nose, what's your
name?

ETHAN

(Blinks)
My nose? Bloody charmer. I'm Diana.

Spooner freezes.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Say something, you plank.

SPOONER

You didn't ask my name.

Ethan sighs.

ETHAN

She's not gonna ask, you muppet.
You tell her. Try again.

SPOONER

Okay... hey, what's your name? I
like your... ears, you look good.

ETHAN

Ooh, smooth. I'm Janet by the way.

SPOONER

You just said Diana.

Ethan drops his head to the table, groaning.

ETHAN

For fuck's sake...

Ethan looks up, mock-girly again.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
Hi, I'm Diana.

SPOONER
Hey, Diana. I'm Spooner. I like
your nose.

ETHAN
Ah, cheers, thanks.

SPOONER
I like your ears... your neck, your
dress. Beautiful nose.

Ethan shakes his head.

ETHAN
No. One thing. Just say one thing.

Spooner leans in, awkwardly flirty.

SPOONER
What do you want me to say? I'll
say it girl.

ETHAN
(Mutters)
Jesus Christ.

Spooner smirks, winks at Ethan.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
You bastard, I'm Ethan now. Not
Diana. Just pick one thing you
actually notice. Not the whole
catalogue.

SPOONER
Got it.

ETHAN
Alright, you be Diana. I'll show
you.

Spooner shakes his head, nervous.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
Hey... are you an oyster hiding
pearls in there? Because your eyes,
they sparkle, rare and expensive.

SPOONER
Wow. That was good.

Ethan smacks him lightly.

ETHAN
Shut up and listen.

Spooner nods quickly.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
So, I'm Spooner, live round the
block. Never seen you here. What's
your name?

SPOONER
Should I go with Diana or Janet?

Ethan just stares at him, dead-eye.

SPOONER (CONT'D)
I'm Diana.

ETHAN
Hey, Diana. Like the princess.
Dangerous name. Suits you.
(leans in, smooth)
You've got that look, like you
already know every bloke in here's
dying to talk to you, but you're
just waiting for someone worth your
time.

Spooner shifts, trying to keep up.

SPOONER
Ah... I work at a beauty parlour.

Ethan exhales, nods, back to the game.

ETHAN
Of course you do. A beautiful woman
making others beautiful. Classic.
Wanna guess what I do?

SPOONER
Car mechanic.

Ethan's face goes flat. Back again.

ETHAN
Wow. Psychic now. Yeah, I fix cars.
You fix faces. Cosmic balance. We
align like the bloody zodiac.

Spooner nods, wide-eyed.

SPOONER

So?

ETHAN

Alright, Diana. Just finished tuning a muscle car. Sleek, loud, fast. Maybe I take you out in it, show you what speed actually feels like. Come on.

SPOONER

Ok.

Ethan nods, serious.

SPOONER (CONT'D)

That's it?

ETHAN

Yeah, that's it. Now you try. Forget I'm me, think I'm the girl. Spill it. Flirt.

Spooner exhales, steels himself.

SPOONER

Hey... I like your hair. It's smooth. Silky.

Ethan softens, acting touched.

ETHAN

Aww. No one's ever said that to me.

Spooner grins, a flicker of confidence.

SPOONER

So, I'm Spooner. Live nearby. Never seen you here before. What's your name? Where you from?

ETHAN

I'm Diana. From Essex.

SPOONER

I like your voice. It... melts my heart. What do you do, sing?

Ethan giggles, playing shy.

ETHAN

No, you silly. I'm a beautician. Got my own parlour.

SPOONER
Beautician? That's cool.
(beat, leans in)
Alright. Guess what I do.

Ethan rolls his eyes.

ETHAN
I don't know... you dress good,
smell good.

Spooner sniffs himself, grinning, happy.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
Are you a teacher?

Spooner laughs.

SPOONER
Nice guess. I'm a car agent. I sell
cars.
(leans in, excited)
Hey, I've got a car for you, you'd
love this. BMW M-Five, loads of
horsepower, like six hundred
horsepower. Come for a ride? I'll
show you what speed feels like.

ETHAN
Aww, really? Oh my god. Yeah, let's
go.

Spooner beams. Ethan raises his hand. They slap a high five.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
Nice. That worked. Do it again.
You're already good. Use your car
pitch, your marketing spiel, this
works. Go.

Spooner exhales, nods. Sips the last of his drink. He stands
and walks toward the beautiful girl in black.

Ethan lounges in the background, relaxed, observing without
moving.

LILY, 22, the beautiful girl in black sees him approaching
her, smiles.

Spooner smirks, waves to a few of her GIRL FRIENDS nearby.

Spooner straightens, formal now, polite, like a salesman
stretching his hands.

SPOONER

Hi, what's your name? I'm a car salesman.

Ethan sighs.

Lily raises an eyebrow, unimpressed.

Spooner's hand trembles. Lily notices.

SPOONER (CONT'D)

I'm Spooner... and, what's your name?

Lily extends her hand.

LILY

Hey, Spooner. I'm Lily.

Spooner nods, shakes her hand, smiles awkwardly.

SPOONER

Hey, Lily. I'm Spooner.

Ethan slaps his own forehead, mutters.

Lily nods politely. Spooner drops his head, his body trembles. He peeks up at her nervously.

SPOONER (CONT'D)

I like your horsepower, smooth and silky.

Ethan eyes wide, stands, moves his chair, walks out, ignores Spooner on the way.

Lily glances at Spooner, then at her friends. An awkward silence fills the space.

SPOONER (CONT'D)

(muttering)

Shit.

Spooner's eyes flick between Ethan and Lily.

Ethan exits.

Spooner taps his fingers, jittery, eyes the door.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Ethan strides ahead. Behind, door opens. Spooner awkwardly steps out.

SPOONER

I hate myself. Oh my god. Why did I
do that? Kill me, Ethan. Kill me.

Ethan stops, turns.

ETHAN

You twat!... Like her horsepower?
What is she a truck? You bong!
Right now, a camel is having a good
time with a beautiful girl. But
you? Never, Spooner. Never!

Silence...

SPOONER

Her name is Lily. And I said... bye
Diana.

Ethan glances, eyes pop out.

ETHAN

You are a tortoise mate!

Ethan gestures the sewer.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Get inside, that's your home, never
come back.

Ethan shaking his head, Spooner fidgeting nervously.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Lily watches Ethan and Spooner through the tinted glass,
bewildered but curious, they both walk off.

Lily then turns back to her friends, shy.

LILY

He's kinda cute, innit? And that
smell, oh, holy Mary, I'd pray
twice. Someone find his Instagram.
Spooner, was it?

The girls giggle, all phones light up, keypad clicks.

TEXT OVER BLACK: **"Be You"**

THE END

FADE OUT.