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INT. THE BAR - DAY

A girl sits at a big round table, in a pretty quiet bar. There is a boy at the bar, playing on his phone, looking bored.

The girl, Sam, drums her fingers on the table. She has a big bag of books on the chair next to her - one book on the table in front of her - it's called 'Dealing With Your Fifteen Alternate Personalities by Graham Bell and Friends'.

She picks up the book, flicks through a few pages. Then she slams the book down.

SAM
(hisses)
What do I do?? Help me!

From her perspective, we can see other Sams of various styles and expressions sitting around the table, like a council of war.

The first one to talk is pyjama Sam, who has her arms crossed and a headphone in one ear.

PYGAMA SAM
Right. So we're doing this now.

Childish Sam's head barely rises above the table top.

CHILDISH SAM
I'm bored! Why are we here.

Shy Sam has a hoodie covering up everything but her eyes.

SHY SAM
She wants to ask out the boy...

Childish Sam's head swivels around to the bar. Then back.

CHILDISH SAM
But he has boy plague!

PYGAMA SAM
...What.

CHILDISH SAM
You know the fuzzy stuff on his
face...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PYGAMA SAM
 (to childish sam)
 Can you please go back to bed and
 leave this conversation to the
 adults... also I agree. He probably
 has herpes.

Sam looks outraged.

SAM
 He does not have herpes...

PYGAMA SAM
 He works in a *bar*. You know what
 rhymes with bar? Herpes.

SAM
 He doesn't have herpes!

Her eyes fly wide as she remembers that she is yelling at her
 invisible friends. She looks around, some people staring.

SAM (CONT'D)
 Sorry... sorry...

She looks around to the bar, and stares terrified at the boy,
 looking back at her. He smiles, and waves. She hides behind
 her book, pretending to read it while looking over the top of
 the book at the same time.

Back to the meeting. Paranoid Sam twirls a tazer on the
 table.

PARANOID SAM
 He knows too much... Taze him! Then
 taze him again!

Sam is sinking onto the table.

SAM
 I want to ask him out... not kill
 him! Please Sam's... just help me
 out for once... pleeease...

Everyone falls a little quiet. Pygama Sam sighs.

PYGAMA SAM
 Fine... so you want to... can't
 even say it.

CHILDISH SAM
 She wants cooties!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PARANOID SAM

But he might say no. He might laugh
at you. He might record you crying
and put it on youtube.

Paranoid Sam looks over to the boy, playing with a phone.

PARANOID SAM (CONT'D)

Oh my god he's *already got the
phone to record with! Run! RUN!*

Next to Paranoid Sam, Creepy Sam has turned up. She has
overly wide eyes and is looking at Paranoid Sam with lust.

CREEPY SAM

Calm down babe... you need a good
massage to get the stress out...

Paranoid Sam doesn't take this well. She stares at Creepy
Sam, and starts to mew with increasing volume.

Small Talk Sam sits next to Sam, looking very boring, glass
of water in hand.

SMALL TALK SAM

Start the conversation with a nice
topic. Like... oh boyoboy! There
isn't much precipitation today!
Have you seen the readings?
Naturally, he will have, and then
you can move on to how boring
Mondays are. Maybe talk about
cricket!

Evil Sam snorts. Evil Sam has long talon like fingernails.

EVIL SAM

Are you serious? You'll put him to
sleep. The deepest sleep he's ever
had. And then... he'd be
vulnerable. You could drag him down
to the cellar. Drive home, get some
ropes. Tie him up and, strip him
down and perform a SACRIFICE TO-

Suddenly, Evil Sam's mouth is pinched shut by Pygama Sam.

PYGAMA SAM

No.
(beat)
Bad.

Evil Sam glares at her, before sitting back in her chair, in
a huff. Pygama Sam sighs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PYGAMA SAM (CONT'D)

If you really want to woo him...
you'll have to conform to his likes
and dislikes and be whatever he
desires. Like a whore.

Sam is facedown on the table now.

SAM

Why doesn't anyone have good
advice...

Childish Sam sticks her hand up.

CHILDISH SAM

Oh me! Me!

SAM

Go ahead!

CHILDISH SAM

Because we are part of your mind
and so we are merely expressing
various elements of your psyche and
cannot move beyond the restrictions
you place upon yourself!

Sam looks up toward Childish Sam.

SAM

You get a gold star I guess.

CHILDISH SAM

Yay!

EVIL SAM

Teachers pet...

Childish Sam sticks out her tongue at Evil Sam - her tongue
flops across the table.

EVIL SAM (CONT'D)

Well you need to think of
something. You know what they say.
If you fail to plan you plan to
fail. And then die.

Pygama Sam shakes her head. Then summons a book from Sam's
bag of books ('Suppressing your inner Joseph Fritzl'), using
it to beat Evil Sam.

Then, creepy Sam is leering over Sam's shoulder.

CREEPY SAM

Don't worry babe...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Creepy Sam massages Sam's shoulders. Sam stares into space.

CREEPY SAM (CONT'D)

I got it.

(beat)

Rev yourself up. Get over there, right in front of him. Touch him, on the arm at first. Look him in the eye and softly say 'We were destined to trade seed. We are like the alpha female tiger and the alpha male tiger - we must mount. We will mount. We will be together like Luke and Leia. Like Timon and Pumba. Like a mighty spear crashing into the depths of the watery grand canyon.

Everyone around the table stares, utterly horrified. Except Childish Sam who looks confused.

EVIL SAM

That is soo fucked up...

PYGAMA SAM

Have you even *seen* Star Wars?

CHILDISH SAM

I don't understand...

SMALL TALK SAM

(trying to change subject)

So I hear you can get organic sweetcorn from the newsagents now!

Sam hammers her fists on the table. Everyone looks her way.

As Sam opens her mouth-

CREEPY SAM

Anyone want a total body massage-

SAM

Shutup!

Creepy Sam winks at her, and goes back to his seat. Paranoid Sam starts to mew again.

SAM (CONT'D)

You are all awful! In fact you're so awful that I've realized I need someone else to talk to! So I'm going to ask him out!

(beat)

No more talking!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Everyone falls silent. Sam takes a breath, begins to stand.

PYGAMA SAM

I gave a good suggest-

Sam hisses at Pygama Sam, pointing at her. Someone else is in the corner, watching Sam point into thin air in the middle of the bar and hiss, before standing up proper.

Then, something clicks in the mans head.

MAN

That is a great idea.

He writes on his newspaper 'multiple personality dinosaurs with lazars'.

Anyway Sam is deciding how to walk to the bar, and eventually decides on some kind of slow jog with her arms rigid, fists clenches. She gets to the bar, the boy still on his phone, and:

SAM

So!

The boy looks up at her. Smiles.

BOY

What can I get for you Sam?

SAM

So the precipitation. Real low.

(beat)

Hey...

Sam clicks, and points her fingers like gun at him. Proceeds to make gun firing sound effects.

SAM (CONT'D)

So you and me...

Sam realizes she is failing. The smile is fading of the boy's face. He looks a bit blank.

SAM (CONT'D)

Are you into being tied up? No, I don't mean that I mean metaphorically. Tied up in marriage? Or... No, not that either.

Boy's face is one hundred percent blank. Sam stops. Takes another breath.

She swoops in on him, kisses him right on the lips. Holds the side of his face. Then, she lunges back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

SAM (CONT'D)

I am so, so sorry! Was it good for you? If you had to rate it out of ten...

The boy smiles, look utterly exasperated.

BOY

It was nice... Unexpected-

SAM

You got any number for me? Nice is a bit vague- Oh god I'm so sorry do you want to go and see Pacific Rim? It has robots. Boys like robots right? Course they do, they're robots, boys are addicted to robots, but if you aren't I totally accept that I'm not prejudiced I don't think although does not liking two girls one cup make me prejudiced?

The boy stares.

BOY

I don't know.

Sam hops from foot to foot.

SAM

Which bit are you answering? You aren't recording this are you?

BOY

No! No really I'm not... I'd love to go to the movies with you.

Sam's face explodes with happiness. Then, she looks terrified.

SAM

Oh I've got to get ready, shit-

BOY

I've just got to ask my folks first.

Sam nods. She has approached a relatively even level of trepidation, as the boy walks down the bar a little, sitting at a stool there. He starts talking to thin air. Sam raises her eyebrows.

BOY (CONT'D)

She's nice, you know. Quirky.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

BOY (CONT'D)

Prozac Pete, you don't know anything. You're too high on meds to get it. No she isn't fat! That's so rude!

Sam continues to stare. Boy nods, talks to other invisibles.

BOY (CONT'D)

You think I should take her to see something different? I don't know what girls like... it matters to me nihilist Pete!

(beat)

Alright, we'll leave it there.

Pete gets up from his stool, walks back over.

BOY (CONT'D)

Free Friday night?

SAM

...Yeah...

BOY

I'll meet you at the cinema six-ish?

SAM

Okay!

(beat)

Okay! I gotta go get ready I'll see you later!

Sam skips away. Boy watches her go. He waves at her as she gets to the door. She waves back - and no-one has ever looked so happy.

FADE TO BLACK.