

TALK TO HER

A short film written by

Matthew Blum

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

It's 1963. Kid's no older than seventeen slow dance to **"GOODBYE TO LOVE" by the Chantels** in the living room of someone's house.

TED (17, all-American boy, BOB DENVER build) lurks on the outskirts of the dance floor. He intermittently takes a sip from his COKE container. You can tell he's lost in thought. Staring into a deep abyss.

CHET (17, Ted's good friend, sly, JERRY LEWIS type) approaches him from afar.

CHET

Ted, what are you doing?!

TED

What?

CHET

Don't stand around and hover like a crazy person, enjoy the party.

TED

I am.

CHET

Doesn't look like it.

TED

Chet, everyone has their own unique definition of fun.

There is silence for a moment.

CHET

Who else have you hung out with, tonight?

TED

Well--

CHET

Have you danced?

TED

Um--

CHET

That's what I thought.

Ted looks stuck. That was a very uncomfortable situation for him.

CHET (CONT'D)
Let's go over there.

The boys move to a location away from everyone dancing. As they make this walk, a GIRL (16, P.J. SOLES type) and her FRIEND (16, NATALIE WOOD type) stroll by.

GIRL
Hi, Ted.

The girl and her friend chuckle a bit.

TED
(timidly)
Hi.

Now, at the other location, Chet means business.

CHET
Man, I invited you here to get you out of the house. To expose you to a social scene. I couldn't stand the thought of you staying at home another Saturday night. Don't you understand.

TED
(feeling guilty)
Yeah.

CHET
I care about you, Ted. I want you to live. That's what I think you need to do. Live. Not sitting in that box of a room of yours all day, watching the years go by.

Ted looks down in sorrow.

TED
Ok. Listen here. I don't have as easy as a time socializing as most kids do. It's hard for me. Starting and ending a conversation.

CHET
Why don't I help ya?

TED
You don't need to do that.

CHET
Teddy, that's what friends are for.
Nobody goes at life alone.

TED
You'd go through the trouble?

CHET
Of course.

TED
Alright.

Ted starts to lean with his back to the wall. Seemingly to blow off some steam from that semi-heated conversation.

We see through his point of view that he's actually looking at someone. A girl.

CHET
What?

TED
Oh nothing.

Chet turns around and see's what he's staring at.

BEVERLY (17, LIZ TAYLOR type) stands alone. She is the object of Ted's ocular affection.

CHET
Beverly?

TED
Huh?

CHET
You've got the hots for Beverly
Johnson?

TED
What?... No...

CHET
Come on, buddy. I know the look.
You like Beverly Johnson.

TED
Could you keep your voice down?!

Chet puts the pieces together.

CHET
C'mon... You talk to her tonight?

TED

What?

CHET

You heard what I said. Have you talked to Beverly tonight?

TED

Um, no.

CHET

You didn't even say hi to her? Y'know, a little wave. When you walked in the door.

TED

No.

CHET

She's not gonna read your mind, man. You have to grab her attention. Go talk to her.

TED

No.

CHET

Come on! Why not?

TED

I just don't want to.

CHET

Why not? What's the worst thing that could happen?

TED

Man, I don't know.

CHET

What is it?

TED

Well... I'm nervous.

Chet can't believe this.

CHET

About what?

TED

Well-- talking to her.

CHET

That's not a how you should be feeling. What will fear do to help your current situation? Nothing. All that fear does is make you more nervous. It won't do any good. It will just lead you into a world filled with nerves and agitation.

TED

I understand.

CHET

Well..? What are you going to do?

TED

I don't know.

CHET

What do you mean, you don't know. You gotta go and talk to her.

TED

Really?

CHET

Yeah, really. You gotta put it all out there.

TED

Ok. I'll talk to her.

CHET

Go. You're over thinking it.

TED

Ok.

Ted breaks away from Chet.

C.S. Back left side of Ted's head.

As he wades through the crowd of party guests, they part like Moses and the Red Sea.

Once he comes across Beverly, who is standing alone, they just stand there. Looking into each other's eyes, they slowly grow closer.

Right before they embrace, we.

CUT TO BLACK

THE END

