

Tell Me About It, Sam

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. PARK - DAY

SAM, 30, average guy, sits alone on a bench; just his legs are visible, and a figure is approaching in the distance.

ROLL TITLE - Tell Me About It,

A takeaway coffee cup at Sam's side comes into focus. "Sam" is written on it; completing the title.

Sam, fully revealed, raises his cup to drink.

ED  
Heh-heh-hey!

Sam jumps, spitting out his drink. ED, 30, camp, posh, suit, tie and a briefcase, has stopped, recognising him, but Sam is bewildered, not knowing who he is.

ED  
Heh-heh-hey! How's it going?

SAM  
Um...good.

ED  
Haven't seen you for ages!

SAM  
Um...yeah, mate. It's been forever.

ED  
(laughing)  
Yes. Yes it has.

Ed sighs deeply, thinking of fond memories. There's an awkward silence.

SAM  
So...how have you been?

ED  
Oh, not too good if I'm honest with you.

SAM  
(ironically)  
Tell me about it--

ED  
Okay.

Ed sits down, taking Sam by surprise.

(CONTINUED)

ED  
Well, well, well, where to start?  
(turning to Sam, seriously)  
Hugo's been at it again.

Ed stares at Sam.

SAM  
He has?

ED  
Worse. Than. Ever this time.

Ed stares at Sam, waiting for a response.

SAM  
(confused)  
Oh no...

ED  
Oh...yes. Well, you saw that  
disgusting mess he made in the  
bathroom.

Sam looks confused and a little sick.

ED  
Well, now he's started doing it  
in the guest room as well!

SAM  
(shocked)  
Oh no!

ED  
The colour was lime green.

Sam is disgusted.

ED  
The walls are covered in it.

Sam gags.

ED  
The neighbours even spotted him  
doing it in the conservatory.

SAM  
Oh my God, what did they say?

ED  
They said can he come over and do  
it in their front bedroom.

SAM

What!

ED

I know, I know. And who's the one that suffers? Me, that's who! Having to wash his dirty garments.

Sam looks like he's about to be sick.

ED

This painting and decorating obsession has really gotten out of hand.

SAM

(stunned)

Painting and decorating?

ED

Yes, painting and decorating. Are you alright, you're turning a bit of a funny colour yourself?

SAM

I'm fine.

ED

Oh, I wish I could say the same. All this nonsense has really put a strain on our relationship.

SAM

Oh.

(realising gayness implied)

Oh...

ED

His bedroom complication's only gotten worse.

SAM

Oh...that's a shame.

ED

His passage is completely congested.

Sam looks grossed out.

ED

Oh, the noises it makes...

Sam can't believe what he's hearing.

ED

His GP seems to think it's his diet, but I suspect it's the smoking. Well, you remember his party trick, don't you?

Sam stares back, confused.

ED

(simulating the motion)  
When he used to ram a cigar up there!

Sam flinches with the thought.

ED

That can't have been good for him. And again, it's me that suffers. I've started sleeping on the sofa.

Ed, saddened, goes quiet. Sam looks sympathetic.

SAM

So your sex life's completely on hold then?

Ed looks up at Sam, intensely serious. Sam looks worried. Ed breaks out into laughter.

ED

You always did know how to make me laugh! I know little brother and I are public school educated, but our dorm room activities didn't quite stretch that far!

Ed laughs. Sam mouths 'brother?' to himself.

ED

But I must admit. His snoring's really screwing with my head.

Ed laughs hysterically. With realisation, Sam mouths 'snoring'. Ed stops laughing, seeing Sam isn't joining in.

ED

(jabbing Sam)  
'Ey, 'ey?

SAM

(awkward laughter)  
Yeah...

ED

'Ey?

Sam is forced to join in the laughter and gradually breaks into hysterics. The laughter goes on and on.

ED  
(turning on Sam)  
It's no laughing matter though!

Sam stops laughing, looking worried.

ED  
In fact, I lost my job over it.

SAM  
You did?

ED  
Well, all the stress, the  
sleepless nights. I wasn't  
reaching my targets.

Ed gets teary. Sam starts to look sympathetic and moves hesitantly towards him.

SAM  
(patting Ed)  
There, there, mate.

ED  
No, no! It's no use. I've had  
enough of it all.

SAM  
Aww, don't say that. I mean, he's  
your brother, you've gotta still  
love him?

Ed looks indecisive.

SAM  
'Ey?

Ed is beginning to be swayed.

SAM  
'Ey?

ED  
Of course I do!

Bursting into tears, Ed throws his arms around Sam, who awkwardly pats his back. Sam notices Ed's briefcase.

SAM  
If you lost your job, what's with  
the briefcase?

ED  
(breaking from hug)  
Oh, it's silly really. It's  
empty.  
(starts opening it)  
Apart from this.

Ed pulls out a gun. Terrified, Sam SCREAMS!

ED  
It's okay. I'm not going to use  
it. I thought I might, but this  
conversation's changed all that.  
(beat)  
I just needed to talk to someone  
who cares.  
(beat)  
For someone to tell me it's gonna  
be okay.  
(turns to Sam with a crazed  
look)  
Tell me.

SAM  
What?

ED  
Tell me it's gonna be okay.

SAM  
It's gonna be okay.

ED  
(sinister)  
Say my name.

SAM  
What?

ED  
Tell me it's gonna be okay, then  
say my name.

SAM  
Er...

ED  
(holds gun to Sam's head)  
Say it!

Sam YELPS!

SAM  
It's gonna be okay!

ED  
Say my name!

SAM  
It's gonna be okay...

ED  
You can't remember it, can you?

SAM  
I can! I can!

ED  
Say it then!

SAM  
It's gonna be okay...

ED  
Say it!

SAM  
(blubbering)  
It's gonna be okay...

ED  
Say my name!

SAM  
(falling apart)  
It's gonna be okay...

ED  
Say my name, Joe!

SAM  
It's gonna be--  
(surprised)  
My name's not Joe.

ED  
What?

SAM  
You called me Joe.  
(showing his coffee cup)  
My name's Sam.

ED  
Are you serious?

SAM  
Yeah.

ED  
I've got you mixed up with  
somebody else. That's crazy.

(CONTINUED)

Ed laughs.

SAM  
(nervous laughter)  
Yeah...

ED  
(puts gun back in case)  
Well, anyway. I must be  
off...Sam.  
(laughter)  
It was nice talking to you.  
(leaves)  
Cheerio!

SAM  
Bye.

Sam sits on the bench alone, in shock.

Beat.

JILL, 30, carrying heavy shopping bags, sits next to him  
and sighs.

JILL  
Hey.

SAM  
Hey.

JILL  
You alright?

SAM  
Yeah, yeah. Just a little  
stressed out.

JILL  
(ironically)  
Tell me about it.

Sam looks at Jill, freaked out.

SAM  
No. No fucking way!

Sam rushes off. Jill looks on, confused.

FADE OUT.

THE END