

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,

Sam puts down a takeaway coffee cup at his side reading, "Sam"; completing the title.

Sam, fully revealed, raises his cup to drink.

ED  
Heh-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 (CONT'D)  
Heh-heh-hey! How's it going?

SAM  
Um...good.

ED  
Haven't seen you for aaaaages!

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

ED  
(laughing)  
Yes. Yes it has.

Ed sighs deeply, thinking of fond memories, and then there's an awkward silence.

SAM  
So...how have you been?

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

SAM  
(sarcastic)  
Tell me about it...

(CONTINUED)

ED

Okay.

Ed sits down, taking Sam by surprise.

ED (CONT'D)

Well, well, well, where to start?  
(turning 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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

The walls are covered in it.

Sam gags.

ED (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

This painting and decorating obsession's really gotten out of hand.

Beat.

SAM

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

(awkward)  
Oh...that's a shame.

(CONTINUED)

ED  
His passage is completely  
congested.

Sam looks grossed out.

ED (CONT'D)  
Oh, the noises it makes...

Sam can't believe what he's hearing.

ED (CONT'D)  
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 confused.

ED (CONT'D)  
(simulating the motion)  
When he used to ram a cigar up  
there!

Sam flinches with the thought.

ED (CONT'D)  
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 (CONT'D)  
But I must admit. His snoring's  
really 'screwing' with my head.

(CONTINUED)

Ed starts laughing hysterically. Sam mouths "snoring". Ed stops laughing, seeing Sam isn't joining in.

ED (CONT'D)  
(jabbing Sam)  
'Ey, 'ey?

SAM  
(awkward laughter)  
Yeah.

ED  
'Ey?

Sam is forced to join in the laughter, and they gradually break into hysterics.

Beat.

ED (CONT'D)  
(seriously turning on Sam)  
It's no laughing matter, though!

Sam stops laughing, looking worried.

ED (CONT'D)  
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 (CONT'D)

'Ey?

Ed is beginning to be swayed.

SAM (CONT'D)

'Ey?

ED

(bursting into tears)

Of course I do!

Ed throws his arms around Sam, and he 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 (CONT'D)

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.

Ed turns to Sam with a crazed look.

ED (CONT'D)

Tell me.

SAM

What?

ED

Tell me it's gonna be okay.

SAM

It's gonna be okay.

(CONTINUED)

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  
What? Are you serious?

SAM  
Yeah.

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

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 down next to  
him and sighs.

(CONTINUED)

JILL  
Hey.

SAM  
Hey.

JILL  
You alright?

SAM  
Yeah, yeah. Just a little stressed  
out.

JILL  
(sarcastic)  
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.