

GETTING TO KNOW YOU

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FADE IN:

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Seated on a bench amidst a busy sidewalk is SIMON FAY (30), nice looking, neat appearance, knee bouncing nervously.

His focus is in on the door of CAFE NOIR. He watches with indifference as people go in and out until. . .

Out walks MEGAN LAWLOR (25), beautiful and very stylish. A take out cup in one hand, iPhone in the other.

Simon gets up, positions himself in front of Megan's path.

She walks slow, eyes glued to her iPhone as she rapidly hits the screen with her thumb. She doesn't notice Simon headed toward her and within seconds they bump into each other.

With a jolt she drops her coffee. It splashes all over the sidewalk, her pants and shoes.

SIMON

Oh shit. I'm sorry. So sorry.

MEGAN

(flustered)

No, it was my fault. I wasn't paying attention.

SIMON

Let me buy you another.

She checks the damage to her clothing.

MEGAN

Dammit, I just bought these shoes.

SIMON

Are those Jimmy Choos?

MEGAN

Yes, they are. Wow. Not many guys would know that, unless...

SIMON

I'm not gay.

MEGAN

Wow. I'm surprised. Not that you're not gay. I'm sorry, that didn't come out right.

SIMON

Well now that you know I'm a shoe
savvy heterosexual, can I buy you a
coffee? I'm Simon by the way.

MEGAN

Megan.

INT. CAFE NOIR - DAY

At the counter, Simon gives his order to the CASHIER.

SIMON

Raspberry Chai Latte for me. Megan?

MEGAN

(stunned)

Ahh, I'll have the same.

Simon pays then they scoot down to the end of the counter and
wait for their drinks. Megan looks at him, perplexed.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Raspberry Chai is my favorite drink.
Again, not many guys would order
that.

SIMON

Maybe I'm just an enigma. How
about we sit, so you can try and
figure me out. I'll wait for the
drinks, you get a table?

MEGAN

I do have to get back to work but I
guess I could sit for a minute.
I've never met an enigma before.

Megan smiles then heads for an empty table. As soon as she
sits she pulls out her iPhone and starts tapping the screen.

IPHONE SCREEN

Megan types a new Facebook status: "Back at Cafe Noir. I
think I met the perfect guy!" She then signs onto her
Twitter account and types in the same thing.

At the counter, their drinks arrive. Simon takes a sip and
scowls in disgust. He heads over to the table.

Megan quickly stows her phone into her bag. Simon sets the
cup in front of her then sits.

SIMON
Is that the iPhone four?

MEGAN
I'm addicted to it. Guess I made
that obvious when I ran into you.

SIMON
There could be worse addictions.

Awkward silence. They both sip their drinks. Simon tries to
hide his dislike for it with a forced smile.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Since we only have a few minutes,
maybe we could do like a speed
dating thing.

MEGAN
(laughs)
Okay then. I'll start. What kind
of music do you like?

SIMON
That's tough but I'd have to
say...Reggae is my favorite.

Megan's eyes widen.

SIMON (CONT'D)
What's your favorite food?

MEGAN
Sushi. What's your favorite movie?

SIMON
Little Miss Sunshine.

MEGAN
Okay, hold it. That's my favorite
movie and I love Reggae. What's
your favorite book?

SIMON
Hmmm. Don't laugh but I'd have to
say, Leaves of Grass by my favorite
poet Walt Whitman.

MEGAN
You like poetry? I studied poetry
in college. This is really starting
to freak me out.

SIMON

Why would having so much in common with someone freak you out? Isn't that a good thing?

She stares at him, fascinated yet suspicious.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Okay, how about you come over to my place tonight. I'll make a pitcher of my famous Sangria. . .

Megan gets up. She pushes her chair in and grabs her bag.

MEGAN

That's it. Something is really weird here. I'm going to work. Thanks for the Chai.

Shocked, Simon just watches her leave.

SIMON

Shit.

He takes a sip of the Chai, makes another disgusted face, gets up and tosses it in the trash before he walks out.

INT. OFFICE - MEGAN'S CUBICLE - DAY

Seated at her desk, Megan looks at her Facebook account on the computer monitor.

She clicks on "ABOUT ME" and scans her page. Favorite music, "Reggae". Favorite movie, "Little Miss Sunshine". Favorite book, "Leaves of Grass". Favorite poet, "Walt Whitman".

Then she clicks on her Main Page and scans her last few STATUS UPDATES:

"Making my famous Sangria for the girls tonight", "Wearing my new Jimmy Choos today", "At CAFE NOIR getting my daily Raspberry Chai fix".

MEGAN

Holy shit. He Facebook stalked me.

She clicks through her Facebook settings and changes them to PRIVATE.

Looking pale and shaken up, she sits back in her chair.

INT. SIMON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Seated at a desk, Simon signs on to Facebook and tries to view Megan's Page but it's now blocked.

SIMON

Dammit.

He leans back in his chair, exhales in frustration.

After a moment he sits up and types in a Facebook PEOPLE SEARCH for single females, between 25 and 30 years old.

Eyes fixed on the screen, Simon's fingers tap the keyboard.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Yes! Hello Rachel.

He clicks on the About Page of a woman named Rachel.

Simon studies her favorite movies, music, books, then clicks over to her Home Page.

He reads Rachel's most recent update "CLUB MIRAGE TONIGHT! \$3 COSMOS BABY!".

Rejuvenated, he gets up and grabs his jacket.

As he puts it on he looks at himself in the mirror.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Okay. You can do this. Relax and take it slow. It's gonna happen.

He adjusts his shirt and smooths his hair.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

With an air of confidence Simon walks down the hall. He stops in front of a closed door, opens it and turns on the light.

The room looks like a dungeon, furnished with torture devices and bizarre sexual items. It's scary in there.

Simon shuts out the light and closes the door.

SIMON

It's gonna happen.

He smiles as he heads down the hall and out the front door.

FADE OUT.