

# SAM SIDE #1

LEO  
We prefer “selectively deviant.”

SAM (to Leo)  
You stole that phrase from 50 Shades of Grey, thief.

MIKE (to Sam)  
You comin’?

SAM  
In a minute, I promise.

*Mike comes towards Sam pulls her hand jokey-lazy like “hurry up”, shuffles out. Sam watches him start to exit with a smile. Leo looks away and respectfully let’s them have a little private moment.*

MIKE (as he disappears into Sam’s room, kindly)  
‘Night, Leo.

LEO (sincere)  
Night, man.

START

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*Sam looks at her door. She is INTO MIKE.*

LEO  
I can’t believe his cock is crooked.

SAM  
Oh for god’s sake. The angle is actually helpful./ I’m never telling you anything again.

LEO  
/I like him though.

SAM  
Yeah, me too. He’s kind of great. Like, he’s a little dorky, but not a dork-dork.

LEO  
Totally. And I like that he’s funny, but he’s not an upstager.

SAM  
No! I know. And he doesn’t care that he’s fifth.

LEO  
Fifth?

SAM (counting on her fingers)  
My career, The novel, You and friends and stuff, The blog, Him.  
You know...fifth.

LEO

What about your family?

SAM

They're like a close 6<sup>th</sup>. If it's the holidays, they move to third.

LEO

I don't know. I call bullshit. I think you're doing that thing again where you are pretending to be more women's lib than you are. You've read *The Twilight Saga* three times and saw all the movies in the theater. You're not exactly Gloria Steinem.

SAM

Okay. I just like vampire mythology. I always have. Anne Rice.

SAM

Whatever. A boyfriend is certainly NOT all I need in life.

*(pause)*

But can I tell you one thing he said to me that's so cute I want to die and then we should totally talk about your writing again?

LEO

Of course. Tell me immediately.

SAM

Okay so the other day when we woke up, he had to get up early but I didn't. So he like got up and took a shower and stuff and he came back in and crawled into bed for a minute and I rolled over to like say hi and stuff. And he goes, "I have a secret for you." And I was like, "what" and then he goes, "you're pretty great."

LEO

That's revolting

SAM

And like. LEO. It was literally like...I had to actually summon every ounce of feminism inside me to not scream MARRY ME PLEASE in his face.

LEO

Totally.

SAM

Okay. I'm going to look away from you now because I can't believe I even told you that and I know I'm going to completely regret it because it's so sappy and weird and I want to pretend I never told you so let's talk about your writing instead and never mention this moment.

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*She looks away for a moment, pausing. After a second.*

END

LEO

# SAM SIDE #2

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LEO  
HOW SO? HOW THE FUCK SO?!

SAM  
POPCORN AND SODA. POPCORNANDSODA. IT GOES TOGETHER. I CAN'T FUCKING—  
ARGHHHHH—I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU ARE GOING TO PRETEND YOU DON'T KNOW  
THIS IS A HUGE STAB IN THE BACK.

LEO  
YOU ARE SO DRAMATIC. MAKING ME CHASE YOU OUT OF A PARTY IN FRONT OF—

SAM  
YOU FUCKING WENT AS PATRICK DEMPSEY. TO HER FUCKING MEREDITH GREY.  
NOTHING.  
AND I MEAN.  
NOTHING.  
IS SACRED TO YOU.  
CLEARLY.

LEO  
OH MY GOD. YOU'RE SUCH A CHILD. I FORGOT. I FUCKING FORGOT. I FORGOT  
ABOUT POPCORN AND SODA. I FUCKING FORGOT OKAY?!?! OKAY!!!! I  
FUCKINGGGGGG FORGOOOOOTTTTTTTTT

*Her phone beeps. The fight pauses. She goes to it. She texts.*

LEO  
Mike?

SAM  
Yes.

START

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*She keeps texting. She glares up at him. Goes back to texting. He sits on the couch.*

LEO  
I'm sorry I went to the party with her. I did it on purpose.

SAM  
I know you did.

LEO  
I guess I wanted to see if you still loved me.

SAM  
I do.

LEO  
It makes me feel happy you were jealous of her.

SAM  
That's evil of you.

LEO  
I know.

SAM  
Stop using her against me. You have to stop. You do it all the time. I fucking HATE her. SHE WILL RUIN US. SHE IS THE NEXT YOKO ONO./ I FEEL IT IN MY BONES.

LEO  
/You're so full of hyperbole. I've been friends with you for almost fifteen years now and I swear, I've never heard you say a single in proportion thing the entire time.

SAM  
Leo. It's scaring me how much you don't seem to understand why she.  
AHHHHHHHHH

LEO  
She what? (sighing) Come on, Sam.  
All mind games aside.  
She's our kind of people. I swear. She's one of us.

*Pause*

LEO  
I'm seriously not saying that to be a dick. I'm just saying, she's actually pretty great. I genuinely think that you could like her. And this is ME telling you that.

*Sam snorts.*

LEO  
What?

SAM  
Leo. Leo's she's.

LEO  
She's what?

SAM  
She's someone we used to make fun of. Like in college. We would have crucified her.

LEO  
She's nice. And talented.  
*(He pauses fractionally)*  
And supportive.

SAM

Are you saying I'm not supportive?

LEO

No.

I'm not saying that.

You are. It's just.

I never believe it. I never believe the support from you.

It's comes through...complicated-ly.

*She looks upset.*

SAM

Okay. I guess I wish I knew what that meant.

LEO

Don't do that.. Don't make that upset face. Jesus. This is why I can never.

This is why.

I can't talk to you about this stuff. You get upset.

SAM

Well, yeah, I mean. The person.

My person.

The person who means the most in the universe to me.

Thinks when I'm SINCERELY being supportive, I'm secretly undermining him.

LEO

Wow, I don't remember saying that.

SAM

This is your gay man trauma speaking.

I feel this is your gay man trauma speaking.

I love you so much. I wish you knew.

I wish you could believe that I love you unconditionally.

LEO (really honest here, not punishing)

I'm not sure we have the same definition of unconditionally.

SAM

Wow.

(pause)

Listen. I know I'm judgmental. I'm the most judgmental person on the planet.

But that stops at your feet.

I draw the fucking line right there at your toes. I swear.

I fucking SWEAR, Leo.

*And here? There's a shift. A façade that melts away for this moment.*

SAM

The only true thing. The only real thing I have is you, Leo. I mean that.

Agents. Books. Boys.

I don't care. I fucking don't care.

I would give up everything for you.

All of it.

You're the only real thing.

You are the only thing that is real to me.

*He shifts, uncertain.*

SAM

Leo.

You're the only person who gets that people.

People like her.

They walk through the world as winners.

They get awards and weddings and smiles and designer things and waves and free drinks at bars and nannying jobs and huge adorable sweaters and babies and when they walk into a room they are *wanted*.

But us? The gay kid? The fat girl?

That's not our story.

But when you're with me.

When you're on my team—

LEO

Team fat/gay—

SAM (smiles)

Yes.

Our team makes me feel like I can do it.

I can battle my way through.

I can stay up later

I can work harder

I can be as fucking incredible as I need to be to catch up

With those Elizabeths and Kimberlys and Annas...those Chloes

*She pauses for second.*

But without you—

I don't know if I can. I don't know if there's a point.

*Long silence.*

LEO

I don't want to break up with you.

SAM

Then don't. Please.

I'm begging you.

*Lights.*

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END

*A deadly silence.*

CHLOE

It's just.

Most people like me.

I'm actually nice. I know people say they're nice when really they're mean girls.

I'm not a mean girl. I wasn't even a mean girl in high school.

I was just quiet.

So. Yeah.

People generally like me.

And it's been making me MENTAL...

Like I've been BEATING my BRAINS out. To try to get you to like me.

I know I shouldn't care that you don't. But.

I care what people think of me.

But I guess I just want to know why.

Why you don't like me?

*Sam is quiet.*

START

CHLOE (a joke to try and lighten)

"Chloe, I don't hate you!"

*Another bit of silence.*

SAM

I don't know what to say to that.

CHLOE

Okay. Wow.

SAM

I think this conversation is a bad idea.

I'm going to go write.

Have fun, ok?

*Sam starts to go.*

CHLOE

Wait. Stop. I'm sorry.

Please. You can be honest.

I'm one of those people when I say, "You can be honest", I really mean it.

*Silence. We hear as Leo sings from the shower. Sam takes a breath.*

SAM

Okay.

You want me to be honest?

I really, sincerely don't hate you.  
 I just.  
 I don't give two fucks about you.  
 You see, girls like you. You're all the same.  
 You confuse DISTINTEREST for DISLIKE.

I AM DISINTERESTED IN YOU.  
 I know. I know this must come as a great shock.  
 You walk around with people wanting to know more about you  
 With people asking about you  
 And caring about you  
 And people *generally liking you*  
 As you say.  
 But I am not one of those people.  
 Because I know you.  
 I know your kind and I'm not impressed.  
 You are not *impressive* to me.

Because you and I.  
 We are not the same.  
 We're not some sort of "fun sisters in the fight."  
 I am not *generally liked*.  
 And I do not *generally like you*.  
 And that's OKAY.  
 Not everyone has to like you.  
 Maybe you need to think a little less about being liked, and a little more about being a fucking  
 INTERESTING human.

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*Leo enters back in from the shower.*

END

LEO  
 Chlo, I went back and forth. I know we're both wearing plum. Are we too matchy-matchy?

*He looks at Chloe. He can tell something went horribly wrong.*

LEO  
 Everything ok here?

CHLOE (trying to mask it)  
 Of course. You?  
 You ready to go?

LEO  
 Yeah. You sure you're good?

CHLOE  
 Yeah. Let's blow this popsicle stand.