

COOL & CLINGY

by J. Gordon

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

It's a party full of second-generation New York elite. Everyone on trend and dripping with status.

ON A COUCH: LONDON (15-19) sits with her SQUAD OF COOL KIDS: Purple hair, nose piercings, ironic glasses, tasteful tattoos. Eyes on phones. No one talking.

SAM (15-19) approaches, happy to see London.

SAM

Sorry I'm late. For some reason, the address you gave me didn't work. My uber got all confused and dropped me over by the strip mall. Then I walked the rest of the way.

LONDON

Well, you're here now.

SAM

Yup. I made it.

Beat.

SAM(CONT'D)

Is there room for me to squeeze in?

London scoots over and makes space on the couch for Sam to sit.

London and the cool kids stare at their phones. Sam smiles.

SAM(CONT'D)

So this party happens every month? That's dope. Like an underground secret society...

The others all laugh at something on their phones.

LONDON

(laughing/texting)

I'm gonna send it to Xavier.

COOL KID

Hell yeah. So good.

LONDON

Riiight? I swear, I've seen it at least fifty times, and it's never not funny. I can't even...

Sam is neck-craning, trying to see London's phone.

SAM

Can I...? See it. May I see it?

LONDON

Sure, I can send it to you later.

SAM

Or we can just watch it together later. I mean, we do live in the same house.

BEAT.

LONDON

I'll be right back. Need to get a drink.

SAM

Cool, I'll come with you.

LONDON

(sotto)
Of course.

London stands and Sam follows. They're alone.

SAM

Where are we going?

LONDON

We are not going anywhere. I am trying to get away from you. Why can't you read the subtext?

SAM

I can. I just don't let the negativity of other's change who I am.

LONDON

See? That is weird. For most people, getting the cold shoulder feels... cold.

SAM

(shrugs)
I'm used to harsh winters, so...

Beat.

SAM(CONT'D)

So what now?

LONDON

What do you mean "what now"?

SAM

Should we go back and sit with your friends?

LONDON

You're joking. We just left thirty seconds ago. We're gonna come back, no drinks, like a couple of losers.

SAM

Wait... You're not the cool one?

LONDON

What?

SAM

I always though being cool meant you didn't have to worry about whether or not you're cool.

LONDON

What? No. It's the exact opposite. You spend all day totally freaking out about your status in the group and if your gossip buddies are gossiping about you behind your back and -- Why am I telling you this?

SAM

'Cause I'm a good listener. Go on...

LONDON

Look, we're not gonna be friends. I honestly don't even think our parents are gonna last.

SAM

(gasping)

Wha - but - how could you say that?

LONDON

Second marriages have a statistically higher rate of divorce, especially in couples --

SAM
 (plugs ears)
 La la la la la...

LONDON
 Stop it. You're embarrassing me.
 (Sam stops)
 I'm just trying explain why it
 seems like I'm being kind of a
 bitch about this 'blended family'.

SAM
 Because you're afraid of being
 abandoned? You're worried that my
 mom and I will disappear in the
 middle of the night and break you
 and your father's hearts again?

LONDON
 Why do you take everything I say
 and turn it into something an
 amateur therapist would say?

SAM
 I don't know.

LONDON
 Can you just... give me some space
 and not be so clingy?

SAM
 So you don't wanna be siblings?

LONDON
 No.

SAM
 Friends?

LONDON
 Not really.

SAM
 Acquaintances who share a dwelling?

LONDON
 (cringing)
 Eh, I guess.

SAM
 I can live with that.
 (then)
 Quick question: is a Jule pod food?