

AM I A MAN YET?

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A baby-faced DAVID, 20, sinks deep into a soft sofa, talking to someone we can't see just yet.

DAVID

My 21st is tomorrow and I still look like this. What's the point of being Greek if I have no body hair? I'm kinda hoping when the clock strikes midnight I'm gonna have one of those Cinderella moments and, like, turn into a man.

We PULL BACK to reveal an erratic, oddball psychologist, XAVIER, mid-30s, who looks confused.

XAVIER

You know that's not what happened to Cinderella, right?

DAVID

Oh, yeah, I know.

(then, continues)

I don't have a manly jawline. Or assertive eyes... I guess I shouldn't be surprised I'm a 21-year-old kiss virgin.

XAVIER

What?!

DAVID

My little cousin has made out with more girls than me and he's 12. He still believes in Santa!

XAVIER

You're a kiss-virgin? *Kiss-virgin.*

DAVID

And--and full virgin. I'm a full-virgin also.

XAVIER

Well, if you haven't been kissed, I'd hope so. I'd hate to think you hadn't kissed someone but you fully penetrated them. How do you even initiate something like that?

(then)

Okay, look, don't worry, I can help you. I'm fully qualified.

Xavier gestures to a framed certificate print-out on the wall. David takes a look, it's been poorly made in Word.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
 Plus I'm all about giving my
 clients their 20-bucks worth.

Xavier grabs a piece of paper, scribbles something on it, and hands it over to David.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
 Tell you what, give my little
 sister a call. She can help break
 you in.

DAVID
 What? Like a date?

XAVIER
 Nah, like a shoe. Of course like a
 date!... And if she invites you
 back to her place, probably like a
 shoe as well.

David grimaces, uncomfortable, trying to hand paper back.

DAVID
 I dunno. That feels a bit--Unless,
 like, maybe you can ask her first.

XAVIER
 It's fine. Trust me. It's over with
 her boyfriend. He's in jail now. He
 can't get ya. It's my gift to you.
 Happy Birthday!

Off David's worried look.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - NEXT AFTERNOON

David cheerily sits at the kitchen table, indulges in a piece of chocolate cake. His very Greek mum, NANCY, holding a large wrapped rectangle gift, hands it over.

NANCY
 Happy birthday, poulaki mou.

DAVID
 Thanks mum.

David unwraps the present.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 (horrified)
 Oh my god.

We CUT to reveal it's a painting of David, as a naked cherub angel, rosy cheeks, his head resting in his hands.

NANCY
 I paint this for you. You like?

DAVID

Do you think I look like this?

NANCY

Of course. You mama's baby angel.

DAVID

I'm not a baby. I'm 21! I'm a big boy now! Man! Big man now!

(then)

I can't look at this.

NANCY

But I paint this for three-weeks. With my osteoarthritis!

DAVID

I don't care! This is not who I am. And my skin is not that supple!

David walks off, frustrated.

NANCY

It is genetic gift!

David suddenly re-enters, maintaining his anger as he quickly finishes the last bit of his cake. He storms off again!

INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

David storms into his bedroom- bed-sheet with dinosaurs, plush toys serving as throw pillows. He grabs them, throws them into a garbage bin, when he sees a scrunched paper in it, pulls it out- the phone number! He stares, a beat...

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

David, in a white shirt and bow-tie, nervously sits at a table with a candle. After a moment, he moves the candle over to the next table. He thinks again, places it back on his own...

Renee, 25, 6ft, big-built woman enters, with an empowering walk. David stands, gives an awkward wave, as she approaches.

RENEE

I'll just have a scotch. I'm waiting for someone.

DAVID

Oh, oh no, I'm--I'm not a waiter. I'm--I'm David.

RENEE

Oh! Right.

DAVID

Hello.