

AM I A MAN YET?

By David Koutsouridis

Dkoutsouridis@gmail.com  
117A Church St, Brighton,  
Vic, Australia, 3186

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.