

SIXTEEN CANDLES

(Sam is sitting in a rusted up car in the Auto Shop garage. The Geek comes in and watches her for a moment. He happens to lean on this metal shelving unit which topples over. Sam just sighs.)

Geek: I'm sorry about what happened in the gym. I had no idea you couldn't dance.

(The Geek goes over and tries to get in the car, but the door is locked. Sam reaches over and unlocks it. The Geek gets in and sits down.)

Geek: What a decent night, huh?

Sam: It's my birthday.

Geek: (singing) You say it's your birthday...bah nah nah... it's my birthday too...

Sam: Don't be an idiot okay?

Geek: (singing) Hey Jude...

Sam: Just stop it okay. I mean it's really been a shitty birthday for me, no offense, but I don't really need a serenade right now.

Geek: What's wrong, you didn't get anything good?

Sam: I didn't get shit. Not even Happy Birthday. My whole family kind of blew it off.

Geek: I'd freak if my family forgot my birthday.

Sam: It's a brand new year, I'm sixteen, everything should be platinum. I should be happy, right? Right?

Geek: Yeah.

Sam: Well I can't get happy. It's physically impossible for me to get happy.

Geek: Would you feel better if you knew one of my secrets?

Sam: Don't gross me out.

Geek: No, we're not talking gross. No, it's just embarrassing. This information cannot leave this room, okay? It would devastate my reputation as a dude.

Sam: No problem.

Geek: I've never bagged a babe. I'm not a stud. (Sam laughs) I got the rep in sixth grade, and it like stuck with me. (Sam continues to laugh) Look, I'd appreciate you not laughing. Okay?

Sam: I'm sorry.

Geek: That's not what I meant, I meant...(tries to cop a feel)

Sam: (shoves him off) Hey, back off Junior.

Geek: Pardon me.

Sam: It's okay. (The light bulb goes off in the Geek's head and he tries to cop another feel, but Sam shoves him off.) I mean that it's okay you did it once, I didn't mean for you to do it again!

Geek: I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Sam: You know just now I really felt how much you liked me.

Geek: You're probably zoning in on my brain waves or something.

Sam: Not really, I felt it on my leg. (the Geek goes for his pocket) Come on! I don't want to see it! (He pulls out a rolls of mints) Oh, sorry if I embarrassed you.

Geek: I'm not embarrassed. Fresh breath is the priority of my life.

Sam: You know I really don't want to hurt your feelings cause it's really human of you to listen to all my bull shit.

Geek: I care about it, really. I mean, I know I kinda came on like a cruiser on the bus tonight and everything, but that's just so my friends won't think I'm a jerk.

Sam: But they're all pretty much jerks though, aren't they?

Geek: Yeah, but the thing is I'm kinda like the leader. Kind of like the King of the Dipshits.

Sam: Well that's pretty cool. Hey, but a lot can happen over a year. I mean, you could come back next fall as a completely normal person.

Geek: Yeah?

Sam: Sure.

Geek: Would it be totally off the wall if...if I asked if I could have sex with you?

Sam: You know, you asking is not as off the wall as why I won't.

Geek: VD?

Sam: No. I'm sort of saving myself. It's really stupid, he doesn't even know I exist.

Geek: Who? (nudges her) Who?

Sam: Jake Ryan.

Geek: You like Jake? Jake's my boy. I just talked to Jake in the gym. He asked me about you.

Sam: He did not!

Geek: He did too! He did. He asked what you were like.

Sam: Oh my g...if you're lying I'll beat the crap out of you.

Geek: I'm not lying.

Sam: Oh my God, what should I do? Should I go up to him and say Hi Jake, I'm Samantha, or no, maybe I should let him come to me.

Geek: This is not my department.

Sam: But what if I decide to let him come to me and then he forgets? Or then what if he changes his mind, then I'm totally screwed, right?

Geek: Apparently so.

Sam: Well what would you do if you were me?

Geek: I'm a gambling man by nature, and, uh I'd go for it.

Sam: This is so strange but I think I will. Oh, you're the best. (leans over and kisses his cheek before hopping out of the car)

Geek: Wait, um...

Sam: What?

Geek: Do you know anything about floppy disks?

Sam: Um, we'll talk about this on the bus, okay?

Geek: Well, no, see the thing is I've got kind of a problem. Floppy disks are pretty expensive and the thing is I made a bet with my friends, the dipshits, I bet them that I could do it with you. (Sam looks like she's fixing to yell at him) But was before I knew you as a person. I can get proof without actually getting physical.

Sam: How?

Geek: Can I borrow your underpants for ten minutes?