

"Sam" Episode 3
"It's A Girl"

by
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The children are standing next to lab stations. They each have two beakers, one in each hand. One has a blue liquid, and the other is dark grey. Mrs. Langerhans (47, tall, thin, cheerful) stands at the head of the class. *

A bewildered child holding two smoking beakers and covered in grey soot stands next to a lab station. *

MISS LANGERHANS *

Now remember, children. Mix the two liquids very slowly, drop by drop, or you will end up like poor Vihaan here. You may sit down, Vihaan. Trevor, you are next. *

Vihaan sits, causing a cloud of grey soot to poof out from him before settling on the floor. *

Trevor (11, short, muscular, intense) very slowly pours the grey liquid into the blue one. There is a tiny puff of that same grey soot... then dark purple smoke pours from the beaker. *

MISS LANGERHANS (CONT'D) *

Well done, Trevor! That's exactly what we are looking for. *

Trevor smiles proudly. *

>

Sam, you're next.

Sam carefully combines the liquids, and gets the purple smoke. He then adds a third liquid, and bright yellow sparks shoot through the smoke. *

A moment pause, then the kids all cheer. *

MISS LANGERHANS (CONT'D) *

Very impressive, Sam. Next is Sarah... *

The experiments can be heard softly in the background as Trevor stares at Sam. Sam doesn't notice. *

Nearby, Mandy is looking at Sam fixedly, with a slight smile on her lips.

The school bell rings and the kids rush out of Miss Langerhans' class. Sam gathers his things and starts to leave, but notices that MANDY (11 years old, tall, lanky, redhead) is right behind

him. He takes a few steps. She follows. He walks up and down the aisle of desks. She's still there. He walks a crazy pattern with lots of twists and turns between the desks. She stays exactly the same distance behind Sam like he has her on a string. Sam looks at her for a moment, shrugs, and leaves the classroom with Mandy in tow.

3 INT. O.H.E.S. MUSIC CLASSROOM - DAY

3

All the children are holding melodiums (melodia?). As the scene opens, we hear the last notes of a rather squeaky but recognizable version of the opening of "Greensleeves".

MISTER FENDER

Very good, Veronica. Much better than
last time. Who's next... ah. **rrevor** *
it's your turn.

**Trevor stands, and play the melody. The notes are strong, clear,
and even.** *

MISTER FENDER (CONT'D) *

Very good, Trevor! You have clearly *
been practicing. That was beuatiful. *
Sam, you're next. *

Sam stands up and places his smart phone on the desk, and
presses a button on an app. He then **flawlessly** plays the *
"Greensleeves" opening **on the melodium** with a perfect orchestral
accompaniment **provided by his smart phone.** *

The teacher, Mister Fender, is mesmerized, and for a few seconds
after Sam finishes retains his enraptured, faraway look. Then he
blinks, and is back in reality.

>

MISTER FENDER (CONT'D) *

>

That was very.... interesting, Sam. >

Trevor glares at Sam. Sam doesn't notice. *

Mandy looks at Sam, intrigued.

4 INT. O.H.E.S. MUSIC CLASSROOM - LATER

4

Class ends and Sam looks around for Mandy. She's nowhere to be
seen. He phews, and leaves the classroom. She's waiting for him
by the door.

SAM

Can I help you with something?

MANDY

No.

>

He sighs and continues on to class.

5

T.O.H.E.S. SOCCER FIELD - DAY

*

5

6

.Y

6

Sam is trying his best to kick the ball and failing miserably. A line of kids is waiting to do the same. They are getting impatient. The gym teacher, Mister Trapezius (50, medium height, muscular, scowling) looks frustrated enough to punch a hole through a brick wall. Trevor is watching this with great pleasure.

TREVOR

Hey loser! Why don't you try hitting it with your FACE?

SAM

(to Mister Trapezius)

Is that allowed?

MISTER TRAPEZIUS

(shaking his head)

No, it isn't. Geez.

Out of the crowd comes Mandy.

MANDY

(points to the ball)

Hit it right here with your shoelaces.

Sam does that, and lo and behold, he kicks the ball down the field in a remarkably straight and strong line. A few of the kids in line cheer. Sam is astonished. He turns to thank Mandy, but she has disappeared back into the crowd.

An angry Trevor is next. He aims a violent kick at the ball... and misses. Stubbing his toe in the process. The kids laugh at him.

He glares after Sam, steaming mad.

>

7 INT. O.H.E.S. CAFETERIA - DAY

>

7

Sam and Edgar are sitting together in a conspiratorical huddle on one side of a table. Mandy is sitting on the other side, impassive.

SAM

... and she's been following me ever since.

EDGAR

Fascinating. Why do you think she's doing it?

SAM

I have no idea. Perhaps I smell particular good today.

Edgar leans towards Sam and sniffs, then shakes his head.

EDGAR

No, that can't be it. You smell normal to me.

>

SAM

Maybe she's an agent of some shadowy government organization sent to secretly monitor my activities.

*
*
*
*

EDGAR

Then she's not doing very well on the "secret" part.

*
*
*

SAM

Maybe she's new.

*
*

EDGAR

Maybe we should think of something else.

*
*
*

Both boys concentrate hard. Suddenly, Edgar raises his finger in a "a ha!" way.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

Have you tried actually talking to her?

They both look at her, then back at each other.

SAM

You mean that's an option?

EDGAR

(unsure)

Of course... after all, girls **can**
talk.

*
*

A thoughtful pause while the boys absorb this insight.

SAM

...true. And yet, for some reason,
that never occurred to me. Uh... hello
there! My name is **Sam and this is**
Edgar.

*
*
*

Mandy nods. The boys await her reply. That was it.

EDGAR

What's your name?

MANDY

Mandy.

Another short pause as the boys realize she is not going to say anything more.

SAM

Can I ask you a question?

MANDY

Yes.

SAM

(clears throat)

Um.... why have you been following me
around all day?

MANDY

You're weird.

Tiny pause. The boys are catching on.

SAM

I... guess that makes sense.

Edgar and Sam huddle together again.

SAM (CONT'D)

(whispering)

I have absolutely no idea what to say
next. It's your turn! Say something
to her!

EDGAR

(whispering)

What? I don't know what to say to her. You say something!

SAM

(whispering)

*

Look, you're a writer. I'm a scientist. So clearly, you are the logical choice as spokesman.

EDGAR

(whispering)

*

SpokesPERSON! And I don't care about your stupid logic, there's no way that I am going to-

>

MANDY

What do you guys do?

SAM

(dumbly)

What do we.... do?

Mandy nods.

SAM (CONT'D)

Um.... I go to school... and then I come home...

MANDY

I play hockey.

EDGAR

Really? Good for y-

MANDY

And soccer.

SAM

Two sports? That's very...

MANDY

And table tennis.

SAM

THREE sports? That's highly-

MANDY

(pausing thoughtfully
between each item)

Volleyball. Baseball. Softball.
Ultimate Frisbee. Air hockey. Table
hockey. Field hockey.

The boys wait. They've caught on to this, too.

MANDY (CONT'D)
Skipping rope.

A longer pause.

MANDY (CONT'D)
That's it.

The boys are flabbergasted.

EDGAR
Is there any sport you don't play?

MANDY
Rugby. Dumb uniforms.

Three beats of silence.

SAM
(weakly)
I play chess after school sometimes.

MANDY
Cool.

Sam gets up.

SAM
Well, Mandy, I have to get to Math Club.

SAM (CONT'D)
(can't believe he's saying this)
Do you.... want to come with me?

MANDY
Sure.

SAM
Really? I mean... cool.

Edgar and Mandy get up and all three of them head off. Their path takes them past the cafeteria bathrooms.

MANDY
Pee.

She goes into the ladies room.

SAM

Do you think she meant she was going
to go pee, or-

TREVOR

Hey you! I wanna talk to you!

It's Trevor and some of his rough-looking friends. They walk up
to Sam and Trevor gets in Sam's face.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Where did you go? I've been looking
for you for over half an hour!

SAM

It took you half an hour to think of
looking in the cafeteria?

EDGAR

The place where absolutely everybody
in this school goes for lunch every
single school day?

TREVOR

SHUT UP. What did I do to make you
want to show me up all the time?

EDGAR

Show you up...?

SAM

I know what all those words mean, but
they make no sense together.

TREVOR

You know... making me look bad.

EDGAR

Well you're not exactly making a good
impression right now.

TREVOR

Shut up, art boy!

EDGAR

(softly, to himself)

Art boy??

SAM

Look... um...

TREVOR

(angrily)

Trevor!

SAM

...Trevor, I have no idea who you are
and I promise you, I have never tried
to "show someone up" in my life.

TREVOR

Oh yeah? Then how come you walk
around the school like you are the
smartest guy around?

SAM

(honestly)

Because... I am.

TREVOR

You're not all that smart! Nobody is
that smart!

SAM

Nobody but me, evidently.

EDGAR

Do you want to see his standardized
test scores to prove it?

Mandy emerges from the bathroom.

*

MANDY

*

Done.

*

TREVOR

>

Yes! I mean... no! I mean... none of
that stupid stuff matters. I'm going
to kick your butt for making me look
bad!

*

Mandy interposes herself between Sam and Trevor, and drops into a
crouch with the smooth grace of a tiger in its prime. Her
expression is one of total aggression that says "I am moments away
from hurting you." She's a mama tiger protecting her cubs.

Trevor looks confused and uncertain. Some of his friends start
to quietly back away from the situation.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

(unconvincingly)

I... I'm not afraid of you. My dad's
a boxer, he taught me how to fight.
I've been boxing since I was three
years old, and you're just a g-

His words are cut off when Mandy starts to growl.

Trevor blanches. He looks around for his friends. They are long

gone.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
 (even less convincingly)
 I-I'm still not scared... I'll kick
 your... kick your... dammit.

Trevor runs off, tail between his legs.

Mandy watches him go with rigid intensity. Only when she is sure he is gone does she relax into her usual impassive self, but with a tiny little grin.

She looks at Sam and Edgar, who don't even know how to process what just happened. Her smile gets a little bigger. It's both sweet and terrifying.

She pauses for a long, thoughtful moment.

MANDY
 (decisively)
 We're friends now.

Edgar and Sam look at each other, then look back at Mandy.

SAM
 Okay.

Edgar is astonished by this.

EDGAR
 Really!?

Sam nods.

SAM
 Really.

EDGAR
 (dubious)
 Okay.....

He turns and smiles at Mandy.

EDGAR (CONT'D)
 Okay. Friends.

Mandy smiles almost warmly.

MANDY
 Math club?

Sam nods curtly.

SAM

Math club.

The three then continue down the hall, smiling.

THE END