

SEDUCING TIME

by

CD Saftler

Address
Phone Number

FADE IN:

INT. LOS ANGELES - RESTAURANT - LIVE MUSIC BAR - NIGHT

A popular weekend spot, the friendly, well lit bar sports a small but central dance floor surrounded by tables brimming with couples, groups of friends, and coworkers out on a Friday night. Most are in their twenties and thirties.

PENNY SANTORINI (30) flaunts her bright floral print dress with a low-cut neckline and glam statement jewelry. A Cosmopolitan stands stylishly by her glittering evening clutch on the table.

CHRISTINA VEGA (29) sits across from her, poised in a neutral-toned designer dress with understated elegance. A black phone case lays face down on the table in front of her, along side a gin martini with three olives.

They are smiling, joking and enjoying their martini meet-up as the band finishes its set.

PENNY
(encourages)
Do it.

CHRIS
(smiling)
Stop.

PENNY
Go on.

CHRIS
No.

PENNY
You mean, like, "No" time like the present, or "Stop" putting off till tomorrow what you can do today?

Penny pauses, then begins quoting.

PENNY (CONT'D)
"Our greatest point of power is in using our authentic voice. If you want an empowered outcome, make an empowered choice."

CHRIS
Stop quoting me.

PENNY
 (mimicking Chris' vocal
 mannerisms)
 "Blah blah blah blah blah, dear
 reader. Blah blah blah."

CHRIS
 (slightly amused)
 I do not sound like that.

PENNY
 Says you.

CHRIS
 Tell me again, why you're my
 friend?

PENNY
 Because I saved you from evil Mrs.
 Womack's butt whipping in first
 grade.

CHRIS
 Right. I remember. There I was,
 this nice naïve little waif of five
 who gets in trouble because her
 classmate (insert your name here)
 asked a question. Not wanting to
 be rude, I, of course, answer.
 Completely, taking my time, not
 wanting to leave anything out of my
 very thoughtful and detailed
 answer. Teachers never fully
 appreciated my need to be helpful.

PENNY
 Yeah.

CHRIS
 What? That is exactly--

PENNY
 Do it.

CHRIS
 Oh my god, you are relentless!

PENNY
 Just go over and introduce
 yourself.

Christina turns her gaze to follow the handsome lead singer
 as he jumps down from the stage onto the dance floor. He sits
 at a table marked "Reserved" near the front.

CHRIS

I'm sure he gets bombarded with attention all the time. I'll be just another fan, like everyone else.

PENNY

(heartfelt)

You are not like everyone else. You are special.

CHRIS

(imitating Penny)

Says you.

PENNY

And all of your adoring fans and readers. You know what that makes you? Yes, you, talented beautiful caring Christina Vega? It makes you special. Do it.

CHRIS

Obviously, you've read my book so you know there are more ways to get what you want than annoying repetition.

PENNY

Me annoying? You have no idea how much fucking effort is required to keep from strangling you right now. Do it! You're not proposing marriage for God sakes, you're saying, "Hello." Do you want to practice?

Chris sits up just a little taller, shoulder back.

CHRIS

(miffed)

I'm not ten. I don't need to practice. If I want to get a man's attention, I know how.

PENNY

Well, I'm not an expert, but I gotta think that pulling a chair out from under someone isn't the kind of first impression you are looking to make in this particular instance.

CHRIS

You're never going to let that one go, are you?

PENNY

Nope. Because I think even with your degrees and career success, you are still afraid to talk to boys.

CHRIS

(nodding)

Uh huh. Wow. That's amazing. I'm just wondering when you got it.

PENNY

Got what?

CHRIS

Your degree in psychology.

PENNY

Here's what I know. I know that you've been so focused on your career you haven't had a relationship since college, and I get that. But don't you want to have a little fun too, a little romance in your life? Don't you think you deserve it? I do. For that matter, I deserve it. Heck, I'll go say hello.

Penny acts as if she is going to rise.

CHRIS

Fine! I'll go.

PENNY

(smiling)

Well, you better get going soon 'cause recess is almost over. He's sitting up there by the --

CHRIS

I know where he is sitting.

Chris removes the pick with the three olives before she gulps her martini, grimacing at the strength of the shot. She then pulls all three olives off the pick with her teeth, talking with her mouth full.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I can totally do this.

PENNY

(motherly)

I know you can. Just chew and
swallow before you choke.

Chris wipes the corners of her mouth with a napkin so as not to disturb her lipstick, stands up with a slight wobble, and veers toward the handsome musician in an arc across the empty dance floor.

Just as she approaches him from behind, he rises and turns toward her. Their faces are inches apart. She burps.

FADE TO BLACK.