

ANXIOUS AND EXPOSED
EXCERPT

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EXT. IVY CLUB. NIGHT.

CHARLES, 23, scrawny, anxious face, stares at a huge line of CLUB GOERS outside the entry.

Charles starts breathing heavily, faster and faster. He turns around to leave, bumping into ROSE (21), beautiful but incredibly self conscious, and uncomfortable.

He marvels at her beauty as she awkwardly shuffles on the spot.

ROSE

Hey.

CHARLES

Oh, ummm...

ROSE

I was told to keep an eye out for a man who looks like he's about to shit his pants. I found you!

Rose awkwardly laughs to herself. Charles self consciously smiles.

CHARLES

It looks like we both need a nappy.

ROSE

(worried)

I look worried?

CHARLES

No, no, I mean, ummm.

A slightly awkward silence. They both embarrassingly laugh.

ROSE

Jess has told me a lot about you.

CHARLES

I hope not too much.

Rose quickly pulls out her phone as if she'd forgotten something.

ROSE

Quick, she didn't think I'd actually go out.

Rose leans in, takes out her phone, and takes a selfie of the two of them.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Proof

(mocking)

You need to take chances Rose!

(back to normal)

She can be real annoying.

She sends it, and before he can protest, Rose, with a sudden burst of confidence, takes Charles' hand, and leads him into the club.

INT. IVY CLUB. NIGHT.

Rose leads Charles through a packed, throbbing CROWD, a busy dance floor in the middle of the room.

Charles dodges around splashes of beer as he walks around liquid on the floor.

Rose leads Charles to a bar by a swimming pool.

A DRUNK WOMAN bumps into Charles, knocking him off balance into an even DRUNKER MAN, spilling his drink.

DRUNKER MAN

Watch yourself!

CHARLES

Sorry.

Charles pulls out hand sanitiser and squirts it on his hand.

ROSE

Oh I knew I forgot something!

Rose wipes Charles' hand and takes some of the sanitiser off.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Mentally ill romance.

Rose belts out an over-the-top laugh. Charles forces out a smile as he rubs his hands.

ROSE (CONT'D)

So what do you do normally?

CHARLES

Umm...I panic a lot. Good cardio.

ROSE

Panic attacks are actually bad for your heart health.

(MORE)

ROSE (CONT'D)

They raise your blood pressure and
lead to increased stroke risks.

CHARLES

They do?!

ROSE

Oh yeh, that's why I smoke weed.
You want some?

CHARLES

Oh no, I'm good. My brain chemistry
is already on a tightrope.

ROSE

I'm kidding, I'm joking. I don't do
that. I micro-dose though. What
drink would you like?

CHARLES

Oh umm -

ROSE

Tequila is good.

(To Charles)

Tequila?

(To Bar)

Tequila.

(To Charles)

I wont dose you. Or will I?

Another over the top Rose laugh.

Someone jumps into the pool. The water splashes near Charles,
making him flinch.

Rose picks up two shots and hands one to Charles.

Rose clinks shot glasses with him and then gulps it down.

Charles looks at the shot, then around the club. The flashing
strobe lights intensify.

Bodies grinding, music pumping, louder, louder.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Earth to Charles.

CHARLES

Sorry.

ROSE

Are you going to drink that?

Charles looks at the shot, then slowly lifts it up to his mouth.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Don't think.

CHARLES
I'm bad at not thinking.

ROSE
Go!

Charles swallows it. He immediately scrunches his face.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Woohoo!

Charles looks around the club, a rainbow of lights flash across his face. The world around him begins to wobble and shake.

Two BUFF MEN get into an argument and a fight ensues.

More flashing lights. More CLUB GOERS come to the bar, boxing him in.

Charles looks for a seat but all the stools have stains on them.

Rose leans in close.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Another?

CHARLES
I need to go.

ROSE
Tequila?

CHARLES
Can we go somewhere quieter?

ROSE
What?

Charles looks around the club, the sound of his heartbeat all he can hear.

Charles looks to the exit, hesitates, closes his eyes, feels his heartbeat, then rushes towards it.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Charles?

Rose, suddenly concerned, follows after him.

EXT. CLUB. NIGHT.

Charles quickly walks towards his car. He paces around trying to gulp in as much air as he can. Rose is in hot pursuit.

ROSE

Charles?

Charles pulls out his sanitiser and squirts the whole thing in his hands, rubbing it together until his hands are completely wet, and he relaxes.

CHARLES

I can't believe I did that.

Charles begins to laugh.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Wait till my parents hear about this! Oh my god! I just did that. I just did that? I just had a drink at a club. I popped my club cherry. I'm a club whore. In and out, quick and easy.

Charles licks his lips. Rose looks concerned.

ROSE

Are you alright?

CHARLES

I think I am. I actually think I am.

ROSE

I'm stupid. I'm so stupid.

Charles licks his teeth.

CHARLES

No I'm stupid. Look at me.

ROSE

I didn't scare you off? I do that sometimes.

CHARLES

(unsure)

No.

(surprised)

No, I mean yeh, but no.

Rose and Charles laugh together.

ROSE
(amused)
What are you doing in your mouth?

CHARLES
Can we go somewhere quieter?

Rose is a little taken aback, then with a new air of confidence, stands up tall.

ROSE
Where do you have in mind?

INT. CHARLES CAR. NIGHT

Charles sits nervously at the drivers seat, tapping rhythmically on the wheel. Rose, sitting in the front passenger seat.

CHARLES
Think I can drive? It was only one shot right? Or did you give me a double?

ROSE
Or did I drug you?

Charles laughs. Rose doesn't.

Charles suddenly looks deathly serious.

ROSE (CONT'D)
I'm kidding!

CHARLES
I knew that!

ROSE
You took one shot, I'm sure you're fine.

CHARLES
But I take Zoloft, and it says on the box not to have alcohol with it. Would it make me more drunk, or kill me even?

Rose giggles.

ROSE
You're special, you know that?

CHARLES

How?

ROSE

Respectful, open, honest. Most guys sitting with me in their car would've had their fingers clawing to get inside me. You're instead celebrating going to a club, and worrying about drug overdoses. It's refreshing. All guys should be like you.

CHARLES

Mentally ill?

ROSE

Yeh!

Charles takes out his phone and starts typing.

"Can Zoloft and Alcohol kill you?"

Rose smiles, then leans forward to kiss Charles.

Just as she is about to get close, he notices, and recoils out of the way.

ROSE (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

CHARLES

What're you doing?

Rose grins seductively, then leans in again. Charles pulls away once more.

ROSE

I'm trying to kiss you.

CHARLES

I've just, you know, never actually done this.

ROSE

Kiss someone?

CHARLES

Anything.

ROSE

I can, I can teach you.

CHARLES
Sure... alright.

She leans in again, Charles grimaces, moving his head to the side.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Sorry, I, just...have you been tested?

ROSE
For what?

CHARLES
You know...

Charles points to his crotch.

ROSE
I'm trying to kiss you not fuck you.

CHARLES
Yeh, but herpes can be on the mouth.

ROSE
(surprised and uncomfortable)
I've been tested.

CHARLES
And.

ROSE
Clean.

CHARLES
Cool. Cool. Do you have proof?

ROSE
Why would I lie to you?

CHARLES
I... Never mind.

ROSE
What?

CHARLES
No, I can't tell you.

ROSE
(annoyed)
Tell me.

CHARLES
I -

ROSE
Tell me what's wrong.

Charles thinks, then takes a deep breath in.

CHARLES
It's just... and bear in mind this is my brain speaking, not me, but my OCD *brain* can't stop thinking about whether you have syphilis or herpes or some other illness. Like, what if you're actually trying to poison me and steal my car? Why else would you want to kiss me so soon after meeting, plus, you know how messed up I am so it's kind of weird that even after knowing about my weird mental health, you still want to kiss me. That makes it even more suspicious. Once again, not me, but I then wonder, do you do this with every anxious guy you meet, like some succubus anxiety escort? Like, not every anxious person is clean. Oh and then I start wondering whether you are up to date with your vaccinations and...

Charles trails off as he notices Rose staring at him.

She shifts uncomfortably in her seat.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Please say something.

ROSE
I... I think I might go.

CHARLES
You asked me to tell you!

ROSE
I'm sorry. You're a little... I thought this was... This is a little too much.

CHARLES

Wait, but -, you said you liked my honesty. I want to kiss you. I do. You're so cool. I'm sorry. Just, hold up one second.

Rose leaves the car and walks away.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Wait!

Charles opens his glove box, pulls out a bottle of water and some toothpaste.

He gets out the car and chases after her.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Wait, wait. Can you at least brush your teeth first?

Rose stares at the water and toothpaste, then wordlessly turns around and keeps walking.