

TAKE A DEEP BREATH

Written by

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Address
Phone Number

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

SAM sits with a telephone to his ear. It is ringing.

Suddenly he puts the phone down.

SAM

Damn it.

Sam gets up and paces the small room.

The telephone sits on a small table with a small piece of paper beside it.

SAM (CONT'D)

Should I call, should I call,
should I?

Sam drums his fingers on the table.

SAM (CONT'D)

Have some patience man. You saw her
yesterday.

Sam sits down and looks at the piece of paper. It has a telephone number quickly scrawled on it.

SAM (CONT'D)

Still it is Valentine's Day.

Sam fidgets.

SAM (CONT'D)

God, why's it always so difficult?
Why can't it just be straight
forward?

Sam takes a deep cleansing breath.

SAM (CONT'D)

Okay I'll toss for it.

Sam takes a coin out of his pocket.

SAM (CONT'D)

Heads I call, tails I don't.

He kisses it.

SAM (CONT'D)

Here goes nothing.

Sam tosses the coin. It seems to spin in the air forever.

Sam catches it. He moves his hand.

SAM (CONT'D)

Okay.

Sam clears his throat and picks up the telephone receiver. He dials the number.

RING, RING.

Sam waits anxiously.

SANDRA (O.S.)
Hello..? Hello..?

Sam starts to breath heavily down the phone.

SANDRA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Who is this?

Sam continues to breath heavily.

SANDRA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Pervert!

The phone is hung up.

THE END