

HER... AND HIM

Written by

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INT. APARTMENT - PARTY - NIGHT

We're in the middle of a PASSIONATE KISS. Epic really. Like Spiderman and Kirsten Dunst - without the tights - but still between a geek and a smokin' hot redhead.

The geek is HIM (20s), and if you weren't sure of his nerd cred, a "Joss Whedon Rules" T-shirt seals the deal.

Smothering the wide-eyed Him is HER (20s), with curves a Ferrari couldn't corner. An exposed red thong and matching devil's horns complete her Valentine's Day outfit.

Shocked PARTYGOERS gawk at the mismatched pair.

ON SCREEN TEXT: 'THREE SECONDS EARLIER'

Her stands in front of Him. Beckons. He turns around, only the wall behind. In a flash, she's on him. He's amazed, like an ancient man seeing an eclipse for the first time.

ON SCREEN TEXT: 'FIVE SECONDS EARLIER'

WIDER NOW and we see the place is packed - music blares, there's dancing and everyone just wants to get laid. Her sashays through the crowd, oozing sex. The target: Him

ON SCREEN TEXT: 'SEVEN SECONDS EARLIER'

Him sips a beer. It's clear he's been nursing it for a while. He's with a BEST FRIEND, shorter, heavier and equally cliché.

BEST FRIEND

Dude, they just checked us out.

HIM

I think they're... yep...
(embarrassed)
...they're laughing at us.

BEST FRIEND

No they're no-- oh yeah, they are.

HIM

Frack.

BEST FRIEND

Don't sweat it. In a few years, once they've gone through all the pretty boys, they'll be begging for guys like us. Guys of substance.

HIM
You still live at home.

BEST FRIEND
I'm pacing myself.

ON SCREEN TEXT: 'TWO SECONDS EARLIER'

Her is with another HOTTIE. Gettin' their swerve on.

HOTTIE
Hey, there's a couple of cute guys
who keep looking over here.

Her turns, but hope is quickly dashed. It's our lovable duo.

HER
Ewww!

HOTTIE
(laughs)
You realize, they're the kind of
guys we'll probably settle for.

HER
Not even if I was compelled by God.

ON SCREEN TEXT: 'FIVE SECONDS EARLIER'

CUPID - yes, the Cupid - chats up the HOST of the party. Oh,
how do we know he's Cupid - he's got a NAMETAG on.

HOST
Anyone?

CUPID
That's the deal. Pick any two
people you want, three if they're
French, and swoosh, love rockets.

HOST
That's the dumbest pick up line
I've ever heard.

Cupid shrugs, the indifference of an immortal.

HOST
Okay, prove it.
(looks around)
I choose her... and him...

SWOOSH!