

ADVICE

Written by

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INT. BAR - NIGHT.

MIKE (mid-20s, average Joe) approaches RACHEL (mid-20s, glamorous) at a hip-looking urban bar.

He's about to say something when DAVE (mid 20s, bloke) grabs his arm from behind.

CUT TO:

INT. PUB - EVENING.

Dave pulls Mike back down to their table. They're in a run-of-the-mill pub.

DAVE
Nah mate, you can't just wander up
to her. You've gotta have a plan.

INT. BAR

Mike approaches Rachel at the bar

MIKE
You know you really do that dress a
favour.

Rachel raises her eyebrows at Mike's audacity.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Let me buy you a drink.

INT. PUB

DAVE
Who are you, James Bond? Try
something classic.

INT. BAR

Mike approaches Rachel.

MIKE
Did you hurt yourself, when you
fell from heaven?

RACHEL
Nah. Landed in the sea, thank fuck.

INT. PUB

DAVE
No, not cheesy. Classic.

INT. BAR

MIKE
Of all the bars in all the towns in
all the world, you had to walk into
mine.

RACHEL
Well, it is my local.
(to landlady)
Alright, Denise?

INT. PUB

DAVE
Why don't you just dive right in
there?

INT. BAR

Mike walks up to Rachel and kisses her full on the mouth.
She slaps him.

CUT TO:

Mike walks up to Rachel and pays for her drink.
She slaps him.

CUT TO:

Mike walks up to Rachel and opens his mouth to speak.
She slaps him.

INT. PUB

Dave goes to slap Mike. Mike grabs his hand at the last
moment.

MIKE
Y'know, I think I'm just gonna be
myself.

Mike gets up, walks over to the bar of the pub where Rachel
is waiting for a drink, turns to her and says:

MIKE (CONT'D)
Hi.

RACHEL
Hi.

END