

MY LIFE IS A BIG MESS

Written by

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Based on

'My Life Is One Big Mess'

By Noah Needle

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sam lies in bed staring up at **us**. He wears a contemplative look on his face, letting out a small sigh.

As **we** move, so does he. He swings his body, so he's sat up, then turns and faces **us** again. This time, he lets out a heavier sigh and follows it with a slight shake of his head.

SAM
(breaking the fourth wall)
Hey.

Sam looks away, then back at **us**, as if avoiding eye contact.

SAM (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
(gesturing between himself
and **us**)
Sorry, I don't do this often. It
still feels a little odd to me.
You're okay with it, though, right?

There's a silence, as if **we** should be responding.

SAM (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
I'll take that as a yes. I know
it's rude to speak in a theatre, so
good on you all for keeping hush-
hush.

Sam takes a deep breath and readjusts how he's sat on his bed.

SAM (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Okay, so, I should probably just
cut to the chase. I'm freaking out
a bit. I have one week--5 days--
until I finish school. I really
didn't think it'd come so fast but
here it is. Here it is...
(BEAT)
Okay, I'll admit it, I'm not ready.
There's so much I've got left to do
and time's not slowing down for me
to get all of it done.

Sam gets up off of his bed and seeing that **we** are at crotch height, he lifts **us** up. He nods at **us**, then starts to pace around anxiously.

SAM (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
First thing first, both of my best
friends are leaving me.
(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

I mean, we'll still stay in touch, obviously, but they're moving across the country--or out of it completely--and it just won't be the same. Olivia is moving to Aberdeen for university and Patrick is likely moving to Oxford, because I know him and there's no way he doesn't get in there--no matter how much he worries about it.

Sam stops pacing and looks back at **us**.

SAM (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

And that leaves me here, in our home town, by myself. Don't get me wrong, I'm happy with the choice I made. I can't wait to study here and all that good stuff but... Man, I am scared.

Sam holds eye contact with **us** for a moment, not saying anything but showing everything he feels.

SAM (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Look, these two are my best friends. I've known them for the last seven years and been friends with them for just as long. Moving on and not seeing them every day is gonna be weird.

Sam sighs, then starts pacing again.

SAM (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Today's also my last Sunday as a college--

EXT. COLLEGE BUILDING - MORNING

Sam pops into our view, looking at **us** disapprovingly. He comes to a stop, just in front of **us**, and raises his finger.

SAM

Look, I get this is a film and we don't have forever--and I might've been monologuing a bit too much there--but I don't appreciate getting cut off like that. It's just bloody rude. Now, come on.

He nods, gesturing at the building, before he continues inside.

INT. COLLEGE BUILDING - COMMON ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sam walks away from the stairwell and into the common room of the college building.

As Sam approaches the computers, he pulls out one of the wheelie chairs and sits down. He does a quick spin around, before looking back at **us**.

SAM

Right, so, where was I? Oh... Yeah.
Uh, ha, my life is a big mess right now. Not only are my best friends moving away, I also... also kinda have a crush on one of them.

A silence lingers in the air for a moment, as Sam avoid eye contact.

SAM (CONT'D)

(embarrassed)

Yeah.

INT. (NOT) PLATFORM 9 AND 3/4 - FANTASY - MORNING

As **we** move around Sam, sat down, the world changes. No longer is he sat on a wheelie chair in his college common room, he's now sat on a bench, dressed as (not) Harry Potter. His hair remains the same, but he's now wearing glasses and school robes.

SAM

That's not my biggest worry,
though. I mean, why would it be?

Sam looks up, at the train in front of him, scanning the windows for his friends' faces.

SAM (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Where are they?

Sam stands up. He rolls up his robe's sleeve and checks his watch. His face scrunches up as he worries.

SAM (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Come on... Come on! Where are you guys?

OLIVIA (O.S.)

Sam? Sam!

Sam looks around, trying to figure out where he heard his name from.

In the distance, on the train already is OLIVIA ROBERTS (18), a stunning young woman usually with blonde hair and bright blue eyes, dressed as (not) Hermione Granger. She pokes her head out of the train carriage window.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Sam! Come on, hurry up!

Behind Olivia, PATRICK WEATHERFORD (18), a lanky genius who usually has tousled dark hair and an easy smile, pokes his head out the window too, revealing he's dressed as (not) Ron Weasley.

PATRICK
Come on, mate! It'll set off any minute now!

As soon as the words are out of Patrick's mouth, the train churns and kicks into motion. Sam looks at **us**, unimpressed.

SAM
What are the odds?

With a sigh, Sam shakes his head, then starts to run. The train sets off at the exact same time.

It's a close race at first, but the train soon gets away from Sam. It bellows smoke, which only hinders him further as he gets caught in it.

The train toots and Sam comes to a stop, admitting defeat.

He takes a few deep, exhausted breaths and wafts the smoke away from his face. He doubles over and puts his hands on his knees, as he recovers from the sprint.

Finally, with a deep breath, he stands up straight.

SAM (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
I know it's daft, but this is what I'm afraid of: being left behind. And I'm shit out of luck, because there's no flying car for me.

Sam, seeming disheartened, walks towards the wall and through it.

INT. COLLEGE BUILDING - COMMON ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sam wheels back into our view, looking just as disheartened as he did on the platform.

PATRICK (O.S.)
Why the dull look? Only a few more
days in this shithole and you're
free.

Sam, hearing his mate's voice, instantly perks up. He spins
around to see Patrick heading towards him.

He stands and welcomes his friend with a hug.

SAM
Y'alright mate?

PATRICK
Yeah, not too bad.

Patrick pulls out a seat beside Sam and they both sit down.

PATRICK (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
A bit busy now that we're in the
last week, but a good kind of busy,
if that makes sense.

SAM
It doesn't, but carry on.

Patrick chuckles.

PATRICK
It's just with Prom and Valedictory
and everything. I've basically had
it all dumped on me by the staff.

Sam gives his friend a sympathetic look.

SAM
Are none of the other student
council helping you?

PATRICK
Are they buggery!

They both laugh.

SAM
Fair enough then.

PATRICK
How about your weekend, though? Get
up to anything interesting?

Sam looks at **us**, with squinting his eyes and biting his lip.

He then looks back at Patrick and shrugs.

SAM
Oh, you know, not really.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Sam holds a dog lead in one hand and holds his phone to his ear with the other. He walks through the streets, letting his dog guide him.

SAM
Hello? Oh, uh, Liv. You alright?

OLIVIA (V.O.)
Sam? You there?

Sam rolls his eyes, smiling.

SAM
Yeah, Liv, I'm here. What's up?

OLIVIA (V.O.)
Could I get your advice on something? It's Luke-related.

Sam rolls his eyes again, more exaggerated this time and without so much as hint of a smile. He puts the phone against his chest and looks at **us**.

SAM
Luke is the lad she's been speaking to. He's Mr. Perfect apparently.

LUKE (18), a dashing young man with a perfect quiff and well-defined features, steps out from around the corner, dressed as the wrestler, Mr. Perfect.

Sam looks at him, baffled and speechless, then back at **us**.

SAM (CONT'D)
Not that Mr. Perfect.

Sam walks around the corner, passing Luke, and puts the phone back to his ear.

SAM (CONT'D)
Course you can. Shoot.

OLIVIA (V.O.)
So we were talking for ages last night and it was really good but now he's not responding to me. I've been left on delivered for 11 hours.

Sam takes the phone away from his ear, checking the time.

PHONE SCREEN

The current time is on show at the top of the call screen:
It's only just gone 12:00 PM.

BACK TO SCENE

SAM

Liv, I don't think you've got anything to worry about. He's probably just sleeping.

OLIVIA (V.O.)

But what if he's not? Should I check his snap score and see if it's-

SAM

Absolutely not. Holy shit.

Sam laughs.

SAM (CONT'D)

Look, just chill out, okay? Don't check anything. Put your phone down and mute it. Hide it if you have to. Then go and do something else. Watch a show or go outside or something.

OLIVIA (V.O.)

(softly)

You think that'll actually work?

Sam takes a deep breath before responding.

SAM

Yeah. Trust me, it works.

There's silence for a moment, and Sam slowly comes to a stop. He waits anxiously for her response.

OLIVIA (V.O.)

Okay. I trust you.

He lets out his held breath and chuckles. He looks at **us**, shaking his head.

SAM

Good. Cool.

He sets off walking again, phone still to his ear.

OLIVIA

So, what've you been up to then?

SAM

I'm just walking my dog. Probably going to hop on some games with Patrick later. Might continue my binge of New Girl instead though if he's not available, so... you know, I'm pretty busy today.

Sam reaches a park, and looks at his feet.

SAM (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Uh, Liv, listen, I just got home... I'll speak to you later, yeah?

OLIVIA (V.O.)

Oh... Uh, yeah. Sure. I'll catch you later then.

SAM

Yep. Don't focus too much on Luke. Enjoy yourself. See ya.

Sam quickly ends the call, struggling with the dog lead still in his other hand.

Once it's ended, he lets out an impossibly heavy sigh. Then, he looks at **us**.

SAM (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

What? I told you, and Patrick, that I did nothing... I... I did nothing interesting, okay?

Sam looks away, hoping **we** will leave, but then he looks back.
Silence.

SAM (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Okay, so, sure, I might have just hung up on my friend for seemingly no reason. So what? Sue me. Wait, no, don't. But, like, come on... Is it really that bad? Man, I really wish you could talk back. Fine! Look, I like her, okay? She's the one I have a crush on. And it was a little frustrating hearing her talk about her boyfriend. That's it! Happy now?

(BEAT)

Jeez.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)
Just--Just go back to the present.
I don't even know how I'm breaking
the fourth wall here.

END FLASHBACK

INT. COLLEGE BUILDING - COMMON ROOM - MORNING

Patrick and Sam are sat by the computers, now joined by EDDY (18), a stocky lad with curly dark hair and a freckled face.

They sit chatting about nothing in particular.

As they chat, Olivia makes her way across the common room towards them. Sam perks up first, seeing her approach, followed by Patrick, then Eddy.

OLIVIA
Morning, dickheads.

SAM
Morning.

PATRICK
Morning, dipshit.

Olivia sits down with the three of them, then pulls her chair closer to Sam, trying to fit in.

OLIVIA
So, y'alright?

PATRICK
Yeah, not too bad. Just, uh,
talking about tonight, actually.

Olivia looks between all three of them curiously.

OLIVIA
What's happening tonight?

Patrick and Eddy look over to Sam, who blushes a tad.

SAM
We... Uh, we're going out. Yeah,
lad shit, though, so... Yeah.

Olivia squints, looking Sam up and down, then laughs.

OLIVIA
You can be really weird sometimes,
Sam.

OLIVIA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
I'm already going out with Luke
tonight, so you don't need to worry
about inviting me. It's fine. No
need to lie.

Olivia playfully digs Sam in the arm, and he starts laughing,
feeling a weight come off of him.

SAM
Oh... Cool, yeah. Okay. Sorry for
not inviting you in the first
place.

EDDY
Dude, she just said it's okay.
Don't keep apologising.

OLIVIA
Exactly. Plus, you should
celebrate.

Sam looks at her, confused, then looks at the others.

Patrick and Eddy look equally as confused.

OLIVIA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Sam, don't play dumb. Without your
help, I would've totally screwed up
my relationship on Saturday. You
should celebrate your advice
working!

Sam smiles widely, trying to hide his pain, and nods.

SAM
Right... Yeah. Of course!

The world seems to slow. Patrick leans across Sam to talk to
Olivia about classwork. Sam stares off into the middle
distance, still smiling

Then he turns to **us**, as the other chat, their voices lost in
the background.

SAM (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
I am getting so fucking pissed
tonight. Might just wanna skip
ahead to that.

Sam keeps smiling at **us** for a moment, then leans back into
the conversation, joining Patrick, Eddy, and Olivia in
chatting.