

Idea for a script

The story revolves around Vic. Vic is a half-Indian, half-Kenyan guy who also happens to be a not-so-successful writer. He's just managed to sell a few short story pieces here and there, a poem in an obscure publication and, like most not-so-successful writers, has this idea for a novel he's always wanted to write for the past 10 or so years. Also, he's been in love only once with a girl called Angela, who dumped him about three years ago. We'll focus on that part of his life later.

Sample Scenes

Bar

Vic, feeling the pressure and sting of his "slow and painful slide back into the abyss of virginity", as Kevin eloquently puts it every chance he gets, which is like all the time, tries to chat up a girl sitting by herself on the counter.

Vic: [walks up to the girl, hands in pockets] Hey, urmm, can I get you another one?

Girl: [turns and looks up at him and smiles] Sure, I can have another one. . .

Much much later in their conversation

Vic: You know, urmm, I may look all "Indian-y" but one of the most important parts of my anatomy - perhaps the most important - ISN'T. [he pauses to see the girl's reaction]

Girl: [eyes lighting up after about three seconds] Well, what makes you think I was wondering *THAT*?

Vic: Every woman wonders *THAT*. I mean, I don't know what goes on in their crazy, complex minds - no offence -

Girl: Offence taken!

Vic: [blushing] - but one thing I know for sure is that they think about men's. . . urmm, *THAT*, at least several times a day. . . Tell me I'm wrong.

Later in the men's room

Vic has excused himself from the lovely girl's company and is currently relieving himself and looking at himself in the mirror. Another man comes in, stands next to him and starts to relieve himself while looking at his reflection in the mirror. His eyes, as it so happens at times with us men, steals a glance at Vic's penis. He turns to look at Vic's reflection straight in the eye, smiles broadly and nods his approval. Vic, smiling even more broadly, acknowledges the man's acknowledgement. Ego boosted to 1000% Vic quickly washes his hands, wipes them on his jacket and walks out and back to the girl sitting at the counter.

And then much much later

Vic's House

Vic and the girl, tipsy and falling over themselves, stumble in through Vic's front door. They're busy kissing and taking (more like ripping) each other's clothes off, when the sitting room light comes on. They both stop, frozen. Standing in the corridor is Angela, Vic's ex girlfriend, or "The Man-dumping Witch", as Kevin eloquently calls her. Vic's mouth is wide open. The alcohol in his system isn't having any effect now, it seems.

Vic: Angela? Wait, - how did you get in?

Angela: Spare key, remember?

Vic: [trying to remember] No, Angela. No. You returned the key. In fact, you threw it down at my feet, if memory serves me right.

Angela: Well, - well, okay! Fine! I made a copy of the key.

Vic: What?!!! Why?

[it's like they've both forgotten there's another person in the room]

Girl from the bar: Guys? Maybe...

Vic: [turns to the girl] No, Cindy, you're not going anywhere. Angela is just leaving. [turns back to Angela] Please leave the key behind on your way out.

Angela: [directs her gaze towards Cindy] Let me guess, he used the *most-important-part-of-his-anatomy-not-being-Indian* line, didn't he?

Cindy: [blushing with embarrassment] Ummm, actually I was just about to leave! [composes herself and starts to walk tipsily back to the front door]

Vic: Cindy, please, wait! [but he doesn't make any physical effort to stop Cindy's progress towards the door even as she opens it and steps out]

Cindy: Bye, Vic. Thanks for the drinks.

Angela: [walks to the front door] Hey?

Cindy: [turns back towards Angela, unsmiling] What?

Angela: [smiling] Wanna know something? It's ALL true.

Cindy: [looks confused, then suddenly realises what Angela is referring to] He's all yours. [and then she walks away to hail a taxi]

Angela's smile turns into a grin as she shuts the door.