

UNIQUE
Callback Sides

by
Alexander King

AJ King
#1011 - 1331 Alberni St. Vancouver BC V6E 4S1
778 829 4011
aj@trialislandfilms.com

UNIQUE - Callback sides.

HARRY

So that's it then?... No more discussion?

MELODY

I'm not talking to you when you're like this.

HARRY

When I'm like what? Honest?... we could use a little honesty, don't you think?
(beat)
Well?

MELODY

If you've got something to say to me, just say it Harry, don't dance around the issue.

HARRY

The issue *is* dancing!

MELODY

What do you mean 'dancing'?

HARRY

Do you really think I don't know what goes on... Armand, your 'dance partner'... his hands all over you, you throwing yourself at him.

MELODY

Harry, salsa dancing takes two people.
(beat)
(to self)
And you're always drunk or working.

HARRY

What was that?

MELODY

You're always drunk or working. Look at you... you're a mess. I don't want to live this way Harry, I can't live this way.
(beat)
If you wanna go on hating your life, then fine, but I want more... I need... more.
(MORE)

MELODY (CONT'D)

The only time I feel alive at all
is when I'm dancing. And I won't
give it up.

HARRY

Mel, you'd risk our entire marriage
over a couple of hours a week,
dancing with Armand.

MELODY

(softly, saddened)
Harry...
(beat)
This isn't about Armand. It's not
even about dancing... it's about
feeling alive.

HARRY

What do you want from me?

MELODY

(tenderly)
I want you to be happy... I want
you to be able to see the world
around you, as it really is, not
filtered through endless bottles of
booze.
(beat)
And when you finally open your eyes
and realize that you hate the
unfiltered world that you see, I
want you to do something about it.
I want you to get mad enough that
you change your life... our
lives... for the better.
(beat)
I don't want to give up on us
Harry, but you've got to meet me
half way. I can't do this alone. It
takes two to dance.

BETH
Hi 'Sylvia'... are you ready to
work today, honey?

DALE
(confused)
Sylvia?

BETH
The copier.

DALE
You named the photocopier?

BETH
After my great aunt... stubborn old
broad. Always smelled like whiskey
and cigarettes... yet still, she
managed to manipulate four
upstanding gentlemen into
marriage... I thought it seemed
fitting... she never worked a full
day in her life either.

DALE
I see... makes sense.

Beth runs her hand seductively across the top of the machine.

DALE (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

BETH
Just a little 'wining and dining'
before we get down to business.

DALE
It's a machine.

BETH
I know that... but so does she.

DALE
Right.

Beth takes the file folder from Dale, and slides the first
sheet onto the glass top of the copier.

BETH
(coily)
You'd be surprised what a little
respect can get you.

Beth presses the START button. The machine WHIRS to life, momentarily, then grinds to a halt with a sickening GEAR WRENCHING sound.

DALE
Apparently, a paper jam.

BETH
(to copier)
Awww... com'on!

Beth slams her palm down on the top of the photocopier.

DALE
She sure is a tease.

BETH
I feel so used.