

# SAM/STOCKBOY/JANE

34.

57 EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREET - NIGHT 57  
CRANE DOWN to find Sam walking through the streets. Alone. \*  
He stops at a crosswalk. People walk past him, on their way \*  
out, on their way home (THEY MOVE PAST IN TAME LAPSE FAST \*  
MOTION, BUT SAM STAYS STILL). Sam looks up at the TRAFFIC \*  
LIGHT. It says "WALK". Sam lifts his foot to walk, but puts \*  
it back, unable to take the step. The signal changes to \*  
"DON'T WALK." Sam stay on the curb, as more people and cars \*  
zip past. \*

58 OMITTED 58

59 EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREET - NIGHT 59  
Sam passes a SUPERMARKET. He enters.

60 INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT 60  
Sam pushes his lonely cart through the aisles. Stops in the  
FREEZER AISLE. He's looking for something. Can't find it.  
Closes the door in frustration. Stops a STOCKBOY.

SAM  
Hey, you got any ice cream sandwiches?  
Looks like you're out.

The stockboy looks into the freezer. He seems either really  
stoned or mildly retarded.

STOCKBOY  
Yeah. It does look like we're out.  
That's so weird. We usually have tons. I  
could go look in the back for you.

SAM  
Thanks.

STOCKBOY  
Oh ... but you know what else we have?  
Have you ever tried these? ... Eskimo  
Pies? They're awesome. Kind of like an  
ice cream sandwich ...

He takes out a box of Eskimo Pies.

SAM  
Yeah, I'd rather just have the --

STOCKBOY  
And Dove bars ... Dove bars are pretty  
good...

Sam's getting impatient.

STOCKBOY (CONT'D)

Oh! And if you wanna go like totally classic there's nothing like the Creamsicle! Dude ... I used to eat like five of these a day when I was a kid!

The kid reaches for the Creamsicles.

SAM

Okay that's not what I asked for. I asked for an ice cream sandwich. I know what a Dove Bar is. They're delicious. Not what I asked for. I'm also quite aware of the wonders of the Eskimo Pie. It's not what I want! An ice cream sandwich! Not a fudgesicle, not a drumstick and certainly not a freakin' creamsicle! Okay?! You're giving me options! When you know what you want, you don't need options!

He takes the boxes from the stockboy and throws them back into the freezer.

SAM (CONT'D)

I know what I want! And what I want is the ice cream sandwich! I'm an ice cream sandwich guy, okay?! I admit it! And the worst part of it is, now I can't even have the ice cream sandwich because the ice cream sandwich is courtside at the Sixers game with Doctor Maserati and his freakishly massive hands!!

The stockboy looks really freaked out.

JANE (O.S.)

Sam?

Sam turns around to see Jane, with her own basket and some MAGAZINES. He's extremely surprised to see her.

\*  
\*

SAM

*Jane?*

They look at each other. The stockboy uses this opportunity to TURN AND RUN AWAY.

JANE

What are you doing here? I thought you had a date?

SAM

I thought you had a date.

JANE  
I told you I didn't have a date.

SAM  
But ... I thought you did.

JANE  
Okay, Sam. What's going on here?

Sam and Jane stand there.

SAM  
Okay, look. Honestly? I ... really like you. And I would've rather spent tonight with you than anyone else. And that's the truth.

Jane tries to contain her spreading smile.

JANE  
Well good. Because I feel the same way. About you.

SAM  
(very good news)  
Good.

JANE  
And what about all those other Dove bars and Eskimo Pies and Creamsicles?

Sam smirks at her. So she heard.

SAM  
Not interested.

JANE  
(shakes her head)  
Neither am I.

SAM  
Okay then.  
(beat)  
Well that was easy.

JANE  
Piece of cake.

They laugh.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Let's go back to my place. I can think of something that's so much better than ice cream sandwiches.

She leans in and they KISS. They turn and walk down the aisle, HOLDING HANDS. And we see a large CARDBOARD STANDEE for PENGUIN POPS. TWO CUTE PENGUINS on an ice floe, HOLDING FLIPPERS. Jane looks at the standee.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Penguins. So cute.

Sam looks at the standee. It looks remarkably like the two of them, holding hands ... Jane starts walking, but Sam is FROZEN. Jane tugs at his hand.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Sam?

SAM  
(croaks)  
Yeah ...

He follows after her, glancing back at the penguins, very uneasy. "*What have I done ...?*" The final CURTAIN EFFECT CLOSES, taking us to BLACK.

|    |   |        |
|----|---|--------|
| 61 | INT. TRENDY BAR - NIGHT   | 61 *   |
|    | The place is emptying out. But Oakes is still there, licking away. Finally, he holds up the lollipop stick, triumphant. | *<br>* |
|    | OAKES<br>252! 252!  | *<br>* |
|    | He leans back, satisfied.   | *      |
|    | OAKES (CONT'D)<br>Now <u>that's</u> a good time.  | *<br>* |