EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREET - NIGHT

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 PAST 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.

OMITTED

EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREET - NIGHT

Sam passes a SUPERMARKET. He enters.

INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

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
fudgeesicle, 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.

INT. TRENDY BAR - NIGHT

The place is emptying out. But Oakes is still there, licking away. Finally, he holds up the lollipop stick, triumphant.

OAKES
252! 252!

He leans back, satisfied.

OAKES (CONT'D)
Now that's a good time.