

# Odd Man Out

by  
Michael Wheeler

INT. LARGE OFFICE - AFTERNOON

OTIS ODMAN, mid-twenties, sits at his cubicle, furiously keying in data. All about him, at their cubicles, his co-workers do likewise.

INT. BUS - EVENING

Otis sits on the bus during evening rush hour. He checks out his fellow commuters who are all engaged with various digital devices - laptops, ipads, cell phones, mp3 players. Nobody makes eye contact, nobody talks to each other. Until the YOUNG LADY sitting next to Otis says:

YOUNG LADY  
Isn't it amazing?

Otis turns to her with a smile.

OTIS  
Yes it is. And a little sad.

She laughs but in a way that seems out of context to the conversation. She continues talking and Otis quickly realizes she's talking not to him but into her earpiece attached to her cell phone.

MAIN TITLE OVER BLACK:

### **Odd Man Out**

INT. OTIS AND BRAD'S APARTMENT - LATER

Otis enters, carrying his satchel. He walks through the small living room into the bedroom hallway and stops by the first door which is slightly cracked. Inside the room is BRAD, early to mid-twenties, in his bathrobe, hunched over his computer. Otis hesitates for a moment, then continues into his own bedroom.

INT. OTIS' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He turns on his computer, lays his satchel on the bed, and hangs up his jacket. He then sits down at his desk. His homepage is up, a blog with his screen name, OddMan, bannered across the top. He has a new text message:

*Hey man how was your day?*

Otis starts to type a reply and then suddenly stops, leans back from his desk and talks loudly to the wall.

OTIS

My day was...fine. How was your day?

He waits. No reply.

OTIS

Don't you find this ridiculous? Here we are, not more than fifteen feet away from each other, and we still choose to communicate through this vast network instead of face to face? Isn't that absurd and more than a little pathetic?

He waits. New text message:

*Can't facegab now. On multiple chats. Will lose the flow.*

Otis stares at this message, and then suddenly stands up, walks into the hallway and pushes open the door to Brad's bedroom.

INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brad is surprised by Otis' sudden entrance and quickly tightens his bathrobe.

BRAD

Dude, don't you know how to knock?

There are various windows open on Brad's monitor- chats, blogs, forums, and a live adult web cam which he quickly minimizes.

OTIS

Let's go somewhere tonight, Brad.

BRAD

Go where?

OTIS

Eat and then do something.

BRAD

I already ordered a pizza. You can share if you like.

OTIS

All right. We'll eat the pizza and then we'll go.

BRAD

Go where?

OTIS

I don't know. Some place with people. A bar. A club.

BRAD

No thank you. I've been there. I already know what that's like. Hey, guess who's back?

OTIS

Who?

BRAD

theindivisiblegirl. She's been asking for you.

OTIS

Is that supposed to excite me?

BRAD

You're her favorite, OddMan.

OTIS

We don't even know if she is a she, do we?

BRAD

I know. I can always tell. It might be a beast, but it's definitely a she-beast. A smart one, too.

OTIS

Yeah. Well tonight I'm in the mood for something more radical, like... a conversation with a real live in the flesh female.

BRAD

C'mon, dude, what are the odds of that? In a bar, with a girl you've never met before?

OTIS

It's possible.

BRAD

A sustained, coherent conversation? Not very likely.

OTIS  
It happens.

BRAD  
Not to you and me, man. Remember  
OddMan's Laws.

Brad opens a document folder and clicks on a file. He reads out loud.

BRAD  
OddMan's Laws of Random Social  
Interaction. The first law (and so  
far the only law): The probability  
of humiliation is far more likely  
than the probability of pleasure.  
Words to live by.

OTIS  
Words to hide behind. I wrote that  
when I was drunk. Just silly  
bullshit.

BRAD  
No it's not. That's profound, man.  
Otherwise, I wouldn't have saved  
it.

OTIS  
So you're not coming then?

BRAD  
No, of course not.

OTIS  
All right, I'll go alone.

Otis starts to leave.

BRAD  
Hey, I've got a great idea. Post a  
message, like every fifteen  
minutes. Send some video, with  
ironic comments. We'll call it  
OddMan's Night Out-The Social  
Explorer. We can do like an episode  
every week.

OTIS  
Not tonight. No electronic devices.  
Just me in the flesh.

BRAD  
Good luck.

Otis walks out.

BRAD  
Hey Otis. Remember, stay anchored,  
man. Don't drift.

Brad clicks on the adult webcam window. A scantily clad young woman is cavorting in the bathroom.

BRAD  
Now you are a real live in the  
flesh female. Yes you are.

EXT. URBAN SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Amongst couples and other numerical groupings, Otis walks alone.

EXT. CLUB ENTRANCE - NIGHT

No sign. Just a door on a side street. FOUR COUPLES are entering. Otis falls in behind them. MAX, the doorman, stops him.

MAX  
Hold up. Are you with them?

OTIS  
Uh, no.

Max jerks his thumb in the direction of FOUR YOUNG MEN leaning against the wall.

MAX  
Male line.

Max steps back into his usual spot and looks away. Otis is puzzled.

OTIS  
Excuse me? I'd like to go inside  
please.

Max smiles and explains with mock patience.

MAX  
Go to the end of the line. When one  
male exits, one male enters.  
Understand?

OTIS

Right.

Max settles back. Otis points in the direction of the door.

OTIS

What about them. Weren't they  
males?

MAX

They were accompanied.  
Unaccompanied males go to the end  
of the line.

OTIS

I see.

Otis walks to the end of the line. He starts to feel the chill of the night and zips up his jacket. The guy in front of him, YOUNG MAN #4, is smoking a cigarette.

OTIS

Been waiting long?

YOUNG MAN #4

Long enough.

Three attractive young ladies, CARRIE, BABS, and NATASHA, cross the street to the bar entrance. YOUNG MAN #1 whispers to YOUNG MAN #2 and they leave their place in line to greet the girls.

YOUNG MAN #1

(in a loud voice)

Finally. What took you girls so  
long? We've been waiting forever.

CARRIE

Hello. Do I know you?

YOUNG MAN #1

(in a low voice)

Just play along. We're freezing our  
balls off out here. Have a little  
mercy.

YOUNG MAN #2

Drinks are free tonight, girls.

YOUNG MAN #1

Exactly.

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