

IF WE WERE A MOVIE  
Episode Four  
"My Best Friend's First Date"

by

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INT. - MORTON CINEMA. EVENING

EMILY and GRAHAM work behind the counter. Graham rips tickets while Emily reads a flyer.

EMILY

Det - debt sjund -

GRAHAM

(shaking his head)

Okay, please...just stop. *Seventh Seal*, just call it *The Seventh Seal*.

EMILY

(sarcastically)

I am so sorry that my Swedish isn't up to snuff. Didn't realize how important that was in film culture.

GRAHAM

(grinning)

Yes, we're trained from a young age in the art of Swedish, Elvish, and Todd Haynes.

EMILY

Naturally.

Emily sets down the flyer and hops onto the counter, facing Graham.

EMILY

Well, you can have your fancy Swedish death movie -

GRAHAM

Swedish death FILM.

Emily holds up her hands in mock apology, giggling. She picks up and flips through the theatre's schedule pamphlet for the month. The front reads: "DET SJUNDE INSEGLET" and "ONE OF THE BEST FILMS EVER MADE."

EMILY

You know, when you really think about it, all of your movies are like crème brûlée.

Graham stops ripping tickets abruptly.

GRAHAM

Come again?

EMILY

You know, like you're in a fancy French restaurant. And what do you do you do in a fancy French restaurant?

Graham furrows his brow in confusion.

GRAHAM

You...go broke eating French food?

EMILY

You order the crème brûlée! And it's beautiful. And perfect. But I don't want crème brûlée. I want...

(beat)

I want jello. And these movies-

(waves flyer toward

Graham)

- are just never gonna be jello.

Graham sets the ticket reel down on the counter.

GRAHAM

Are you quoting *My Best Friend's Wedding* to diss arthouse films?

Emily freezes for a moment, before spinning off the counter, hopping down on the other side.

EMILY

You've seen *My Best Friend's Wedding*?

GRAHAM

(more to himself)

Have you been stealing dialogue from these movies this whole time?

EMILY

(snippily)

Paying homage. Anyways. That is so not the point!

Emily puts her weight onto the counter in front of her.

EMILY

Since when have you ever willingly watched a rom-com? First *When Harry Met Sally*, now *this*?

(smirks at Graham)

I'm starting to think you have the makings of a closeted romantic after all.

GRAHAM

My mom really likes that movie.

Emily nods in agreement, not quite keeping the laughter off of her face.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Anyways, isn't the jello in that context Julia Roberts breaking up her best friend's wedding? Because that's not really so much romantic as it is just being a terrible person.

EMILY

She was doing it for the right reasons! Her heart was in the right place she just...got a little turned around.

GRAHAM

(affronted)

Turned around? She kissed him on his wedding day!

EMILY

It was her coffee cart moment!

GRAHAM

Her what?

EMILY

She put it all on the line!

Graham still looks at Emily in confusion.

EMILY (CONT'D)

It's the moment in every romance storyline, when there's so much emotion, that you either put it on the line in front of everyone or let it go forever.

Emily meets Graham's blank stare and sighs in exasperation. She climbs up onto the ticket counter.

GRAHAM

Okay, seriously, do you really have to do that every time, I just cl-

EMILY  
 (emotionally)  
 Choose *me*. Marry *me*. Let *me* make  
 you happy.

Graham stares at Emily. The theatre doors open, and moviegoers leave the showing of *The Seventh Seal*. CAROL walks out of the break room, cautiously appraising the scene. She clears her throat. Graham blinks out of his momentary daze, and looks over at Carol.

GRAHAM  
 This isn't -

CAROL  
 It's none of my business.

Carol turns to leave. She pauses, and turns back to face Emily and Graham.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
 But if it were my business, I'd wonder if proposing marriage was entirely appropriate at this very second, considering *someone* has a certain date soon?

Emily checks her phone.

EMILY  
 Oh shoot!

Emily hops off the counter and grabs her purse from behind the register. Carol shakes her head and grabs a mop. Emily opens a compact on the countertop and begins attempting to neaten her hair.

GRAHAM  
 Wait, he's picking you up at work?

EMILY  
 Yeah, I don't have a car and so I asked him to!

GRAHAM  
 Where are you guys going?

EMILY  
 I'm not exactly sure. Wyatt said he wanted to surprise me.  
 (turns to Graham)  
 Isn't that so sweet?

GRAHAM  
(uncomfortably)  
The sweetest.

Graham tugs on his shirt sleeve and fidgets with the ticket reel.

GRAHAM  
I get what you mean, about the coffee cart...and I did actually like that movie, if I'm being honest.

Emily looks up from the mirror and faces Graham, excited.

EMILY  
I knew it! I knew you were rooting for her!

GRAHAM  
I don't have to root for her to like the movie!  
(sighs)  
I like that the one scene. You know, the one under the bridge? It was something like - like that if you feel something, then you should say something. Or else it can just -

EMILY  
(softly)  
Pass you by.

Emily and Graham stand absolutely still. Carol continues mopping the floor, casually looking over at the pair. The door to the lobby OPENS, and WYATT walks in, dressed in a more polished version of his usual clothes.

WYATT  
Good evening!

Emily blinks and turns to Wyatt. Graham shakes his head forcefully and faces Wyatt as well.

EMILY  
(beaming)  
Hey! You look nice!

Wyatt makes a noncommittal noise.

WYATT  
(to Graham indifferently)  
Having a nice night?

GRAHAM  
(grimacing)  
Fabulous.

Emily makes her way in front of the counter and approaches Wyatt.

WYATT  
You ready?

EMILY  
Of course! Very excited for your surprise!

Emily walks toward the door. Wyatt grabs her arm and steers her back toward the counter.

WYATT  
You know, I was actually thinking, why don't we just watch a movie?

EMILY  
(blinks)  
...Watch a movie.

WYATT  
Well, I know that you love rom-coms, so I was thinking about the most standard, romantic first date, and going to the movies is just so...quaint, you know?

Wyatt pulls out a pack of Mrs. Wilson's hard candy.

WYATT  
(winks)  
And we don't even have to stop by concessions.

EMILY  
(laughs nervously)  
Well, I mean you do if you want to buy a ticket.

WYATT  
Well, actually, if you get free tickets working here anyways...I mean why feed any more into the capitalist machine than we already have to, you know?

Emily's smile falls a little. Carol raises her eyebrows at Graham from across the lobby, before returning to mopping the same spot of the floor with her head down.

EMILY

(nods)

Of course. That would be stupid.

WYATT

Excellent! You're going to love *The Seventh Seal* - it may not seem like your taste at first, but once you get into it...

Emily and Wyatt make their way into the theatre. Carol purses her lips and walks to the counter. Graham rips the tickets a tad aggressively.

CAROL

That guy is quite the charmer, isn't he?

Graham shrugs.

CAROL

Can't really tell who's chasing who there.

(turns back to Graham)

Can't tell that here either.

Graham looks to the closed theatre doors.

GRAHAM

No one is chasing anyone, Carol. That's the point.