

FOR THE RECORD

A short film written, directed, and performed by Allen Landver

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INT/EXT. GROUND FLOOR APARTMENT - DAY

A french window facing the sidewalk of a cute neighborhood.

SAM, 30's, steps up from the sidewalk and knocks on the window. Bearded white boy, music lover, he holds a box of Girl Scout cookies and his bare feet touch the grass. He is quite frantic.

SAM

Hey, Vince. You home?

VINCE, 30's, NBA t-shirt, yarmulka, not Caucasian, comes up the window to meet Sam, surprised to see him. Next to Vince is a record player and a crib, with an intermittently crying baby.

VINCE

Sam, what the hell are you doing here?

SAM

Hey, listen, have you seen my Bach record?

VINCE

Your what?

SAM

The Goldberg Varieties. I let you borrow it a few years ago.

VINCE

I don't know, that was a while ago.

SAM

That's what I just said. So do you have it?

VINCE

Possibly, I don't know, it might be in my bedroom.

SAM

Why would it be in your bedroom?

VINCE

I don't know, I was probably reading the back cover or something, and left it there.

SAM

What did I say to you when I let you borrow it?

VINCE

What did you say when you let me borrow it?

SAM

What I said was to always keep it in the sleeve because it could overheat if you weren't careful.

VINCE

But it is in the sleeve.

SAM

In the sleeve in your bedroom? I've been collecting records since I was in 6th grade and have never been this disorganized. Is it near a window?

VINCE

Here, what if I gave you something else?

SAM

Answer the question!

VINCE

It's not near a window.

Sam shakes the Girl Scout cookie box in frustration. Vince turns to his record collection. The first option elicits a strong reaction from Sam instantly.

SAM

I let you borrow my favorite record for three years and this is your offer? What else do you have?

Madonna's Vogue. Sam is laughing. Vince tries a Bee Gee's record next.

SAM (CONT'D)

Who the fuck does the record shopping in your house, Rupaul's social media person?

Vince reluctantly reaches for another record, second guesses himself, but decides to go through with it.

SAM (CONT'D)

Now we're talking.

VINCE

Good, I'll place it outside my door
for you.

But instead Sam sits down on the grass, without irony. His
vibe has become more introspective.

SAM

Why don't I just come in and grab
the record in the bedroom?

VINCE

You don't want to do that, Becky is
in there now sick with Coronavirus.

SAM

I'll stay six feet away from you
and the baby and wear my mask.

VINCE

I wouldn't let you in here for all
the money in the world, no offense.

SAM

Can Becky bring it out to me?

VINCE

Becky who is sick with Coronavirus?

SAM

I'll disinfect the record with a
baby wipe as soon as I get home.
Bring one out for me.

VINCE

You want me to wake my wife up and
risk exposure for everyone in my
building because you want your
record back?

SAM

When did she start showing
symptoms?

VINCE

Last week.

SAM

Then she's fine. The virus is only
contagious right before symptoms
start.

VINCE

Not according to what I've been reading, Dr. Fauci.

SAM

What are you implying?

VINCE

I'm not implying anything.

SAM

It sounds like you are.

VINCE

Sam, you're my best friend since camp. Cut me some slack.

SAM

Are we really though?

VINCE

We've been friends for almost twenty years.

SAM

Ten of which we lived across the country from each other.

VINCE

I'm pretty sure we've talked every week since we met.

SAM

I don't know about that. Do you ever hold your cock when you talk to me on the phone?

VINCE

What?

SAM

Not in a sexual way, in a comfortable "we're comfortable with each other," kind of way.

VINCE

Do you?

SAM

You first.

VINCE

Did you literally just ask me if I play with myself when we talk on the phone?

SAM

Not play with yourself, like *hold* it, like you're on the couch watching Conan or something. Super chill vibes. The kind of thing you do with an old friend.

VINCE

Taking a shit is what you do when you're comfortable with a friend. Holding your dick, that's something different.

SAM

No it's not. Maybe we're just not as tight as we were...

VINCE

You were the best man at my wedding, Sam.

SAM

I was second to last in line while you were reading your vows, behind your wife's little brother on the outside of the chuppah.

VINCE

All I'm trying to say is that we have history and I am here for you whenever you need me.

SAM

Okay, so be here for me, because I'm struggling, Vincenzo; the other day I was watching an episode of that show *Community* and they did this whole bit about seizing the day...

VINCE

Carpe diem?

SAM

Yeah, carpe diem. The scene really hit me. Basically the teacher of this English class in *Community* wanted the students in his class to be honest with themselves.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

And by doing so, by being vulnerable emotionally, they were seizing the day. It wasn't necessary to have some grand gesture, you know, it was just about being real, and then it hit me, I really miss you, man. I miss talking to you every day. I miss hiking together... You're actually the first person I've spoken to since I watched the episode back when quarantine started.

VINCE

You haven't talked to anyone since March?

SAM

No, not until walking over here to get my record back.

Sam puts on his shoes.

SAM (CONT'D)

Anyway, say hi to your woman when she wakes up from her nap. Also I really can't wait to meet your little girl.

VINCE

Yeah, I can't wait for you to meet *him* either when this is all over.

SAM

Stay safe out there, okay? Swing by with my record when it's safe to enter your bedroom again.

Sam hits the road. Vince watches him go, perturbed by the whole encounter. Vince opens the record player. A Bach record sits divinely on the player. The Bach record.

VINCE

(to himself)

I am such a dick.

Vince considers the record for a beat, then turns to the crib.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Ready for your favorite lullaby...?

Vince lifts the needle and lets the record spin. While the symphony plays, he rocks his baby to sleep in the crib.