

FIGMENTS

Written by

Daniel Harding

Version (1.1)  
09.06.2020

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

DAMON is stood in front of a long mirror, folding his tie into a knot - he's clearly made an effort. His phone dings, and he picks it to read the message: *I can't wait to meet you! L x*

He types back: *I'm so nervous!*

She types back: *Aw don't be, it's not like I'm going to bite. Unless you want me to? ;) x*

DAMON smiles to himself and puts the phone down so he can return to knotting his tie. Once finished, he stands back and checks himself over. Somewhat satisfied, he smiles to himself

Another, alternative, version of DAMON is standing by the door - GEEZER DAMON.

DAMON

Well?

GEEZER DAMON

(disgusted)

Blimey, mate! You're not goin' out-out dressed like that, are ya? I thought we wanted to *impress* her, not scare her off.

DAMON

And what's wrong with what I'm wearing?

GEEZER DAMON

What's right with it, more like! Ha-Ha!

DAMON

(under his breath)

Piss off!

GEEZER DAMON

(shocked)

Oi! Don't swear! You don't want to fall into bad habits and accidentally call her a cu-

DAMON

Not tonight, okay? Any other night, but please, (desperate) *please* not tonight, of all nights? I really like this one. She seems... *nice*.

GEEZER DAMON folds his arms - he's not convinced.

GEEZER DAMON

Nice? Sounds boring to me. 'Ere,  
give us your blower, I'll message  
that other sort you had your eye  
on, I'm sure it's not too late!

GEEZER DAMON winks as DAMON's phone beeps. He picks it up.  
The message reads: *I'm just getting in the taxi now. See you  
soon! Xx*

DAMON

(frustrated)

I've got to go otherwise I'll be  
late!

DAMON barges past GEEZER DAMON.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

DAMON hurries down the hallway and towards the stairs.

GEEZER DAMON

(calling)

It's your funeral! But don't come  
crying to me when you foot the bill  
and all you get is a dry-peck on  
the stubble.

DAMON tries to ignore him, but as he turns to look down the  
stairs WORRIED DAMON is stood there - he holds the banister  
in defiance.

WORRIED DAMON

Are you sure this is a good idea?  
I'm *really* nervous. Look, I'm  
getting all sweaty just thinking  
about it.

WORRIED DAMON shows DAMON his palms - DAMON looks  
increasingly agitated - he makes his way down the stairs.

DAMON

There's nothing to be worried  
about! It's gonna be great. We'll  
have fun, and then-

WORRIED DAMON

And then what?! You're going to try  
and *sleep* with her, aren't you?! No-  
no chance! I'm not letting you go!

WORRIED DAMON attempts to block the staircase.

DAMON stops a few steps up.

DAMON  
Get out of my way.

WORRIED DAMON  
(embarrassed whisper)  
You haven't had sex in months! We  
both know you'll cum in 3 seconds  
if you, wait- did you shower?  
What's that smell?

WORRIED DAMON sniffs the air.

DAMON  
It's called cologne.

WORRIED DAMON  
I thought that was a place in  
Germany?

DAMON walks past WORRIED DAMON and picks up his shoes - he  
starts to undo the laces.

WORRIED DAMON (CONT'D)  
(disgusted)  
It certainly smells like it.

DAMON rolls his eyes - his phone then beeps. The message  
reads: *I'm here, but can't see you :( are you hiding? L x*

DAMON  
Ah shit! I'm *really* late now.

DAMON rushes towards the door and opens it, but STRESSED  
DAMON is stood there.

STRESSED DAMON  
What's taking you so long?!

DAMON  
I know, I'm almost ready-

STRESSED DAMON  
The first date you've had in  
months, and you're going to be  
late! What's worse, this one is  
actually nice!

DAMON  
I know! I'm trying- I'm trying!

STRESSED DAMON  
Well try harder!

DAMON manages to slip on his shoe.

DAMON  
Right let's go!

STRESSED DAMON  
Can't.

DAMON  
Why not?!

DAMON thinks for a moment and then realises - he quickly checks his jacket pockets.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Damn, where are my...?  
(to WORRIED DAMON)  
Have you hidden them?!

DAMON turns to WORRIED DAMON.

WORRIED DAMON  
No! How could I?! I'm a figment of  
your imagination! I can't actually  
do or pick up any thing, look-

WORRIED DAMON demonstrates his obvious inabilities by reaching down to pick something up, but his hand goes straight through.

We hear the television coming from the living room.

CHILLED DAMON (O.S.)  
Excuse me gents, but can you keep  
the noise down? Emmerdale is just  
about to start, and this herbal tea  
is really starting to kick in.

DAMON walks towards the living room and stands by the door. He looks down at the TV and then at CHILLED DAMON - who is lounging casually on the sofa, dressed in his PJs, drinking from a mug that spells CU\*T.

DAMON  
Have you got my keys? Hold on, how  
the hell are you drinking tea if  
you're just a figment of my  
imagination?!

CHILLED DAMON  
*Darling*, isn't it obvious?

DAMON

None of this is obvious! But I need my keys, otherwise I'm going to be late-

GEEZER DAMON

(calling)

You're *already* late, mate!

CHILLED DAMON

So you might as well give up and chill with me on the sofa. Emmerdale is about to start and this herbal tea is really starting to-

DAMON

Argh! Shut up! Shut up! Shut up! All of you! I'm fucking up my first real chance of a relationship in years, because what? You morons can't stand the thought of me enjoying myself or being happy?

Silence.

DAMON (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

I suggest you tell me where the keys are now otherwise I'm going to top myself and that'll be the end of us all!

CHILLED DAMON

...They're in the kitchen on the side.

WORRIED DAMON

Yeah! In the kitchen-

ANNOYED DAMON

Idiot. You just need to try looking. With your eyes!

GEEZER DAMON

Alright, calm down! No need to get your knickers in a twist.

DAMON rushes into the kitchen and picks up the keys - triumphantly.

DAMON

Right- got 'em! Let's go!

DAMON rushes towards the front door, all the different versions of DAMON have disappeared. He opens the front door. His phone dings and he looks down at the message: *I'm so embarrassed! How dare you stand me up like this!*

DAMON (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Oh no! Please... No!

Another message dings: *I'm going home! Never message me again. You asshole!*

DAMON (CONT'D)  
Argh!

DAMON steps back inside and slams the door closed.

THE END