INT. BEDROOM

Pop Star Samantha is stuck in her manager Chris' childhood home and his younger brother Mike has been tasked with making sure she stays put.

Mike knocks on the door.

>                    SAMANTHA
>          Come in!

Mike pokes his head in.

>                    MIKE
>          Can I come in?

>                    SAMANTHA
>          I just said that.

Mike comes in, hands full, with a pile of magazines, flowers, and chips.

>                    MIKE
>          I brought magazines.

>                    SAMANTHA
>          Ugh, these are old.

>                    MIKE
>          Flowers?

>                    SAMANTHA
>          Those are daisies.

Samantha scoffs, and Mike drops them.

>                    MIKE
>          How about snacks?

>                    SAMANTHA
>          Carbs? Are you kidding me? I can't
>          eat that crap.

>                    MIKE
>          I'm just trying to be helpful.

>                    SAMANTHA
>          Well, you're not. So vamoos.

>                    MIKE
>          I guess I'll just leave you now.

                    SAMANTHA
          No, wait. I'm sorry I'm being such
          a biatch. It's just that I'm
          supposed to be in Paris and I'm not
          and I'm going out of my mind with
          boredom. I mean, my blackberry
          broke, and I haven't had sex in,
          like, forever. And I'm so horny.
          Poor me.

Mike turns away to hide his immediate and swift reaction.

                    SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
          Wait a minute. How old are you?

                    MIKE
          I'm 22. 20. 19... I'm 18.

                    SAMANTHA
          18... rawrrrrr.

                    MIKE
          Rawwrrrr.

                    SAMANTHA
          So, do you really have my poster on
          your wall?

                    MIKE
          Yeah.

                    SAMANTHA
          Do you ever, like...

Samantha demonstrates sexual breathing.

                    MIKE
          All the time.

                    SAMANTHA
          How many times in a day?

                    MIKE
          Eight.

                    SAMANTHA
          Eight?

Samantha laughs uncontrollably before pulling it together.

                    SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
          Eight! Oh my god, that's hot.

                    MIKE
          You're hot.

                    SAMANTHA
          I know.

Samantha reaches for her back.

                    SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
          Ooooh, oww!

                    MIKE
          Are you okay?

                    SAMANTHA
          My back is killing me.

                    MIKE
          I could give you a massage?

                    SAMANTHA
          Oh, would you mind?

Samantha takes off her sweater.

                    SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
          Whoopsie, my clothes are falling
          off.

                    MIKE
          Your clothes are falling off.

                    SAMANTHA
          Do you have any oil?

                    MIKE
          I will be right back.

Mike runs to the bathroom and frantically grabs oil. By the
time he runs back in, Samantha has passed out and Mike curses
that he missed his chance.