

FF

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In this short original dramatic script, TERRI has just gotten back home from work to find MAX on the couch looking unhappy.

INT. APARTMENT – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

TERRI has just gotten back home from work to find MAX on the couch looking unhappy.

TERRI: What's wrong with you? Why do you seem so down?

MAX: Just deep in thought...

TERRI: About what?

MAX: Nothing, I'm alright. Don't really want to get into it.

TERRI: ...I wasn't going to say anything because I already knew that that would be your response, Max. For the past month you've been going through something. On and off, hot and cold, happy, sad. Not acting like yourself at all. I want to know what's up. Tell me what's bothering you lately. Is it me?

MAX: It is about you but not like what you think.

TERRI: Great. Now you're talking to me in riddles. Can't you give me a straight answer and tell me what is going on? How does it involve me?

MAX: You know, there are just some things I don't want to talk about and you have to keep pushing me and pushing me. Why isn't that ever good enough? Why can't you back off?

TERRI: If I was acting up and down like you've been, I guarantee you would be just as upset about it.

MAX: Yeah, well I don't want to talk about it. So leave it alone...

TERRI: I'm not going to leave it alone. I feel that this is something serious and I won't back away until you tell me.

MAX: Really?

TERRI: Really.

MAX: You will be waiting a very long time.

TERRI: I don't care.

MAX: Don't play these stupid games with me, okay? I'm feeling real emotions about certain things and I don't want to be played with.

TERRI: I don't care.

MAX: You drive me crazy.

TERRI: You drive *me* crazy.

MAX: I don't want to tell just because you want me to tell—

TERRI: Fine then -- Don't!

MAX: If I tell you it's because I want to tell you. It's that sort of thing!

TERRI: Alright, do what you feel like you want to do. What do you want to eat for dinner? I'm starving.

MAX: I don't know. What are you in the mood for?

TERRI: Not sure...

MAX:

Terri, okay...listen...this is hard for me because I don't—I'm not...I have a hard time being open like, you know? (beat) I have a difficult time sharing things that go on inside me, things that matter to me a great deal...I was brought up in a certain environment and I don't know, it's sometimes hard for me to connect.

TERRI: I understand.

MAX: You know...I think about things, things I shouldn't think about. I get caught up with all this nonsense in my head and I get stressed and it brings me down.

TERRI: What things? What things do you think about?

MAX: You're gonna think I'm stupid...

TERRI: I'm not going to think you're stupid.

MAX: Okay, I'll just tell you...for the last couple weeks I've been thinking about our friendship and how much it means to me. I've never been able to have a friend like you -- and if anything were to ever happen to our friendship, I don't know what I would do.

TERRI: That's what's been going on all this time?

MAX nods yes.

MAX: I told you it was stupid.

TERRI: It is not stupid. And you have nothing to worry about. We are friends and no one and nothing is going to come between us, you got that?

MAX: Yeah.