

I'm Trying -- Louis Cox -- 10.30.14 -- 002c

INT. BEDROOM - AFTER MIDNIGHT

A man stands in a room; a woman sits on the floor: her arms wrapped around her knees, smoking a cigarette.

COLE

Can I get a drag of that cigarette?

-Pause-

COLE (CONT'D)

Hey... What's wrong? Are you ok?

-Pause-

COLE (CONT'D)

I'm here for you. Just tell me what I can do. Tell me what you need.

-Pause-

COLE (CONT'D)

I'm trying. I really am... But what am I supposed to say when you refuse to give me, anything? It's all one-sided. I feel like I tell you everything. Do you think that's easy for me? Don't you know you can trust me?

You've said it yourself, how many times?

How wonderful I am, how comfortable and calming. How I make you feel safe and cared for.

You tell me nothing. You just sit there: smoking that cigarette.

Staring. Blank...

But every so often you'll randomly blurt out some deep dark secret from your past and then begin vomiting personal information. And then you say you can't believe you just told me that. How you've never told anyone that. How random it is and how understanding I am. How you feel like you can tell me anything. I'm sorry.

(MORE)

COLE (CONT'D)

You chase me, day after day, with
phone message after phone message.
But the moment I show my desire to
see you: you disappear, never to be
heard from. You make me feel like
a goddamned stalker for having
feelings at all.

But it's not me; it's you.

You say how easy it is to talk to
me. And then you say you're
intimidated by me. Afraid of me.
Scared of me. You make me doubt my
own sanity. You make me feel like
a creep.

But I'm not. And I'm realizing
that: it's not me; it's you.

It's always been you.....

..... can I please get a drag of
that cigarette?