

I'm Trying -- Louis Cox -- 10.12.15 -- 003a (shooting script)

INT. BATHROOM - AFTER MIDNIGHT

WIDE SHOT OF ENTIRE SCENE

A man, COLE, stands in a doorway; a woman, DONNA, sits on a toilet with her arms wrapped around her knees, smoking a cigarette.

COLE
Can I get a drag of that cigarette?

MEDIUM REACTION SHOT OF DONNA

-Pause-

CLOSEUP OF COLE

COLE (CONT'D)
Hey... What's wrong? Are you ok?

MEDIUM REACTION SHOT OF DONNA

-Pause-

MEDIUM SHOT OF COLE IN B.G. WITH DONNA IN F.G.

COLE (CONT'D)
I'm here for you. Just tell me
what I can do. Tell me what you
need.

MEDIUM REACTION SHOT OF DONNA

-Pause-

(CONT'D)

COLE

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.

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?