

THREE WORDS

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. SHABBY APARTMENT - EVENING

CHRIS sits in a worn recliner absently playing a video game on the big TV, while a smaller TV next to it shows whatever sporting event he found. His music drowns out the sound of both TVs though.

MARK walks through the door with a big grin.

CHRIS
Thank God you're home.

MARK
Yeah, Chris, it definitely looks like you're having a pretty rough day.

Chris kicks at some empty bottles at his feet.

CHRIS
I'm out.

Mark looks from Chris to the fridge and the four feet in between them. He sits down in the recliner next to him.

MARK
She said it, man.

CHRIS
You didn't get me a beer.

MARK
And you're not listening.

CHRIS
Because you didn't get me a beer.

MARK
So if I get you a beer...

CHRIS
Exactly.

MARK
Okay, cool.

He settles into his chair.

MARK (CONT'D)
So she said it.

Chris doesn't bother to feign interest while still watching his two TVs.

CHRIS
What'd she say?

MARK
You know.

CHRIS
Assume I don't.

MARK
Maybe we shouldn't talk about this.

CHRIS
Fine by me. Get me a beer.

Silence.

MARK
She said it. Come on, you know.

CHRIS
We did this already.

MARK
Those words. Those three life-changing words.

Chris drops the controller.

CHRIS
This is huge.

MARK
She seemed to think so.

CHRIS
How'd you respond?

MARK
Well, I freaked out, obviously. I didn't expect it.

CHRIS
How long have you guys been going out? Two months?

MARK
Less than one.

Chris shuts off both of his TVs. This is getting good.

CHRIS

So, what'd you say? Tell me you said something.

MARK

What else is there? I said thanks.

CHRIS

Thanks? Hell, man. If you had gotten me that beer, which is still an option, by the way, I'd be spitting it all over you.

MARK

That's real tempting.

CHRIS

So, she says that. And then you say thanks. How'd she take it?

MARK

Fine, I guess. There's nothing wrong with "thanks."

CHRIS

It's just that, generally, it's not something a girl just says to say. Don't you think she expects something in return?

MARK

Like a present or something?

CHRIS

No, stupid. Did you at least think about saying it back?

Mark looks horrified.

MARK

Saying it back? What the hell's wrong with you?

CHRIS

No, yeah. You're right. It's way too early for that.

Mark looks like he doesn't know how to respond.

MARK

It's not that. It's just not something I'm going to say. I don't even know what it would mean.

CHRIS

Well, your hang-ups aside, what are you going to do? Break up with her?

MARK

I'm actually kind of flattered. Why would I break up with her?

CHRIS

No, Mark. Just no. You always do this. Something like this happens, and you lose focus on what it means.

MARK

No, I think I have a pretty good idea about what it means. She could tell I was shocked, so she repeated it. I got it.

CHRIS

So you're not going to do anything about it?

MARK

You think I should buy her something? I figured it was just something she was saying for me.

CHRIS

Are you kidding me? A girl says "I love you" way too soon, and you're thinking about buying her something for it? What the hell's wrong with me? What's wrong with you?

MARK

What? "I love you"? No. That's not what she said.

CHRIS

Really? Then what was it?

Mark's lips turn into a smile.

MARK

"It's so big."

Chris would've dropped the controller if it hadn't already been on the floor.

Wordlessly, he gets up, goes to the fridge, grabs two beers, opens them and hands one to Mark, clinking his own against it in cheers.

FADE TO BLACK.