

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO EX-LOVERS

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4/14/21 Revision

META 2021

R #185

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INT. LIVING ROOM - MARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

2

An apartment in the fall. It once had a homey feel, but now feels strung out: Christmas lights are still hung up, an old box TV is seen. An abstract portrait of a young twenty-something woman hangs over a stereo speaker.

MARY SNYDER (Twenties; Caucasian) lays on her couch, staring up at the ceiling. She's holding a handful of xanax. She stares, almost despondently, at nothing. HOLD.

Then, a knock at the door. Mary jolts out of her trance. She walks to the bathroom, puts the xanax back into the container, and heads for the front door...

Another knock on the door... Mary looks through the peep hole. She sighs angrily and opens the door.

MARY

What the fuck do you want?

CHRIS REEDER (Twenties; African-American) stands at the door.

CHRIS

Nice to see you too. Can I come in?

MARY

If you're here to hook up? Fuck no.

CHRIS

Do I really seem like the kinda guy to do that?

MARY

Yes.

CHRIS

(rolls his eyes)

Look, can you just let me in??

Beat. Mary opens the door wider and walks back to the couch. Chris enters, closing the door behind him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I like what you've done with the place.
Very homey.

MARY

Don't tell me my house is fucking homey, I know it's homey, I'm the one who decorated it, douchebag.

Beat. It's awkward. Chris sits down.

CHRIS
...So how's the family--

Mary gives him a look.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Sorry. Force of habit --

MARY
You're seriously still talking??

CHRIS
Look, Mary. I need your help.

MARY
Oh, of course, classic Chris Reeder,
always looking for help, but never wants
to give any out --

CHRIS
Okay, can you at least let me finish?
Like just one sentence? I get we're not
cool anymore, but I've had a long night
and I don't need this from you right now.

MARY
Oh but I need YOU in my house right now?

Beat. Chris looks off. Struggles on how to start this:

CHRIS
Okay... so I'm in KC for an art
show. I was showing that- that Michael
Jackson tribute portrait I did? You
remember that one?

MARY
Yeep, you always loved that one.

Mary glances over at the portrait hanging over her TV.

CHRIS
Yeah. Well, it got into this
showcase at the Kemper and after I left
the venue, I guess I took a wrong corner
and... I got mugged!

Mary nods.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
They took my wallet, the portrait,
everything.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I went into a gas station and this clerk says he knows where the mugger lives and he'll tell me... I just gotta get him five bars of xannys. That's where you come in.

MARY

(plain-faced)

...That sounds fake as fuck.

CHRIS

I wish it was.

MARY

What street?

CHRIS

Excuse me?

MARY

What street corner were you on?

CHRIS

I dunno... Probably like Troost or Holmes, I think.

MARY

Mmm, see, that's where you made your mistake. That's where all the poor people are.

CHRIS

Okay. A little elitist don't you think? And a tad bit racist?

MARY

What? It's true. Plus, I can't be racist, I dated you.

CHRIS

Wow. Okay. Really?

Mary shrugs. *It's true.*

CHRIS (SIGH) (CONT'D)

This is why I gotta stop fucking with white girls.

MARY

Oh, don't be like that! Plus, what about the sexist, weirdo shit you called me when we had sex? You didn't have a problem then.

CHRIS

That's completely different.

MARY

How?

CHRIS

Cause, it's sex! It's like that old saying, "Anything's fair in sex and war".

Beat. Mary squints her eyes at that.

MARY

First of all, that's not the saying at all. Second, just because you idolize MJ, doesn't mean you start acting like him.

CHRIS

Oh, don't start that! You heard the racist ass shit you just said, right?

MARY

Yeah, just like you defended child molestation. Nobody's perfect.

CHRIS

When did I -- Look! Mary! Can I just get the xans?

MARY

What makes you think I have any?

CHRIS

Cause I know you and I know you're probably still using.

MARY

Wow. You "know", huh?

Chris, in a shrug, nods.

MARY (CONT'D)

And you don't even call to see if I'm okay?

CHRIS

Well, I didn't really care *that* much.

MARY

Wow. Now I really wanna help you.

CHRIS

Mary. Come on. What are you gonna do with all those xans anyway?

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(then; mutters to himself,
Probably just gonna snort them all up
yourself...

Mary goes silent. Chris looks off. It's quiet for a beat.

MARY

Do you still have my nudes?

CHRIS

...What?

MARY

My nudes. Do you still have them saved?

CHRIS

...I don't see why that matters.

MARY

It's a yes or no question, Chris. Do you
still have them?

Chris stays frozen. Holds a look with Mary.

MARY (SIGH) (CONT'D)

If you delete the nudes, I'll give you
the xans.

CHRIS

What makes you think I even still have
them?

MARY

...Cause I know you, and I know you're
still probably getting off to them.

Chris rolls his eyes.

MARY (CONT'D)

Am I even 18 in those pics?

CHRIS

Stop making this weird.

MARY

I'm not the one with nudes from twenty-
eighteen still saved to my phone.

CHRIS

It's not that weird!

MARY

So you do have them?

CHRIS

Look, can I just have some fucking xanax,
please?

MARY

Sure. If you delete them.

Chris sighs.

MARY (CONT'D)

Why so hesitant? Miss my body that much?

Mary stretches. Chris gives a face of contempt. He pulls
out his phone and starts scrolling...

MARY (CONT'D)

Ah-ah! Delete them in front of me.

CHRIS

Oh, come on!

MARY

Do you want the xans or not?

Beat. Chris walks over and sits next to Mary. She watches
intently as he deletes the pics. Beat.

MARY (CONT'D)

Empty the Just Deleted
folder. Here just let me do
it -- okay fine then go to
the just deleted -- there --
right there -- Do it,
delete them!

CHRIS

Yeah okay I got it. Stop --
no don't touch my phone --
I can do it! I got it --
Jesus fuck--

CHRIS (CONT'D)

There. They're gone. Happy?

MARY

...Guess so.

Mary stands up and walks off. Chris sits quietly. He
stares off. Suddenly, music fades in to the
background...it's slow and romantic...

DISSOLVE TO:

3

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

3

Frames of Mary and Chris from a year ago. They make out,
playfully bicker in the living room, and paint together.
"Neu Roses (Transgressor's Song)" by Daniel Caesar plays
from her stereo.

4

INT. LIVING ROOM - MARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

4

Music has stopped. Chris is fazed. He tries shaking the memory from his head by literally shaking his head. Mary then comes back into the room. Chris sees the xans in her hand. He sighs of relief.

CHRIS

Bless you, Mary.

Chris reaches for them. Mary is reluctant to give them. She hesitates. Studies him. And just for a second --
FLASH!

INSERT CUT: *Chris (from a year ago) smiles into camera.*

Mary blinks. Confused for a second. Chris waits for the xans. She then opens her fists. He takes a few.

CUT TO:

5

THE DOOR - LATER

5

Chris walks toward the door, xannys in hand. Mary sees him off.

CHRIS

Mary, sweetheart. It was great doing business.

MARY

Don't get used to it, dickhead.

CHRIS

You know... why are you the pissed one? You're the one that broke us up, if anyone deserves to be pissed, it's me.

MARY

Oh my fucking -- just shut up -- shut the fuck up with your boo-hoo, woe-is-me bullshit. Yeah, I ended things, but tell me, asshole, which one of us fucked the other's sister?

CHRIS

Oh come on Mary --

MARY

DO NOT DENY IT.

CHRIS

...You act like it's the worst thing I could've done!

MARY

Cause it is!

CHRIS

Oh, whatever! I could've fucked your brother. I think that'd definitely be a lot worse.

MARY

You're a fucking pig.

CHRIS

What was I supposed to do? You were a mess, you were always either getting high or barred out! I couldn't talk to you without you freaking out. We didn't have anything meaningful! Plus... how is it my fault that YOUR sister was hitting on ME--??

MARY

All you artists need to be fucking castrated.

Mary opens the door and leads Chris out. She prepares to close it, but he forces himself to stay in.

CHRIS

Look, Mary! I know that...Look, I'm sorry. I'm... I'd still love to be friends, at least.

MARY

Thanks, but no thanks... kid.

Mary closes the door. She locks it.

6

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

6

Chris stands at her door. He sighs and heads the other way. He pulls out his phone and starts scrolling. He opens Google Photos and looks through his folder... and he stops at "Mary NSFW". He smiles.

CUT TO:

7 INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

7

Mary sighs. She leans against the door. She marches over to the couch and sits down. She starts staring up to the ceiling...then glances over to the remaining xannys on the table. She grabs a handful...

CHRIS (V.O.)

I just can't believe it --

Mary turns. CAMERA PANS --

8 INT. LIVING ROOM MARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

8

Chris is seen sitting. The apartment is decorated with Christmas lights.

CHRIS

I've been tweeting gold - fucking gold. And I've lost five followers. I mean -- what -- am I just too ahead of my time?

MARY

Chris. Who the fuck cares?

CAMERA PANS BACK TO MARY, who is dressed in a Christmas sweater.

MARY (CONT'D)

It's twitter, not real life. It doesn't matter.

CHRIS

You say that now, but just you wait. Once I start trending, I'll be writing for Trevor Noah like that.

Chris snaps his fingers. Mary rolls her eyes.

MARY

(chuckles)

You're dumb.

CHRIS

Yeah, but my dumbness is what makes me cute.

MARY

(mocking)

Oh yeah, for sure.

Chris chuckles. Mary reaches for her bottle of pills on the side-table. She takes them. Stares at them, drawn in.

MARY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hey... you wanna get high tonight?

Chris looks up. Sees Mary with the xanny's. His joyful expression fades.

MARY (CONT'D)

Called my doctor's office yesterday. He called it in for me. It's so damn easy to trick 'em nowadays -- Just tell 'em anything. "Oh, yeah I've got finals coming up, my anxiety's been acting up again." And then you know, bat your eyes a bunch... they fall for it like gangbusters. He bumped my dosage up to thirty milligrams this time. Can you believe it?

Mary bats her eyes. Then laughs.

MARY (CONT'D)

What an idiot.

Mary looks at Chris. He's not laughing.

MARY (CONT'D)

What? What's wrong?

CHRIS

...I thought you said you quit.

MARY

...Well, yeah, I did, but I mean, I still need them. For my anxiety and all...

CHRIS

Mary...

MARY

You know what, never mind, I never should've brought it up.

CHRIS

Mary--

MARY (CONT'D)

I don't wanna hear it --

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Okay but I have to say it -- You don't need all these drugs!

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I mean -- GOD -- you already have such an amazing life -- and you keep forcing all this bullshit into your system! I mean, come on, you get good grades, you're gonna graduate early, you have a great place, a great family that pays for everything. I don't see why you're always using --

MARY

Just 'cause they throw money at you, doesn't mean they care.

(beat)

ALSO, I am not USING, okay, I'm not -- like I'm not "addicted" -- I just like taking them from time to time.

CHRIS

Just 'cause life fucks us over and over again, doesn't mean we have to too.

MARY

CHRIS I AM NOT -- You used to love getting high. What happened?

CHRIS

No. You loved getting high. I was just crazy enough for you to keep doing it.

MARY

Oh, and you're not anymore?

CHRIS

I didn't mean it like that.
I just don't wanna watch
you sit here and kill
yourself with these xans --
what?

MARY (CONT'D)

-- You have a crush on my
sister.

MARY (CONT'D)

You and my sister. I know it. I see it.
You give her these... looks.

CHRIS

Are you crazy? Of course not, how could you think that?

MARY

You're always talking to her --

CHRIS

Cause she's your sister! I'm being friendly! Plus you think I wanna - what? Fuck your sister? You're insane.

MARY

(*I don't believe you*)
...Really?

CHRIS

Yes, really. Now will you put those away?
(beat)
Please?

MARY

Why is this such a big deal to you?

Chris holds a look with her.

CHRIS

Because you're too perfect to risk
losing.

Chris goes back to his phone. Beat. Mary takes that in.
considers:

MARY

If she's not your type, then what is?

CHRIS

Mine? Oh, you know. Privileged blondes
with issues. Kinda reminds me of this one
girl...

MARY

You're *so* sweet.

CHRIS

Thank you. See? I'm happy someone else
sees that.

Mary smirks. Beat. She holds the bottle of xanny's in her
hand. Then puts it aside. She thinks. Then she looks
back at Chris. Her eyes twinkle:

MARY

Chris...

CHRIS

What's up?

MARY

I love you.

CHRIS

Thanks, kid.

Mary smiles. Genuinely. SMASH CUT TO:

Present Day. Mary lays on her couch, staring up at the ceiling. She swallows a few Xannys. CUT TO BLACK.

THE END