

Melissa & Brandon, Post break-up consoling between best freinds, Guy/Girl

MELISSA & BRANDON

Melissa is a mess.

Mel You brought it?

Bran Breakup emergency pack. Tissues. (dabs her eyes) Ok. Um... Cookie dough. Cheap red wine. And Nighthawks starring Sylvester Stallone. What the hell happened?

Mel (muffled by pillow) He broke my heart.

Bran Ok, Melissa, I have no idea what you just said.

Mel He broke my heart!

Bran Right. I figured that.

Mel He broke my heart into a million pieces! I fell like the T-1000 after being frozen in liquid nitrogen.

Bran your heart would be the terminator in this analogy?

Mel Yeah. That one that loses. And explodes! I wanted to have children. Tons of children. We would have been like the Partridge Family.

Bran You don't sing, dance or play an instrument.

Mel Don't tell my kids not to dream!

Bran Ok. Don't kick rationality out the door just yet.

Mel please...you know me. I'm barely rational when I'm not a broken hearted nut job. (refers to tv)

Bran I'm sorry. Not to change the subject, but what are you watching?

Mel Soccer.

Bran You don't like soccer.

Mel I was trying to learn Spanish.

Bran By watching soccer?

Mel Yeah...

Bran Why were you trying to learn Spanish?

Mel Because we were going to go to Cabo...

Bran Ok. Ok. When did this happen?

Mel Last night through the early morning. Ya know, one of those conversations.

Bran What reason did he give?

Mel What reason didn't he give! It was like a manifesto. A manifesto of how I would make a terrible wife! Eat that Karl Marx! Bran A terrible wife? Is that what he said?

Mel He said I never gave him enough attention or time. That I was always off with you or Paige. That I never took our relationship as seriously as the one I have with, say, you for instance.

Bran Huh?

Mel What am I going to do?

Bran Why don't we clean you up and you can come to lunch with Paige, Stan and me. Have you eaten anything?

Mel No. But I've thrown up a lot.

The End