WE SHOULD TALK.

original screenplay by

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MADISON WELLS; 5'8, BRUNETTE, BUBBLY PERSONALITY

JEAN CLAUDE; 6'4, DARK HAIR, STRIKING FEATURES, DOWN TO EARTH.

MADISON WALKS INTO THE CAFE, SHE NOTICES HER BOY FRIEND SEATED ON A TABLE, HIS FACE BURIED IN A NEWSPAPER. AS MADISON APPROACHES THE TABLE SHE BUMPS INTO ONE OF THE WAITERS, ALMOST SENDING A TRAY OF DRINKS ACROSS THE ROOM. JC ALONG WITH EVERYONE ELSE IN THE ROOM NOTICE THE ENCOUNTER. MADISON QUICKLY MUMBLES HER APOLOGIES, WITH HER FACE DOWNCAST WITH EMBARRASSMENT, SHE JOINS HER FRIEND.

MADISON
(flushed)
How embarassing..

JC
No one noticed.

Madison laughs, JC looks on with affection and smiles. Madison grabs the menu and begins to scan for desserts.

JC
(serious)
We should talk?

Madison raises her finger to interrupt..

MADISON
First, we order! I'm famished!

JC
Okay.

While waiting for the waiter...

MADISON
Oooooo everything looks soo good today.

The waiter arrives

MADISON
I want a chocolate fudge brownie, that's two hours on the treadmill. A chocolate eclair, 5000 jumps on the skipping rope and a double espresso, large, 200 situps.

JC
I'll have the special and a coffee.

The waiter nods to go..
MADISON
On second thought! What can one have that requires zero hours of anything involving working out?

WAITER
(dry)
Water.

MADISON
Right..water it is then.
The waiter does everything to roll her eyes, with a firm hand snatches the menu away from Madison, then she walks away.

MADISON
She's aggressive.

JC
Okay, about what I wanted to talk about.

Madison's phone starts to ring. She quickly reverts her attention to her bag.

MADISON
Hold that thought...Hello!

JC sighs and slouches back in his chair.

MADISON
Cheryl!

JC
(murmurs)
November 29th, right on time.

MADISON
Hi!....No no no, I'm not busy we can talk.

Madison winks at JC who returns a polite smile until she turns her face and he rolls his eyes.

MADISON
No way! You're kidding me! No! No!
He did not! He did?

Madison lightly hits JC

MADISON
(on the phone)
He did!

JC mouths 'NO way!' Just as the words are spouted from Madison's mouth.
The waiter arrives with their orders. Madison's nose gets a whiff of JC's chocolate cake. She takes his plate and gives him her water.

**MADISON**

No way!!...Are you serious??

JC sullenly sips his coffee.

**MADISON**

Shut up Cheryl!! He did not say that? He did? No wayyyy!!

MADISON

Okay, Cheryl! I gotta go. Call you later girl!

Madison hangs up.

Cheryl and Brad are at it again.

**JC**

(mocking)

No way!!

Madison takes a huge bite out of the cake.

**MADISON**

Uh huh. She is threatening to walk out on him-

**JC**

Shut up!!!!!

**MADISON**

Insane!

**JC**

You don't say!

**MADISON**

How can two people so perfect for each other, be so imperfect together.

**JC**

(sips coffee)

Life. Shit happens.

**MADISON**

She caught Brad in the act.

**JC**

And how is that different from the last several times?

**MADISON**

She's different.
JC
(scoffs)
Did she say that? No way!!!

MADISON
(defensive)
She is different. You just don't get it.

JC
(annoyance)
Every month like a bee she buzzes in your ear. Quacks like a duck about Brad's inidelity and how she is going to leave the poor guy, who, by the way, puts up with a lot of her bullshit that we don't get to hear about. Then, she turns around, and around like a headless chicken because she knows she is no mother Teresa and then before you know it, she is saddling up on the horse again and her world in it's normal chaos is at a balance. It's a cycle with her. Like one's not enough. And every month she makes for one hormonal bitch... I mean female dog.

JC takes another sip of his coffee. Madison is left speechless by his reaction.

At that moment, a gorgeous Latin bombshell walks up to them.

SIMONETTA
(heavy accent)
Jay cee! You tell her!

MADISON
(stunned)
Who are you? Who is this?

JC
(stuttering)
She is... she is

SIMONETTA
I'm his baby's momma!

Madison mouth is left wide open.

JC
We should talk?