

Fluff

written by

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INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM

Two people are sitting on a bed together in a noticeably contrasting room. The room itself is pink, covered in fluffy pillows and adorned with big posters of male popstars. IAN (mid 20s, dressed plainly with an exhausted look and facial features) sits close to KATIE (also mid 20s, dressed in a smart suit with glasses and long brown hair tied in a ponytail). The room is littered with moving boxes.

IAN
So that's it?

KATIE
I think so.

IAN
I thought there'd be a bit more of a resolution.

KATIE
I know you did.

IAN
It feels like I've been dragged along a little bit you know?

KATIE
You know what I said from the start. I can't do serious.

IAN
How come?

KATIE
Do I need a proper reason?

IAN
No you don't. I'm sorry. I'm being so pushy but it just felt like it was something. You even took me on a date.

KATIE
Friends can go on dates.

IAN
And bought me flowers?

KATIE
I've bought flowers for friends before.

IAN

Right.

There's a pause. IAN looks to the floor.

IAN (CONT'D)

No one's ever bought me flowers
before. It just felt... different.

KATIE shifts positions, putting a hand on IAN's shoulder.

KATIE

I'm sorry. I should have handled it
differently. You still mean a lot to
me though.

IAN

You mean a lot to me too.

KATIE

Is there anything I can-

IAN

Let's just get packing.

KATIE

Okay.

IAN stands up, walks across the room and picks up a box of
things.

KATIE hugs him from behind.

IAN

Hello?

KATIE

I'm glad you're helping.

IAN

I can't when you're doing that.

KATIE

Oh right.

KATIE lets go, and IAN turns around with the box almost
breaking eye contact.

IAN

I'm happy to stay friends. I just feel
a bit, all over the place right now.

KATIE
I understand.

IAN smiles and leaves the room.

IAN(O.S)
Your room sucks by the way. No one
needs that many pillows.

KATIE smiles to herself, then picks up a box.