HARRIS
Just...somebody.

MEL
You're not going to tell me?

HARRIS
It wasn't anything important.

MEL
So why won't you tell me?
(a beat, then)
Who's Ruth?

HARRIS
Just a friend I'm helping with something.

MEL
You want me to move in with you but you don't want to let me in. That's screwed up.

HARRIS
You gotta trust me on this one. It's just not something I can talk about.

He turns his attention to the truck, and tightens a few knots in an attempt to change the subject.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
(re: truck)
Ready?

INT./EXT. HARRIS' CAR -- MOVING -- MORNING

As they're driving down the street, Mel looks out the window, upset.

EXT. HARRIS' HOUSE -- EARLY AFTERNOON

They're nearly finished unloading the truck. Mel is still brooding. Suddenly, she stops in her tracks and drops her armful of books to the ground.

MEL
I can't do this. I can't move in with someone I don't know.

HARRIS
You know me.

His cell phone RINGS again. He hesitates, then answers it..

HARRIS (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hi, Ruth...No, I understand. I'll get there as soon as I can...Okay.

(CONTINUED)
He hangs up, then looks to Mel.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
I have to go. Can we finish this when I get back?

MEL
No. You have to tell me first. What's the deal? Every time your phone rings you have to go.

HARRIS
I'm sorry, I...can't tell you.

MEL
You can't, or you won't?

He doesn't say anything.

MEL (CONT'D)
(frustrated)
Harris...

Harris squirms slightly.

MEL (CONT'D)
Are you...a drug dealer?

HARRIS
(slight smile, then)
No.

MEL
Man whore?

HARRIS
No...But flattering.

MEL
This isn't funny!...Why won't you tell me?!

He looks at her for a long time. Then --

HARRIS
Look, you're better off not knowing, okay?

MEL
What does that mean?

HARRIS
Seriously, Mel, it's for your own good.

MEL
Now you sound like my parents.

She waits for him to say something, but instead, without a word, Harris just grabs his backpack, and heads to his car.

(CONTINUED)