

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?

80

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

80

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

81

EXT. HARRIS' HOUSE -- EARLY AFTERNOON

81

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.