

There Wasn't A Spark

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LIVING ROOM - DAY

KUSH, 23 year old male, sits in a chair next to his best friend, MIKE, 23 year old male who wears his baseball hat backwards. They are intently focused on a video game.

KUSH
You should call her.

MIKE
Nope.

KUSH
Come on man! You had great conversation at dinner last night. You both nerded out about Star Wars.

Mike watches the screen and smiles.

MIKE
Yes, she is the first person to agree with me that Rey is Anakin and Padme's granddaughter.

Kush looks at Mike sideways.

KUSH
WTF?

MIKE
See this is why I don't talk to you about Star Wars lore.

KUSH
Yeah, but she did.

Mike looks over at Kush.

MIKE
I know. I know.

KUSH
Then why won't you call her?

MIKE
I didn't feel a spark.

KUSH
A spark? Like in the movies? Man, that is fairytale shit!

MIKE

No, man, it's real. My Dad told me he felt it the moment he saw my mother.

Kush pauses and turns to Mike.

KUSH

Mike, we are in college man. We're supposed to be having fun. You don't need a spark to start talking to a girl, just a connection. A shared connection and yours is Star Wars.

Mike turns his cap forward and slumps in the seat.

MIKE

She's just not my type.

KUSH

Mike, you are killing me! These past three years of college you have talked about wanting to be in a relationship with...and I quote, Someone who you feel a connection with, you can be your authentic self around and just hang out together, end quote.

Mike stops playing the video game, looks down and repeats the same last line simultaneously.

MIKE

Someone I can feel a connection with, I can be my authentic self around and just hang out together.

Mike then looks at Kush. Really looks at Kush. His face softens.

KUSH

What?

Mike looks down at his hands and fiddles with the playing device.

KUSH (CONT'D)

What?

Mike sits up straight. Starts to play again.

MIKE

Nothing. Highest scorer buys the
beer.