RUTH and MAX side

MAX: Ruth, I wanted to …. (*Ruth turns quickly, so her back is to him again, still unhappy with their last meeting. Max walks around again, so he is back in her sight.*) I was hoping to ….. (*Ruth counters, again turning, so her back is to him.*). Ok, you don't want to listen to me…. (*He turns and begins walking away.*)
RUTH: (*She turns quickly toward him.*) That's it!? You're leaving!?
MAX: You kept turning away. I can take a hint.
RUTH: Tell me what you were going to say.
MAX: I wanted to apologize.
RUTH: For what?
MAX: What do you mean for what? You know what happened. I'm sorry.
RUTH: Fine.
MAX: Fine? How about, "It's okay, honey, I understand."
RUTH: I just said it's fine.
MAX: You say, "Fine," but everything doesn't feel fine. That's the way it's always been with you. When I say "I'm sorry," I never feel like you actually accept my apology. It's like you want me to feel guilty about it forever.
RUTH: That's not true.
MAX: Then why don't you say it's okay?
RUTH: That's what "fine" means.
MAX: "Fine" does not mean "okay." Every guy knows that when a girl says "fine," she's really not fine.
RUTH: What!? Who says?
MAX: It's common knowledge.
RUTH: That's common knowledge?
MAX: That's right. Ask anyone.
RUTH: Max, you're driving me *crazy*! (*She begins rubbing her arm, which has become painful.*)
MAX: *I'm* driving *you* crazy!? What do you want from me?
RUTH: I want…. Oh, never mind. Just forget it. I don't want anything from you.
MAX: Ruth, I said I'm sorry…. (*He notices she appears uncomfortable.*) You keep rubbing your arm. Are you alright?
RUTH: No, I'm not alright! I'm upset.
MAX: I can see that. Why can't we get past this?
RUTH: Because nothing has changed! What's going to be different tomorrow!?
MAX: (*claiming victory*) *See, I was right – you didn't accept my apology*!
RUTH: Good for you, Max. Now go away. (*She still is rubbing her arm*)
MAX: (*He starts to walk away, stops and turns back toward her.*) Ruth, what can I do to make things better?
RUTH: I told you before. I want us to spend some time together.
MAX: Why? So we can keep arguing?

RUTH and MAX side

RUTH: I don't want to argue with you. I want us to be closer, like we used to be.
MAX: You want us to be closer? You mean….
RUTH: A little romance, yes! Would that be so terrible?
MAX: I didn't know you were still interested in that anymore.
RUTH: Why not? …. Do you ever think about it?
MAX: Me? …. Sometimes.… Every once in a while.
RUTH: You never say anything to me about it.
MAX: I…uh… didn't think…. I didn't know…. We haven't been on the same page lately. I've been watching baseball; you've been watching the Hallmark channel. Is *that* where you got this idea, from the Hallmark channel?
RUTH: No! And I know we don't watch the same things on television. We don't have to, although it would be nice occasionally, but there's other stuff we can do.
MAX: What did you have in mind?
RUTH: I don't know. We could try going out to eat. We both like food. (*Smiling to herself*).
MAX: Food is good. (*He notices her smiling*). What?
RUTH: Nothing. (*She giggles to herself*).
MAX: What!?.... Come on! Something's entertaining you.
RUTH: You won't think it's funny.
MAX: Let me be the judge of that.
RUTH: I know you. You'll be mad.
MAX: Why would I be mad? It's making *you* smile.
RUTH: Well…. Ok, I was just thinking about the first time we ate out at a restaurant, and, after the waiter delivered our meals, I was cutting my baked potato and after I got through buttering it, I looked up and you had already finished your dinner.
MAX: (*feeling a bit defensive*). What? I was hungry.
RUTH: It was just funny. (*Noticing he's a bit embarrassed*) Come on, Max, I was sitting there with you watching me eat for the rest of the time! (*She smiles at him and he begins to see the humor in the story*).
MAX: Well, at least I kept the conversation going. And in order to stall for time, I got creative.
RUTH: Creative? What do you mean?
MAX: I ordered more rolls.
RUTH: That's right! You did! (*She begins to laugh*) And three baskets of rolls later, I finally finished my dinner.
MAX: (*He joins in the laughter*) Finished!? You still wound up having most of it wrapped up to take home. Hey, didn't we get dessert too?
RUTH: We did. It was one of those hot brownies with ice cream!

RUTH and MAX side

MAX: That's right, it came with chocolate ice cream and hot fudge sauce, but we ordered it with vanilla ice cream and no fudge sauce because otherwise…
MAX and RUTH (*Together in unison*): … it was too chocolatey. (*They laugh together*)
RUTH: Oh, it was so delicious!
MAX: Yeah, it was…. Hey, you want to try that new Italian place near Maggie?
RUTH: Sure. I love pasta.
MAX: Me, too. This time, I'll try to eat more slowly.
RUTH: That would be nice. When do you want to go?
MAX: How about next Saturday, after the ballgame with Maggie?
RUTH: Next Saturday is good.