

**INT. MISS CROSS' HOUSE. NIGHT**

*There is a knock on her windowpane. She gets up and pulls open the blinds. Max is outside on the roof wearing his parka and ski cap in the falling snow. He waves.*

**MISS CROSS**

Max! What are you doing here?

**MAX**

(dazed) I don't know. Jesus. They came at me out of no where. It was -

**MISS CROSS**

What?

**MAX**

So sudden. I just - (pause)

I'm sorry. Can I use your phone? I just got hit by a car.

**MISS CROSS**

Oh, my God. Are you OK?

**MAX**

(disoriented) What?

*Miss Cross notices a little cut over Max's eye. She lifts up the front of Max's ski cap. There is blood all over his forehead. She looks shocked.*

**MISS CROSS**

Come inside.

**MAX**

(climbing in) Thank you.

*Max goes to Miss Cross' bed. He lies down and stares at the ceiling.*

*Miss Cross goes into the bathroom.*

*Max looks around the room.*

**MAX**

So this is where it all happens?

**MISS CROSS**

(from the bathroom) All what happens?

**MAX**

I wouldn't know.

*Miss Cross comes back into the bedroom.*

Why'd you dump Blume?

*Miss Cross stops. Pause.*

**MISS CROSS**

That's none of your business.

**MAX**

I know it's not. But I'm a little confused right now. I mean. I thought you dumped me for Blume. Then I hear -

**MISS CROSS**

I never dumped you because we were never going out.

**MAX**

But it doesn't make any sense. I -

**MISS CROSS**

Well, I am confused, too. But why don't we just deal with getting you -

**MAX**

Because it would help me if you would talk to me for a minute. And tell me what happened.

*Silence.*

**MAX**

OK. (pause)

Well. A. He's a married man.

And B. He hates himself.

I mean. He smashed your bicycle, didn't he?

**MAX**

(pause) My previous bicycle. Yes.

**MISS CROSS**

Well, what kind of person does something like that?

**MAX**

I don't know. (pause)

War does funny things to men.

*Silence. Miss Cross sits down in a rocking chair beside the bed. She opens the bottle of hydrogen peroxide.*

**MAX**

He thinks you dumped him because of Edward Appleby.

**MISS CROSS**

What does that mean?

**MAX**

I don't know. I mean. You live in this room.

*Max looks around the room. There are trophies and ribbons, a chemistry set, a poster from the Olympics, three large fish tanks, a picture of Jacques Cousteau, and some model planes in dogfights hanging from the ceiling.*

**MAX**

With all his stuff. It's kind of --

**MISS CROSS**

I was married to him.

**MAX**

(pause) I know you were.

*Silence.*

**MISS CROSS**

Although I will say Edward has more spark and character and imagination in one fingernail than Herman Blume has in his entire body.

**MAX**

One dead fingernail.

*Miss Cross fixes Max with a hard stare.*

**MISS CROSS**

Right. One dead fingernail.

*Silence.*

**MAX**

How'd he die?

**MISS CROSS**

He drowned. (pause)

How'd your mother die?

**MAX**

She got cancer.

*Miss Cross nods. She sighs.*

**MISS CROSS**

Lie still for a minute, OK?

**MAX**

OK.

*Miss Cross pushes Max's hair back with her hand. She looks at him for a minute. She touches the blood on his forehead with a cotton ball. She stops.*

**MISS CROSS**

Is this fake blood?

**MAX**

(pause) Yes, it is.

**MISS CROSS**

You know, you and Herman deserve each other.  
You're little children. Let me show you to the door.

*Max gets up and goes over to the window. He climbs out onto the roof. He looks back to Miss Cross.*

**MAX**

That wasn't a very satisfying conversation.

*Miss Cross shrugs. Silence.*

All right. Goodbye, Miss Cross.

**MISS CROSS**

Goodbye, Max.